

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Too Sceptical.
After his return from his first lecturing tour in this country, the late Mathew Arnold visited old Mrs. Proctor, the widow of the poet. "Barry Cornwall," and mother of Adelaide Proctor. Mrs. Proctor, who was then 80 years old, giving Mr. Arnold a cup of tea asked him:

"And what did they say about you in America?"
"Well," replied the literary autocrat, "they said I was conceited, and they added that my clothes did not fit me."
"Well, now," returned the old lady, "I think they were mistaken about the clothes."—New York Mail and Express.

The Best References.
A man who looked suspiciously applied at a boarding house on Adams avenue for a home and was received by the landlady.
"I presume," she said, after inspecting him critically and hearing what he had to say, "that you can give references."
"What kind do you wish, madam?" he inquired.
"Well," she hesitated, "I don't know who you are, and I would like something in the nature of a recommendation."
"All I can offer, madam," he said, pulling out some papers, "are here. They are receipts bills from every landlady I boarded with up to date, as you will observe."
Her face brightened.
"Oh," she exclaimed, "that will do. You can have anything in the house you want."
—Detroit Free Press.

Seeing Where He Had Seen.
Widow—I want a stone for my husband's grave exactly like the other one in the lot.
Agent—But isn't it a trifle small for a man of your husband's prominence?
Widow—No, sir. If Thomas thought a stone like that was good enough for his first wife, I guess it's plenty good enough for Thomas.—Life.

A Deadly Purpose.
Mrs. Plankington—Why, my dear, what are you putting those dumbbells in the trunk for? We won't need them at Niagara.
Plankington—I thought you said you were going to take your dog along.—Truth.

Real.
Boarder—Is this genuine vegetable soup?
Water—Yes, sir. Fourteen carrots fine.
—Rochester Democrat.

No Limit.
Mrs. Plankington—Why, my dear, what are you putting those dumbbells in the trunk for? We won't need them at Niagara.
Plankington—I thought you said you were going to take your dog along.—Truth.

Mrs. Fins—I'm as sick as I can be just from eating these peanuts.
Fins—Well, why don't you stop eating them?
Mrs. Fins (in amazement)—Stop! Why, I have more than half a bar left yet.—Puck.

Babies

ought to be fat. They are sickly when thin and thin when their food does not nourish them.

Scott's Emulsion

the cream of Cod-liver Oil and hypophosphites, makes babies fat and well, strengthens growing children and nourishes mothers. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

GOLDEN WEST
HAS NO SUPERIOR
IN THE
BAKING POWDER

Bee Supplies.
SEEDS.
PORTLAND SEED CO.,
171 Second Street, Portland, Or.
Send for catalogue.

ITCHING PILES known by medicine like paracetamol cause intense itching and smarting. It is cured by the use of WELLS' PAIN EXPELLER OR FROSTING PILES. TRIED AT ONCE TO DR. ROSS-SAN FRANCISCO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parietal surface, thereby relieving the patient of all suffering. Price 50c. Druggists everywhere. Dr. Ross, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sunset Garden

13 Packets
Choice Flower Seeds

WE WILL PAY THE POSTAGE

Either Collection for 80 cents

13 Packets
Desirable Vegetable Seeds

Any Two for 75 cents

Gems

13 Flowering Bulbs—Begonias, Tuberoses, etc.

SUNSET SEED & PLANT CO.
(Sister of Hall Nursery Co.)
427-9 Sansome St., San Francisco

CHICAGO'S NEW PUBLIC BATH.

It is Named After Carter Harrison and Fits a Long Felt Want.

The New York tramp who excused his uncleanliness by saying that, although the rich of the metropolis denounced him for being dirty, he had never yet been able to get a bath upon applying for it at a Fifth Avenue mansion, would probably be caught napping in Chicago if he urged such an excuse there now. The reason is that a handsome new public bathhouse has just been dedicated there, and as its use is as free as air there remains no good excuse why the World's fair city's army of the great unwashed should not bathe daily without money and without price.

The building, which is decidedly handsome, is called the "Carter H. Harrison Bath," after the city's martyred mayor, and is the first of a number of free public baths for men, women and children which the municipal government will erect in various parts of the city in recognition of the old adage that cleanliness is next to godliness. The bathhouse cost \$12,000 and is located at 182 Mather street. The motto of the institution is said to be: "Whosoever will be clean, and the Chicago candidate for cleanliness who mounts the stone steps of the building finds himself in a large, attractive reception room with tiled floor, wooder



THE CARTER HARRISON BATHHOUSE.

benches and boxes of soap, towels, etc. Back of the reception room is the bathroom, which occupies the entire width of the building and three-quarters of its length. This room has a broad aisle running through it, on either side of which are numerous individual bathrooms separated by partitions of corrugated iron. At the rear of the big room is a pool or plunge bath 30 feet long by 20 feet broad, and ranging in depth from 3 to 7 feet. Hot and cold water are supplied, and there are 17 showers for the use of the bathers. The accommodations are so ample that 50 persons may bathe in the building at the same time.

The credit for the establishment of Chicago's first free public bath is due to the efforts of the Ladies' Municipal Order league, which has for some time conducted a free bath of its own on the lake front at the foot of East Chicago avenue. When they asked the city to erect the present public bathhouse, they were heartily encouraged by the late Mayor Harrison, who assisted them in getting an appropriation of \$12,000 for the project.

The Ring Pheasant.

This bird was imported from China by O. N. Denny some eight years ago. Six pair were let loose on Peterson butte, about four miles from Sodaville, Or., and the climatical conditions and country being favorable and being protected by a strict law for six years they have multiplied rapidly and now are one of our most common game birds. In fact, they multiplied so rapidly that long before the six years' protection had ceased the farmers complained bitterly that the birds were a serious damage to their grain and gardens, and many birds were killed, but in this I think they were mistaken, for in my examination of many stomachs at all seasons of the year I found but very little grain as their food, but many wild seeds, bugs, grasshoppers, etc.

To Kill a Lobster.

When a live lobster is required for boiling or other purposes, here is a simple and comparatively painless mode of killing it: Run a long, narrow bladed knife into the tail at the third joint from the end, having the blade slant down ward. This will cut the spinal cord and death will quickly follow.

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Through Santa Clara Wheat

By FRANCOIS BRET HARTE

CHAPTER V.



"But I reckon I know your father."

"The sun, an hour high, but only just topping the greenish crests of the wheat, was streaming like the morning breeze through the open length of Tom Bent's workshop. An exaggerated and prolonged shadow of the young inventor himself at work beside his bench was stretching itself far into the broken down ranks of stalks toward the invisible road, and falling at the very foot of Rose Mallory as she emerged from them. She was very pale, very quiet and very determined. The traveling mantle thrown over her shoulders was dusty; the ribbons that tied her hat under her round chin had become unloosed. She advanced, walking down the line of shadow directly toward him.

"I am afraid I will have to trouble you once more," she said, with a faint smile, which did not, however, reach her perplexed eyes. "Could you give me any kind of a conveyance that would take me to San Jose at once?"
The young man had started at the rustling of her dress in the shavings and turned eagerly. The faintest indication of a loss of interest was visible for an instant in his face, but it quickly passed into a smile of recognition. Yet she felt that he had neither noticed any change in her appearance nor experienced any wonder at seeing her there at that hour.

"I did not take a buggy from the house," she went on quickly, "for I left early and did not want to disturb them. In fact they don't know that I am gone. I was worried at not hearing news from my father in San Francisco since the earthquake, and I thought I would run down to San Jose to inquire without putting them to any trouble. Anything will do that you have ready if I can take it at once."

Still, without exhibiting the least surprise, Bent nodded affirmatively, put down his tools, begged her to wait a moment and ran off in the direction of the cabin. As he disappeared behind the work bench, but recovered himself a moment after, leaning with his back against it, her hands grasping it on either side and her knit brows and determined little face turned toward the road. Then she stood erect again, shook the dust out of her skirts, lifted her veil, wiped her cheeks and brow with the corner of a small handkerchief and began walking up and down the length of the shed as Bent reappeared.

He was accompanied by the man who had first led her through the wheat. He gazed upon her with apparently all the curiosity and concern that the other had lacked.
"You want to get to San Jose as quick as you can?" he said interrogatively.
"Yes," she said quickly, "if you can help me."
"You walked all the way from the major's here," he went on, without taking his eyes from her face.
"Yes," she answered, with an affectation of carelessness she had not shown to Bent. "But I started very early—it was cool and pleasant—and didn't seem far."
"I'll get you down in San Jose inside the hour. You shall have my horse and trotting sulky and I'll drive you myself. Will that do?"

She looked at him wondering. She had not forgotten his previous restraint and gravity, but now his face seemed to have relaxed with some humorous satisfaction. She felt herself coloring slightly, but whether with shame or relief she could not tell.

"I shall be so much obliged to you," she replied hesitatingly, "and so will my father, I know."
"I reckon," said the man, with the same look of amused conjecture. Then, with a quick assuring nod, he turned away and drove into the wheat again.
"You're all right now, Miss Mallory," said Bent complacently. "Dawson will fix it. He's got a good horse, and he's a good driver, too." He paused, and then added pleasantly, "I suppose they're all well up at the house?"
It was so evident that his remark carried no personal meaning to herself that she was obliged to answer carelessly.
"Oh, yes."

"I suppose you see a good deal of Miss Randolph—Miss Adele, I think you call her?" he remarked tentatively, and with a certain boyish enthusiasm which she had never conceived possible to his nature.
"Yes," she replied a little dryly. "She is the only young lady there." She stopped, remembering Adele's naive description of the man before her, and said abruptly, "You know her then?"
"A little," replied the young man modestly. "I see her pretty often when I am passing the upper end of the rancho. She's very well brought up, and her manners are very refined—don't you think so?—and yet she's just as simple and natural as a country girl. There's a great deal in education after all, isn't there?" he went on confidentially, "and although"—he lowered his voice and looked cautiously around him—"I fancy that some of us here don't fancy her mother much, there's no doubt that Mrs. Randolph knows how to bring up her children. Some people think that kind of education is all artificial and don't believe in it—but I do!"

With the consciousness that she was running away from these people and the shameful disclosure she had heard last night, the recollection of Adele's scandalous interpretation of her most innocent actions and her sudden and complete revulsion against a man who had previously admired in her, that she had been living a protest against their ideas and principles, now expressing them and holding them up for emulation, almost took her breath away.

"I suppose that means that you intend to look after Maj. Randolph's well for him?" she said dryly.
"Yes," he returned, without noticing her manner. "And I think I can find that water again. I've been studying it up all night. And do you know what I'm going to do? I am going to make the earthquake that lost it help me to find it again." He paused and looked at her with a smile and a return of his former enthusiasm. "Do you remember the crack in the adobe field that stopped you yesterday?"
"Yes," said the girl, with a slight shiver.
"I told you then that the same crack was a split in the rock outcrop further up the plain and was deeper. I am satisfied now from what I have seen that it is really a rupture of the whole strata all the way down. That's the one weak point that the imprisoned water is sure to find, and that's where the borer will tap it in that new well that the earthquake itself has sunk."

It seemed to her now that she understood his explanation perfectly, and she wondered the more that he had been so mistaken in his estimate of Adele. She turned away a little impatiently and looked anxiously toward the point where Dawson had disappeared. Bent followed her eyes.
"He'll be here in a moment, Miss Mallory. He has to drive slowly through the grain, but I hear the wheels. He stopped, and his voice took up its previous note of boyish hesitation. "By the way, I'll be going up to the rancho this afternoon to see the major. Have you any message for Mrs. Randolph—or for Miss Adele?"
"No," said Rose hesitatingly, "and"—"You don't want anything, said about your coming here, I won't."
It struck her that he had no ulterior meaning in the suggestion. But before she could make any reply Dawson reappeared, driving a handsome mare harnesses to a light spider like vehicle. He had also assumed, evidently in great haste, a black frock coat, buttoned over his waistcoat and cravatless shirt, and a tall black hat that already seemed to be cracking in the sunlight. He drove up, at once assisted her to the narrow perch beside him and with a nod to Bent drove off. His breathless expedition relieved the leave taking of these young people of any ceremony.

"I suppose," said Mr. Dawson, giving a half glance over his shoulder as they struck into the dusty highway—"I suppose you don't care to see anybody here you get to San Jose?"
"No—no," said Rose timidly.
"And I reckon you wouldn't mind my racin' a bit if anybody ken up?"
"No."
The mare's sort of fastidious about taking anybody's dust.
"I shot," said Rose, with a faint smile. "Awful," responded her companion. "And the queerest thing of all, she can bear to have any one behind her either."
He leaned forward with his expression of humorous enjoyment of some latent joke and did something with the reins—Rose never could clearly understand what, though it seemed to her that he simply lifted them with ostentatious lightness—but the mare suddenly appeared to lengthen herself and lose her height, and the stalks of wheat on either side of the dusty track began to melt into each other, and then slipped like a flash into one long, continuous, shimmering green hedge. So perfect was the mare's action that the girl was scarcely conscious of any increased effort; so harmonious the whole movement that the light skeleton wagon seemed only a prolonged process of that long, slim body and free, collarless neck, both straight as the thin shafts on each side, and straighter than the delicate fibrous tracks which, in what seemed a mere affectation of conscious power, lunged at times almost limp between the whiffletrees and the narrow breast band, that was all that confined the animal's powerful forequarters. So superb was the reach of its long, easy stride that Rose could scarcely see any undulation in the brown shining back, on which she could feel the beat of the delicate hoofs that took the dust so firmly and yet so lightly.

Their Drill.
While an order from military headquarters demands obedience, there may be more than one way of obeying it, according to the statement of an old time member of a Michigan regiment. Early in the year 1866 two heavy companies of the 10th Michigan, central district of Texas, requiring company drills twice each day in every regiment in the command.
As the weather was hot and the regiment was soon to be mustered out, the colonel thought it might be well to order, and so ordered two daily drills of five minutes each.
Knowledge of this evasion of orders reached the general commanding, and forthwith there came an order for a drill of two hours each day, in compliance with which the following order was read at evening parade:
"Headquarters—d Michigan infantry volunteers. In obedience to orders from superior headquarters, there will be company drills from half past 8 to half past 10 o'clock a. m., each day. The commander of the regiment desires that the most sturdy spots be selected for drills, and that the men shall not be exposed to violent exercise in the heat of the sun."
The drill took place. A shady spot was carefully selected, and for two hours the orders to "stack arms" and "rest" were cheerfully followed.—Youth's Companion.

National Museum Treasures.
Uncle Sam has some very valuable treasures of gold in the National museum. They are of great worth intrinsically, apart from the historic interest attaching to them. Among these are three massive cakes of solid gold, each as big as a four pound candy box, and given to General Grant by the states of South Carolina and Glasgow, respectively, containing the freedom of those towns. There is a gold cake of invitation to a ball, which was sent by friends in San Francisco. It was inclosed in a silver envelope, with the address engraved on the outside and an ordinary 2 cent stamp affixed. Also there is a gold setimer, sent by the emperor of Morocco to Thomas Jefferson, as well as many gold laded swords, with solid gold scabbards. Two of these were given to General Shields by the states of South Carolina and Illinois as tokens of appreciation for services in the Mexican war. Congress purchased them from the general's family for \$10,000.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Cosmopolitan Hotel.
There is a little, quaint French hotel near but not in the "Tenderloin" district that has more nationalities represented among the help than any larger place.
The proprietress is French; the waiters are Italian, the barkeeper is Spanish, the elevator boy is Irish, the night porter is Swedish, and the chef is German.—New York Herald.

AN UNKNOWN ENEMY
Is more to be dreaded than an open and visible one. That subtle and lurking foe, which tudgethe genetic name of malaria manifests itself, when it entices us in its tenuous grasp, in the various forms of chills and fever, always recollecting that a victim of such a kind can only be effectually guarded against by fortifying the system against its insidious attacks with HERRICK'S Sarsaparilla. A doctor's authority, to the point of pneumonia in the system and a safeguard against a malarious attack avoid poisoning your system with quinine, and use instead this reliable and safe medicine. It is safe and far more efficacious than any drug. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, kidney complaints and rheumatic pain.

I wish I could do, but I can't!
I wish I could talk, but I can't!
I wish I could work, but I won't.

THE BEST TEACHER.

The Arabs say that the best teacher is Time. That is true, especially when year after year enforces the same lesson. For more than thirty years ALCOCK'S FOODS FLATERS have been in use in every part of the world, and the testimony is universal as to their value as an external remedy for pains of every kind in the back, chest and side, come people have learned the lesson so well that they try to imitate them, and the result is a host of counterfeits, all pretending to be just as good as ALCOCK'S FOODS FLATERS, and unconscious that by this very statement they acknowledge that ALCOCK'S FOODS FLATERS hold the first place. Be sure and get the genuine.

Chicagans are awfully angry because the wind did the blowing there during the recent storms. Irritation of the throat and hoarseness immediately relieved by "Brown's Bronchial Trochee."

A turning point in woman's life—Meeting another with a new bonnet.

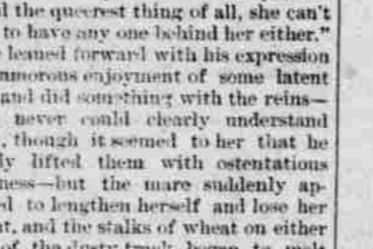
STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
I, FRANK J. CHENEY, do hereby certify that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the County of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

WATER MOTOR.
One Tuerk Water Motor, new, that will develop from 10 to 15-horse power; can be had at a sacrifice by addressing
PALMER & REY,
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A POTTER PRESS.
Size, 33x48 inside bearings; table distribution; bed springs; will print nine-column folio or six-column quarto; a splendid all-around press for country offices; for sale cheap; guaranteed in order. Address
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Use Emuolite Shoe Polish; no dust, no smell.

Try GRAMA for breakfast.



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Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.
Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF COAT
In the World!
A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS. N. P. N. U. No. 535—R. F. N. U. No. 612

ST. JACOBS OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, BURNS.

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'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.
SALARY AND EXPENSES FROM START, FOR CANNASERS FOR CLEAN, ADVANTAGES FOR BEGINNERS; steady advance; permanent; OPPORTY FREE. Name this paper. BROWN BROS. CO., Oregonian bldg, Portland, Or.

Smoke the Admiral Cigarettes and be happy. The Admiral Cigarettes are the best.

Blood Poisoned
But Hood's Sarsaparilla Purified, and Restored Health.
"Three years ago a vile poison of one of my legs just above the knee. Failing to receive the necessary treatment,
Blood Poisoning
I became so weak and my system so much run down that I could hardly move. In the hope of helping myself in any way, after seventeen months' confinement, my wife took me to Walla Walla, Wash. Here the circus surgeon amputated my leg half way between the knee and the hip. Following this my health improved slightly but I could not get on my feet. Finally Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I could get on my feet from the first. Gradually I have improved. I am going stronger and the painful hemorrhoids have disappeared."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
I am about cured of my skin. All the credit is due to Hood's Sarsaparilla and I feel that I cannot speak too highly of it. I am, Starker, Oregon. Get only HOOD'S.
Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly.

THE CHIN
is too neighboring with the chest, and the eyes and the floor too soon, says
Bishop Scott Academy,
Portland, Or. It is a military school under government control. Fit for college or business. Write for catalogue. Spring term begins February 1st.

INSIST ON HAVING THE
Belting, Packing and Hose, Boots and Shoes, Rubber and Oil Clothing, Druggists' Rubber Goods,
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Goodyear Rubber Co.,
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Write for catalogue—free.

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Ferry's Seed Annual for 1904 contains the sum and substance of the latest farming knowledge. Every planter should have a copy. Sent free. D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

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Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a specific for Piles and itching of the private parts. Every box is warranted. By druggists, or sent by mail. D. M. Ferry & Co., Proprietors, Cleveland, Ohio.

Free by Mail
A Whole Garden.
Let us send you our illustrated catalogue which will tell you all about it. "Send me seeds and plants." (Observed all three years ago, at the fair, San Francisco. He led seeds and plants.)
Dr. California
CATARRH
FOR CATARRH, DEAFNESS, COLIC, SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, HEADACHE, FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, BRUISES, LIMPING, VOICE, LOSS OF SIGHT, AND ALL KINDS OF CATARRH. 50c per bottle. 25c per bottle. 10c per bottle. 5c per bottle. 2c per bottle. 1c per bottle. 50c per bottle. 25c per bottle. 10c per bottle. 5c per bottle. 2c per bottle. 1c per bottle.

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FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CROUP.
GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.
In raising a family of nine children, my only son died of Cough, Croup and Whooping Cough. I now use Gunn's Onion Syrup and I can say that it has saved my other children from the same fate. Sold everywhere. Leave bottles 50c each. This is no substitute for it. There's nothing so good.

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equals custom work, costing from \$4 to \$5, best value for the money. The world's largest shoe factory. Stamped on the bottom. Every pair warranted. Take no substitutes. Write for our complete description of our complete line of ladies and gentlemen's shoes. W. L. DOUGLAS, 289 Broadway, New York.

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Send for our Catalogue of Best Incubators
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Consumption and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use PISO'S CURE. Consumption, it has cured 90 out of 100. It has no equal. It is the best cough cure. Sold everywhere.

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