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Scott's Emulsion
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Full supply of horses, buggies and hacks. Best of care given to transport stock and boarding. Corner Ferry and Liberty streets. Make specialty of taking parties to coast or mountains.

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Steinway, Knabe, Webber, Emerson and other pianos.
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Smaller makes of musical instruments and supplies.
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has opened up a shop north of Mize's mill, in South Salem, where he is prepared to make and repair all kinds of cooperage, such as pails, tubs, kegs, barrels and casks. Only the best seasoned stock used. Prices reasonable. 718-2456.

\$1,500 REWARD OFFERED.

The undersigned offers \$1500 reward for the conviction of the party or parties who burned his barn and horses on the night of December 12, 1902. He will also pay \$200 for each accessory to the crime. I own two good ranches and am able to pay this reward.
J. JOSEPH G. ANDERSON
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Feed Wood
Wholesale and Retail. Everything in my line at lowest prices. 101 Commercial street.
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Willamette University

The most complete and best equipped music school on the north-west coast.

University standards. Latest methods and thorough work.
Diplomas given on completion of course.
Diploma term begins September 15, 1904.

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and Hard Wood Finishing.

WHAT THE MOON SAW.

A little blue-eyed innocent
Out in the park at play
Had chased, without a thought of wrong,
A mother hen away.

Her father spoke in earnest tones,
And gave the words he said,
While she, and for her thoughtlessness,
Went to her little bed.

Again at night she sought the yards,
Fearless of ghosts or owls,
Where, upon perch or nest or tree,
Rumored the precious fowls.

When they with terrifying noise
Flow out and off, all wild,
The mother sought to know the cause
And met his panting child.

"Father, I came to kiss the hen,"
She said in her sweet way,
"And tell her I was sorry 'cause
I scared her yesterday."

The father clasped her in his arms
In happiest embrace,
"And I, too," said the gentle moon,
"I kissed the dear, sweet face."
—Agnes L. Mitchell.

MY BET.

At the little dinner of three which Alec Bradford was giving I hadn't drunk more than three glasses of wine in all. But I have been a temperate man throughout my life, and possibly even this moderate indulgence made me unwontedly rash.

Perhaps my unstrung nerves had a good deal to do with the matter as well. I had fled from the home of a tyrannical stepfather here in New York about six years ago, when the merest boy, just after my mother's death. Countless hardships had beset me since then, but now I had gained in the far west at least a hopeful semblance of prosperity. I had come back with only a single purpose—to find my twin sister, Ruth Amberley, and bring her to dwell on this in Kansas with myself and my beloved young wife.

Tearful, yet striving to smile through her tears, Clara had bidden me goodby. "It's dreadful to have you go alone, Frank," she faltered. "Still, you know, you owe it to your sister. You never wrote to tell her where you were for a long time after you'd driven your tent stakes here into Ashbyville."

"I know—I know, Clara. It was my jealousy, I suppose."
"Jealousy of a stepfather! And of such a shocking despot as you paint him too! And how could Ruth have run away with you as you proposed in your madly boyish fashion? And as for her not answering the letters you've written her since remembrance has begun to prick you—why, there isn't a doubt that she never received them. Her stepfather's probably moved away from where he used to live, or it may be that he's died."

"That Ruth's dead, too," I broke in dismally, "or driven out into the bitter world by that same brute who drove me there!"

I was destined to learn on my arrival in New York that my stepfather had died over two years ago. Concerning Ruth no one could tell me. Our former home held new tenants. I made countless inquiries and even put advertisements in all newspapers. My stepfather had left all his money, I discovered (no great sum either), to certain relations in Baltimore. These, answering my letters regarding the whereabouts of Ruth, could only tell me that she had left her stepfather a good while before his death, and that they believed some kind of quarrel had caused the separation.

"Some kind of quarrel!" I forlornly mused. "Oh, how horrible to think that the sister I once so dearly cherished may be in want and suffering! But of one thing I am certain. Ruth could never go wrong, no matter what untold evils overtook her. She was and will always stay pure and refinement to her finger tips. Our dear dead mother taught her that and gave it to her as well as the strange and sweet sanctity of inheritance."

I wrote to my wife several sad letters, and one was so desperately repentant in its tenor that she answered it with a kind of sweet savagery.

"How dare you say, Frank, that you feel as if you had killed Ruth?" ran her response. "If you want to make my loneliness, which I am trying to bear as bravely as I can, still more distressing to me, you will not write again in a mood both so morbid and so absurd."

That evening, when I dined at the Brunswick with Alec Bradford and John Hathaway, two friends whom I had made in the west, and who were in New York for commercial reasons, far different from my own, I felt far more wretchedly hopeless than I cared to reveal.

At the end of dinner, while we were drinking our coffee and smoking our cigars, Bradford advanced his little theory, born of some converse we had held about the wickedness and depravity of "darker New York."

"I believe I could do just what you say I can't," came my words after a little flurry of discussion.

John Hathaway was rather flushed with champagne. He knocked his fist against the table and said, merrily, yet seriously:

"Make him take your bet, then, Alec. We'll all go 'stunning' together, so they call it."

"The bet," I said, "given me big odds. Ten dollars from myself to \$100 from Alec that nothing will happen to me if I go with both of you wherever you shall direct and in each place make you known that I carry on my person the sum of \$5,000!"

"Never mind," laughed Bradford in his breezy, staccato way. "I'll stick to my bet." He turned to Hathaway.

"Jack, you'll hold the stakes?"

AN AUTUMN NOVELTY.

One of the season's novel effects in light cloth gowns is shown in our illustration. It is made of biscuit colored faced cloth, a very popular and becoming fabric. The widely flaring skirt falls in godet plaits in the back and is garnished by a row of lace, bordered on either edge by a narrow strap of cloth. If a more effective trimming is desired, the lace may be bordered by bands of brown velvet instead of the straps of cloth.

Four bands of lace, inserted in the close fitting bodice, divide the latter into five strips, each one of which tapers to the waist. Large epaulets of rich brown velvet fall over the shoulders, and, if desired, may be bordered by an insertion of lace, laid over the velvet. The epaulets should be lined with brown silk and with crinoline or haircloth. The gigot or leg o' mutton sleeves are very full and stand out at the shoulders. The high collar is of lace, and a full belt of brown velvet is finished by a bow at the left side.

This gown is peculiarly adapted to the stout figure, as it produces a long waisted appearance. This is effected by the narrow belt, the tight fitting bodice, without any fullness whatever, and by the vertical trimming. The back of the corsage is garnished in the same manner as the front.

An admirable gown in this style could be fashioned in dark blue English serge, with strips of mink fur substituted for the lace insertion.

The epaulets and belt would then be made of the new black and white check velvet, with hairline of ermine, and the epaulets would be edged with mink. Narrow cuffs of the velvet, edged with fur, could also be added with much effect.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Broke the Record.
Miss Page of Norwich, England, is to be credited with the distinction of being the first woman who has ever spoken in the Foresters' high court. On the concluding day of the congress there was a discussion regarding the wisdom of electing a male trustee or treasurer for a female court. It was notable that the lady leaned strongly to the male side of the question, saying that "it was nonsense to say that women were as competent as men to manage or advise as to monetary matters. If they elected a woman to this office, she would consult her husband, and they thought it better that the gentleman should be consulted direct by the court and hold a position of responsibility."—London Letter.

A Basket Ball League.
There is a movement on foot to form a basket ball league among the swell girls of New Orleans. Basket ball has of late, under the heading of athletic games, become very popular in all the northern colleges, and in Wellesley college one of our New Orleans girls is the "captain of the team." It does not differ materially from baseball, only that it is more refined and lacks the rougher elements of the latter game, although it requires much the same requisites, except that of weight. It is hinted that it will be "quite the thing" this winter to belong to a basket ball team. The young ladies at the Southern Athletic club, it is rumored, will organize immediately.

No Bottle in Her Pocket.
An editor out west, having been asked if he ever saw a baldheaded woman, replied: "No, we never did. Nor did we ever see a woman waiting around town in her shirt sleeves with a cigar between her teeth and ran into every saloon she saw. We have never seen a woman go fishing with a little in her pocket, sit down on the damp ground all day and go home drunk at night. Nor have we seen a woman yank off her coat and say she could lick any man in town. No, God bless her, she isn't built that way."—Northwest Magazine.

Too Ebbets.
Ten shoes and stockings were worn by the bridesmaids at a recent London wedding last week, and this incongruous fact dressing has been noticed by face with dressy gowns. The frocks of these bridesmaids were of white crepe, with yokes of pink satin, covered with lace, and shoulder straps of pink velvet, large white chip hats, trimmed with pink roses, white lace and white wings. The gloves were tan.

A Woman Wanted.
The Universalists are in search of a suitable woman to add to the Japan mission. She must be an earnest Unitarian, an educated woman, skilled in kindergarten work, and, if possible, capable of teaching the method in Chinese. Henry W. Ross, Providence, and G. L. DeLozier, Manchester, N. H., constitute the committee in search and desire to hear of its candidate for the work.

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The Game.
Treat the ocean carefully, writes Mrs. K. L. Stevenson, and be well to be coaxed with you in fact, but handle him with tact, with consideration, as if you loved him, and you will be repaid a hundredfold. With neither gain nor sorrow nor the union which would be the glory of southern France, the low-lying islands and the islands!

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Vandalia, Illinois.

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SCHOOL TEXT-BOOK PETITION.

To the State Board of Education—Protest Against Changes in Text-Books or any Contract fixing prices for the next six years:

Governor Penoyer, Secretary of State McBride and State Superintendent of Public Instruction McElroy, acting as the State Board of Education of Oregon.

Sirs:—Your petitioners, patrons of the public schools, taxpayers and citizens of Oregon, respectfully petition you to take no action to bring about adoption of new series of public school text-books under the law passed by the last legislature, nor to enter into any contract at present publishers prices adopting the text-books now in use, or those that might be authorized by your board at present prices, such prices to be fixed and maintained by the publishers for the next six years, as specified in that law.

In view of the fact that by state publication the people of California are obtaining public school text-books at an average price of about 30 cents apiece for the entire series needed in the common schools, or about one-half what we pay in Oregon, we demand state publication at the earliest day possible.

NAMES. NAMES.

(Cut out the above form of petition, sign and address it to one of the State Board of Education, or mail it to THE JOURNAL, and it will be published and forwarded to the board with others. Men and women should sign this petition in protest against perpetuating the present system of high-priced text-books for six years to come.)

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