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HARDING & HEATH, Publishers.

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WE INVITE YOU TO COMPARE THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER with any other paper published in Yamhill county.

All subscribers who do not receive their paper regularly will confer a favor by immediately reporting the same to this office

Thursday, July 30, 1891.

Tillamook City is making no great hurrah about it, but is making improvements steadily all the time. Everybody is busy and the town is prospering in spite of the lethargy and opposition of some of the people. Several new buildings are going up, and the work on the streets is being pushed right along. The street improvements being made will do more actual good in the way of building up a city than anything heretofore done. They are the foundation work, and when completed will be a permanent and a standing inducement for people to locate here.—*Headlight.*

The legislative trust of California is now being shown up in all of it rottenness in Judge Wallace's court in San Francisco. No such case has ever occurred to our knowledge in the United States. California can claim this as an honor if she wants to. She attemps to have the greatest of all things. We are perfectly willing for her to have this as the largest "episode." Some twenty-four of the members of the last legislature banded together for the purpose of selling their votes. In all $120,000 was distributed amongst them, each getting $5000. It was supposed to be an even divy but one man did not receive his share and he has squealed and has brought suit for his money.

The race for governor of Ohio between Campbell and McKinley will be be a hot one and as it now looks will be an even race. The people of the entire country are watching the canvass as several things are expected to turn up at almost any moment. The bosses of the democratic party, headquarters at Cincinnati, are attempting to down Campbell. This, of course, does not have much influence upon the people as a people, still the number of votes controlled might defeat Campbell. On the other hand the national bosses of the republican party have an interest in the campaign and, as matters look, also have a hand in it. If McKinley is elected he is a formidable candidate for the presidential nomination of the republican party. Ben Harrison wants that nomination; of this there is no question and he, no doubt, has enough practical sense to know that if he can defeat McKinley the contentention will then be between Blaine and Harrison. Blaine is now nearly defeated in the contest by grim old nature. He is almost out of the race of life. With McKinley dead as a political possibility and Blaine down with Bright's disease, Ben Harrison will surely be the next nominee. Campbell has the hearty support of the democratic party but is opposed by the state bosses of the party. McKinley has the support of his party's bosses and the enmity of the other candidates for the presidential nomination. So form your own conclusions as to the result.

AMERICA'S INLAND OCEAN.

Did you ever compare Hudson bay with other lesser bodies of water and land? If you never did and will take the trouble to do so, you cannot help uttering exclamations of amazement when the immensity of this great inland ocean dawns upon your understanding. From Fury strait on the north to the most southern indentation at the mouth of Abbitibbe river it is exactly 1,380 miles, while the width from Button's bay to the mouth of Whale river is but little under 700 miles. It is as long as the first Atlantic cable, and nearly as wide as the combined lengths of Lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario. It extends over 12 degrees of latitude and covers not less than a half a million square miles, including more territory within its limits than can be found within the borders of Great Britain and Ireland, Sweden, Norway, Greece, Denmark, The Netherlands and Belgium combined. It drains 3,000,000 square miles of territory, receives rivers from the Rocky mountains, Labrador, the Arctic regions and some which have their sources almost within the limits of the United States.

THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

WASHINGTON, D. C. July 17, 1891.—Moses P. Handy, Promotor General of the World's Fair was in Washington a few days ago on his way to Europe in the interest of the exposition. He was very enthusiastic over the prospects for the great in 1893. When asked what had been accomplished so far, Mr. Handy replied that it was safe to say no exposition had ever been further advanced at the same period in its history. Contrary to general impression, he said it is a fact that those who know most what is going on, are most impressed with the idea that it will be the greatest of Worlds Fairs. The difference between the National and State Promoters and Managers which cropped out at the start and lasted for some time, no longer exists. The matter of money is of course a prime consideration, and the funds at the disposal of the Board of Managers he said are in a very satisfactory condition. The percentage of non-payment of subscription has been almost insignificant. There has been one million dollars in the treasury for severalmonths past, which is a larger amount than was in the hands of the Management of any Exposition until it was well under way. The extent of National interest in the Exposition is shown in the fact that already more than two million dollars have been appropriated by different states for state exhibits, with a number of states yet to be heard from. As to the foreign outlook, Major Handy says: "No nation, excepting Italy, that has ever took part in an international Exposition has declined to be represented, and that some which have never exhibited before will participate in this. The foreign press is now full of new facts and fancies, about what is to be done at Chicago, while six months ago hardly a friendly or hopeful word was heard from abroad. The Paris Exposition was a big thing, but the Chicago Fair will leave it far in the distance, The Frenchmen had 73 acres under roof, but Chicago will have 115 acres.

The State Department has just received an interesting, though sad report from United States Consul Plumacker at Maracaibo, Venezuela, relative to the water famine in that city. He relates a condition of affairs almost past relief, which to people living in countries where water is as free and plentiful as air, would seem almost incredible. The only source of water, there, is rain, which is collected in cisterns during the wet weather, but a long drought has left the cisterns empty. As the lake water is undrinkable, when the cisterns commenced to run dry, numberless excavations were made in the outskirts. In most cases the water thus found is unpalatable. But thousands of the desperate thirst stricken people have to depend on this abomnable mixture. The city death roll has been steadily increasing for weeks; the mortality, particularly among children, being frightful. The government has declared the situation to be a public calamity, and is doing all in its power to alleviate the universal suffering among the poor who cannot purchase even the wholesome liquid that is collected in these holes in the ground, and which is all that is attainable. Add to this, Consul Plumacker says, an intense heat, and the present situation in Maracaibo may be feebly understood. He tells a touching story of the scenes about the wells and holes, of women and children standing in a long sad procession gazing alternatly at the heavens and into the bottom of the holes, imploring God to give them water to drink and to restore their health.

Col. Dyrenforth, of the agricultural department has gone west to make a practical test of his rain producing engines. He will visit arid regions of Kansas and Texas, and before his return will endeavor to demonstrate fully whether there is anything in the theory that great atmospheric disturbances produce a precipitation of moisture or rain. Immediately upon his arrival at some suitable place he and his party will make a regular battle front of his explosives spreading over a territory of at least two miles long. He has more than fifty balloons, most of them twelve feet in diameter and capable of holding 1,500 cubic feet of gas. He has one large one holding 5,00 cubic feet. In addition to his balloons he will also send up kites, to the tail of which will be attached receptacles containing high explosives, such as nitro-glycerine and dynamite. After the balloons and kites have been arranged in battle order at suitable distances, they will all be exploded and fired by electricity. The strings of the kites will be duplex electric wires and the fuse or cap will be placed in the explosive at the tail of the kite. Col. Dyrenforth wont declare that all this will produce rain, but if there is anything in the concussion theory he proposes to give it a test, "as is a test." The result of his experiments are awaited with great interest by scientists here.

JOHN WEDDORBURN.

How to Succeed.

This is the great problem in life which few satisfactorily solve. Some fail because of poor health, others want of luck, but the majority from defiency of grit—want of nerve. They are nervous, irresolute, changeable, easily get the blues and "take the spirits down to keep the spirits up" thus wasting time, money, opportunity and nerve force. There is nothing like the Restorative Nervine discovered by the great specialist, Dr. Miles to cure all nervous diseases, as headache, the blues, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, neuralgia, St Vitus dance, fits, and hysteria. Trial bottle and fine book of testimonials free at Rogers Bros.

TALMAGE IN WISCONSIN.

CHRISTIANS SHOULD SEIZE THEIR PRESENT OPPORTUNITY.

Every Place May Now Be a Pulpit, Every Workshop, Gravel Pit, Farm or Railroad Train—Every Christian May Now Do Something for Christ.

MADISON, July 26.—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached this morning at a Chautauqua assembly on the banks of Monona lake, near this city. It is a great gathering of people from all parts of the northwest. His text was Esther iv, 14, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Esther the Beautiful was the wife of Ahasuerus the Abominable. The time had come for her to present a petition to her infamous husband in behalf of the Israelitish nation, to which she had once belonged. She was afraid to undertake the work lest she should lose her own life; but her uncle, Mordecai, who had brought her up, encouraged her with the suggestion that probably she had been raised up of God for that peculiar mission. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Esther had her God-appointed work; you and I have ours. It is my business to tell you what style of people we ought to be in order that we may meet the demand of the age in which God has cast our lot. If you have come expecting to hear abstractions discussed or dry technicalities of religion glorified, you have come to the wrong place; but if you really would like to know what this age has a right to expect of you as Christian men and women, then I am ready in the Lord's name to look you in the face.

When two armies have rushed into battle the officers of either army do not want philosophical discussion about the chemical properties of human blood or the nature of gunpowder. They want some one to man the batteries and swab out the guns. And now, when all the forces of light and darkness, of heaven and hell, have plunged into the fight, it is no time to give ourselves to the definitions and formulas and technicalities and conventionalities of religion. What we want is practical, earnest, concentrated, enthusiastic and triumphant help. What we need in the east you in Wisconsin need.

In the first place, in order to meet the special demand of this age, you need to be an unmistakably aggressive Christian. Of half and half Christians we do not want any more. The church of Jesus Christ will be better without ten thousand of them. They are the chief obstacle to the church's advancement. I am speaking of another kind of Christian. All the appliances for your becoming an earnest Christian are at your hand, and there is a straight path for you into the broad daylight of God's forgiveness. You may have come here today the bondsmen of the world, and yet before you go out of these doors you may become the princes of the Lord God Almighty. You know what excitement there is in this country when a foreign prince comes to our shores. Why? Because it is expected that some day he will sit upon a throne. But what is all that honor compared with the honor to which God calls you—to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty; yea, to be queens and kings unto God! "They shall reign with him forever and forever."

A HEALTHY OPEN AIR FAITH.

But, my friends, you need not be aggressive Christians, and not like those persons who spend their lives in hugging their Christian graces and wondering why they do not make any progress. How much robustness of health would a man have if he hid himself in a dark closet? A great deal of piety of the day is too exclusive. It hides itself. It needs more fresh air, more outdoor exercise. There are many Christians who are giving their entire life to self examination. They are feeling their pulses to see what is the condition of their spiritual health. How long would a man have robust physical health if he kept all the days and weeks and months and years of his life feeling his pulse instead of going out into active, earnest, everyday work?

I was once amid the wonderful, bewitching cactus growths of North Carolina. I never was more bewildered with the beauty of flowers, and yet when I would take up one of these cactuses and pull the leaves apart, the beauty was all gone. You could hardly tell that it had ever been a flower. And there are a great many Christian people in this day just pulling apart their Christian experiences to see what there is in them, and there is nothing attractive left. This style of self examination is a damage instead of an advantage to their Christian character. I remember when I was a boy I used to have a small piece in the garden that I called my own, and I planted corn there, and every few days I would pull it up to see how fast it was growing. Now, there are a great many Christian people in this day whose self examination merely amounts to the pulling up of that which they only yesterday or the day before planted.

Oh, my friends! if you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it right out of doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and though storms may come upon it, and though the hot sun of trial may try to consume it, it will thrive until it becomes a great tree, in which the fowls of heaven may have their habitation. I have no patience with these flowerpot Christians. They keep themselves under shelter, and all their Christian experience in a small, exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole atmosphere could be aromatic with their Christian usefulness. What we want in the church of God is more brawn of piety.

The century plant is wonderfully suggestive and wonderfully beautiful, but I never look at it without thinking of its parsimony. It lets whole generations go by before it puts forth one blossom; so I have really more heartfelt admiration when I see the dewy tears in the blue eyes of the violets, for they come every spring. My Christian friends, time is going by so raipdly that we cannot afford to be idle. A recent statistician says that human life now has an average of only thirty-two years. From these thirty-two years you must subtract all the time you take for sleep and the taking of food and recreation; that will leave you about sixteen years. From those sixteen years you must subtract all the time you are necessarily engaged in the earning of a livelihood; that will leave you about eight years. From those eight years you must take all the days and weeks and months—all the length of time that is passed in childhood and sickness, leaving you about one year in which to work for God. Oh, my soul, wake up! How darest thou sleep in harvest time and with so few hours in which to reap? So that I state it as a simple fact that all the time that the vast majority of you will have for the exclusive service of God will be less than one year!

GO OUT AND COMPEL THEM.

"But," says some man, "I liberally support the Gospel, and the church is open and the Gospel is preached; all the spiritual advantages are spread before men, and if they want to be saved let them come to be saved; I have discharged all my responsibility." Ah! is that the Master's spirit? Is there not an old Book somewhere that commands us to go out into the highways and the hedges and compel the people to come in? What would have become of you and me if Christ had not come down off the hills of heaven, and if he had not come through the door of the Bethlehem caravansary, and if he had not with the crushed hand of the crucifixion knocked at the iron gate of the sepulcher of our spiritual death, crying, "Lazarus, come forth?"

Oh, my Christian friends, this is no time for inertia, when all the forces of darkness seem to be in full blast; when steam printing presses are publishing infidel tracts; when express railroad trains are carrying messengers of sin; when fast clippers are laden with opium and rum; when the night air of our cites is polluted with the laughter that breaks up from the ten thousand saloons of dissipation and abandonment; when the fires of the second death already are kindled in the cheeks of some who only a little while ago were incorrupt. Never since the curse fell upon the earth has there been a time when it was such an unwise, such a cruel, such an awful thing for the church to sleep! The great audiences are not gathered in the Christian churches; the great audiences are gathered in temples of sin—temples of unutterable woe their baptism, the blood of crushed hearts the awful wine of their sacrament, blasphemies their litany, and the groans of the lost world the organ dirge of their worship.

Again, if you want to be qualified to meet the duties which this age demands of you, you must on the one hand avoid reckless iconoclasm, and on the other hand not stick too much to things because they are old. The air is full of new plans, new projects, new theories of government, new theologies, and I am amazed to see how so many Christians want only novelty in order to recommend a thing to their confidence; and so they vacillate and swing to and fro, and they are useless and they are unhappy. New plans—secular, ethical, philosophical, religious, cisatlantic, transatlantic. Ah, my brother, do not adopt a thing merely because it is new. Try it by the realities of a judgment day.

But, on the other hand, do not adhere to anything merely because it is old. There is not a single enterprise of the church or the world but has sometimes been scoffed at. There was a time when men derided even Bible societies; and when a few young men met near a haystack in Massachusetts and organized the first missionary society ever organized in this country, there went laughter and ridicule all around the Christian church. They said the undertaking was preposterous.

And so also the work of Jesus Christ was assailed. People cried out, "Whoever heard of such theories of ethics and government? Whoever noticed such a style of preaching as Jesus has?" Ezekiel had talked of mysterious wings and wheels. Here came a man from Capernaum and Gennesaret, and he drew his illustrations from the lakes, from the sand, from the ravine, from the lilies, from the constalks. How the Pharisees scoffed! How Herod derided! How Caiphas hissed! And this Jesus they plucked by the beard, and they spat in his face, and they called him "this fellow!" All the great enterprises in and out of the church have at times been scoffed at, and there have been a great multitude who have thought that the chariot of God's truth would fall to pieces if it once got out of the old rut.

MILLIONS NEVER HEAR THE GOSPEL.

And so there are those who have no patience with anything like improvement in church architecture or with anything like good, hearty, earnest church singing, and they deride any form of religious discussion which goes down walking among everyday men rather than that which makes an excursion on rhetorical stilts. Oh, that the Church of God would wake up to an adaptability of work! We must admit the simple fact that the churches of Jesus Christ in this day do not reach the great masses. There are fifty thousand people in Edinburgh who never hear the Gospel. There are one million people in London who never hear the Gospel. There are at least three hundred thousand souls in the city of Brooklyn who come not under the immediate ministrations of Christ's truth, and the Church of God in this day, instead of being a place full of living epistles, read and known of all men, is more like a "dead letter" postoffice.

"But," say the people, "the world is going to be converted. You must be patient. The kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of Christ." Never, unless the church of Jesus Christ puts on more speed and energy. Instead of the church converting the world, the world is converting the church. Here is a great fortress. How shall it be taken? An army comes and sits around about it, cuts off the supplies and says, "Now we will just wait until from exhaustion and starvation they will have to give up." Weeks and months, and perhaps a year, pass along, and finally the fortress surrenders through that starvation and exhaustion. But, my friends, the fortresses of sin are never to be taken in that way. If they are taken for God it will be by storm. You will have to bring up the great siege guns of the Gospel to the very wall, and wheel the flying artillery into line, and when the armed infantry of heaven shall confront the battlements you will have to give the quick command: "Forward! Charge!"

Ah, my friends, there is work for you to do and for me to do in order to achieve this grand accomplishment! Here is a pulpit, and a clergyman preaches in it. Your pulpit is the bank. Your pulpit is the store. Your pulpit is the editorial chair. Your pulpit is the anvil. Your pulpit is the house scaffolding. Your pulpit is the mechanic's shop. I may stand in this place and, through cowardice or through self seeking, may keep back the word I ought to utter; while you, with sleeve rolled up and brow besweated with toil, may utter the word that will jar the foundation of heaven with the shout of a great victory. Oh, that today this whole audience might feel that the Lord Almighty is putting upon them the hands of ordination. Every one, go forth and preach this gospel. You have as much right to preach as I have, or as any man has. Only find out the pulpit where God will have you preach, and there preach.

Henley Vicars was a wicked man in the English army. The grace of God came to him. He became an earnest and eminent Christian. They scoffed at him and said, "You are a hypocrite; you are as bad as ever you were." Still he kept his faith in Christ, and after awhile, finding that they could not turn him aside by calling him a hypocrite, they said to him, "Oh, you are nothing but a fanatic." That did not disturb him. He went on performing his Christian duty until he had formed all his troop into a Bible class, and the whole encampment was shaken with the presence of God. So Havelock went into the heathen temple in India while the English army was there, and put a candle into the hand of each of the heathen gods that stood around in the heathen temple, and by the light of those candles, held up by the idols, General Havelock preached righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. And who will say, on earth or in heaven, that Havelock had not the right to preach?

THE MOVING PRAYER OF FAITH.

In the minister's house where I prepared for college there was a man who worked by the name of Peter Croy. He could neither read nor write, but he was a man of God. Often theologians would stop in the house—grave theologians—and at family prayers Peter Croy would be called upon to lead, and all those wise men sat around, wonderstruck at his religious efficiency. When he prayed he reached up and seemed to take hold of the very throne of the Almighty, and he talked with God until the very heavens were bowed down into the sitting room. Oh, if I were dying I would rather have plain Peter Croy kneel by my bedside and commend my immortal spirit to God than some heartless ecclesiastic arrayed in costly canonicals. Go preach this gospel. You say you are not licensed. In the name of the Lord Almighty, this morning, I license you. Go preach this gospel—preach it in the Sabbath schools, in the prayer meetings, in the highways, in the hedges. Woe be unto you if you preach it not.

I remark, again, that in order to be qualified to meet your duty in this particular age you want unbounded faith in the triumph of the truth and the overthrow of wickedness. How dare the Christian church ever get discouraged? Have we not the Lord Almighty on our side? How long did it take God to slay the hosts of Sennacherib or burn Sodom or shake down Jericho? How long will it take God, when he once arises in his strength, to overthrow all the forces of iniquity? Between this time and that there may be long seasons of darkness—the chariot wheels of God's Gospel may seem to drag heavily, but here is the promise, and yonder is the throne; and when Ominiscience has lost its eyesight and Omnipotence falls back impotent and Jehovah is driven from his throne, then the church of Jesus Christ can afford to be despondent, but never until then. Despots may plan and armies may march, and the congresses of the nation may seem to think they are adjusting all the affairs of the world, but the mighty men of the earth are only the dust of the chariot wheels of God's providence.

I think that before the sun of this century shall set, the last tyranny may fall, and with a splendor of demonstration that shall be the astonishment of the universe God will set forth the brightness and pomp and glory and perpetuity of his eternal government. Out of the starry flags and the emblazoned insignia of this world God will make a path for his own triumph, and returning from universal conquest he will sit down, the grandest, strongest, highest throne of earth his footstool.

Then shall all nations' song ascend
To Thee, our Ruler, Father, Friend,
Till heaven's high arch resounds again
With "Peace on earth, good will to men."

THERE IS GREAT ENCOURAGEMENT.

I preach this sermon because I want to encourage all Christian workers in every possible department. Hosts of the living God, march on! march on! His spirit will bless you. His shield will defend you. His sword will strike for you. March on! march on! The last despotism will fall, and paganism will burn its idols, and Mohammedanism will give up its false prophet and the great walls of superstition will come down in thunder and wreck at the long, loud blast of the Gospel trumpet. March on! March on! The besiegement will soon be ended. Only a few more steps on the long way; only a few more sturdy blows; only a few more battle cries, then God will put the laurel upon your brow, and from the living fountains of heaven will bathe off the sweat and the heat and the dust of the conflict.

March on! March on! For you the time for work will soon be past, and amid the outflashings of the judgment throne and the trumpeting of resurrection angels and the upheaving of a world of graves and the hosanna of the saved and the groaning of the lost, we shall be rewarded for our faithfulness or punished for our stupidity. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and amen.

Timing One's Turns.

When Captain Duncan Knock asked Jeanie Deanes the secret of her housekeeping, remarking that the fairies must help her, for the house was always clean, yet he never saw her with a broom in her hand, she modestly answered, "Much might be done by timing one's turns." We have all seen such households where the mistress was always ready to receive her friends and her husband's friends; where everything seemed to move by some unseen rhythm. The secret certainly lies in perfect system, in "timing one's turns," doing the routine work of the house or seeing that it is done on exactly the same day and time of the day each week, and in training the servants to work so methodically that they always know what is expected of them. It is a fatal mistake to call servants away from their regular work and send them off on all sorts of spasmodic errands at any time of the day. It takes time to pick up the threads of a piece of work which has been dropped, and work that is done by piecemeal is never well done.

If housewives were more methodical in their ways of laying out their servants' work for each day, and in adhering to it, there would be less trouble with servants. It is a noteworthy fact that servants remain the longest in families where the work is the most exacting and is done in the most methodical manner.—Exchange.

Burns & Daniels are to the front with fine bedroom suits, lounges and mirrors.

Think of Something Original.

W. S. Cone, of Tillamook, is preparing a novel exhibit for the world's fair, which he proposes shall be seen, even if Oregon is not otherwise represented. It is a short section of one of Tillamook's largest fir trees. The end will be dressed and polished, and on it will be painted artistically a complete map of Tillamook county, showing the products of the different localities. The cost will be about $250, not including transportation. This should make the citizens of this county think of some new and novel manner by which Yamhill county can be advertised at the world's fair. Let every one who is capable of thinkiug put his mind to work and send to this paper all the original ideas thus developed. It would be an easy matter to raise the money for a novel advertisement of this county at the world's fair. The amount of benefit the county would receive could not be estimated. Be sure and send us your ideas. We will let them be known and the most popular one will be adopted. Let us wake up.

Miles' Nervine Liver Pills.

Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr. Mile's Pills speedily cure billiousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unequaled for men, women and children. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25 cts. Samples free at Rogers Bros.

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We propose to do business at the old stand, all reports of our failure notwithstanding.

The McMinnville Flouring Mills Co.

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Over a Thousand Feet Sold this Season and Still Plenty of Hose Left.

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Will sell you better goods and at Less Money than any one in town.

CALL AND SEE HIM.

Fruit Growers, Attention!

5,000 ACRES

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Finest Fruit Land in the Willamette Valley

To be sold in tracts of from 5 to 50 acres at **$30.00 an acre** and upwards; one-fifth down, balance in **1, 2 and 3 years**, at 6 per cent. per annum. Most all of this land is under cultivation; over 400 acres now in full bearing fruit trees. All this land is within 3 miles of Amity. Over 700,000 pounds of fruit shipped from this point last year.

For particulars apply to or address

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Should be given my Stock by every one who in need of anything in

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I have a complete Stock of all the Latest Styles of

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And Sell as Low as the Lowest

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Look and welcome. **Opposition Boot and Shoe Store.**

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Those Best Shoes and Clothing bought of Apperson.

"AT ACTUAL COST"

Entire stock of Hats and Caps. Neckwear in endless Varieties, Tennis shoes. All single width Broadhead Dress fabrics, Ruchings, Full Line of Percaile Shirts.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

In Clothing (20c off regular prices.

PARASOLS, WHITE GOODS,

Ladies' and Misses' Muslin and Jersey Underwear, Embroidered Flouncing in black and white, Tennis flannel and outing cloth.

TO ARRIVE IN A FEW DAYS

FROM THE EAST.

—A large line of—

DOMESTIC GOODS

Which we bought exceedingly low. We propose to give our customers the benefit of this purchase.

A. J. APPERSON.

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WHY WILL YOU PAY RENT!

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"CHEHALEM ORCHARD HOMES"

Is just the place for a Small Farm; only three-fourths mile from Railroad station and one and one-half miles from Steamboat landing.

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