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a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 10
a. m. Young people's meeting at 6:30 p. m.
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KNOWLES CHAPTER NO, 12, O. E. S.—Meets a Masonic hall the first and third Monday evening in each month. Visiting members cordially invited. MRS. O. O. HODSON, Sec. MRS. H. L. HEATH, W. M.

Custer Post No. 9—Meets the second and fourth Saturday of each month in Union hall at 7:30 p.m. on second Saturday and at 10:30 a.m. on ith Saturday. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend our meetings.

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W. C T. U.-Meets on every Fri-ay, in Wright's hall at 3 o'clock p. m. L. T. L. at 3 p. m. Mrs A. J. Whitmore, Pres.

By KATE RICHMOND.

Before she was 18 Helen Tryon maried for love. At 25 she found herself bankrupt of everything. She lived, and with the stubborn tenacity of her nature she braced herself to endure existnce, but she neither hoped nor feared anything. She ate and drank and slept. The mechanical routine of the days re eated itself, but she had come to a dead op. She had lost all courage, all faith. bare, blank wall faced her. There was nothing more to be enjoyed nor suffered. She had had everything and

If she had consciously recognized all this, there might have been some hope of reaction. When one appreciates the dramatic effect of circumstances, a new nterest in new circumstances is apt to be not far off. But Helen was capable of no such attitude toward herself. One saw it in her face-dark and thin and hangeless as a statue's: She had great dark eyes, but they never varied their dreamy, unheeding look. Her voice was low, soft and monotonous, and yet she was not at all a dreadful person to live with. It was impossible that her story hould not cast its shadows over the ousehold, but when it was once settled that Helen's experience had exempted her from all the ordinary rules that bound the others matters adjusted themselves, as they always do, and the hap-

by current of commonplace living flow ed around her undisturbed. She was slender and graceful, strong, too, as these slight built New England women are often enough. At 17 she had not been handsome, but she had had that air of any possibility of beauty which is better than defined prettiness She was shy, reserved and cold, with the positive, repelling power of strong natures and with the Puritan traditions ST. PAUL KANSAS CY of training superadded. Under it she was willful, headstrong and passionate, never capable of seeing more than one

side of a subject and always glorifying that side with the whole force of a tropical imagination rigidly repressed and totally ungoverned.

It was just then that in a school vathe house there came out of the south. Helen's ever did for Helen. west a young man who claimed blood nlarity. The inborn rebellion against onventionalities in Helen's blood

was as handsome in his blond way as a well as a departure. ery variation of the equine tongue, and minds.

That was in leafy June. In Septemday, put on her hat, walked out of the had befallen them. house and to the railroad station. In the next city Payne Morse awaited her. They were married within the hour, and before sunset they told the story in the

Helen was not defiant. She was quiet, rather sad, but no more repentant or a diamond ringed white hand. regretful than a block of marble. Mr. perhaps. He looked at the two as they der the circumstances, and was assisted er and sister had withdrawn a little. easiest elegance of demeanor. Helen's will was a thing that most of LOCAL DIRECTORY. the household did withdraw from. She lady," a quiet voice said, "but it is one stood by her husband's side, slight, erect, her hand on his arm, but not

leaning on him at all. "You are aware, sir," Mr. Tryon

"But you will not?" The question was "No, I shall not. She has chosen. She must learn life in her own way. I shall try to make no difference between her and the others, and may the Lord have mercy on you both," he

added half under his breath. For a month the two staid under the home roof. Helen's mother put down intuition and instinct with a strong hand, magnified the superficial charms of the man and was able at last to say, "It was irregular, improper, wrong, but we

scious dash of his manner, his unfailing, down to the mines."

have waited till she had reached her touched or looked at. majority and went with her husband

arly. From the very first there had been the party rode away. which the matter was recorded.

all the speed possible. And so Helen agent?" she said, half asleep. Morse came home again, a statuesque of whom the whole family made an ob- he is Frank Bronson.' ject of worship.

One more blow remained to fall. A at once. year later the baby died. The newspa- "You've had a stirring introduction breakfast with heavy shadows under escape from the prison in which he was beroine

with a cruelty she never told nor hinted ity, did not notice. went in somber garments, and no one ed, Miss Tryon." questioned or remarked.

And so up to this night, the night of cold way, "I am Mrs. Morse." her twenty-fifth birthday, when they They came out just then into the found Helen alone in her hammock, as talking of Harry's prospects. Harry had her curiously. alone in their cabin among the grass fulness.

forks out of his sight. And, Harry, you'll | your presence of mind." have to cut the acquaintance of boiled | She would not take it, but a few girlhood again. then you'll have spasms over the the postoffice the stone reset in another her dress with softly reverent hand.

impassive way, "Why couldn't I go and ger. Then she met Bronson's eyes watchkeep house for you, Harry?"

elationship with the family. It was she said. "There is nothing in it that I home. A very sketchy sort of home it other man?" just in the days when Bret Harte's he- cannot face. I do not mind the solitude, was, but enough for the needs of a cliroes stood foremost in the ranks of pop- and a house is more comfortable with a mate where a house is not needed much in the simplicity of the question. She an ideal, and the living, breathing facts woman in it."

aught eagerly at the picturesque free- her preparations with a straightforward, of wall tents while the young men did lom and wildness of these characteriza- unhurrying readiness that admitted of their own building. A sitting room, feet. "All that has gone by forever. tions. She could not realize that one little assistance. In 10 days the brother two sleeping rooms and a kitchen, that You do not know what you are saying. redeeming trait may not suffice to make and sister started, and the family felt was all, and the canvas of the tents A woman who has lived through such a a whole life tolerable. Payne Morse somehow as if there had been a death as made an awning under which a ham-

young demigod. He had the slow, soft In those days the railroad lines were boards were aromatic in the hot sunspeech of the plainsman; he swore no everywhere incomplete. Helen, alight, shine; the conventional requirements of oaths, in her presence at least; he con- ing from the train at its farthermost living were reduced to their very simformed to the requirements of a com- point of advance, found herself with plest form. munity in which a revolver and a lariat 500 miles of stage riding before her. It was a solitary enough life for a rope were alike uncalled for and out- With her usual silence, she did not even woman. One of Harry's experimental landish with a good natured toleration | comment on the discomforts of the jour. | gang of Chinese workers had been dethat had in Helen's eyes immense pi- ney. She was the only woman in the tailed to kitchen duties, and the peace quancy and magnanimity. Then he rode great swinging coach. The other pas- of the house was profound. But like a centaur, and the accomplishment sengers were men, bronzed and bearded, Helen liked it. Dreamy and silent she that it seemed almost like something or less of the furniture of an armory she seemed to come back toward human unlawful and ungodly. Somebody in a about them. They paid her a great deal sympathies and interests. Half unconwild fit of speculation had shipped east of deferential attention and were assidu- sciously her black garments were laid a trainload of mustangs in the illusive one in supplying every want, real or hope that they might be broken for use imagined. And Helen took it all, as long, bright days. The young men comamong the quartz ledges. They kicked, she did everything else, with a gentle ing home at night found a white draped they bucked, they sat on their haunches kind of half unobservant gravity that presence awaiting them. Harry thought and squealed their wrongs aloud in ev- seemed to be very puzzling to their without spoken comment that some-

at last Payne Morse was appealed to, as On the second day, well among the it was coming back into her face and being only a little less savage than the mountains, swinging down a long in into the rounding outlines of her figure. degradation of ill treatment and cruelty mustangs, to see if he could do any cline among the dark shadows of the Once or twice he heard an echo of the as I-who has so utterly mistaken herof firearms, a plunging, lurching mo- something went wrong in the simple has no right to listen to such words as rummaging our flannels. A tree fell as He found himself able and apparently enjoyed the work. His fearless ridition of the coach, a sudden uproar of programme of their housekeeping. Once you have spoken." tng, his quiet, merciless mastership of the untamed brutes, completed the conber she went back to school. A month above her, heard "road agents" uttered sensitive household atmosphere. later she left the recitation room one somewhere in the mass and knew what

"There'a lady in there," a voice said.

"We'll come to her presently. Seat yourselves on that log, gentlemen. Here she is. Now, madam," offering Up rose Helen, as little disheveled as Tryon recognized the trait by sympathy | it was possible for a woman to be un-

"We are sorry to inconvenience a



a quiet voice said. of the unpleasant necessities of business. Helen's sisters, two of them, really I suspect we have made a mistake. We

to make the atmosphere in which he der cover of half a dezen revolvers, reckless daring opened vistas into a lim-one had thrust a heavy wallet into her tea or something? I'll broil a quail if their headquarters.' itless wonderland. Mr. Tryon treated hand. She held it carelessly with her him politely always and never said a word for or against him.

The him politely always and never said a word for or against him.

The hand thrust a neavy wanter into her hand. She held it carelessly with her hand the gloves she had taken off and a book to which she had taken off and a book to which she had the politely. Then they went out into such a thing? She said. "It's so much a specific to keep out then to get out."

That's so, "accepting the suggestion that had been underly always and never said a taken off and a book to which she had taken off and a bo

dollars for which by right she would confusion. None of her belongings was pottered about with the best of inten-

into the then half savage depths of the before morning. We can only say we ing was over now. She lay prone and For four years her letters came regu- courteons gesture of farewell to Helen tears. She heard the uproar among the it's their own fault. They know the

little of personal record in them. What Both leaders lay dead in their tracks. about it. she hoped or feared, enjoyed or suffered, Clearly there was nothing to do but to Harry opened the door finally, with a spoken at all. He asked an unimportant no one had any way of guessing. It was | wait for the Pine Valley coach. Helen | laden tray in his hands. the kindest thing to read nothing more was made comfortable with shawls and "I made the tea," he explained than appeared on the surface. But at wraps on a bed of pine boughs and fell breathlessly, "and Bronson cooked the the end of that time Payne Morse was asleep quietly under the stars. She did bird, and we couldn't find the bread." tried and sentenced to confinement for bot wake even when the coach came up. Helen sat up and pushed the damp

life for participation in a daring train | "Now, Helen," a voice said, and she | hair back from her face. robbery. She simply sent the papers in opened her eyes to find Harry standing beside her, and with him a tall figure, snasively

Helen rose to her feet, broad awake But it did her good. She slept dream-

per that told its death told, too, the to your new life," a pleasant voice said, her eyes the sad lipped mouth had lost death of its father, shot while trying to "and popular report makes you out a a little of its rigid line of pain.

memory of the man who had treated her was silent. Harry, used to that peculiar Now, to take a man's horse was generat, perhaps for herself, because she had Frank Bronson began again, "I'm taking his life. The public sense of jus-

outlived everything. At any rate, she afraid you'll be inconveniently crowd- tice did not always wait for the slow

were all sitting about the tea table and glare of the lamps. Bronson looked at usual.

and sheep. Harry was enthusiastic, fore- At the journey's end the passenger

shirts unless you boil them yourself, and | weeks later there came to her through ring heavy enough for an armlet. She Helen looked up and said in her slow, smiled, slipping it over her slender fin-stant's surprise; then her eyes fell. ing her.

Silence fell about the table. The idea "My good deeds pursue me. I am 'the came, it was like a revelation. And now eation she visited a friend in one of the had never presented itself to one of heroine of Pine Gulch.' Would you I know that I love you.' hadiest and oldest and steadiest of them, but now all at once it did not have suspected it? And there is no ad- She opened her lips to speak, but he Connecticut villages. While she was in seem so impracticable. No fancy of dress." She dropped the ring into his stopped her.

hand and walked away. "I have seen something of the life," They were settled now in their new more or much oftener than an umbrel- half smiled. Then all at once the past did not bear out the fancy. And the And so it was settled. She went about la. They had camped with the luxuries rushed over her. mock might be swung. The new pine

thing of her girlhood as he remembered pines, there was a sudden, abrupt report old imperious inflections of speech when self and all the meaning of her lifewith a smothered impression of several old monotonous calm was broken. She strengthless air of repelling protest. tons of kicking humanity over and had fits of depression, felt keenly in the Perhaps he misunderstood the gesture

of the ring. Helen found herself at the the clasp, standing mute and miserable. very bottom of her register of feeling. Perhaps until that hour it had never oc-They were all out of doors in the large curred to her that any renewal of that starred, dewless southwestern night. old story could be possible. She had felt The two men, outstretched on their herself set apart from all the common blankets, lay silently smoking. Helen, lot of women. That he seemed so innoanswered him was hoarse with tears. marks which had been the dreary re-He took no notice, and a minute after minders of her past folly and sin. stood in the middle of the room. Moth- up and out by a masked man with the she went into the house. Harry followed He was what that other had been, a her and came back after awhile, his plainsman, reared among the influences

own voice not oversteady. It's the first time in years, and not easy of civilization, where the other had years either. I doubt if any one has grown reckless, he was grave and self seen her cry since she came home."

the name! I never think of it if I can meant something better than mere glass, for the first time perhaps in years,

"She is 25," brusquely. "Helen always would have her own way. She "You know it now," with a long breath, noticed. had it when she was 17 and married a as of relief. "I have not my secret to scoundrel. He got a life sentence for keep and shall never love any one else." train robbery and was killed trying to She smiled again through all her a schoolgirl again before you know it. make his escape from prison. She got trouble. He believed in himself with the news the day her only child was such manifest faith.

almost like a sob, as Tryon paused in and silence fell again between them. his blunt recital.

"That was two years ago. She never in their places. did like him. The careless, easy, uncon-took this to be the paymaster's trip whimpered under it, and tonight she is "We're getting it down fine," he She flushed with a pleased surprise.

tions, but with much disturbance of "The Pine Valley coach will be along small, jingling movables. Helen's cryare sorry for the blunder," and with a nerveless, with the exhaustion of such pots and pans and wendered faintly risks they take."

"Bronson thought of it." he said per "I'd try to eat a little." Mr. Tryon followed his telegram with dark in the starlight. "Another road And Helen drank her tea and nibbled her bird with an unsmiling sense of the and with a card appended, "Captain Harry laughed. "We don't know anfitness of things when meat and drink Gordon's compliments to Helen Tryon." shadow of herself-she and her baby, what he may develop into. At present were offered as a remedy for such troubles as hers.

There had been an epidemic of law-Helen flushed a little resentfully. He lessness through the country for the last Helen were black after that—perhaps | might have been talking to a girl of 16 | few weeks. The particular manifestafor her baby's death, perhaps for the in that voice of easy patronage. She tion of the disease was horse stealing. ally worse-for the community-than and rather uncertain action of the law. "I beg your pardon," in her slow, Harry rode away that evening without defining his business, and Bronson

These two did not find talk necessary. bought a share in a Texas ranch, and he "Harry did not tell me," he said, They had reached that grade of acand his partner were going to rough it with a sudden air of constrained bash- quaintanceship where long silences are passed. Helen lay with balf shut eyes, stalling a little and unconsciously the whose pocketbook she had saved took a watching the broad flood of sunset light character he was to assume by and by, great solitaire diamond off his little die out of the sky. Bronson was smok-"Now, Mr. Micawber!" Grace said finger. "A memento, madam, simply a ing. When the cigar was quite done, he mockingly. "Mother, you ought to give memento. The ring was in the wallet. rose deliberately and stood beside her. of return. Perhaps that attitude was his him a tin plate and cup and keep silver You saved me \$15,000 last night by In the faint light, in her white gown,

> "Helen," he said, touching a fold of She looked up at him with an in-"Forgive me," he said humbly. "I

> "I know," he said. "Harry told me your story. Won't you dare trust an-

There was something very childlike

"No," she said wildly, rising to her



He took them in his own and held them It was the evening after the coming firmly and gently. She did not resist swinging in her hammock, was speech- cently and so completely to ignore such By and by Harry asked her tragic facts as her life held, beat down

of an almost lawless community. Al-"That girl has broken down at last. ways on the edge of the advancing wave

resistible if he chose to have it so. "At least I love you," he said at last. tremor in her manuer that even Harry

He released her hands. She went back Bronson gave a half groan, a sound to her hammock and he to his blanket,

crying as if she would kill herself. And said abruptly to Bronson. "I've been And, dinner-being over, he and Bronson elaborate if somewhat florid courtesy, Helen bowed composedly and took I don't know but she will. Think of a over to Morgan's. We know how many rode away in pursuance of some of their the air of vague romance that seemed her seat beside the others, and then, un- woman's life going to wreck like that!" there are in the gang, and we have de-Whatever Bronson may have thought, scriptions of the principal leaders. It's gone many minutes when there came breathed—all appealed to their ideal of there was a rapid and exhaustive collectory the said nothing. There was a long a regularly organized thing. The leader the sharp clatter of a horse's hoofs up the chivalric and poetic. He did not talk much of himself, but his half imtalk much of himself personal stories of wild adventures and In the first minute of the attack some hesitatingly after awhile. "A cup of gets hold of him. We know pretty well

Then Helen took the few thousand clung unconsciously through all the Sam Lee's shining little kitchen and easier to keep out than to get out."

RECEIVED.

"I shouldn't like it. But, oh, Harry, you don't want blood on your hands.' "And I don't want to lose my horses,"

question or two, and then the subject

That night every horse worth taking was stolen from the Tryon and Bronson ranch, and with the rest Helen's Rebecca. But the third day afterward Rebec ca was found in the morning tied before the door, with as handsome a bridle and lady's saddle as the country afforded

'He ought to have said to the heroine of Pine Gulch," Harry said, with deep disgust. "Perhaps Mrs. Morse is in it, lessly that night, and if she came out to too," Bronson suggested shyly. "You're quite sure that Captain Gordon isn't a friend of yours? Appearances are against von. First the diamond"- and he stopped short as the tears rose in Helen's

> "I didn't mean anything," he explained humbly to Harry afterward. 'Who ever supposed you did? Do you gine you are ever going to under stand what a woman finds to cry about? he said wrathfully. "They don't know themselves half the time.

> But, after all, it was not Helen at whom he was storming. An extra meeting of the Horse Thief league was summoned. No results followed, and a month wore away peaceably.

Time did not stand still for Helen and Helen's lover. He did not again refer in unremarked. A soundless half hour words to that declaration of his, but not an hour spent in her society did not plead his cause. He took it for granted that his love for her was a thing complete of itself, without hope strongest plea. Something in his naher 25 years rolled back and left her in | tience seemed wonderful to her. She could as soon have built the pyramids She was one of those positive people to whom no half measure is possible. That a man should make such an avowal as that and then should let the days go on in such commonplace, cheerful, un have not seen many women. When you marked fashion roused a new, wondering interest in her mind.

Little by little, unconscious of the gradations of feeling, her whole mental attitude changed. She owned now with a shudder that if Payne Morse were to cross her path for the first time she would probably be repelled rather than attracted. She had fallen in love with next shock was to realize that she had not yet done with ideals, and today's hero was in nowise like yesterday's.

Clearly Helen Morse's days of passive suffering were over. She was silent still, but her silence was dreamy instead of coldly hopeless. And unwonted bursts of petulance stirred the even tenor of

"What has happened to Helen?" Harry asked wonderingly one day. "Well, anything is better than seeing her go bout like a galvanized corpse, as we lid for three years.' But Harry was too much absorbed in

devising schemes whereby Captain Gor-

don's band might come to grief to heed Burns, uch small bits of melodrama as fal in love, hopelessly or otherwise. One night it came to pass that after one of the brief, tremendous storms of wind and rain peculiar to the latitude Helen answered her brother's hail from the outer darkness and opened the door to find him and one of the herders hold ing between them a motionless dead

veight and recognized the white face of Frank Bronson's. "Is he dead?" she asked quietly. "I don't know. Only stunned, I fancy. Set Sam Lee to heating water and we were coming through the timber and

fainting kind!" Harry was giving explanations and orders in a sort of running accompaniment that barely veiled his own anxie Helen, pale, silent and helpful, obeyed implicitly. When Bronson opened his eyes at last, her face was the first he saw as his swimming vision steadied itself. He put out his hand, and she laid hers within it. There was a good deal in the act. She was not a woman prodigal of such expressions some trivial question, and the voice that all her guard and swept away the land- The heavy blue eyes opened with eager

"You must be very quiet," she said, with a smile. She did not withdraw her hand, and with a long sigh of relief he turned toward her and fell asleep. He was out and about his busines next day, though in a rather shaky fashion. All day Helen went about with a contained. He knew books better than half guilty, half happy strain of feeling many who had lived among them; there on her heart. As the time came for his "Who else?" testily. "How I hate was a gentleness in his speech which return she went and stood before her help it. You don't know the story?" sweet temper, and Helen was wom- with a critical and anxious look at the "I have guessed—that is, I mean I an enough yet to feel the fascination of reflection therein. She was too pale souldn't help knowing there was some- his muscular strength—the very clasp | Sorrow and loss had left her face scarred thing painful. Mrs. Morse is young to that held her, gentle as it was, was ir- with their traces. What had she to do with love? The fit of self distrust left a

> "I believe you are living back again, he said. "At this rate, Helen, you'll be Her lips quivered in a painful half smile. He plunged on: "Did you ever see any one change so, Frank? No, you are not living back. You are going to begin over again, my girl." And he Harry came back while they were still stooped and kissed her. They were not a demonstrative family, the Tryons. horse thief plans. They had not been is a Captain Gordon. He'll find himself to the door, and Bronson flung himself

"Is it true?" he asked eagerly.

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NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE. gon, under and by virtue of a writ of execution issued out of the circuit count of the state of Oregon, for Yambill county, bearing date of October 5th, A. D. 1894, upon and to enforce that certain judgment and order of sale made by said court on the 26th day of March. 1894, in that certain action therein pending, wherein John Jones was plaintiff and Joseph Wood and Louisa Wood were defendants, in which it was adjudged that said plaintiff, John Jones, recover from the said defendants, Joseph Wood and Louisa Wood, in U. S. gold coin, the principal sum of Eighty-one and 43-100ths dollars, and interest thereon from March 26th, 1894, at the rate of ten per cent per annum, and the sum of \$25.00 attorneys fees, and the costs and disbursements taxed at \$27.85, and for accruing costs, and ordering the sale of the hereinafter described real property attached in said action on the 15th day of December, 1893, W. L. Warren, the duly qualified and acting sheriff of Yamhill county, Oregon, at that time, duly levied upon and attached, in said action, the following described real property belonging to the said defendants Joseph Wood and Louisa Wood, to-wit:

Lots numbered three (3) and four (4) and the

Wood, to-wit:

Lots numbered three (3) and four (4) and the north forty feet of lots twenty-five (25) and twenty-six (26) of block C, Hobson's addition to the town of Newberg, in Yambill county, state of

oregon.

Now therefore, by virtue of said execution, judgment and order of sale, and in pursuance of the commands of said writ, I will, on Saturday, the 17th day of November, 1894, at the hour of one o'clock p. m. of said day, at the court house door in McMinnville, Yamhill county, Oregon, sell subject to redemption, at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the above described real property, to satisfy said judgment, costs and accruing costs. sts and accruing costs.

Dated this the 16th day of October, 1894.

W. G. HENDERSON,

Sheriff of Yamhill County, Oregon.

Notice of Final Settlement.

as executor of the estate of Andrew Shuck, eccased, has filed in the county court of Yamhili ounty, state of Oregon, his final account of his diministration of the estate of said deceased, nd that said court has ordered that said account Oct. 26th, 1894. RAMSEY & FENTON, Att'ys for said Estate.

NEW GOODS!

\$9,000 Worth!

Bought at Bed-rock prices.

To be sold at Figures to suit the times.

FALL STYLES 1894

Come while Stock is Full and Fresh and make

Your Selections.

Prices of Clothing are now bed-rock. They are liable to go upward instead of downward. In our Merchant Tailoring Department we employ the best workmen that can be had. A fine assortment of new suitings to select from.

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