

THE BIG BUSY STORE

Springtime Announcement With Every Department in Our Store Filled With Appropriate Now Needed Goods.

FOR these goods we made persistent search for four weeks in the great markets of the east, searching for the BEST VALUES in every line CASH PURCHASES would buy—selecting the choicest and most pleasing styles adapted to our trade. RESULTS—By far the largest stock of merchandise we have ever shown. Each department is now full and better than ever in our history. Bought the lowest! On sale the lowest! Our position is now full of aggressiveness and knows no competition in any city that can give better values or more correct up-to-date merchandise.

Ladies' Tailored Suits.



Our suit business is a pronounced success, our sales most flattering. Why? Our suits were selected from the sales-rooms of New York's foremost makers. Over 100 suits for our customers to select from. They are designed after the latest and most accepted fashions and right beyond a doubt. Our prices compared with any catalogue will prove to your own satisfaction a saving to you. All wool suits, Eton-Jacket, \$5.00. Others up to \$25.00. A lot more new suits on the way. Child's jackets, ladies' capes and jackets. Great showing in ladies' separate skirts, \$1.25 to \$15.00 each.

Dress Goods.

The public is well acquainted with the superiority of our Dress Goods stock. This spring we positively announce a largely increased and better stock than we have ever shown. Plain, rich fabrics once more prevail, and we filled our stock to overflowing. A GOOD DRESS GOODS STOCK NEEDS TO BE SEEN. Ask to be shown our Dress Goods and you will be pleased even to enthusiasm. Every want can be filled at our prices, from 10c to \$3.00 per yard.

Silks.

We most emphatically challenge comparison with silk samples from any city

store. Our silks are bought from first hands and from the best manufacturers.

Examine our Black Dress Silks, 85c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, and Satin Duchess at 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Handsome Dress Foulards, Liberty Silks, Pastel Shades in Crepe De Chine, Fancies, Taffetas, Silk and Wool Challies in the new designs, etc.

Dress Trimmings, Laces, Neckwear.

We especially ask you to look in this department, because we are showing a very much finer assortment than we ever carried before.

Trimmings in the richest but dainty designs of Applique, Edges, Galloons, Fringes, Spangled Nets, etc., 10c to \$7.50 a yard.

Laces—Yokings in Plauen, Renaissance, Chiffon, Applique, etc., up to \$6.00 per yd.

Neckwear—Plated Satin Stocks, Chiffon Jabots, Mulls, etc.

Silk Waists.



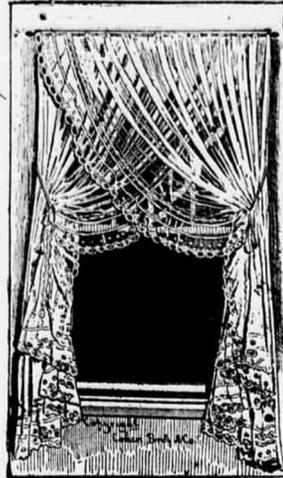
Profusely tucked, many styles, black and colored Silks, latest ideas in correct Dress Waist making, \$3.50 to \$7.50.

COTTON WAISTS, 50 dozen is our stock to select from. Pick from this enormous assortment and you may find

to please you. Colored Percales and Batistes Lace and Insertion, Yokes, Platings, etc., 50c to \$1.75.

WHITE WAISTS, the dainty, airy creations so much in vogue, \$1.00 to \$3.00.

Lace Curtains.



Lace Curtains, double the stock we ever showed. Arabians, Renaissance, Tambour, Esprit, Brussels.

Kid Gloves.

We make SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT of our NEW Kid Glove stock. After carefully inspecting and comparing the values and merits of the many glove manufacturers and importers in New York, we bought and adopted three entirely new lines which we will keep freshly assorted in colors and shades, as fashion may decree.

Clasps have entirely replaced hooks everywhere, hence we show the three grades in Clasp only.

"Alexandria," black and colors, \$1.00. "Victoria," black, colors and white, \$1.25.

"Dufour," black only, \$1.75.

Muslin Underwear.



Immense New Stock from the best manufacture in the U. S. "The Royal" of Worcester, Mass.

Corset Covers, 15c to \$1.00.

Drawers, 35c to \$1.00.

Skirts, 50c to \$1.50.

Gowns, 50c to \$1.75.

Children's Muslin Pants, 15c to 50c.

Wash Goods.

Thousands of yards in the graceful, dainty styles of the season.

Antrine Linens,

Dotted Swiss Muslins,

Kildare Dimities,

Primrose Batistes,

Ondine Muslinettes,

Crepons, Crinkles, etc.,

5c to 75c per yard.

Black Petticoats, \$1.00 to \$3.00. Styles that are fascinating.

Baby Millinery, Caps, Bonnets, Mull Hats, direct from manufacturer.

Table Linens, exquisite patterns, 25c to \$2.00 per yd.

Napkins to match, \$1.00 to \$7.50 per dozen.

Umbrellas and Parasols.

Handsome Styles in the Parasols.

Carpets and Matting.

50 STYLES TO SELECT FROM.

Ingrains, 30, 35, 40, 45, 60, 65 and 70c.

Fine Carpets for your parlor in stock or additional big sample line to select from.

First-class Bi-sels Sweeper, \$1.98 special.

Shoes! Shoes!! Shoes!!!



We will save you money on every pair good Shoes. Our Styles are kept carefully selected in the up-to-date shapes.

We Invite You to Our Store.

THE JOHNSON DRY GOODS COMPANY.

HIS CLOSEST CALL.

AND AFTER ALL IT TURNED TO BE NO CALL AT ALL.

The Reformed Poacher, however, is of the opinion that there is little difference between being killed and being scared to death.

The closest call I ever had, remarked the reformed poacher, turned out to be no call at all, but for a time I was sure old Gabriel had his trumpet tuned-up for me, and, after all, there ain't a mighty sight of difference between getting killed and getting scared to death. And that's about what happened to me. It was in the early eighties, the first winter I trapped in Allegash waters, and, although up to the 1st of February there wasn't six inches of snow in the woods, I had silted down in my shack the prettiest lot of furs I've seen before or since. And out of 200 skins, something like 70 were otter.

Funny thing, too, that run of otter. I took every one of them from a short line of traps set back of a small stream of dead water. The other traps took everything that came along, beaver, fisher, mink and ermine, but these half dozen, somehow or other, would spring only on to the leg of an otter. And I didn't kick a bit, for the skins were worth then just \$15 apiece.

Well, come the 1st of February and about time for a big snowstorm. I got uneasy, as trappers will; wanted something more exciting, I guess, and one fine morning I bundled my furs on to a big sled and set out for Kineo. There wasn't any snow to speak of on the river, and I made pretty good time up Churchill lake and about dark reached the thoroughfare into Eagle lake, where I built a fire and got a bit of supper. It was a fine night, but a little breezy, and a big circle around the moon told me of snow, and lots of it, not far away. So I figured 'twould be a good idea to get to the settlement about as soon as I could, and, packing up again, I set out down the lake.

The wind was at my back and just boosted me along, but the sled traveled faster and kept bumping into my feet. Says I to myself, Why don't you use the wind? And I did. Running ashore, I cut a stout pole and two crosspieces and soon had a first class sail set and was flying down the middle of Eagle lake, a-smoking my pipe as happy as any old salt coming into port before a fair wind. There wasn't anything for me to do but steer clear of Pillsbury island—not a hard job—so I burrowed under the furs and sort of dozed off, thinking of the good times those otter skins were going to bring me.

The wind kept rising, but the old sled kept right along with it. That didn't worry me any, however, for there was no danger, and the faster we went the better I liked it. Well, we were drawing under the head of the

island when the sled struck a wrinkle that sort of jarred some life into me and, rousing up, I looked about to get my bearings.

See whiz! What I saw drove all the day dreams out of me. Right ahead, not 1,000 yards away, was a stretch of black, open water reaching clear across the lake, and the sled rushing right into it as fast as half a gale could drive it. Throwing myself forward on my knees, I grabbed the mast to unshlep it, but I had done too good a job putting it up to be undone in a minute. I pulled and pushed with all my strength but it wouldn't give an inch. Then I tackled the ropes that held the blanket, but they were drawn so tight you couldn't start them, although my nails were torn off to the quick. And all this time the sled was driving and swaying along at race horse speed toward the awful, black gulf, yawning ahead. I could almost hear the waves breaking along the lee front. Every moment I expected to go through never to come up.

"Cut the ropes," came to me, and like a flash my hand sought my belt. But the sheath was empty. I had used the knife to cut tobacco, and it was somewhere beneath me among the skins. Too late to hunt for it, too late even to jump for safety, for at that instant the white ice at my side faded away into blackness, and throwing myself forward on my face among my precious otter skins I awaited the fatal plunge.

How long I lay there I don't know. It seemed hours, but it was only seconds. I began to wonder if I had really gone to the bottom and never knew it. If I was really drowned—why, I was not cold and wet and strangling. Then came a sudden shock—a crash and I was hurled, more dead than alive, from the sled.

For a time I knew nothing. I was too near dead from fright to think. Then I mustered courage to look around. No, I wasn't at the bottom of the lake or floating on the icy waters, but I was lying mighty well bruised and shaken up on the rocky shores of Pillsbury island.

It wasn't open water after all—that awful black space. It was simply black ice across the channel that had formed after the other and since the last fall of snow. But it fooled me terribly. And this is my closest call—no call at all, you see. But I tell you there is mighty little choice between being killed and being scared to death.—Bangor Whig and Courier.

When a husband gets up to give his wife a chair, she fairly beams at the thought that other women now see that he idolizes her and would be willing to die for her.—Atchison Globe.

It is said that dried currants given to horses occasionally in lieu of oats will increase the animal's powers of endurance.

A BEAR FOR A ROOMMATE.

Funny Story About a Russian Beast Which Slept in a Bed.

Livonia is a part of our globe where fondness for pets coexists with love of sport. A Russian subject from that province tells me of the strange consideration evinced by one of her neighbors for the feelings of a bear. The animal had an odd fancy for sleeping indoors and in a bed. To humor him, a room in a tower was always left open for the animal. Some nights he came and availed himself of the hospitality, but often he staid out in the woods. If he arrived at his tower and mounted the long flight of steps which led from outside to his own door and found that anything prevented his entrance, the bear made a horrible noise, growling and battering the woodwork. In Livonia, during the brief northern summer, the local magistrates visit each other without prior arrangement, and they arrive prepared to stop the night. It not infrequently occurs that many carriages converge at the same time on one country house, with the result that as many as 40 beds may be required. A large influx of visitors arrived one night at the house where the bear had his room. The last corner was a timid youth, a cousin of the house. The host met him, radiant:

"What a pleasure, Ivan! You'll find half the relations here. But, alas, you'll not have a good room. Every other corner is full. There's only the tower left. As you know, the bear comes there. But never mind! He does not put in an appearance every night." The young man would fain have gone farther, but the nearest country house was ten miles off, his horse tired, and the hospitable relations very pressing in their invitation to him to remain. He was greatly afraid of the bear, but still more afraid of offending host, hostess and all the other cousins and neighbors. He decided to stay, and at last retired to rest in a large, square room, with two beds in it. He inquired if he might not bar out the bear (the door had but a latch), but he was told that no fastenings might be used; the bear was too noisy if shut out. He "would not let a soul in the place have a wink of sleep." Besides, "he wasn't coming very likely." And, further, "there wasn't any means of altogether fastening the door." "It was left on the latch on purpose." The last words of a rather sleepy cousin to the newcomer were, "Better take the bed in the far corner, Ivan!"

The guest can hardly be said to have slept there. The terror of bruin kept him awake at first and then bruin himself, for in the small hours a shambling step and a sound of claws on the steps and balustrade froze the blood in the unhappy youth's veins. The noise came nearer. There was a fumbling at the latch. With great growling and grumbling, bruin entered and put himself to bed in the couch near the door. There the beast grumbled, grunted

and seemed to snore. That snoring alarmed the other occupant of the room most of all, for he thought it meant that the bear scented him and might resent his presence. The wretch dared scarcely breathe. Dawn was breaking, but that was only another danger. The bear might see him. Bruin, a great, curled lump above the blankets, became in due time visible to his fellow lodger. Then the bear snored! There was comfort in that sound. But soon he rolled about and growled and grunted discontentedly. The heart of the watcher beat painfully loud. He dared not rise. He had not nerve enough to pass the sleeping animal and rush down the steps. Terror paralyzed the youth, and prudence whispered that inactivity can be sometimes masterly. The slow hours dragged on. All the company had assembled down stairs at breakfast, but bruin still slept, and the timid cousin watched him with eyes that burned and throbbled. At last the host said: "Where's Ivan? Where's the bear too?" And a messenger was dispatched to the tower, there to find a pallid guest and his uninvited companion. The messenger routed out the bear, who had been kept as a pet when a cub and who was really only half a wild beast, and helped the nerve shattered youth to dress and join the breakfast party.—London News.

Her Ambition.

After the youthful but powerful intellects of the observation class in a West Philadelphia school had devoted 15 minutes the other day to making known the results of their thoughts upon nature and surrounding objects the teacher, diverted their minds by asking each of the dozen youngsters what they meant to be when they grew up.

One precocious girl of 7, looking up at the strong, but not overly comely, face of the teacher, whispered timidly, "If I're pretty when I gets big, I am going to be an actress, but if I grows ugly I'll be a schoolteacher."—Philadelphia Record.

A Healthy Locality.

To all appearance Ardnamurchan, on the west coast of Scotland, is a great place for longevity. Whether it is because of the soft and salubrious climate or the remoteness of the place from the centers and the sins of population or something indigenous to the Ardnamurchan nature it would be rash to say, but certain it is that an Ardnamurchanite seems to have a good chance of becoming a patriarch. Within 30 years many of the inhabitants have been cut off at varying ripe ages between 100 and 112.—Scottish American.

A man who owns a coconut grove in Venezuela is independent, as the fruit continues to ripen all the year round and brings a good price. Each tree averages an annual income of \$1.20.

Fancy Waists in Great Favor. Fancy waists of all kinds remain as popular as ever. The cut shows two charming models. One is made up in tucked blue satin with a very original



TWO CHARMING BODICES.

arrangement of bandeau or handkerchief silk in colorings of blue and gold, the points thereof held together with gold buckles.

The other bodice is of old rose glance silk and tulle lace, through which rows of narrow velvet are threaded, which are tied in a loose knot on the left side.

Fads and Fancies.

In continuation of the furore for white it is predicted that white cloth will be largely employed for visiting and traveling costumes and will be made up into cloaks, coats and wraps of all kinds; but smarter still is white taffeta for coats and jackets and long driving cloaks.

A novel collar band emanating from Paris is a stitched plain band of ribbon passing through a large, dull gold buckle at the throat and finished off in a pointed short tab. It looks well for traveling and morning suits.

A note of black is struck in all the most elegant light gowns, either tulle choux of black, black fringes or black belts.

A shoulder scarf of chiffon falls in a twist and long ends from an elegant linen and pique costume. These old fashioned floating scarfs sit somewhat oddly on the energetic ladies of today, but they are pretty and quaint and require as much practice in the art of wearing them as does the fashionable skirt if it is to be lifted in the way it should go.

A Pretty Table Decoration.

Get a long piece of glass for the center of the table and put brown paper around. Make it as rugged looking as possible. Then arrange damp (not wet) moss on it and stick small fronds of fern in the moss and any wild flowers or simple garden flowers available. Water lilies look delightfully cool put on the glass.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together and until the last few

years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's family pills are the best.

For Plumbing, Steam Fitting, Pumps, Tanks, Wind Mills

And all work in this line call on

W. H. RISH.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. First door South of THE RADIAN Office.

Another Portland Train



TWO TRAINS DAILY.

THE UNION PACIFIC,

Oregon Short Line and Oregon R. R. and Navigation Co. Have placed in Service an additional Portland Train. This Train,

"THE PACIFIC EXPRESS,"

Leaves Omaha 4:25 p. m. and arrives Portland 7:30 a. m. ONLY TWO DAYS ON THE ROAD. The time of the other Portland Train,

"The OVERLAND LIMITED,"

Leaving Omaha 8:20 a. m. has been reduced 2 hours and 45 minutes. Only 55 Hours and 40 Minutes Between Missouri River and Portland. SPLENDID EQUIPMENT.

For Time Tables, Folders, Illustrated Books, Pamphlets, descriptive of the territory traversed, call on F. W. JUNEMAN, Agent.