

# At Silver Creek Falls

## The True Story of A Recent Expedition That Penetrated the Wilds of the Cascades

There were ten of us in the party. First, of course, was the Pathfinder, who had previously explored the country and could tell the feminine portion of the party just where all the old bachelors and widowers lived. Then came the Minister, a jolly old fellow, out for a holiday, from far-off Oklahoma, and his daughter (a charming young widow), and her three winsome children. A typical Bad Boy, the Fisher-man, and My Mother and I, completed the "dramatis personae" of the memorable expedition that left Brooks one bright day not long since.

The Pathfinder's team of handsome sorrels led the caravan, followed by the Minister's faithful nags, while we brought up the rear with our ancient and rattling equipage, drawn by the no less ancient, but well beloved, "Dick" whose front feet turn in slightly, and whose vertebrae is more or less razor-like.

Without accident to mar the serenity of our thoughts, we trotted along through the dust of Howel's prairie till we reached the foothills beyond the gushing (?) oil wells of Pratun.

Then, from that hour, till the perilous journey was ended, my heart set up a series of agitated flaps, my hair stood on end, while perspiration dampened my brow and a dazed conviction settled over me that my black cat would soon be without a mother. Had it not been that I saw before me a well-worn road as proof that other human beings had passed that way, nothing could have induced me to proceed.

On either side, upward magnificent wheat fields, while orchards bowed low with their weight of fruit. But the road, instead of winding around the hills, simply struck up the almost perpendicular side and then made a sheer drop on the other side.

There were times when old Dick almost sat on our knees during the climb and when the descent came it was with difficulty that we refrained from riding him down the hill.

When the afternoon sun was sinking and the climax came, the Pathfinder and the Minister had slipped down a hill and were out of sight in the timber, just as we started to descend. Down, down, down we went. To the right of us rose a precipitous bluff, and to the left of us yawned a dark, deep chasm, while the road fell down between them. We seemed to be going faster than usual, although old Dick humped his back up bravely to stay the rapid progress of the buggy. It was all to no purpose, and soon we were "shooting the chutes," while the harness broke in forty places and "swatted" Dick on the shins, while the shafts reached up and poked him in the ears. In vain did we beseech him to "whoa," for to "whoa" was a physical impossibility, and faster on we sped, faster and then faster.

When it seemed that I should soon know for a certainty whether Norman Williams went to heaven or not, the Pathfinder of consolation came to me when I thought of the "searched?" I should get when the news of the tragedy reached the press. Perhaps they might even say that a "brilliant career had been cut short by my untimely demise," all of which sort of honey-coated lie bitter pill of death, and I was fully resigned when we landed at the bottom of the hill, where the Pathfinder and the Minister tied up the harness with rawhide strings, which the man from Oklahoma had learned were good things to carry.

That night we pitched camp in the meadow of a rich young bachelor, who had been given to me by the Pathfinder (without the young man's knowledge or consent, however). In that first delightful hour in camp, every trace of the day's hardships vanished from our mind, and we realized the truth of the lines:

"Beyond the Alpine heights of greatest pain lieeth thine Italy," only Italy wasn't in it with Allen prairie. Tow-

ards above us were peaks of surpassing grandeur, while below stretched vast meadows of waving grass where herds of sleek Jerseys grazed. The soil was rich and deep and springs and streams rippled down every hillside. Such was the country, while off to the west, on a day's journey, Salem and the blue Willamette lay before us like a panorama. Truly we felt:

"The joy of life in steepness overcome and victories of ascent; in looking down on all that had looked down on us, and joy in breathing nearer heaven."

On every hand the earth was clad in green from delicate "bleeding hearts" (a rare flower), to the sturdy oak and kingly pine, to say nothing of the "sala" bushes and ferns higher than a cow's back.

When the evening shadows deepened we built a great fire of fragrant fir wood and when the children returned with a bucketful of wild strawberries and the fisherman brought in a basket of speckled trout, the real pleasure of the evening began. The mountain breeze was cool, almost to chilliness, so we wrapped ourselves in some gray quilts ad sat around the fire, while the fish spluttered merrily in the frying pan and a delicious aroma came from the coffee as it boiled over and went bubbling down the black sides of the coffee pot, into the fire.

How good that supper was! In spite of the fact that the Bad Boy had "jumped" the fire several times, there by giving the viands a generous sprinkling of ashes from between his bare toes.

When I learned that my mother had failed to bring my feather bed and sine blankets, I refused positively to observe the etiquette of night, beyond removing my spectacles, so that, although we were showered with dew, we felt no ill effects. The jungles nearby were filled with coyotes, bears, and even panthers, but, being protected by the fisherman's two bear-eating dogs, we passed a peaceful night, save for ten thousand long-legged black ants that meandered over us all night, just because we had made our beds over their nest.

The next morning every unremembered member of the party made "home-stead locations" (but that is another story—in us), and proceeded to visit Silver Creek Falls. Awed to silence, we stood with uncovered heads as this great manifestation of power thundered upon the rocks so far below us, while the breeze caught up its fleecy veil and tossed it back like the fly drapery of a Jove bride.

There came to me a strange, glad feeling as I stood there, as if I had seen Nature, so I walked up the long hill just to commune with the old behemoth, although the Pathfinder hunted that I walked because there was a widower living on top of the hill. At any rate I was very happy as I pulled my blue sunbonnet over my red nose, and fell into a reverie about that good coffee that we made in the black coffee pot.

—Ella McMunn.

### THE APPLE CROP IN EUROPE.

Statement of a Fruit Brokerage Firm at Liverpool—Fall Apples Scarce.

James Adam, Son & Co. of Liverpool, fruit brokers, have issued their "prospective report" regarding apple conditions on the other side of the Atlantic. It is dated July 15, and is as follows:

"In former years we have always delayed the issue of this report until our views as to the crop prospects in this country were confirmed by the comprehensive figures published in the 'Gardener's Chronicle.' This year, however, the opinion as to the position of things is so general, that we take this early opportunity of communicating to our friends the indications for the coming season, as viewed from present as-

pects. There is no doubt that throughout this country apples will be a short crop, as owing to the late frosts the fruit set very badly indeed, while, in addition to this, much of what did set has fallen, owing to the dry weather since experienced. Of course some orchards that are in any way sheltered may have a fair show of fruit, but taking the growing districts as a whole, reports certainly indicate a short supply. Similar reports come from the principal fruit sections on the continent; Germany promises to have a very light crop, while in Holland and Belgium the yield is said to be much below the average. To these sources of supply, however, we need not attach much importance, as the appreciation of American and Canadian varieties is such that when they make their appearance preference is at once shown for them. It appears, therefore, that our markets will be open for supplies much earlier than usual, in fact; it would seem as if fall apples would be wanted in quantity this season, especially the better and more attractive sorts.

"As regards winters, we cannot help but take a favorable view, as the general condition of trade is much better than it has been, especially in Lancashire, where the cotton industry is particularly brisk, and for this reason our own market, at any rate, is likely to offer a ready outlet for fruit of choice quality. We cannot, however, impress upon shippers too forcibly the advisability of careful grading and packing, as these are very important factors if good results are to be obtained. Shippers, unfortunately, seem to overlook the fact that the charges for conveyance, etc., are the same on poor as on good fruit, and often send forward inferior stock, which ought to be kept at home, with the result that business is disappointing and unremunerative to them."

### TURNER NOTES.

News Items from the Town "Up the Creek."

TURNER, Or., July 29.—M. W. Roberts made a business trip to Portland Tuesday.

Mrs. Viola Cornelius is at Colfax, Wash., called there by the serious illness of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Geo. Cornelius.

Mrs. Mary Scott of Salem, who spent a week with her sister, Mrs. W. J. Hadley, returned home Tuesday.

G. A. Bear and family returned Tuesday from Portland, where they had spent a week visiting and attending the fair.

Mrs. T. J. Edwards entertained a few of her friends of the W. C. T. U. Wednesday afternoon. After a discussion of a few topics of interest light refreshments were served.

The hot weather of the past week has ripened grain very fast, and it really seems that harvest has come. Much hay is being baled.

The Turner Telephone Co. is now connected with telephone service with the companies of Stayton, Aumsville and Marion.

### RATE FIXED FOR PORTAGE.

Wheat Will Be Hauled from Celilo to The Dalles for Twenty-five Cents a Ton

PORTLAND, July 29.—Wheat will be hauled over the new portage road from Celilo to The Dalles for 25 cents a ton, loaded on the cars. This one tariff was decided at a meeting of the board of portage road commissioners, composed of Governor Chamberlain, Secretary of State Dunbar, State Treasurer Moore and members of the Open River association. The other rates dealing with various commodities were not fixed owing to the immense amount of work involved, and it was decided some sort of classification will have to be adopted.

J. N. Teal, of the Open River association, and J. Couch Flanders, of the Open River Transportation company are at The Dalles today, where they were met by other members of the association, and the matter of arranging with the regular steamers on the middle river to handle freight to Portland is being looked into; also the condition of the Big Eddy. It is rumored Mr. Flanders and his associates are negotiating for the steamer Telephone to be placed on the route.

### News of Northwest

**Seats in the Park.**  
Medford's park is now supplied with iron benches, furnished by the fraternal orders of that city.

**An Inspector Needed.**  
Ashland had a \$5000 fire the other day which might have been checked had it not been for a hydrant that was not in good order.

**New Place of Worship.**  
A new Christian church will be erected in the Santo Clara district of Lane county. Its cost will be \$900.

**Wants to Become a Machinist.**  
W. R. Willard, a printer, on his way from the east to San Francisco, called at the State Journal office last Monday morning. He was born in Richmond, Va., was raised and learned the printer's trade in Toronto, Canada, and since then has served in the Spanish-American war and resided in Alabama, and is now on his way to the Presidio, San Francisco, where his command, the Patterson, is now in command, and who, he thinks, will aid him in learning the trade of a machinist or something requiring skill. He says he could have secured employment in many places had he been a machinist or expert workman. In Spokane he remained twelve days and secured only one day's work on The Spokeman-Review; about the same in Seattle and all along the line out from the east.—*Engene Journal.*

### Grape Boxes

The Ward Lumber company of Forest Grove has taken contract for making 4000 grape boxes for some of our grape growers. Usually they have bought their boxes at some of the factories that make a specialty of such things but found they could do better at home.—*Times.*

### Smallest Pendleton Baby.

A wee girl baby, weighing but two pounds, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wade Sifer yesterday afternoon at their home in this city. The child is seemingly strong and well developed. Its hair and nails are well formed and show full maturity, but the little legs are not more than three inches long, and the entire body can be covered with the two hands of its mother. It eats and sleeps naturally, and gives promise of living. It is the second child born to Mr. and Mrs. Sifer, the other being a seven-pound child when born.—*East Oregonian.*

### A Large Donation

When the collection was taken in a Newberg church after a strong sermon on the benefit of missions, a lady's gold watch was found in the basket. It was sold and brought \$30 for the missionary cause.

### A New Lodge Hall.

The new Odd Fellows' hall at Buen Vista, Or., is nearing completion.

### From Church to Lodge Room.

The work of erecting the M. E. church, South, building into a permanent home for the Dallas camp of Woodmen will begin today or tomorrow. The building will be raised 3 1/2 feet, and the basement will be fitted up for reading rooms, library and banquet hall. The entire first floor will be used for a lodge room. The improvements will cost about \$2,500, and the Dallas camp will have one of the finest homes in the state when the work is completed.—*Observer.*

### Putting It Into Red Bricks.

George A. Dyson, a former Brownsville man, who made about \$25,000 in the sale of the Lucky Boy mine, which he discovered, has let the contract for a \$25,000 brick block at St. Johns.

### Thistle Plague Threatens.

Unless immediate steps are taken to cut and destroy the plants, Walla Walla county is threatened with a plague of Russian, or, as they are sometimes more familiarly known, Canadian thistles. A farmer in the city today reported that along many of the county roads and in many fields there are many thistles and in a short time they will be ready to blossom and scatter millions of seeds to the four winds, sowing a crop disastrous to grain and ground, wherever they fall.

The legislature of 1899 enacted a law providing for protection against the spread of Canadian and Russian thistles and for the destruction of the same, prescribing a penalty for violation of the act.

If the growing thistles are destroyed immediately, considerable trouble will be obviated and it is not yet too late to prevent the spread of the nuisance, as the plants have not yet wholly ripened.—*Walla Walla Statesman.*

### Little Water.

The water in the Calapooia is becoming very low and it is probable that the mills will be compelled to suspend operations soon until the fall rains come.—*Brownsville Times.*

### Many Acres Transferred.

A deed was filed at Corvallis this week in which the land of the Coast Land & Live Stock Company of this city, in Benton county, 21 3/4 acres, was conveyed to James M. Woods and another deed from him to the Bentley Realty Company of Portland. The consideration in each case was given as \$1. The actual consideration is not known.—*Democrat.*

### A New Mining Town.

Borealis Falls is the name of a new mining town which has just sprung into existence on the Calapooia, side of the Blue river mining district, forty miles southeast of Brownsville. The camp consists at present of four log houses and boasts of a population of thirteen souls, but this will be added to soon by the addition of at least ten more people. The town is located practically in the heart of the district, on the south bank of the Calapooia river, near the falls of the Calapooia, and is an ideal site for a modern mining town. The site is at the end of the Calapooia river wagon road, now building into the district from Brownsville, from which point roads will branch off to the many mines of the district.

### Forty Bushels to the Acre.

L. L. Mann, who has commenced cutting his crop on the reservation, has cut around the outside portion and so far the yield has been about forty bushels to the acre, or an average crop for that portion of the reservation. The better portion of the field and he expects a larger yield when he gets farther into the harvest.—*Pendleton E. O.*

**Threshing in Polk.**  
The earliest threshing reported in Polk county was done by George McBea and sons on the home farm three miles south west of Dallas last Friday. A field of oats was threshed, and an average yield was secured.—*Observer.*

**Wasco School Statistics.**  
According to the annual school report in Wasco county there is an average increase in the number of months of school from 6 to 8 1/2 months, also in the average local tax rate, and in the number of districts levying local tax. Thirty-eight made that provision last year; 45 this year. There are yet 29 which should join the ranks.

Then there has been an increase in the average salaries paid teachers. In round numbers last year \$59.20 was paid male teachers, \$44 for females and \$54.50. The difference in the average is due to the fact that many of the male teachers hold positions as principals and, therefore, demand higher salaries. In the entire county but 27 males are employed in the schools.—*The Dalles Chronicle.*

### Scouring Mills Clean up \$25,000.

One of the easiest and at the same time the most successful of the wool transactions of the year occurred during the early part of the season in Morrow county. E. Y. Judd of the Pendleton scouring mills, purchased upwards of a million pounds of wool early in the season, to be worked over in the local mills. The prices at that time were at the lowest point, and it was not thought so early in the season that there would be much of an advance. The wool was stored in the warehouses preparatory to being shipped here, when it was seen that the price was steadily soaring higher. When the value was several cents higher than the purchase price, the whole amount was disposed of by the owner, and a cool \$25,000 cleared up on the deal. This was a much better result than could have been obtained had the wool been shipped here and sorted and scoured.—*E. O.*

### Improvements to His Prune Dryer.

R. L. Chapman is making extensive improvements and repairs on his big prune dryer worth of town, and will soon have one of the most completely equipped evaporating plants in the valley. The work is nearing completion, and the dryer will be ready to handle the present year's output of Mr. Chapman's forty-acre orchard.

The principal addition to the plant is a dipping and spreading machine of the latest pattern. This machine dips the prunes in a lye bath, rinses them in running water, and spreads them on the trays. It will dip and spread 500 bushels of prunes a day, and is a valuable labor-saving device. The machine will materially increase the capacity of the dryer, as prunes dipped in lye will dry in about six hours less time than those not similarly treated. Heretofore Mr. Chapman has not dipped his fruit on account of the scarcity of water.

Another important improvement added this year is a fast-draw water system to protect the plant from fire. A two-inch main from the city system furnishes an abundance of water and good pressure, notwithstanding the fact that the dryer is a mile from town and nearly 100 feet above the street level. Five hydrants are distributed around the dryer and warehouse, and a water-pipe running through the furnace is so arranged that the drying tunnels may be filled with steam at a moment's notice. Mr. Chapman says that the pressure on the hydrants is sufficient to throw water to the top of both buildings. The plant will begin operations about September 1.—*Dallas Observer.*

### Grand Ronde Lands for Sale.

The department of the interior at Washington announces that the remainder of the lands of the Grand Ronde Indian reservation in this state will be offered for sale under sealed bids at the land office in Portland between October 3 and 10 next. There about 9700 acres in the tract yet unsold, lying in southern Yamhill and northern Polk counties. The lands are arranged by schedule in tracts from 40 acres up to 640 acres and any bidder may bid for as many tracts as he pleases. One dollar and a quarter per acre is the minimum price and each bidder must enclose with his bid a certified check for 20 per cent of his bid. Full particulars may be obtained of the land office at Portland.

### Hay in Plenty.

The country is full of hay stacks—something new for the Willamette valley. The hay crop was so heavy this season that the farmers, many of them, after filling their barns, were compelled to stack in the field. Hay balers are now at work baling the stacked product.—*Times.*

### Seventy Cents.

The Jefferson wheat market has opened at 70 cents.

**Saloon Removed.**  
Possibly for the first time the law placed on Oregon's statute books a few years ago, forbidding the establishment of a saloon within one mile of the adit tunnel of a working mine anywhere in the state, without the consent of the mine owner, has been made use of. Such a saloon was doing business at Placer, a camp located near Greenback, northern Josephine county. The temperance women of the camp were apprised of the law, and by petition to the county court had the saloon removed.

**Tall Timothy.**  
Seven feet four and a half inches is the height of some timothy hay cut in Lane county, Oregon, recently.

**The Curfew Bell.**  
Harrisburg city council has ordered a fire bell and as soon as it arrives it will be placed on a tower and will serve as a curfew bell as well as a fire alarm. The curfew ordinance will then be a little more rigidly enforced.

**Sheep Disappeared.**  
Burdick & Doe, Salem stock buyers, are shy twenty-one head of sheep. A band purchased in the Coast range mountains was driven through here this week and put on pasture at the Hayden place. They failed to recognize the pasture fence and breaking away chased independence Tuesday night and were placed in the city pound. They were taken out Wednesday, but twenty-one head are still at large.—*Enterprise.*

**Lost Opportunities.**  
Ten carloads of hogs from Nebraska passed through Pendleton last night en route to the Union Meat Company at Portland, but were slaughtered there and sent back in bacon and lard to Pendleton and other interior towns in Oregon.

This is good for the Nebraskans, the railroads, the commission men and the hog raisers of the east, but it is an imposition on the Oregon consumer.

Every man who buys a pound of eastern bacon or lard pays an unjust tax which might be saved if Oregon farmers would raise sufficient hogs to supply the home trade. Sufficient hogs could be raised in Umatilla county on waste wheat which is lost in harvest to supply the entire state with bacon and lard.

Shipping hogs 1,600 miles from Nebraska to Oregon is the height of folly for Oregon. Corn will grow in Oregon almost as well as in portions of the east, and hogs are found here in the highest state of perfection, free from the diseases that infect them in the east, and Oregon is losing one of her best opportunities in passing up this profitable industry.—*East Oregonian.*

### Baker City Water.

Farmers of a few miles out of the city who are in the midst of haying are showing the proper regard for the health of their men by supplying them with Baker City water for drinking purposes. In the early morning a number of barrels are taken by team to the various farms.—*Democrat.*

### This Fellow Won't Starve.

A traveling scissors grinder was in Medford this week, whose apparatus was something out of the ordinary. He travels on a bicycle and has his grindstone attached to the frame between the handle bars and the crank shaft. Also there is an arm on each side of the seat leading to the grindstone. When he has a pair of scissors or a knife to sharpen these arms are adjusted so that the rear wheel is clear of the ground, the operator mounts the bicycle and pedals as if riding, turning the grindstone at any required speed.—*Mail.*

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### WHAT THEY FIND

MISSIONARIES IN CHINA ENCOUNTER MUCH CONSERVATISM.

Mother Are Afraid to Bathe Their Babies, and Many Die From Sheer Neglect—Curious Things Encountered in the Orient.

NEW YORK, July 29.—Much can be done, in the opinion of one of the medical missionaries working for the Presbyterian board of foreign missions in China, for the Chinese women and children by teaching the former how to care for their babies. This is done in all of the missionary hospitals and its importance is indicated in the report of Dr. H. M. McCandless, in charge of the hospital at King-chou, on the island of Hainan, just received here. Dr. McCandless says:

"Chinese women have no monthly magazines full of 'hints to mothers,' and they receive no training of any kind in the care of children. The mother's milk fails, glutinous rice, sweet potatoes or anything else handy are fed to the infant, so that it is no wonder that child after child is born into the world only to live a few months and then perish through sheer ignorance on the part of the caretaker. Many women patients have told me, six or eight children born to them none of which have lived. There is scarcely anything more startling to the Chinese mother than to see an American baby have its daily bath, and the proposal to put their babies into the tub fills them with consternation. Much needs to be done for these mothers and their children."

From this same island of Hainan, which is about three hundred miles southwest of Hong Kong, comes a report of the reception accorded to the women missionaries during a trip to the interior. "In one place," they say, "everybody, men, women and children, were too engrossed in the sport of gambling to pay any attention to us at all, and we were left entirely to ourselves." Quite a contrast is offered by the report of another visit. "Most elaborate preparations," says Miss Henrietta Montgomery, "had been made by the head families of a very large clan to have us visit them. We really had not the time to go, but wishing to disappoint them and to have much good food go to waste, we spent the day with them. Upon reaching the house we were received with the greatest ceremony. They laid down a brand new mat for us to walk through the door on, while the master of ceremonies, clad in a long blue coat, belted with a foreign belt, stood at the door, presented us with a large red card and ushered us into the room, large, well lighted and unusually clean, where two tables were covered with tea and other dainties. After refreshing ourselves we addressed the large crowd which filled every available inch of standing room, while those who could, suspended themselves from the walls and from anything to which a boy or man could attach himself. They were respectful, quiet and attentive, and begged us to remain several days or to send some one to them.

"From another town on the island of Hainan, Nodou, comes a report of the ravages of the bilious plague. It is estimated that 25 per cent of the people of the market have died, and the disease has spread to many of the neighboring towns. The spread of the disease can in some cases be traced to the blind belief of the people in their idols. In one village, for instance, after the rats had died the people left their infested houses and had stayed away all night have been well, but their idol, which is reported to be an unusually powerful one, ordered them to return to their homes. Those who returned took the disease and some of them died. This is a usual occurrence. In their fatalism the people refuse to seek medical assistance, nor do they seem willing to be advised or instructed in any way. It is believed that the outbreak might easily have been stamped out in the beginning had the advice of physicians been followed.

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