



THE WEAKEST SPOT in your whole system, perhaps, is the liver. If that doesn't do its work of purifying the blood, more troubles come from it than you can remember.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts upon this weak spot as nothing else can. It rouses it up to healthy, natural action. By thoroughly purifying the blood, it reaches, builds up, and invigorates every part of the system.

For all diseases that depend on the liver or the blood—Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; and the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, the "Discovery" is the only remedy so unflinching and effective that it can be guaranteed.

If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

On these terms, it's an insult to your intelligence to have something else offered as "just as good."

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy by its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, perfectly and permanently cures Catarrh in the Head.

Willie—Why do you call papa the apple of your eye? Because he is so seedy? Mamma—Oh, no; because he always falls on the ground when he is good and mellow.—The Keeleyite.

There is no medicine so often needed in every home and so admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is intended, as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Hardly a week passes but some member of the family has need of it. A toothache or headache may be cured by it. A touch of rheumatism, or neuralgia quieted. The severe pain of a burn or scald promptly relieved and the sore healed in much less time than when medicine has to be sent for. A sprain may be promptly treated before inflammation sets in, which insures a cure in about one-third of the time otherwise required. Cuts and bruises should receive immediate treatment before the parts become swollen, which can only be done when Pain Balm is kept at hand. A sore throat may be cured before it becomes serious. A troublesome corn may be removed by applying it twice a day for a week or two. A lame back may be cured and several days of valuable time saved or a pain in the side or chest relieved without paying a doctor bill. Procure a 50 cent bottle at once and you will never regret it. For sale by Blakeley & Houghton Druggists.

Rowley—Good Gawd, Cholly! You've rolled up your trousers over a foot and a half. Cholly (after a mental throes)—Beg pardon, deah chap, I've rolled 'em up over two feet. Haw! haw! Thanks. I'll take a small bottle.—The Fool.

Let it run down, and your cough may end in something serious. It's pretty sure to, if your blood is poor. That is just the time and condition that invites Consumption. The seeds are sown and it has fastened its hold upon you, before you know that it is near.

It won't do to trifle and delay, when the remedy is at hand. Every disorder that can be reached through the blood yields to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For Severe Coughs, Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases, Asthma, Scrofula in every form, and even the Scrofulous affection of the lungs that's called Consumption, in all its earlier stages, it is a positive and complete cure.

It is the only blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder so effective that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

Perfection is attained in Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents; by druggists.

Rounds—What's the proper thing to take after a dinner with one's best girl? Zounds—Well, if she has an appetite anything like mine, you'll take yourself to your nearest "Uncle."—The Entertainer.

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, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure in 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.

A TERRIBLE HAWK.

An Enemy That Strikes Terror to Feathered Denizens of the Bush.

The author of "The Naturalist in La Plata" gives an impressive description of the terror produced by the appearance of a rather small hawk, of a species unknown to him, although he has seen it a hundred times. It is a marsh hawk. That is to say it seeks its prey in marshes.

I have frequently seen all the inhabitants of a marsh struck with panic, acting as if demented and suddenly grown careless to all other dangers. On such occasions I have looked up, confident of seeing this particular hawk suspended above them in the sky.

All birds that happen to be on the wing drop into the reeds or water as if shot. Ducks away from the shore stretch out their necks horizontally and drag their bodies, as if wounded, into closer cover. Not one bird is found bold enough to rise and wheel about the marauder—a usual proceeding in the case of other hawks; while at every sudden stoop of the falcon a low cry of terror rises from the birds underneath—a sound expressive of an emotion so contagious that it quickly runs like a murmur all over the marsh, as if a gust of wind had swept moaning through the rushes.

As long as the falcon hangs overhead, always at a height of about forty yards, threatening at intervals to dash down, this murmuring sound, made up of many hundreds of individual cries, is heard swelling and dying away, and occasionally, when he drops lower than usual, it rises to a sharp scream of terror.

Sometimes, when I have been riding over marshy ground, one of these hawks has placed himself directly over my head, within fifteen or twenty yards. It has perhaps acquired the habit of following horsemen in this way, in order to strike at any birds driven up.

Once my horse almost trod on a couple of snipe squatting, terrified, in the short grass. The instant they rose the hawk struck at one of them, the end of his wing smiting my cheek violently as he stooped. The snipe escaped by diving under the bridle, and immediately dropped on the other side of me; and the hawk, rising, flew away.

STORY OF A CAT.

Carried So Much Electricity That a Car Is Set on Fire.

The efficacy of a black cat as a lightning rod has been too frequently the subject of discussion and assertion to be treated at length at the present time, the drift of which is to show the apt manner in which an illustration of this popular belief can be deduced from an incident that occurred on the evening of the fourth of July to the wife of a well-known business man of Washington.

On the evening in question the young matron had been expending considerable time and attention upon a handsome black cat, which she continued to stroke, notwithstanding the assertion of her family that by so doing she was charging herself with electricity. Finally after dark the young matron decided that a pleasant way of winding up the evening would be to go for a ride on the electric car to Bethesda. Accordingly, inviting two of her friends to accompany her, she set out for the ride in high spirits.

The trio found places together near the middle of the car, and had gone a short distance beyond the power house when their conversation was interrupted by the conductor hurriedly bounding over them as though to avert some catastrophe beneath and telling them to leave the car with all speed, as it was on fire. Scarcely had they left their seats before a sheet of flame burst through the floor just beneath the very spot over which the young matron had been sitting, the electrical apparatus beneath having ignited at that very point.

ASHAMED OF THEMSELVES.

The Quasi Effect of Photographing Upon Some Siblings.

"I have witnessed a good many amusing incidents in the course of my career," said a New York photographer, the other day, "but I think the one that struck me as the most ludicrous occurred while I was in Siberia a few years ago. I had my camera with me, and spent considerable time in taking pictures of the people and surrounding country. I had engaged the services of two native servants, and one day, having nothing better to do, I induced one of them to sit for his photograph. The fellow had never seen a mirror in his life, and I dare say had no conception of the degree of ugliness exhibited upon his countenance. At any rate he manifested no delight at seeing his picture, though his companion appeared very much elated, and could not rest until I had taken his picture also. When the latter saw his picture he also seemed depressed. The portraits appeared to have brought to the minds of both strange revelations, and they retired to their tent in a thoughtful mood, each trying to smooth down the bushy locks which crowned their heads. Presently one of them came to me and borrowed a pair of scissors, and shortly after they returned with scarcely a vestige of hair remaining on their heads and implored me to take their pictures again. The fruit of the camera was to them like the fruit of the tree of knowledge."

At the hospital the other morning, says Life, one of the patients was just recovering from an attack of delirium tremens, and, as is usual in such cases, desired to dress and go home more than anything else. It happened that one of the young ladies connected with the flower mission saw him, and, approaching, said: "I have some beautiful roses here. Wouldn't you like some?" No response. Again she said: "Wouldn't you like to have some of these roses?" Slowly his head turned, and, slightly opening his bleary eyes, he said, much to the embarrassment of the young woman: "I'd a blamed sight rather have my pants."

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WANTED.

To purchase five dozen early pullets, Brahma or Plymouth Rock, cross preferred. Price \$2.50 per dozen. Call on or address Ed. M. HARRIMAN, 225-1m.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

- for Burns, Caked & Inflamed Udders, Piles, Rheumatic Pains, Bruises and Strains, Running Sores, Inflammations, Stiff joints, Harness & Saddle Sores, Sciatica, Lumbago, Scalds, Blisters, Insect Bites, All Cattle Ailments, All Horse Ailments, All Sheep Ailments,

Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue Quickly to the Very Seat of Pain and Ousts it in a Jiffy. Rub in Vigorously.

Mustang Liniment conquers Pain. Makes Man or Beast well again.

"Aren't you afraid that statue will shrink if it be left out in the rain?" asked the cheerful idiot. "Shrink?" said his host. "What an idea!" "I didn't know, you know. I thought it might become a statue wet."

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable, one bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by Snipes & Kinersly.

Philo Norton McGriffin, commander of the Chen Yuen, was born in Washington, Pa., in 1832, and graduated from Annapolis in 1852. His brother, Alexander McGriffin, is one of the professors in a Brooklyn college.

Tottie (aged 5)—I wonder why babies is always born in the night time. Lottie (aged 7, a little wiser)—Don't you know? 'Cos they want to make sure of finding their mothers at home.—Tib-Bits.

Friend—Well, Doc, how's business? Doctor—Fine. Got two new cases in the next room. Friend—What, smallpox? Doctor—No, champagne.—Truth.

"What are the relations now between your wife and yourself?" "Oh, only her mother, two uncles, a sister and a few cousins."—Indianapolis Journal.

Representatives of three tribes are giving exhibitions of their dances, religious ceremonies, etc., at the barbecue at North Yakima, this week.

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Wife—I am just dying to see the things you bought while you were away. Husband—Eh? I didn't buy anything. "But you had only one small trunk when you left, and you have come back with two." "Oh! Yes, you packed my trunk for me, you know. When I came to start back, I had to borrow another trunk to get all the stuff in."—New York Weekly.

The Revue de Paris prints a dialogue on Love, which Napoleon wrote in 1791, and the manuscript of which was lately found by Frederic Masson. He maintained therein that love is injurious to the community and to individuals, and that it would be a blessing if it could be banished from the world.

Behazin, the ex-king of Dahomey, is about to embrace the Roman Catholic faith. When M. Carnot was assassinated, the ex-king ordered a mass for the repose of his soul. He was greatly affected by the murder of the late president, and he has been in a low state of health ever since.

John L. Sullivan announces that this is his last year on the road, and that he will retire to his Massachusetts farm and enjoy the comforts of a farmer's life. He has been putting aside a little for a rainy day, and now feels he has sufficient for all his needs during the remainder of his life.

Hop-picking is still going on in the Puyallup district, about 400 pickers being at work in the Meeker yards. The capacity of the big kilns is not equal to the hops picked, and so the pickers have to be laid off part of the time. Showery weather has also been interfering with the work.

Maurus Jokai, the Victor Hugo of Hungary, is reported to be in a critical condition from the inhalation of charcoal fumes, which he generated in a close room. In a fit of melancholy he endeavored to destroy himself, but was discovered in time to save his life.

Spectacled Tourist (in Kansas)—Are there any fossils in this vicinity? Prominent Citizen—Yes; for instance, there is old man Hawbuck. He prayed for two weeks for wisdom from on high to direct him how to vote, and then went and voted the populist ticket.—Pack.

"What do you think of my daughter's execution, professor?" asked the fond mamma, as her fair daughter ponedded away at the piano keys. "Think, madam?" was the reply. "Why, that I should like to be present at it."—Half-Holiday.

"Why is it that the mother-in-law is looked down upon while the father-in-law always escapes censure?" "That's easily explained; the latter plays poker with his son-in-law, and lets him win every time."—Boston Gazette.

Hubby—How do you suppose the saying, "There is nothing new under the sun," ever originated? Wife—Really, I don't know, unless some woman who wore a bonnet like mine said it to her husband.—Detroit Free Press.

Hon. Ralph C. Geer, who lives in the Waldo Hills, is rapidly sinking and his death is momentarily expected. Mr. Geer is one of the oldest pioneers of Marion county, and was at one time clerk of the county.

"Smithson is not the man he was since his wife got her divorce." "Guess you are right. He is Smithson now, whereas he used to be only Mrs. Smithson's husband."—Indianapolis Journal.

Critic—I suppose we shall see you at the premiere of your new play this evening? Modern female author—I beg your pardon, sir, but it is not a play a lady ought to see.—Flegende Blatter.

Henry Drum was not nominated by the democrats for congress. The nominees are H. E. Heuston, of Tacoma, and N. T. Caton, of Sprague. Drum is chairman of the state central committee.

In her latest poem Ella Wheeler Wilcox announces that she has reached the high noon of life. That cannot be true. Judging from her poetry she is still sweet sixteen.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"My lord," said an over-worked parson to his bishop, "I have not had a holiday for five years." "I am very sorry for your congregation," replied his lordship, with a smile.—Tid-Bits.

President George B. Roberts, of the Pennsylvania railroad, whose health has been much improved by his European trip, has resumed the duties of his position in Philadelphia.

Wife—The doctor thinks you have enlargement of the heart. Husband—I thought he must imagine I had something of the sort by the size of the bill he sent me.—Truth.

It is one thing for a man to feel sure that he is a great poet, and quite another thing for him to be able to persuade other people that he is.—Somerville Journal.

"Tell me, mammy dear, why does papa always scold nurse when you're there and plays hide-and-seek with her when you're not there?"—New York Journal.

The people of Island City have served notice on the railway officials for the purpose of securing a removal of obstruction in the river at that point.

The demand in China for peacock feathers has grown steadily weaker.—New York Tribune.

"The Regulator Line" The Dalles, Portland and Astoria Navigation Co. Castoria For Infants and Children. Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

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