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Description of the pose it's all right.'

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L. T. L. at 3 p. m.
MRS. A. J. WHITMORE, Pres.

By KATE RICHMOND.

isses on her lips-"what have I dono deserve such happiness?" She clung to him then with a little

ice! If that comes again, I shall die."

All of this out of doors, where any

She sat sewing the next day, swing- cook stove. ing lazily in her low rocker. Sam Lee door, tossed her hair about her forehead. at her speechlessly. Outside the green and sunny silence

emed rhythmical in its boundlessness, A shadow fell across the doorway. elen, looking up, saw a tall man standg there, clad in all respects as the other en of the region were. The wide hat, the blue flannel shirt, with its white ornamental stitchings, the jangling spurs and the high riding boots were all common enough. But Helen's heart beat a little faster as he addressed her after the stereotyped fashion:

"Are the bosses here?" not be at home before night. She had risen to answer him and stood with her hands on the back of her

bared his head with a sudden gesture. "Helen, don't you know me?

She neither cried out nor fainted. She stared at him with a fixed horror in

"Yes," she said in a dull sort of way; "you were Payne Morse," 'Were? Do you take me for a ghost? No. I'm all alive. You don't ask me

He crossed the room and closed the in its old way apparently. door that led into Sam Lee's domain. face and staring eyes. "Don't look so frightened, child." There was something of the old musical

she shuddered through all her frame. "Do you hate me as much as that?" facing her and looking down on her with half amused eyes. "Well, I was a fully brute, but we had been such fools."

me dead? Well, I had a narrow chance



temple and side of his face. "The officers knew better, but they let it go at cessful escape.

Still she stood mute. "Can't you speak? A man might think you were not glad to see him." "It is such a surprise," she half whispered, with rigid lips.

"No doubt. Is that fellow going to marry you? I happened to be in the

"He did not know. He was as inno-"Oh, no doubt-quite. No, Helen, that's not fair. I always did do you justice in my heart in spite of your infernal temper. But what I came here for today was to ask what he meant." "He did mean that I should be his

"Well," doubtfully, "the law frees

seemed as if I might live on forever." "Where's the baby?"

"Dead," with a little moan. A faint quiver crossed his face. "It's won't marry because I happen to be ing hard. alive? And you don't love me either. Women are queer things."

"What are you going to do?" wildly. 'Must I go with you?" "Go with me? No, thank you. I shall I did not know you were here when I | that." now, and then I'll be off. And look after a moment's thought, "You can

make certain that you are told when I

She had been standing all the while. He came close to her now. "Can't you give me a kiss?" stooping his still handsome face toward her.

"Oh, no, no!" She shrank back, shiv-

"And I your husband too! You took ry. "Oh, Frank, everything failed mo it much more coolly the other night," with a careless laugh. "Well, goodby. He held her close against his breast. I shan't see you again most likely. He's "It shall never come again," he said a handsome fellow—not much better than I was before I got this beauty And then in a minute more he was mark, though-and just as likely to be

no better sort. She sank down on the floor as he ne might have seen and heard every went out. By and by she pulled down word. But who was there to see in that the pillow from the couch near by and wide, green, empty world? The silence | lay there sobbing and shivering. Sam was absolute. She stood listening to the | Lee, coming in for directions for the ank of his horse a little before she evening meal, found her with closed ent back into the house, thinking, with eyes, and fancying her asleep spread a happy smile, how the world had shawl over her and left her, following the devices of his own heart over the

She heard the men coming at lastas pattering softly about on the bare Bronson and her brother—and met them oards of his kitchen floor. The south at the door, so white, so desperate lookwind, sweeping through the wide open ing that both drew rein and sat staring

Bronson sprang to the ground at last and took her in his arms. She put him away with a trembling hand, not looking at him.

"Harry, Payne Morse is alive." "How do you know?" "I've seen him. He has been here.

"Only a little while ago. It was no mistake. I talked with him. What shall I do? What shall I do?" Bronson was leaning back against his orse, a bewildered look of agony on "Both are on the range. They will his face. But as she turned toward him

"Today?"

he answered her appeal. He came forward and put his arm about her. "You see, I love your sister," he said hair, a little paler than usual and a to Harry. "She would have been my growing look of terror in her widening wife. She shall be now if she will. But, eyes. He had not removed his hat, and whatever she decides, I love her and alhis face was heavily bearded. They stood | ways shall." He spoke very slowly and silent for a little space, and then he distinctly. "You hear me, Helen. Whatever comes, I will not fail you to the

For one minute she lay her head against his shoulder. Then with a sob she turned away and entered the house. After all, human everyday life is not a favorable background for tragedy. The awful happenings drop beneath the current, and the ripples run over them. to come in-no matter"-crossing the and half the time we forget them unthreshold-"no matter. I've something less it happens to be our own hearts o say, and now's the best time to say that are aching. Before 48 hours had assed the little household was going on

It was on the evening of that second She stood watching him with bloodless day that Harry came back from his weekly visit to the postoffice at the sta-

"I've got it sure," he said to Bronring in his voice that had once been so son. "The Denver police have sent me weet in her ears. With the memory a photograph of Captain Gordon. Good looking rascal," handing over the card. 'We can't miss with that. Bronson scrutinized the likeness care-

"It's a marked face. That scar across He paused as if waiting for her to the forehead is peculiar and not easily hidden.'

"Let me look at you. You haven't "Want to see it, Helen? If in your grown younger, and you really thought | walks abroad you meet Captain Gordon,

She glanced at it and turned a livid "Harry, it's Payne-Payne Morse." "What the devil am I to do? Poor Helen, she's made trouble for somebody her whole life through. I'm head and front of it all, and I can't go ahead with the thing now, for her sake-and yon're no better off. I'll go down tonight, put the thing into Mason's hands and clear the country till it's over with. We'll have to start for Denver tomorrow without an hour's delay, and Helen will have to stay here alone. I'll get Mason's wife to come over, if she will have her. It's the best way I see out of

a bad bargain.' That was Harry Tryon's way, settling everything offhand, but the plan was carried out, and Helen found herself solitary. Mason's wife came over, but was quickly recalled by the needs of a sick baby. Happily Helen had steady nerves and a controllable imagination. showed the track of a bullet across the Of real danger there was very little, and

she was glad to be alone. Of what was going on about her she that. They didn't care to report a suc- knew nothing. She had never taken much interest in the happenings of the country and gave no thought to the subject that had been Harry's great interest for so long. Sam Lee's work being done, he had sauntered off to the cabins down in the timber. Helen was swinging in her hammock as usual, dreaming dreams and seeing visions in neighborhood last night and got the such dreary fashion as her past gave benefit of that scene. Nice thing for a reason for. Still, with all the sadness, man to be looking at. His own wife there was a dreamy quiet which was too. I'd a great mind to send a bullet not wholly pain, and with the silence, and the starlight, and the slow, monotonous rocking of her swinging cradle

she fell asleep. "Helen!" "Yes," she said drowsily and fell

asleep again. "Helen!" the word was spoken a lit tle louder. A hand touched her. She sprang up broad awake now. Payne Morse stood before her.

He was bareheaded, without his coat; you. If he's going to marry you, I sup- a blood stained sling held his right arm; a torn handkerchief was knotted round "Oh, Payne, can't you see-it's all his head; he was haggard and ghastly. over. How can I marry with you liv- She knew it all at once. It was two ing? I was happy for the first time in hours since she had heard shots in the all these years," piteously. "I have timber and had lain idly speculating been so hopeless, so despairing, and it about echoes and the distance the sound

"They are after me. Can you help me?" he said in a hoarse gasp. "What can I do?" But it was not a a good thing maybe. And so you question of helplessness. She was think-

"They will come here," he said. "Yes, I suppose so. Yes, I will do my best," slowly.

"I've been hung and shot," with a most unmirthful laugh. "The rope get away from here shortly. I had busi- broke, and the fool that fired didn't ness here, and I give you my word that | break anything. I ought to get off after came. But we shall finish up shortly | She answered him not a word, but |

room. One end had been partitioned off or three of its members. as a closet and storeroom. She dragged lown a mattress and blankets, "I will do my best," she said again

spoke as if her lips were stiffened. "You're a plucky little soul," lightawares. I'm Captain Gordon."

"Yes, I know. "All right then. Mind one thing- "I saw him. He was taken out of the they are not likely to use you-a wom- train at the junction where I waited. an-roughly. If it comes to that, I shall Died of heart disease, they said, withappear on the scene.

"I'm not afraid. Don't talk any nore, please," in a tired sort of way. time to take in the significance of his Then she lighted her room and began words. Her face whitened slowly, and bressing leisurely. The occupation had as he finished she dropped at his feet its object. Sitting still was impossible in a faint like death.

while she waited. But when a sharp rap sounded per-



She started with every nerve with every nerve. Her voice was steady enough, however, as she went to the curtained window.

"Morgan from over Point." "Captain Morgan? Yes, I know. If you will find your way in, I will join

"I am Mrs. Morse," she said quietly. "My brother, Mr. Tryon, is not at

said reassuringly. "We are the vigi- he had. Then he played, and played lance committee searching for the cap- well too."--Washington News. tain of the horse thief gang. He escaped us a few hours ago and came this way. She thought of the shooting and hanging while this soft voiced vigilant was making his explanation. She moved forward and put her lamp down on a table before she answered.

"I knew von were

She shook her head. "Captain Gordon hasn't frightened me," she said calmly. Then she glanced at the men. They were all splashed and

formation he has.'

"Could I offer you any refreshment," she said half timidly, "for yourself or your horses? I have heard my brother of infantry. speak of you frequently," with the smile that years ago Payne Morse had found so bewitching

She looked so frail and slight, so entirely different from the southwestern eminine development, that Morgan, a great, good natured giant, found himself abashed. As for his companion they stood with their guns in the hollow of their arms, holding their hats awkwardly and uneasily. They were rough riders and straight shots, but this

slender woman upset their nerves. "We're about played out," Morgan said, "the horses at least. He won't be likely to get far tonight," with a significant glance at the man nearest him, "and we couldn't do much anyhow. It is going to be blacker than pitch. If you don't mind our camping on the place—you don't look much like work, Mrs. Morse, but I'm not a bad hand at a frying pan myself."

"Certainly, gentlemen," with sweetest courtesy. "You know the way to the corncribs, and," putting out a pair of slender, browned hands, "I'm not as helpless as I look. So she and Captain Morgan made coffee, fried bacon and baked biscuit, while

the men fed their horses and arranged sleeping places for themselves. "Don't that beat anything you ever saw in your life in the way of a woman?" one of them said after a long reconnoissance through the kitchen window. "And there's Morgan," with awe in his voice, "talking away to her as

chipper as a jaybird. They rode away in the gray of the morning. All day long she ministered to the man who had wrecked her life. There was little talk. They could not venture on that. He slept like a wornout man who makes the most of his chances in safety. When night came again and again, Sam Lee left the house alone. Then, clad in Harry Tryon's garments and riding Rebecca, Payne Morse made his way to a signal station on the railway 10 miles away.

"Goodby," he said. "You'll not be likely to see or hear of me again. For your sake it's almost a pity that they didn't make an end of me.' "Don't say that, Payne. We'll live chances if you chose to use them.'

"And Payne?" Helen asked.

"They told me he escaped," not meeting her eyes. Then she told him.

slowly. She did not look at him. She "By Jove, Helen! They never sus-

pected, that's certain. After that I y. The man's daredevil recklessness wonder if there's anything you can't was uppermost again. "You know who stand. Listen, Payne Morse is dead." you are entertaining? Not an angel un- He had risen and was holding both her hands as she sat before him.

> "I know it's true," he said earnestly out a struggle or a word. He spoke slowly, as if to give her

She was married in the dim twilight in the old church at home, with just her emptorily through the house she started mother and sisters near her, and her father watching her with softened eyes. The organ murmured in full, soft chords, but there were no strangers, no bridal display. As she stepped out into the sweet spring evening the young aint crescent of the moon met her eyes "It's the beginning," Frank whispered softly, bending down that she alone might hear. - Overland Monthly.

> The Blind Guide In the Capitol. "Did you ever hear about the first guide at the capitol? He was stone olind. Don't believe it? Well, I don't blame you, for in his day only a few people knew he was blind, and even those he took through the big building suspected that he could see." The speaker was John B. McCarthy, the private secretary of Senator White and a veteran newspaper man.

"The blind guide was old 'Professor Donaldson,' as we called him in those days. He made his living for 20 years by showing visitors about the building and followed that calling until 1873. I used to wonder how he knew when to turn in the corridors, but he told me one She heard the tramp of feet making day that he not only knew the distances their way uncertainly into the unlighted from one point to another, but that he She did not hasten; every soft wanted no better guide than the fold of lace about her throat was settled drafts of air. They never failed to carefully to its place, and she went back | make his location known to him. Donto adjust a slipping braid of hair as if aldson would go into the senate gallery the most critical and fastidious of morn- with a party and point out the senators, ing callers awaited her. Something of whom he would describe, locating them the dramatic instinct must have been at their seats. It was all right if they born in her. She stood in the doorway were on hand, and if they weren't the presently, holding the lamp far above visitors would generally be too dazed to her head that she might see her visitors, know the difference. Another strange a graceful, white clad shape, with shin- thing about Donaldson was that he was ing eyes and flushed cheeks. The men an inveterate gambler. He would make money in the daytime and stake it on poker games at night. He carried a small black boy around with him on those occasions, and the duty of the 'Don't be alarmed,'' Captain Morgan | pickaninny was to tell him what cards

The Original Martinet. the discipline of the French army in the had not intended to rest a night there. reign of Louis XIV, mentions that the When we reached it, however, the trouinstruction of the infantry was intrust- | ble of the ankle became so bad that it ed to a General Martinet, "whose name was absolutely necessary to stop. Fortu-"He visited us some time since," is still a synonym for unrelenting strictness in the punctual performance of all the tere accommodations than might have duties, no matter how small and appar-been expected. It was an old thatched thought he might take advantage of gallant biographer of the hero of Blen- which had been built a new modern ently unimportant." The noble and the fact. Nobedy knows how much in- heim likewise states that it was General Martinet who replaced the pike with a coffee room and a billiard room. the bayonet. In the second Dutch war he introduced the use of copper pontoons. Pierre Larousse, on the other hand, says that Martinet, notwithstanding his talents and the important services which he rendered to his country, never rose beyond the rank of a colonel

Lord Wolseley has omitted to record another notable invention of General or Colonel Martinet. He introduced into the French army the celebrated "cat with 12 tails" of cords or leather, which still bears his name in France and is used to beat clothes and sometimes children with. As to our own military cat-o'-nine tails, its origin is a mystery. The old correctional whip of justice had only three lashes, and the importation small vessels. On the right of the creek of a cat with nine is sometimes ascribed to William III, who brought over with him to England in 1688 several regiments of Dutch guards, in whose ranks | a mile or two, and then rose gradually the strictest discipline was maintained.

-Sala in London Times.

gerous," said Harry F. Potter of Bal- ture yacht-quite a dainty little craft, timore. "A great many more marriages | flying foresail and mainsail. A girl was are arranged in this way than is gener- steering her, and a boy sat beside the ally supposed, and statistics do not prove | masthead to lower sail. The boat ran that they turn out on the average any merrily up the creek alongside the jetty. worse than others. I am personally ac- The boy lowered sail, unshipped mast which a man married a lady with whom the quickness of him who understands advertisement, taking into her confi- the fishermen touched his hat and went dence a friend who was as full of fun as slowly down to take the boat to her herself. When it came to the point of moorings. The pair were clearly brothexchanging photographs, she sent her er and sister—he a lad of 18; she a year friend's, and when, a few weeks later, a or two older, perhaps 21. They were nator of the joke thought matters had ence between the two faces. She had the gone far enough, and showing the let- same face as her brother, but glorified. ter to her friend told her she proposed Thus the boy's hair was light and curto tear it up and drop the correspond- ly. Hers was darker. His eyes were a ence. The friend, however, had be- light blue, and hers a dark blue and come impressed with both the photo- deeper. His mouth was weak, and hers graph and eloquence of the distant woo- was strong. In her walk and bearing er, and without telling any one of her there was more strength and character intentions she kept the appointment, than seemed to belong to her brother. met the stranger and married him. All these things I did not observe at the Probably a more remarkable outcome of moment when she passed quickly up the a joke and of courtship by proxy has pier, but I found them out afterward. seldom taken place."—St. Louis Globe- As for her figure, she was nearly as tall

What's In a Name? Count Raphael Cohen, head of the famous Belgian banking firm, who purout our lives. Yours might have such chased his title of count, has a tendency to drop the name of Cohen and to retain "Goodby, my girl." He stooped and that of Antwerp, Anvers being the Galkissed her cheek. "If I could go back licized equivalent of Antwerp, Count again-well, we wouldn't get married." and Countess C. d'Anvers sounding Harry Tryon came back three or four much better than Cohen of Antwerp. days later. He knew about the dispers- Old Baron Oppenheim, who was aware here—you shan't be fooled again. I'll come in here," opening the door of her ing of the gang and the hanging of two of this weakness on the part of the Ant

RECEIVED.

werp Cohens, finding on one occasion their names inscribed on the register of a hotel as "Comte et Comtesse C. d'An vers, "wrote his own name immediately underneath as "Baron O. de Cologne.

By WALTER BESANT.

I stood today beside the grave of my lear old friend Paul. His name will be known by his friends, and for those who were not his friends his name may remain unknown. The vicar read the funeral services while the birds were singing on the trees, the sun shone on the aburnum and the lilac, and from below the cliff came the roll of the wayes along the shore. His remains were laid beside those of his wife, and while the words of the solemn service fell upon my ears I was thinking how it would have fared with Paul had it not been for his mar riage. It will harm no one now to tell the story of that marriage.

When first he met his wife, in the year 1857, he was-well, he was 25 years of age, to begin with. It seems as if merely to be 25 is enough, but I sappose some other things are desirable a well. He had just been called to the bar, he was a fellow of his college, a hard headed reader and an athlete. He was popular because he possessed a pleas ant voice, a pleasant face and a pleasant manner, because he was not small and petty in speech or thought and because he was strong. Nobody among under graduates is so popular as the man who is strong. Further, in order to acquire facility in speaking, he spoke regularly at the union and learned to speak well. Whatever he attempted he either did well or abandoned altogether.

I have said that in the year 1857 Paul was 25 years of age. It was in that year that he took the step which subsequent ly led to his early retirement. And it happened in this way:

In the month of September we started together upon a walking expedition. In those days we had a project for walking round the coast of Great Britain taking a fortnight here and another there, according to season and opportunity, and reckoning that we should complete the task-allowing for sinuosities Warranty Deeds Quit-claim Deeds and creeks—in 373 years exactly. We carried a white, round pebble. At the end of each walk we buried it and marked the place. At the beginning of a new walk we dug it up again. By this worked every war guite says of page. this method one was quite sure of passing over the whole ground without pos sibility of self deception. We began very well, with capital weather and high spirits. On the afternoon of the third day an accident happened of a very common and uninteresting nature. Paul twisted his ankle on a loose stone We were then about a mile and a half

distant from a certain small village Lord Wolseley, in a dissertation on through which we had to pass, but we wing containing three or four bedrooms After laying my man upon the sofa in the coffee room I went out to explo-

the place. It was more considerable than I had expected. There was a single long street running up a gentle hill from the seashore. On the top of the hill was a church, with an ancient rub ble tower and a square brick "temple of the period of George II. Beyond the church were two roads, and beside then certain villas, which looked very pretty 'mid the woods and trees and gardens At the lower end of the town was the port. Here the sea runs inland and makes a little creek for the reception of a stream. They have built out a brick jetty and constructed a wharf, along which are generally lying half a dozen there rose a bold headland, such as ar so common on the white coasts of Albion. On the left the land was low for

and there was a great bay with a sweep of cliff after cliff, very beautiful. As l looked there came swiftly round the headland a little boat-not a common "Courtship by mail is apt to be dan-dingy or fishermen's boat, but a miniaquainted, however, with one case in and rudder and tied the painter with he had not even corresponded. A young his work. Then both sprang out and lady for a joke answered a matrimonial | ran up the steps of the jetty, and one of letter came inclosing a railroad ticket, euriously alike, and the girl's face was an enthusiastic offer of marriage and a her brother's glorified. There is no request to come on at once, the origi- other word which can express the differas her brother, who was certainly 5 feet 8, and in shape she resembled the goddess Artemus, who was of thinner and slighter build and had a more slender waist than Aphrodite. Her admirers, in fact, invented the corset and the prac-

tice of tight lacing. In the evening after dinner we, took refuge in the billiard room, as there was nothing at all in the house to read,

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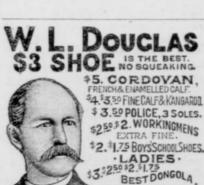
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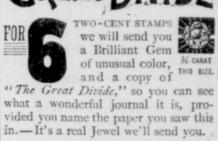
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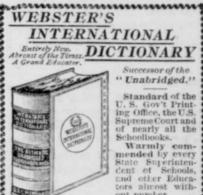


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GREAT DIVIDE



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A College President writes: "For ease with which the eye finds the word sought, for accuracy of defini-'tion, for effective methods in Indicating pronunciation, for terse yet and for practical use as a working dictionary, 'Webster's International

The One Creat Standard Authority, So writes Hon. P. J. Brewer, Justice U. S. Experime Court.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers,

Opringfield, Mass., U.S.A.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE. NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned as sherift of Yamhill county, state of Oregon, under and by virtue of a writ of execution issued out of the circuit court of the state of Oregon, for Yamhill 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 43-160ths dollars, and interest thereon from March 25th, 1894, at the rate of ten per cent per annum, and the sum of \$25.00 attorneys fees, 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, to obtain funds to pay the several sums of money above stated, and accruing costs.

And whereas, 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 north forty feet of lots twenty-five (25) and twenty-six (25) of block C, Hobson's addition to the town of Newberg, in Yamhill county, state of Oregon.

Now therefore, by virtue of said execution.

town of Newberg, in Yamhill 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.

Dated this the 16th day of October, 1891.

W. G. HENDERSON,

Sherift of Yamhill County, Oregon.

Notice of Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned, as executor of the estate of Andrew Shuek, deceased, has filed in the county court of Yambill county, state of Oregon, his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, and that said court has ordered that said account and that said court has ordered that said account at the usual place of holding said court in the court house in McMinnville, in said county and state, on Tuesday, the 4th day of December, 1894, at the hour of ten o'clock a. in, of said day, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and make or file objections to 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.

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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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