

ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE

Starts December 31, and Closes Jan. 21



In order to reduce our stock \$5,000 before spring goods arrive we make the Greatest Sacrifice in prices ever before heard of. Take advantage of the following cash prices. They are our loss and your opportunity.

SHIRTS

Cluett, \$1.50 to 2.25 reduced to \$1.00
 Monarch 1.00 to 1.25 " .78

SWEATERS

Fine coat sweaters, \$5.00 now 3.65
 Fine coat sweaters, 4.00 now 2.80
 Fine coat sweaters, 3.00 now 2.00
 Fine coat sweaters, 1.25 now .78

BLANKETS

Blankets from the celebrated Pendleton and Oregon City Woolen Mills, guaranteed ALL Wool.

Nice pure white blankets 14.00 at 11.60
 " " 9.00 at 6.80
 " gray 9.00 at 6.80
 " " 6.00 at 4.25
 " vicuna 5.75 at 3.85

Comforts

At a Big Discount

Our big assortment of comforts will be sold during this Annual Clearance Sale at 25 % Off regular price

SHOES

Good 12 and 14 in. high top shoes, \$9 values at \$6.85
 " \$7.50 " " " 5.25
 " 6.00 " " " 4.75
 Heavy shoes, 3.50 to 4.75 2.75 to 3.25
 All shoes greatly reduced in prices.

HATS! HATS!!! HATS!!!

The Kingsbury \$3.00 Hat at \$2.25
 The King hat, 2.50 Hat at 1.75
 Chicago Leader 2.00 Hat at 1.35

CLOTHING!! CLOTHING!!

Greatest Reductions ever in the history of clothing sales will be made in our annual Clearance Sales

\$25 Suits strictly first-class up-to-date now 18.00
 22.50 " " 15.75
 20.00 " " 13.50
 18.00 " " 12.25
 16.00 " " 10.75
 14.00 " " 8.65
 12.00 " " 7.75

Children's Clothing at same reduction. Men's Pants 25 per ct. Off

Overcoats

Both Men's and Boys. All Overcoats reduced 1-3 Off
 \$25.00 overcoats at \$17.65
 20.00 overcoats at 13.35
 18.00 overcoats at 12.00
 Like reductions on all overcoat stock, boys overcoats included.

HODSON BROS. Clothiers and Furnishers

PAUL OF RUSSIA.

His Tragio Ending Was Like That of Julius Caesar.

The 25th of March, 1801, was the day on which the Emperor Paul of Russia was assassinated. Paul had received some whispers of the plot against his life and had arranged to leave St. Petersburg the following day and go to Moscow, where he fancied he might be safer. On the evening of the 25th he retired to rest at an early hour that he might thoroughly rest himself before commencing his journey. At 11 o'clock about a score of the conspirators—officers holding high rank in the army—appeared at the gate of the palace. It was closed, but the officers presented an order, signed by the emperor himself—or, rather, with a forged signature attached—and, informing the sentinel that they were called to hold a council of war with the czar, were admitted.

The emperor's aid-de-camp was one of the foremost of the conspirators and went in advance of the others to Paul's bedchamber, before the door of which was a Cossack soldier on guard. "The emperor sleeps," said the man. "I must rouse him. There is fire in the city," replied the treacherous aid. The Cossack, seeing others push forward, shouted out to alarm the emperor and immediately fell, pierced by the swords of the conspirators. Paul attempted to bolt the door, but, being unable to do so, seized his sword and turned boldly on them. "What is your design," he demanded of Count Plato Zouboff, "and what do these men want who are with you?" "We demand your abdication," replied Zouboff, who then read a formal deed, which had been previously prepared.

"What! Do you, who have been loaded with bounties by me, turn thus upon your master?" said the emperor. "You are no longer our master," replied Zouboff. "The nation has provided you a successor in the shape of your son Alexander." Paul at this raised his sword, and the conspirators, who had not expected him to show so much courage, drew back, with the exception of a man named Beningsen, who urged the others forward, saying: "If you hesitate you are lost." Then Count Valerian Zouboff struck the first blow, and the others quickly followed his example. As

Paul still struggled an officer's saash was passed around his neck, and the life was choked out of him, his last words being: "And you, too, my Constantine!"

Theodosia Burr.

The mystery attaching to Theodosia Burr has never been cleared up. At the urgent solicitation of her father she sailed from Charleston for New York, and from that day to this nothing has been heard of her or of the vessel on which she sailed. There are rumors and traditions about the finding of the body of a young and beautiful woman somewhere along the Atlantic coast, together with fragments of the vessel on which she set out to meet the father she so devotedly loved, but the mystery of her death remains as it was the day she disappeared.—New York American.

Stories of Doctors.

In a book of anecdotes of famous physicians by Gustav Hochstetter and Georg Zehden, issued in Berlin, are these:

Dr. Marcus Herz is credited with saying to a patient who read medical books diligently in order to prescribe for himself: "Be careful, my friend. Some fine day you'll die of a misprint."

Professor Langenbeck in speaking of the increase in surgical practice said, "The human family may be divided into two parts—one operates, and the other is operated upon."

A Dry Response.

There was a loquacious Scottish dominie who always had something to say to his parishioners. It was a rainy Sunday. Mrs. McPherson, however, found her way through the rain to the church. The preacher, coming down the aisle, approached the regular attendant and said: "It is a wet day, Mrs. McPherson."

"Never mind. It will be dry enough when you get in the pulpit," replied she.

How It Happened.

They were sitting on the hotel piazza comparing notes. "Well, my son-in-law hasn't spoken an unkind word to me for ten years," said one old lady. "How perfectly lovely!" said the other. "Is he dumb?" "No," replied the first, smiling at her friend's pleasantry—"no; we

haven't been on speaking terms for that length of time."—Harper's Weekly.

HER DESTINATION.

A Little Misunderstanding as to Where He Had Sent His Wife.

In the early days of travel on the western rivers an extremely dangerous calling was that of the men who attempted to supply fuel to passing steamboats. These nomadic wood-choppers, who along lonely stretches of river bank braved the perils of Indians, were in river parlance called "wood hawks"—a name perpetuated in the great Wood Hawk bend, below Fort Rice.

In "The Conquest of the Missouri," by Mr. J. M. Hanson, it is related how two extraordinary characters called "X" Beidler and "Liver Eatin'" Johnson, were once taken on board the steamer Nile with their cordwood and entertained as the boat continued the journey.

They were powerful men physically, ignorant in most matters which civilization holds as knowledge, but profoundly versed in the varied wisdom of the wilderness, which, however, they kept to themselves with the taciturnity characteristic of those whose ways lie in nature's lonely places.

Among the Nile's passengers was a party of eastern tourists. The ladies had been interested in all the novel scenes of the frontier, but when the two rugged wood hawks appeared on board they became particularly enthusiastic. Neither Beidler nor Johnson took very kindly to being patronized as if they were a pair of Sioux, although they maintained their stoical composure.

"Mr. Beidler, are you married?" at length one of the ladies inquired of X.

"Yes!" grunted the wood hawk. "Oh, indeed? Do you know, I hardly thought that. Is—is your wife, ah—a white woman?"

"Indian."

"How delightful! A native of these great plains! Where is she now?"

"I've sent her to roam."
 "To Rome? To be educated? Just think of such devotion!" she chirruped to her companions. "Mr. Beidler, do you mean to Rome, Italy?"

"No," responded X grimly. "To roam on the prairie."

At this point the conversation abruptly terminated.

Why His Watch Stopped.

A downtown business man who came back from Europe a month ago brought with him an eight day Geneva watch of which he is proud. As it cost him an even \$400 he has been extremely careful of it, and his friends have had little opportunity to get a close look at it. Several days ago one of his friends asked him the time. When the watch was removed from its chamois cover the proud owner found that it had stopped. In three minutes he was at the repair window of a Maiden lane jewelry store.

"I am in a hurry; fix it as soon as you can," said the business man.

"Lot of business to attend to?" asked the expert.

"Yes, lots," was the reply.

"I should think so," retorted the watch fixer. "This is an eight day watch, and you haven't found time to wind it for more than a week."—New York Sun

A Ringing Speech.

Kate—You ought to have heard Mr. Dearlove's ringing speech last night.

Annie—Why, I wasn't aware he could make a speech.

Kate—Well, he made one just the same. I can't repeat the speech, but I can show you the ring.

Shared.

"I hope, Carruthers," said the sad parson, very gravely, "you don't spend all your earnings."
 "No, sir," responded Carruthers respectfully; "I always make it a strict rule, sir, never to spend more'n two-thirds of me wages, sir."

"Ah, that's good—that's good!" nodded the parson. "And do you put the other third in the bank?"

"Oh, no, sir," responded the man; "I puts it to much better use than that. I gives it to the missus to keep 'ouse on!"—London Telegraph.

Keeping Under Cover.

"Grandpa," said little Rastus as he turned the pages of the dream book, "why am it when witches fly around on broomsticks dey am always old wimmin? Where be dey husbands?"

"Lands, chile," laughed the old man as he cut a fresh watermelon, "yo' wouldn't expect deh husbands around when dey am armed with broomsticks, would you?"—Chicago News.

FERNWOOD.

Della, Elva and Arthur Parrish went to Dayton Sunday morning to spend Christmas with their cousins, Esther, Mabel and Leonard Goodrich.

Fred Ross, of Vancouver, B. C., and Harold Ross, of Elma, Wash., are home for the holidays.

Sam Jones and little son Russell are down from Washougal, Wash., visiting with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Metcalf, of Springbrook, were callers at M. Ross' Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. B. F. DeFord went to her home near Laurel Saturday morning, expecting to be gone until the first of next week.

Some of our boys have been put aside for repairs since the game of "Footo-basket-ball" with the Newberg Amateurs.

A game of basket-ball was played at the gymnasium last Thursday evening between a mixed team from the high school and college and Fernwood, the latter winning with a score of 22 to 9.

Almeda Conrad, who has been attending school in Corvallis, is here visiting with her father and brother.

W. N. Parrish and family ate Christmas dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Jones.

In the game of basket ball played at the college gymnasium last Tuesday evening with the Newberg Amateurs, Fernwood was defeated, the score being 33 to 10.

Ella Ross came up from Portland Wednesday morning to visit her parents.

Mrs. Carl Schick and son Fred are in Kennewick, Wash., visiting relatives.

MANY CURED BY DR. SPANG.

I insert the following testimonial that you may read and conclude for yourself as to the re-

sults I accomplish with my patients. This is one of many I have received of satisfied, grateful persons, in and near Newberg, coming to me for treatment.

Dec. 15, 1910.

Dr. B. W. Spang, Newberg, Ore.

"Dear Doctor:—It gives me pleasure to testify to the great benefit I have received from Chiropractic at your hands. When I began taking adjustments, May 13, 1910, I was a complete nervous wreck. Had suffered with diabetes mellitus for more than six years. Had been living on a restricted diet for five years. Was pronounced incurable by five of the best medical doctors on this coast, and told that if I ate everything I could not live three months. I have been eating everything since June and a few weeks ago had gained ten pounds in weight and am still gaining. After taking the disease I had lost fifty-four pounds. Had not slept or rested naturally for months, would be wakeful and restless for hours. I now sleep like a child, and wake in the morning feeling rested and refreshed. I used to get up from two to four times a night to urinate, passing great quantities of urine. Now it is nothing for me to lie quietly all night. One night I rested quietly ten hours, something I had not done in more than twelve years. I honestly believe that, but for Chiropractic, I would now be in my grave."

"You are at liberty to use this testimonial in any way you see fit, and you may refer any one to me you wish."

"I wish afflicted people would investigate and get relief from suffering."

Very gratefully,

AGNES J. INGLE, Eighth & Willamette streets.

Come and see whether or not I am telling the truth.

B. W. SPANG, D. C.