Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

**Royal Baking Powder**

**ABSOLUTELY PURE**

## REDHOT HAYMAKING.

**One Amateur's Experience Was Complete and Satisfactory In One Day.**

The hottest experience I ever met with in the country was the day I helped to make hay. The farmer began to call us shortly after midnight, and after a long siege of intermittent yelling he succeeded in his design of getting us out of bed several hours before it was necessary. It was then 3 a. m. About two hours later we had had our breakfasts and were entering the hayfield.

When one gets into trouble, the opening scenes are always alluring. A gorgeous sunrise was in full swing in the east. The dew lay on the grass, and the air was cool and invigorating. I could not but agree with the poets that the scent of the new mown hay was very inspiring. I felt like a colt and was keen to jump into the sport.

The first heat consisted in bunching the hay after the rake, which the farmer himself drove about the field with many loud "gees" and "haws," but few "whoas." The old rascal took a fiendish delight in crowding us. It began to look a little like work.

When the hay was all bunched, the high ladder wagons were driven into the field. Being a novice, I was assigned the duty of loading. I stood upon the wagon and built the load as the hay was pitched to me theoretically, but on me actually. The first dose knocked all the poetry out of me.

The blazing sun had sucked up all the dewdrops and was now high in the east. He seemed to focus his scorching rays on the wagons, and the hay crackled and sizzled about me like frying fat. It was noon 20 times all at once. I thought I was becoming liquified. I sank to my neck in the hay and roasted in a concentrated oven of absorbed solar heat. Not a breeze stirred. No friendly cloud hovered near to screen the orb of fire. I vainly tried to fancy I was in the Arctic ocean and the wagon was a floating iceberg. The old pitchers, inured to the heat and the avocation, still fed on the hay.

We were jerked into the barn—from the frying pan into the fire—and I was there barbecued for half an hour in the hot beds of the mow.

Out we shot again into the broiling field. All day long this process of slow torture continued. It was a little drama from the snowless land inserted into real life, the farmer impersonating satan, the pitchers his archangels and myself Charon's lost passenger.

But, thank heaven, the farmer was no Joshua, and the sun at last completed his trip across the skies and disappeared beneath the mountain. The next day my place on the wagon was occupied by some other fool.—Philadelphia Press.

**The Bank of Scotland.**

The Bank of Scotland, now 200 years old, naturally sought to encourage Scottish industries, and this is shown in the manufacture of its paper for notes. The first large notes were made in 1696, 20 shilling notes, as they were termed, being only issued on April 7, 1704. In 1739 the bank's paper was manufactured at Giffordhall, near Haddington. Attendants had to be present in the bank's interest, and their account was paid by the bank. One item was "ale and bread furnished to the workmen, 10s.," and another for "drink money to servants, £4 17s. 6d." The items are suggestive, although it is possible they only represented drink money in name.

In 1735 the bank got its 20 shilling banknotes made at Collingtonn Miln (Colinton mill), and there is an "accompt for drink money" in connection with it. A barber came twice from Edinburgh to shave the officials and received 3s. for his professional attendance. Green tea must have cost at this time 24s. per pound, for in the bill a quarter pound sells for 6s. At this Colinton mill the bank appears to have kept all the employees in food during the time the paper was being manufactured. A man was engaged 12 days at the paper mill in dressing meat, and he cut up in that time 200 pounds of it. Meat and mutton cost only 2½d. per pound in those good old days. A hen is charged at 8d., a duck at 9d., one "sollan goose," 1s. 8d.; a dozen eggs, 3d.; six chickens, only 1s. 4d., and a wild fowl, 10d.; cheese cost 4d. per pound and bacon 8d. per pound. In 1769 the bank's note paper was made at Redhaugh Miln (Redhall mill).—Chambers' Journal.

At a supper recently given to some vagrant sandwich men in London 7 out of 12 guests had been ordained clergymen of the Church of England.

Oats were not known to the Hebrews or the Egyptians.

**ASSIST NATURE** a little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's service.

Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. **Once used, they are always in favor.**

**The Pellets cure** biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

**Pure Vaccine.**

Two Ivory Points . . . $ .25
Ten Ivory Points . . . . 1.00
(POST PAID)

*WOODARD-CLARKE & CO.* *Chemists.... Portland, Or.*

## A DREAM.

Oh, it was but a dream I had
While the musician played—
And here the sky and here the glad
Old ocean kissed the glade.
And here the laughing ripples ran,
And here the roses grew
That threw a kiss to every man
That voyaged with the crew.

Our silken sails in lazy folds
Drooped in the breathless breeze,
As o'er a field of marigolds
Our eyes swam o'er the seas,
While here the eddies lisped and purled
Around the island's rim,
And up from out the underwold
We saw the mermen swim.

And it was dawn and middle day
And midnight—for the moon
On silver rounds across the bay
Had climbed the skies of June,
And here the glowing, glorious king
Of day ruled o'er the realm,
With stars of midnight glittering
About his diadem.

The seagull reeled on languid wing
In circles round the mast;
We heard the songs the sirens sing
As we went sailing past.
And up and down the golden sands
A thousand fairy throngs
Flung at us from their flashing hands
The echoes of their songs.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## PRINTING BY TELEGRAPH.

**An Electrical Typewriter That Transmits Printed Characters.**

The printing telegraph, though a device of comparatively recent development, has been the subject of ceaseless investigation, and practical workers in electricity have directed their whole attention in some instances to the transmission of messages and the recording of them in plain Roman characters.

Its advantages are simply those of an electrical typewriter, by means of which the message is printed in the presence of the transmitting operator in page form, and a duplicate of the same printed at all the receiving stations on the line, whether it be a long or short circuit. A single transmission prints it simultaneously in page form ready for the compositor's case in all the newspaper offices of many cities.

It is said to differ materially from all other known means of telegraphy in one essential particular. In it the impulses move the instruments, whereas in other systems the instruments move the impulse—that is to say, the transmitter of the message is caused to run by a separate power. No combination of electrical impulse or currents is employed. An even succession of dots or impulses, which operate the polarized relay armature at the receiving station, places the revolving type wheel in the required position, when the local mechanism causes the letter to be printed.

The apparent impossibility of transmitting printed characters 500 or 1,000 miles over a single wire at once presents itself to the mind, and it is overcome in this system, it is asserted, in a very simple way. Each letter of the alphabet is represented by a certain number of impulses, which revolve the type wheel to the required position, when the letters are struck by the local mallet.

Fourteen impulses represent the entire alphabet, making a complete revolution of the type wheel, which may be turned 200 revolutions per minute, thus securing very rapid printing. Its advantage also is that of absolute secrecy as a means of communication. The advantage of the printing telegraph for the transmission of news to the newspaper offices is unquestionably a subject commanding attention on the part of progressive proprietors.—Paper and Press.

**Too Much Machinery.**

"Do you know the curse of modern journalism?" asked an old journalist the other day.

"It's the typewriter. It destroys originality. It gives to everything that is written a mechanical touch. There's no style or individuality about anything composed on a typewriter.

"You will find that the newspaper writers in all the larger offices use typewriters. The use of them has extended in many other directions. Mgr. Satolli has one. But wherever you find a man writing on one and composing as he writes you will find that his work is cramped, mechanical, unimaginative, without the slightest touch of fancy or vitality.

"Go into the offices of the big dailies and you will find the young men who make the papers seated at a typewriter, grinding out columns of colorless, unreadable stuff for the paper. You can't turn out thought by machinery, and the young men who write their matter for the press on typewriters never rise above the level of mediocrity. Go into the composing rooms of the big dailies, too, and you will find the printers setting type by machinery. No style about that. It's straight, stiff, formal, unattractive, without any individuality. It takes the human touch to give the proper life and color to anything. There's too much machinery."—Atlanta Constitution.

**Geodes.**

Did you ever see a geode, the ugly, creamy, yellow, rounded rock, which, upon being broken open, presents a perfect wilderness of diamondlike crystals? They are oddities of the oddest kind, and are not too plentiful anywhere. The word "geode" means "earthform" and is applied to all hollow stones which are filled with crystallized matter. When broken open, some are found to be full of pure looking, clear water. Others appear to be full of yellow or brown paint, while a third class are filled with what appears to be a very fair quality of tar. No odds what the filling of the cavity may be composed of, the sides are always studded with crystals. Should the filling be yellow the crystals are likely to be of the same color, but by far the greater portion of them are as clear as ice or diamonds.—St. Louis Republic.

The New York town of Bolivar has streets lighted free of expense by a company which furnishes the illuminant as a payment for the privilege of doing business in the corporation.

A lie is often told without saying a word, by putting the rotten apples in the bottom of the basket.—Ram's Horn.

# WAYS OF BUSINESS.

## THE MERCHANT WHO CORRECTS ONLY ONE KIND OF MISTAKE.

**A Severe Criticism of the Ways of Shopkeepers and Cashiers—The Steamboat Clerk Who Said, "We Never Rectify Mistakes Here."**

No one perceives the wisdom, and indeed the necessity, of accurate bookkeeping more fully than your humble servant, who can't keep books to save her life and who finds herself approaching dementia every time she endeavors to balance a cash account. But why in all bookkeeping systems, from banks to the smallest retail shop, is it invariably the customer who gets cheated if anybody? Tell me, ye winged winds, which e'er my pathway roll! It is useless to contradict and say that it isn't. The one exception in a thousand years does not count against the millions of opposing instances. I have lately read the pathetic account by some recluse, who never goes shopping, of the bloodthirsty monsters who take more change than is due them and stalk out, leaving no address behind them, little recking the sufferings of the poorly paid employee who has to make good the deficit out of his or her own pocket. Fudge! No such mistakes occur, or, if they do, they are rarer than fresh vegetables on a country table. In all large establishments there is a hawk headed Horus at the "desk" waiting to pounce on a mistake in the customer's favor of 1 cent, and many's the time every one of us can testify the little slips have been returned to be corrected of mistakes to our credit, while we fumed.

Thank goodness, there are instances in which the sharpshooters have wounded themselves. Once I was on a "sound" boat going from New York to Fall River, and the man at the desk gave me a $5 bill too much in change when paying after supper. There was something of a crowd, but that mistake would have made itself evident to me in a mob. I dashed back and said, "You've made a mistake in my change."

"Can't help that," said the lordly clerk. "We never rectify mistakes here."

"Oh, you don't?" retorted the head of the party. "Well, it will cost you something this time, for you have given us $5 too much. But if you never rectify mistakes you are the loser for once."

It is foolish to dwell on the sequel, and I have forgotten it. I only remember that the young man, pale and agitated, danced in supplication around the unmoved figure of the stern admonisher for some minutes. I suppose he got his money, and I dare say there was no law upholding one in keeping it, but I hope, at this distance of time, he didn't. One day, not long ago, I was at a furnishing shop in State street, Chicago, buying a tie. The price was $1.50, and I presented the man with a $2 bill. He swung over the little birdcage on a telegraph line and it came swiftly back with a 50 cent piece. Seeing another tie for that price, I handed back the change and was about to leave, when a voice came from the elevated desk at the other end: "Hi! This half dollar is counterfeit!" Although it was a public place and I am a retiring lady, I burst wildly forth into a clarion shout of joy. It is so seldom a modest customer has the chance of beholding a natural enemy caught with his own quicklime. The mortification of the salesman serving me was something to see. It did me good for a while day. Sending a counterfeit half dollar cheerfully and with promptitude in change and repudiating it on its return the next minute! It was a sharp game and a little too sharp.

Everybody who shops much knows that it is next to impossible to get a "returned" article credited, or, indeed, called for. If you take two rugs on approval—I mention rugs because you can't very well return them by hand—and state clearly and plainly and over and over the price of the one you have kept and the one you wish returned, you are more likely than not to find both on your bill the next month, and you are likely to find the rug day after day littering your hall unless you telephone twice a day and end by flouncing down yourself in a rage and demanding its instant removal. Of course if it is kept long you are charged with it, anyway. The other night, when it was very hot, some friends of a lady in moderate circumstances dining with her suggested a drive in the park. One of the men telephoned for a landau, and at the end of the drive paid for it. The next week the bill came in—to the lady. Now of course this was an accident. But why doesn't the other accident ever happen? Why should thousands of bills come in to be paid twice, while by no oversight or bad management does a bill ever get forgotten or overlooked? Money getting, grasping, greedy generation of shopkeepers! Business is business, if you like, but business need not be a cutthroat, bloodthirsty system of demanding what is not due, need it? Must it be in this way that men grow rich?

It is because only one kind of mistakes occur that one is justified in thinking that only one kind is guarded against. The customer has to look out for himself and the shopkeeper too. The shopkeeper only looks out for himself. As for the breaking of promises, the calm delays and the superb independence of "purveyors," words fail me when I attempt to depict their aggravations. Success breeds contempt, it seems, and the only way to get a thing done promptly is to patronize a little up town place where they can't do it.—Mme. Lorgnette in Chicago Post.

**Against Racing of Liners.**

Our Paris correspondent tells us that the French admiralty is preparing a bill to put an end to racing by "ocean greyhounds," a practice which is recognized in Paris as the chief cause of collisions and loss of ships on the high seas. The thirteenth paragraph of the international regulations of 1883 limits the speed at sea, but it has become a dead letter, owing to the lack of penal sanction, the bill of 1891 only dealing with lights and fog signals. The new bill provides heavy penalties for excessive speed, even if put on for a short space of time.—London Globe.

**Read Your Letter Again.**

Never mail a letter written at night until it has been reread in the morning. You may materially reduce the number of your correspondents by persisting in this course, but you will gain in reputation for prudence and common sense. What seems philosophy by candlelight is but folly by day, and the brilliancy of night lacks sparkle in the morning.—

## MUST KNOW THE STREAM.

**The Information a Western River Pilot Must Carry In His Head.**

At the season of the year when the river excursion business is at its height and hundreds of boats are carrying thousands of people to and fro along the entire length of the Ohio river from Pittsburg to Cairo many persons who ordinarily never give the subject a thought are impressed with the wonderful way in which navigation on our beautiful stream is carried on. The first thing noticed generally is the accuracy with which the pilot handles the boat, avoiding the bars, which are near the surface of the water in the summer, going from one side of the river to the other, and finally, without a jar, landing them all safely at their destination. When the excursion business is over, these same men assume similar positions on packets and towboats, carrying hundreds of tons of freight and thousands of bushels of coal on every trip with the same accuracy with which they handled the excursion steamers during the summer.

A large number of the pilots running out of Cincinnati know the river from here to New Orleans, others from here to Memphis, and others still to points up the river as far as Pittsburg. "Know the river." This phrase means much. For instance, a man running from here to New Orleans must be able to take charge of the wheel of his boat at any hour of the day or night at any point on the river and on any stage of water. He must be able to tell at a glance exactly where the boat is at any point on this long stretch of 1,513 miles. He must know every bend and chute, and by day the different points by which to steer, such as houses, barns, trees, fences and even haystacks; by night every light placed by the government in conspicuous places as well as the hills and their shape. He must know exactly how long to hold the boat to one light or object before changing to another. When the Mississippi river is reached, a new feature presents itself in the shape of the constantly changing channel. To work here requires more skill and greater judgment probably than all the rest of the difficulties combined. Going down a boat may go on one side of the river. Coming back it doesn't go within two miles of that place. When these things are appreciated—and they are only a few of the things a pilot must know—then it is that the pilot gets credit for what he does.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

**Kipling's Mulvaney.**

The statement published in various newspapers to the effect that the original of Mr. Kipling's inimitable Mulvaney is now living and talking in San Francisco under the name of McManus, has called out a pleasant letter from the author. It is addressed to the editor of The Book Buyer.

"In reply to your letter," Mr. Kipling writes, "I can only say that I know nothing of the Private McManus mentioned in the cutting you forward.

"At the same time, I should be loath to interfere with a fellow romancer's trade, and if there be such a person as Private McManus, and if he believes himself to be the original of Terence Mulvaney, and can tell tales to back his claim, we will allow that he is a good enough Mulvaney for the Pacific slope and wait developments.

"At the same time I confess his seems to me rather a daring game to play, for Terence alone of living men knows the answer to the question, 'How did Dearsley come by the palanquin?' It is not one of the questions that agitate the civilized world, but for my own satisfaction I would give a good deal to have it answered. If Private McManus can answer it without evasions or reservations, he will prove that he has some small right to be regarded as Mulvaney's successor. Mulvaney he cannot be. There is but one Terence, and he has never set foot in America and never will."

**Died With His Chum.**

In the reminiscences of General Sir Evelyn Wood, himself a brave English soldier, a touching instance of courage and self sacrifice is given. One June day in 1885 a detachment of English marines was crossing the Woronzow road under fire from the Russian batteries. All of the men reached shelter in the trenches except a seaman, John Blewitt. As he was running a terrific roar was heard. His mates knew the voice of a huge cannon, the terror of the army, and yelled:

"Look out! It is Whistling Dick!"

But at the moment Blewitt was struck by the enormous mass of iron on the knees and thrown to the ground. He called to his special chum:

"Oh, Welch, save me!"

The fuse was hissing, but Stephen Welch ran out of the trenches, and seizing the great shell tried to roll it off of his comrade.

It exploded with such terrific force that not an atom of the bodies of Blewitt or Welch was found. Even in that time when each hour had its excitement, this deed of heroism stirred the whole English army. One of the officers searched out Welch's old mother in her poor home and undertook her support while she lived, and the story of his death helped his comrades to nobler conceptions of a soldier's duty.

**A Sure Sign.**

Her Brother—Awfully bad news, sister.

The Sister—What?

Her Brother—That count of yours is a bogus one.

The Sister—How did you find that out?

Her Brother—I was telling him today how hard up I was, and he actually offered to lend me $100.—Syracuse Post.

**The Heat of Our Clothes.**

How hot our clothes are has just been determined by a Dr. von Bebber, a German meteorologist. When the outside temperature is 50 degrees F., the temperature on the coat is 71.2 degrees, that between the coat and the waistcoat 78.6 degrees, between waistcoat and shirt 75.9 degrees, between shirt and undershirt 77.4 degrees and between the woolen undershirt and the skin 90.9 degrees.—Exchange.

Edison says there is practically no limit to the speed that can be attained on a railroad. He thinks the greatest speed will come when electricity is obtained direct from coal.

"The pleasantest way to take cod liver oil," says an old gormand, "is to fatten pigeons with it and then eat the pigeons."

**The Trotting Horse.**

There is much logic in what the New York Sun says about shorter trotting races. It is not an uncommon thing now for a horse attached to a sulky to go a half under a two minute gait and a quarter at a speed rivaling Salvator's in his palmy days. When five or six and sometimes seven and eight heats are trotted very nearly at this pace, the strain on a horse must be tremendous. Eventually he must break down under it. It seems likely that in the near future the trotting race will, as The Sun says, be shorter. This year in Buffalo, however, the old plan will be in operation, except in special contests, and no doubt the great majority of horse lovers will be glad that it is.—Buffalo Times.

**Parts of a Cyclone Rent Bill United.**

An interesting relic of the cyclone of last June was found by F. A. Stital of Silver Lake in a field on section 1, Rich Valley township. It is two-thirds of a $10 bill issued by the Belvidere National bank of New Jersey. The other third of the same bill was found a few days after the cyclone by K. Glinboski, who left it with the Bank of Glencoe. The part found after a lapse of five months was six miles from where the first piece was found and is in very good condition.—Minneapolis Tribune.

**Another Advance on China.**

Mayor Huffman of Mount Carroll has issued an order to the force at work sinking an artesian well for city water purposes to continue drilling until they strike water or China. The well is already down a distance of over 1,300 feet in snow white sand.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**IN THIS WORK-A-DAY WORLD**

Brains and nervous systems often give way under the pressure and anxieties of business. Paresis, wasting of the nervous tissues, a sudden and unforeward collapse of the mental and physical faculties are daily occurrences, as the columns of the daily press show. Fortify the system when exhausted against such untoward events with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that most helpful medicine of the weak, worn out and infirm. Use it in rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation and malaria.

She—They call this a play with a moral. I wonder what it is? He (thinking of the price of the seats)—The fool and his money were soon parted, I guess.

**$70,000 ORDER FOR TYPE-WRITERS**

The Western Union Telegraph Company have placed an order for 2,000 Blickensderfer's Typewriters, for use in their offices throughout the United States. This is perhaps the largest order ever placed for typewriters and is certainly a strong testimonial for the superior merits of the Blickensderfer Machine. We understand this machine embodies the latest patented improvements (and weighing but 6 pounds it is easily carried), and equals any high priced machine in quality of work, and excels them all in convenience. The Blickensderfer is ready for sale in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Agents are wanted in every county. Good lively ones can make handsome salary.

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 perscribed 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.

Agents—Write or call. Any man or woman can make $30 per week sure. Best sellers on earth—ornamental, useful, necessary. ALUMINUM NOVELTY CO., 1508 Market St., S. F., Cal.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

**It is a Fact**

That Hood's Sarsaparilla has an unequalled record of cures, the largest sales in the world, and cures when all others fail.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**
**Is the Only**
**True Blood Purifier**

Prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5. Be sure to get HOOD'S.

**Hood's Pills** act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**S FOR**
CURES SCROFULA, BLOOD POISON.
**S THE**
CURES CANCER, ECZEMA, TETTER.
**S BLOOD**

**Ely's Cream Balm**
QUICKLY CURES
**COLD IN HEAD**
Price 50 Cents.
Apply Balm into each nostril
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

**FRAZER AXLE GREASE**
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free from Animal Oils. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY OREGON AND WASHINGTON MERCHANTS and Dealers generally

N. P. N. U. No. 615—S. F. N. U. No. 692

**A SURE CURE FOR PILES**
Itching Piles known by moisture like perspiration, cause intense itching when warm. This form and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to
DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY,
which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Boscko, Philada., Pa.

**STINGS**

of Bees, Wasps, Hornets, Centipedes or Scorpions—bites of animals, reptiles or insects, are instantly soothed and quickly cured with Pain-Killer. It counteracts the effect of the poison, allays the irritation, reduces the swelling and stops the pain. When you go fishing, on a picnic or on any outing trip, be sure and take a bottle of

**Pain-Killer**

For all pain—internal or external—it has no equal, and for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa and Dysentery, it is almost a specific. Sold everywhere at 25c. a bottle. (Quantity has been doubled.) Accept no imitation or substitute. The genuine bears the name—PERRY DAVIS & SON.

NOW BUY... **GRASS SEEDS** BUELL LAMBERSON 205 Third St., Portland

**GIANT POWDER** —ALL GRADES— CLIPPER MILLS, Black Blasting Powder, Judson Improved Powder. Best Caps and Fuse. JAMES LAIDLAW & CO., Agents. 95 First St., Portland, Ore

**MALARIA!** DO YOU FEEL BAD? DOES YOUR BACK ache? Does every step seem a burden? You need MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY. Three doses only. Try it.

**WEINHARD'S** WELL-KNOWN BEER —(IN KEGS OR BOTTLES)— Second to none— No matter where from. TRY IT.. PORTLAND, OR.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH. RED CROSS **PENNYROYAL PILLS** DIAMOND BRAND
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, plain wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists.
CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2281 Madison Sq., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES
**SAPOLIO**

**At Last**
A PRACTICAL
*Type-Writing Machine...*
AT A LOW PRICE
**The Blickensderfer No. 5**
PRICE...$35.00
84 letters and characters. Weight only 6 lbs. Equals any high-priced machine in capacity and quality of work and excels them all in convenience.
**We Guarantee Every Machine.**
Twelve Points—Low price, Full key-board, Writing always in sight, Portability, Excellent manifolder, Type-wheel, Direct printing and inking, Interchangeable type, Most durable machine made, least number of parts, Weight 6 lbs., No ribbons used.
Agents wanted in every county in Oregon, Washington and Idaho.
THE BLICKENSDERFER MFG. CO.
PORTLAND OFFICE WITH
PALMER & REY, Second and Stark Sts.

**CHICKEN RAISING PAYS**
If you use the Petaluma Incubators & Brooders. Make money while others are wasting time by old processes. Catalog tells all about it, and describes every article needed for the poultry business.

48 Page Illustrated Catalogue FREE.

**The "ERIE"** mechanically the best wheel. Prettiest model. We are Pacific Coast Agents. Bicycle catalogue, mailed free, gives full description, prices, etc. AGENTS WANTED.
PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO., Petaluma, Cal.
BRANCH HOUSE, 231 S Main St., Los Angeles.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
**IMPERIAL GRANUM**
IT IS
★ THE BEST ★
**FOOD**
FOR
Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and
**AGED PERSONS**
★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

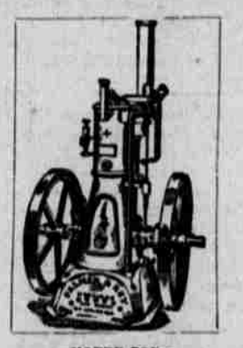
**DR. GUNN'S** IMPROVED **LIVER PILLS** A MILD PHYSIC.
ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.
A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the eyes, and clear the Complexion better than cosmetics. They neither gripe nor sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or a full box for 25c. Sold everywhere. BOSANKO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

**NEW WAY EAST**
Portland, Walla Walla, Spokane, via O. R. & N. Railway and Great Northern Railway to Montana points, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East. Address nearest agent. C. C. Donavan, Gen. Agt. Portland, Or.; R. C. Stevens, Gen. Agt., Seattle Wash.; C. G. Dixon, Gen. Agt., Spokane, Wash. No dust; rock-ballast track; fine scenery; palace sleeping and dining cars; buffet-library cars family tourist sleepers; new equipment.

**NO DIRT OR SMOKE.**
Your Wife Can Run It. *Hercules Gas or Gasoline Engine.*
Palmer & Rey, S. F., Cal. and Portland, Or.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

**HERCULES** GAS and GASOLINE **ENGINES**



—NOTED FOR—
SIMPLICITY,
STRENGTH,
ECONOMY
—AND—
SUPERIOR
WORKMANSHIP
In Every Detail.

These engines are acknowledged by expert engineers to be worthy of highest commendation for simplicity, high-grade material and superior workmanship. They develop the full actual horse power, and run without an Electric Spark Battery; the system of ignition is simple, inexpensive and reliable.
For pumping outfits for irrigating purposes no better engine can be found on the Pacific Coast.
For hoisting outfits for mines they have met with highest approval.
For intermittent power their economy is unquestioned.

**STATIONARY AND MARINE ENGINES**
—MANUFACTURED BY—
PALMER & REY TYPE FOUNDRY
Cor. Front and Alder Sts.,
PORTLAND, - OREGON
Send for catalogue.

**AMERICAN TYPE FOUNDERS' CO.**
PALMER & REY BRANCH
*Electrotypers Stereotypers...*
Merchants in Gordon and Peerless Presses, Cylinder Presses, Paper Cutters, Motors of all kinds, Folders, Printing Material.
Patentees of Self-Spacing Type.
Sole Makers of Copper-Alloy Type.

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