

# Great Bargain Sale!

33<sup>1</sup> Reduction on all Clothing  
3<sup>3</sup> In Our Store : :

The Stock consists of Rain Coats, Overcoats, Mackintoshes, Wool Hosiery, Fancy Neckwear, Linen Collars, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Men's Hats, Umbrellas. Everything will go at same reduction, as our room is small. We have decided to make room for the size of our stock on hand, so if you are ready to purchase your Winter Supply, you had better come right now, as this sale will last only until the Holidays. Remember we are located in the Naylor Building near the corner of Main Street and First Avenue North.

### Here are Some of the Prices:

Men's Suits worth \$7.00 at	\$4.67	Men's Suits worth \$12.00 at	\$ 8.00
" " " 7.50 "	5.00	" " " 13.00 "	8.67
" " " 8.00 "	5.33	" " " 14.00 "	9.33
" " " 8.50 "	5.67	" " " 15.00 "	10.00
" " " 9.00 "	6.00	" " " 16.00 "	10.67
" " " 10.00 "	6.67	" " " 17.00 "	11.33
" " " 11.00 "	7.33	" " " 18.00 "	12.00
		" " " 21.00 "	14.00

A large line of Men's Pants, Fancy Shirts and Heavy Underwear. Blue Flannel-Top Shirts, Shoes for Men, Ladies and Boys.

**M. J. BENJAMIN**

Forest Grove

Oregon

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OUR STOCK is as large as most Stores carry and Our Prices Are The Lowest.

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**Bargains.**  
One House and lot ..... \$1200  
One " " " " ..... 1600  
One " " " " ..... 1500  
One lot 100x200 feet ..... 800  
One " 100x100 " ..... 500  
See James Stephenson, 14-11

—Try Schultz's ground bone for your hens. It will make them lay.

## At Even Money A Saving

Of time, traveling expenses and fatigue can be made by using the shortest route East.

THERE IS but one short and direct route between the West and East.

**Southern Pacific**

**The O. R. & N.**  
Oregon Short Line  
and  
**UNION PACIFIC**

THERE IS unsurpassed through fast train service to Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, Chicago, with direct connections to all points East and South. THERE IS an abundance of matchless scenery, and an opportunity to make a daylight stopover at Salt Lake City if it is desired.

W. BROWN, Agent  
Forest Grove

WM. McMURRAY  
General Passenger Agent  
Portland - Oregon

### A Man Built of Sentiment

[Original.]  
"Oh, Joe," said Jeannette to her fiancé, "what do you think I received by express today?"  
"What?"  
"A glass bottle picked up on the coast near Atlantic City containing a message."  
"Big storm? Shipwreck? Vessel sinking? We are all lost?"  
"More than that. I've had a lover I didn't know of. Read it." And she handed him a bit of paper on which were scrawled her full name and address and—

In a few minutes this vessel will carry us all to a watery grave. I wish you to know that there has been one who has, unknown to you, loved you devotedly. But he will die as he has lived without revealing himself to you. Farewell.

"Well," said Joe after reading the message, "do you suppose it's genuine?"  
"Something tells me it is."

"What?"  
"I feel—I somehow it seems to me that had this man wooed me we would have—"

"Would have?"  
"What a noble, good man he must have been to love me at a distance!"  
"Noble, good man, eh? To love you at a distance! Will you kindly explain?"

"Why, there must have been some reason why he couldn't declare himself. His great heart bore the load without permitting me to share it!"  
"Then why didn't he keep on bearing it without mixing you up in this way?"

"He knew a woman's nature. I wish you knew it as well. A woman receives her greatest compliment in the love of a good man."

"You mean a noble, good man. Don't leave out the noble."  
"This man must have been a noble, self-sacrificing man."

"Where was the self-sacrifice, come in?"  
"Why, if he had told me of his love I would have loved him. We couldn't marry and—"

"How do you know you couldn't?"  
"Why, what other reason would there be for his not?"

"Lots of 'em. The chances are he was beneath you, probably some cab driver who once drove you somewhere or—"

"Joseph!"  
"More likely a common sailor, with his arms and breast tattooed with anchors."

"You are simply showing your envy of one who was doubtless your superior."

"At any rate, I'd have more sense than to keep my love a secret till a few minutes before I was to be launched for kingdom come."

"You haven't that nobility of soul to understand this man's nature. He would not speak till what he said would not make me suffer—till it would be only sweet for a woman to hear."

"Nobility of soul, eh? I haven't nobility of soul. And this man—how do you know he had a soul at all? How do you know he isn't a myth? Somebody may have been playing a joke on you."

"One who would play such a joke would have as little soul as the myth he created."  
Joseph looked sorely troubled.

"It seems to me," he said presently, "that a rival has sprung up—a bloodless, spiritual, heavenly, noble, good, unselfish—"

"Heroic. Any more?"  
"I'm not sneering at him? He's simply a manufactured man, one who has been built up out of pure sentiment, with sentimental arms, legs, head, hands."

"Who created him? Not I! I never heard of him till I received his only and last message."

"At any rate, he has replaced me. I'm going to say farewell. I'm going to give way to your ideal hero."  
"You should strive to be like him."

"Like him! Do you suppose I'd wish to be like a man of tissue paper, with nothing inside of him but gas? He isn't even gas. He's a vacuum."

"There's no substance in the angels." "There are different kinds of angels." "I do believe you hate him."

"I hate him! I'm perfectly indifferent to him, confound him!"  
The girl burst into a merry laugh. She laughed for five minutes, holding her sides, then tried to say something, but she was interrupted by another involuntary peal of laughter. Finally she controlled herself, sufficiently to say:

"Joe, this is"—  
"It's certainly no laughing matter!"  
"Yes, it is, stupid."  
"Stupid! It's well that a stupid man should give way to a little tin god."

"Joe, the next time you send me a message from the dead do have sense enough to write it on paper that I won't recognize as your own."

The expression of mingled fierceness and misery on Joe's face gradually faded away and gave place to one of shamefacedness and relief.

"Did you recognize the paper?" she asked.  
"How could I help it since I've a ton of it upstairs?"  
"And the writing?"  
"Scarcely at all disguised. I knew it in a minute. How came you to do such a thing?"

"Well, Charlie Baker said that a girl would fall in love with a man made out of sentiment or ikeer than with one of flesh and blood. I thought I'd try of you. I won't try it again. You pretty nearly scared me to death."  
IRENE C. ADAMS.

### RELIGIOUS ACROBATS.

Dangerous Aerial Slide Annually Performed in India.

India offers many curious things in the way of religion, and the strangest of them all is the aerial slide, which is performed annually at Kulu, in the Himalayas. At a point where there is a cliff overhanging a precipitous gorge several hundred feet in width and a hundred feet in depth a rope is made fast to the rock. The other end of this is carried across the gorge and there secured to a stake. The total length of the rope between the two points is when drawn taut 2,500 feet, and the end attached to the cliff is several hundred feet higher than that fastened on the opposite side of the ravine. Thus a slide is contrived, and it is a dangerous one to all appearance.

It is down this incline that the performer has his path. For the lofty journey a sort of caddie is provided made of wood, with holes in it, through which the rope passes. But before a start is made the whole length of the rope is wet to prevent the saddle from catching fire from the friction. The performer sits astride this seat, and to his legs are fastened bags of sand, which serve two purposes—they enable him to maintain an upright position during his lightning-like descent, and they increase the momentum. The lower end of the rope is carefully wound with bits of carpet to check the speed before the stake is reached. Without this precaution the performer would be dashed to pieces.

The terrific velocity of the descent for the first few hundred yards is shown by the stream of smoke that trails from the wake of the saddle, despite the fact that the rope has been wet. Afterward the incline diminishes somewhat, and the pace becomes correspondingly slower. By the time the goal is reached the jheri, as the performer is called, is able to come to a standstill without disaster.

This slide in the air is supposed to reveal the will of the gods as to the crops of the approaching season. If the perilous trip is accomplished in safety a plentiful harvest is assured. Naturally, therefore, every care is taken to minimize the dangers of the performance. The ceremony is of ancient origin, and those who engage in it as jheri form a small caste apart.—New York Tribune.

### A MEDFORD STORY.

Legend of the Phantom Ship and Its Mad Pirate Captain.

The town of Medford, Mass., has a legend of a phantom ship beside which the Flying Dutchman is only a peaceful merchantman. The Medford story runs that a ship laden with rum and gold and silver bars put out from that place in the days when the Spanish main was infested with pirates. It was headed for a West Indian port, but got into the doldrums and was so long becalmed that water and provisions gave out, and all hands perished of thirst and starvation. When the wind came up again the ship sailed away with her ghastly crew, was seen by a buccaneer, chased and overhauled.

The pirate captain made fast to his prize without firing a single shot, and attributing the vessel's nonresistance to fear or lack of arms, he was the first man to leap on board. But the rope with which the captured ship had been carelessly lashed to his own parted under the strain of the seaway, and he found himself rapidly borne away from his comrades on what he soon discovered to be a floating coffin. A stiff breeze filled the sails of the derelict, and before his own vessel could overtake it night descended on the ocean, and the pursuing ship lost sight of it altogether. Left alone in pitch darkness on the growsome craft, the pirate went mad with terror and, seizing the wheel, raced away before the wind and, according to the legend, was condemned to range the seas forever thus in command of his horrible prize.

Ave to the ship that encountered it scudding along by moonlight or in the lightning's glare, manned by skeletons and steered by a shouting, gesticulating madman, and when on several occasions it was sighted in the fog off Medford it was considered as the herald of storm and disaster and the loss of many ships.—New York Press.

Jenny's Quick Method.  
Jenny's uncle, who was a school-teacher, met her on the street one beautiful May day and asked her if she was going to the Maypole dance.

"No, I ain't going."  
"Oh, my little dear," said her uncle, "you must not say 'I ain't going.' You must say 'I am not going.'" And he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar. "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going. Now, can you say all that, Jenny?"

"Sure, I can," she replied, making a courtesy. "There ain't nobody going."  
—Ladies' Home Journal.

Jury at the Theater.

An unusual spectacle was witnessed at the Theater Royal, Nelson, Auckland, when the jury, who had been locked up three nights because they could not agree to a verdict in a murder case, were allowed to witness a living picture display. They had expressed a desire to attend the theater as a relief, and the judge consented.—Auckland News.

A Work Maker.

"Rinks is weak financially, isn't he?"  
"He hasn't much money, but he gives employment to a great many men."  
"Who are they?"  
"Other people's bill collectors."—London Tit-Bits.

## Good Things TO EAT

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Low Prices

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Forest Grove, Ore.

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**SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY**  
Forest Grove Time Table

TO PORTLAND	
No. 6 departs 6:30 a. m., arrives at Portland 8:00 a. m.	
No. 4 " 8:55 a. m. " " 10:20 a. m.	
No. 8 " 10:30 a. m. " " 11:50 a. m.	
No. 10 " 4:10 p. m. " " 5:30 p. m.	
No. 2 " 4:37 p. m. " " 5:57 p. m.	
FROM PORTLAND	
No. 11 dep. Portland 7:30 a. m., ar. Forest Grove 8:59 a. m.	
No. 3 " " 8:30 a. m. " " 10:10 a. m.	
No. 7 " " 1:00 p. m. " " 2:20 p. m.	
No. 9 " " 4:10 p. m. " " 5:30 p. m.	
No. 5 " " 5:40 p. m. " " 7:00 p. m.	

W. BROWN, Agent.  
WM. McMURRAY, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.

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White shirt	10c	Drawers	2 to 10c
Suits	15c	Waists	10 to 20c
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Undershirts	25c	Stockings	25c
Hankies	10c	Collars	25c
Men's White Vests	10 to 15c	Fasts	15 to 20c
Coats	10 to 20c	Buttons	10 to 20c
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The following articles, 75c per doz. if you want. Send them, 10000000. Single Green, Women's Drawers, Toddler, Aprons and Coats Cover.

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