

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A SONG OF FATHERLAND.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
In gypsy wise a random roamer.
Of men and maidens I've known the best,
Like the far-travelled king in Homer.

But, oh, for the land that bore me!
Oh, for the stout old land
Of breezy Ben and winding Glen
And roaring flood and sounding strain.

I've stood where stands in pillared pride
The shrine of Jove's spear-shaking dauntless
And humbled Persia stained the tide
Of free Greek sons with hoarse slaughter.

I've stood upon the rocky crest
Where Jove's proud eagle spreads his pinion
Where looked the God for east, far west,
And all he saw was Rome's dominion.

I've seen the domes of Moscow far,
In green and golden glory gleaming,
And stood where sleeps the mighty czar,
By Nova's flood so grandly streaming.

I've stood on many a famous spot
Where blood of heroes flowed like rivers,
Where Deutschland rose at Gravelotte,
And dashed the strength of Gaul to shivers.

I've fed my eyes by land and sea,
With sights of grandeur streaming o'er me
But still my heart remains with thee,
Dear Scotland, land, my own dear land!

Oh, for the land that bore me!
Oh, for the stout old land,
With mighty Ben and winding Glen,
Stout Scotland, land, my own dear land!

—John Stuart Blackie.

A DUOLOGUE.

This is not a "problem story."
Neither does it discuss the advantages
or disadvantages of having "new women"
in our midst.

It is a true tale.
And it concerns a good man and a
bad woman.

They would never have met if the
London county council had come into
existence a few years earlier than it did,
because he saw her at the Empire. The
exact date was Aug. 25, and it was a
very hot night.

The curtain had fallen on the last
scene of the ballet. The man rose from
his seat and walked across the prome-
nade toward the bar.

He passed several women, but he did
not pass her. He had no intention of
stopping, still less of speaking.

Yet, when he saw her, he stopped,
and when she stopped he spoke.

I do not remember what he said.
They sat down together at a little
table. A waiter brought them a cup of
black coffee and a whisky and soda.
He drank the coffee.

They talked, but again I cannot re-
member what they said.

A man on the stage sang a comic
song. A woman on the promenade faint-
ed and was carried away.

Then she said, "Well, are you com-
ing?"

"No," he replied. "I don't know
why I stopped or why I spoke to you.
I am not 'one of the crowd' here. I am
not a performer in the 'Comedy of
Life.' I am only an onlooker."

She stared at him. "Then why?"

"I have told you I do not know.
Perhaps I thought you looked out of
place—here."

"I have been here every evening for
12 months. I ought not to look 'out of
place.'"

"Why did you come?"

"Do you expect me to answer that
question in this building, surrounded
by these people?"

"I am sorry. Of course not. It would
resemble a performance by 'The Inde-
pendent Theater society,' I suppose?"

"I had better go, then, if you do
not."

"No; stay and talk. Are you happy?"

"Hardly."

"Are you miserable?"

"I am not sure."

"Did you ever love anything?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Life—the trees and fields; the wild
moorlands; the sea; the birds that
sing in the hedgerows; the cattle in
the fields; the horses and dogs at the
farms. Yes, I loved life. I loved to feel
the wind blowing in my face; I loved
to smell the scent of the heather; I loved
to hear the song of the mountain
stream. Ha, ha! I'm almost poetical
I'm."

"Go on."

"That is all. Did you ever love any-
thing?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"No one—I mean only a dog."

"Oh!"

"But he is dead."

"Of course."

"Why 'of course'?"

"Because you loved him."

The man lit a cigarette. "Do you be-
lieve in heaven?"

"No; if I did, I should have been
dead long ago. I am afraid to die be-
cause I don't know what comes after
death. I so long for—for peace—for
something else—something beautiful—
something to love. Do not laugh."

"Yes, I am."

"Then you ought not to have been
one."

"True. That is the cruel part of it."
They watched the men and women
promenading before them. Then the
woman said, "It is a strange world."

The man did not answer. He was
thinking. She continued: "You are a
strange person. Where do you live?
What do you do? How do you amuse
yourself?"

"Oh, I live alone, quite alone, now
my dog is dead. I watch people. I listen
to what they say, and—I think."

"What do you think?"

"I think that when he—whenever he
is—created men and women he ought to
have made them altogether gods or al-
together animals. No one in the world
is happy, because no one is ever certain
whether he—or she—should live for the
'real' or for the 'ideal.' And therefore
men decided to seek, for both, to be
sometimes good and sometimes bad, to
play at being gods once a week and
beasts twice a week—in fact, to live for
the 'real' 6 1/2 days out of the 7. And
some of us, you know, cannot, as the say-
ing goes, 'do things by halves.' We
must be wholly one thing or the other.
There is only the 'good' or 'bad.' There

REDHOT JOURNALISM

TRIALS OF A CONFEDERATE NEWS-
PAPER DURING THE WAR.

Wanderings of the Rebel in Three States.
Henry Watterson Was Editor in Chief.
His Meeting With General Bragg—How
the Paper's Career Was Closed.

The story of the Rebel in its wanderings
over the south is one of interest.
Survivors of the Army of Tennessee es-
pecially remember the little sheet that
found its way to the camps daily and
inspired the boys to renewed energy and
hope for the cause they deemed the
right. Like the loved and inspiring
"Dixie," the Rebel fired the southern
heart by its very name.

The Rebel first saw the light Aug. 1,
1862, in Chattanooga. It was a four
column folio, published by Franc M.
Paul. Thousands of copies were sent to
Bragg's army at Tullahoma, Tenn., and
often, owing to the fact that the pub-
lisher's press, a drum cylinder, could
not print them fast enough. Often the
press was kept going all day to supply
the demand from the army entrenches.

So popular did the Rebel become in a
few weeks that the publisher in Octo-
ber, 1862, engaged the young but versa-
tile and rising journalist, Henry Wat-
terson, to edit the paper. Mr. Paul
brought to the assistance of Mr. Wat-
terson Mr. Albert Roberts, a vigorous writer
and trained journalist of Nashville. He
was a humorous writer, using the
nom de plume of "John Happy."

Watterson and Roberts kept the Rebel
at white heat, and the paper grew in
importance and size, being made a five
column paper shortly after the publica-
tion began. Well does the writer re-
member the eagerness of the army for
the only highly prized paper. The boys
in camp could not rest until its arrival
every morning on the train from Chat-
taanooga.

When General Bragg began his retro-
grade movement in the spring of 1863
to Chattanooga, the Rebel was supplied
to the army with much difficulty. When
the army arrived there, the paper was
in still greater demand. In the summer
of that year, however, it became evi-
dent that the Federals were coming to
Chattanooga for the purpose of captur-
ing that important point. And then it
was the Rebel began its meanderings
over the south.

The paper was removed to Marietta,
Ga., Messrs. Watterson and Roberts
staying in Chattanooga for a few days
after the plant had been shipped. The
shelling of Chattanooga in that month
soon convinced the editors that they,
too, must go if they would avoid cap-
ture by the Federal army, and they left
to join the paper. Editor in Chief Wat-
terson had been sharply criticizing Gen-
eral Bragg while the paper was in Chat-
taanooga. One evening he visited a gen-
tleman's house in that town, and it
happened that General Bragg was also
a visitor. The two gentlemen had never
met, and while waiting for the host to
appear, after being ushered into the
parlor by a servant, Watterson and
Bragg began a casual conversation, which
soon turned upon the war. Although he
knew he was in the presence of an offi-
cer of high rank, Watterson little sus-
pected it was the commander in chief
of the army. He indulged in some criti-
cisms of General Bragg as he had been
doing in the Rebel. The general listened
for awhile in almost speechless won-
der, but controlled himself till his fiery
critic had abused him for some minutes,
when he arose, and addressing Mr. Wat-
terson asked:

"Do you know who I am, sir?"
The editor replied that he had not
that honor.

"My name is Bragg, sir," said the
now fully aroused commander.

Of course Watterson was somewhat
taken aback, but in his most courteous
and chivalrous manner assured General
Bragg that he had not meant to be of-
fensive, but that his criticisms were
made in good faith and from motives of
sincere desire to promote the welfare of
the Confederacy. But apologies were
not asked or given.

General Bragg, however, never forgot
nor forgave his critic. After the battle
of Chickamauga, while the paper was
at Marietta, Watterson continued his at-
tacks on General Bragg, who informed
the publisher of the Rebel that unless
the irate editor were discharged the pa-
per could not come into his lines. Mr.
Watterson then realized that he must
seek other friends, for he was not the
man to retract a word nor to be dictated
to. As editor in chief he would write
his sentiments despite any one, so he
made arrangements to become one of
the staff of Lieutenant General Leonidas
Polk. After serving a short time in that
capacity Watterson resigned and became
editor of one of the papers published in
Atlanta.

After an uneventful existence in Grif-
fin for awhile the approach of the Fed-
eral army to Atlanta in July of that
year warned the publisher that he must
move on if he would keep the Rebel
afloat and save his scalp, so it was taken
to Selma, Ala., that fall.

Here it was that the eventful paper
came to an untimely end with the Con-
federacy it had so long and faithfully
upheld. It was in the latter part of
April, 1865, that Selma was taken by
General Wilson. The Federals knew of
the existence of the Rebel, and one of
the first things they did to appease their
wrath was to fire its office, which was
in a building beside the river and built
partly over it. The Yankees printed a
small sheet, in which they announced
their victory over the "rebs" and prob-
ably the "general orders from head-
quarters" announcing the surrender of
the armies of the southern Confederacy.
They then threw the materials in the
river and burned all the files they could
find.—Boston Herald.

The Roman Legionary.
The Roman legionary is a personage
of remarkable interest. He is indeed the
first soldier whom we seem to recognize
as such—a disciplined man of the high-
est training, with pride in himself, con-
fidence in his leaders and considerable
esprit de corps; in fact, a warrior whom
the modern soldier can take to his heart.
There were legions and legions, of
course, as in modern armies there are
regiments and regiments. Some indeed,
like the famous Tenth, enjoyed even a
nickname, "The Larks" (Alauda). The
men, if we are to believe Vegetius, suf-
fering from the same weaknesses, could
be raised by the same means to the same
excellence as the veterans of the penin-
sula war. As to the lighter moods of
the Roman legionary, are they not im-
mortalized in the name of a Roman
emperor?

Tacitus tells us how Germanicus, al-
ways a popular general, having had a
son born to him in the camp, dressed
the lad like a little soldier, complete
even to his boots (caliga), in the hope
of pleasing his men. The men of course
made a pet of him and called him Calli-
gula, or Little Boots, and it is by his
camp nickname of Little Boots that
Claudius, son of Germanicus, lives in
history to this day. It is a curious ex-
ample of the persistence in the nature of
fighting men. Cochrane's rough Chil-
sea sailor dressed up his 5-year-old son
as a tiny midshipman and made a pet
of him in the same way.—Macmillan's
Magazine.

A Redeeming Feature.
A—My dwelling is founded on the
north by a gas works, on the south by
an india rubber works, on the west by
a vinegar manufactory and on the east
by a glue boiling establishment.

B—A nice neighborhood, I must say.
A—Quite so; but it has one advan-
tage. I can always tell which way the
wind blows without looking at the
weathercock.—Humorist'sche Blätter.

Playing cards were invented toward
the close of the fourteenth century. Be-
ing drawn and painted by hand, they
were proportionately dear and not in
general use until the reign of Edward
IV. The price of a single pack was 18s.
1d., a considerable sum in those days.

MARIE OF GREECE.

A Pretty and Well to Do Princess Who
Also Has Drains.

Princess Marie of Greece narrowly
escaped becoming czarina of Russia.
She was the choice of the present em-
peror's mother, who had set her heart
on having the pet daughter of her fa-
vorite brother as her successor. But
there were religious obstacles to the
match. Strict rules exist in the Greek
church prohibiting marriage between
first cousins. Although dispensations
are readily granted in such cases by
the pope, the Orthodox church is far
less amenable to leniency in the mat-
ter, and so bigoted a member of the
Greek rite as Alexander III could cer-



tainly not be expected to set an exam-
ple of disobedience to the canon laws
by permitting his eldest son to wed his
first cousin. Princess Marie is a pretty
girl, somewhat full faced. She has in-
herited the comeliness that distinguish-
ed her maternal grandmother, the
Grand Duchess Constantine Constanti-
novitch, nee Princess of Saxe-Alten-
burg, whose sister, the ex-queen of Han-
over, and herself were known in their
youth as two of the most beautiful wo-
men in Europe.

Princess Marie has inherited her
mother's taste for the sea and is pas-
sionately fond of yachting, knowing
how to handle a boat almost as well
as her mother, who enjoys the distinc-
tion of being the only petticoat admiral
in existence, having been appointed to
that dignity in the Russian fleet by the
late czar, a recognition of her action
in passing the examination for a sail-
ing master's certificate. The prin-
cess is a very desirable catch and
should experience no difficulty in find-
ing a good husband, for in addition
to her good looks and amiable char-
acter she will inherit the principal
portion of the large fortune which her
cautious and exceedingly wide awake
father, King George, has been able to
amass since he was elected to the throne
of Greece by means of thrift and specu-
lation.

THE CIRCUS RING.

It Is Always Exactly Forty-two Feet Nine
Inches in Diameter.

In various ways the circus of the
present day differs from that of the past,
but the ring remains unchanged. It is
always 42 feet 9 inches in diameter. Go
where you will, search the world from
China to Peru, with diverging trips to
the frosty Caucasus and the desert of
Sahara, and never a circus will you find
without a ring 42 feet 9 inches in di-
ameter.

There is a reason for this remarkable
uniformity. Circus riders and circus
horses are nomadic. Wherever their
wanderings bring them they must find
the ring always the same, else they
will be disturbed in their performance,
if not really rendered incapable. Trained
to the 42 feet 9 inch ring, the horse and
his rider have grown used—worn, one
might say—to the exact angle of de-
viation toward the center of the ring
which the radius of 21 feet and a given
speed produce.

The mound on the circumference of
the ring always has on the inside a lev-
el, so to speak, of earth, at the same
angle as that into which radius and
speed throw the driver. As for speed,
that, after the horse has gone round two
or three times and is warmed to his
work, is the same through the act. In
fact, a strap generally holds his head
so that he cannot get beyond a certain
pace.

The ringmaster snaps his whip,
the clown shouts, the band plays louder
and louder, but the horse knows just how
much this empty show means and jogs
on at the same old pace until, with the
last jump through a tissue balloon, the
act is ended.—Exchange.

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NERVOUSNESS.

THE CLASSES OF PEOPLE WHO
SUFFER FROM IT.

Brain Workers, People Who Worry,
and People Who Endure Long
Continued Physical Strain.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.
It is generally agreed that a man's
physical condition is dependent, to a
great degree, upon the nature of his
employment. Men whose occupations
necessitate the constant use of the brain,
without any opportunity for physical
exercise, are generally nervous, while
men employed at manual labor requir-
ing no exercise of the brain function,
are almost universally possessed of
sound nervous systems, not easily dis-
turbed by exciting events.

A striking illustration of this prin-
ciple is found in the case of Professor
George E. Coleman, who is a profes-
sional pianist, and who, until with-
in recent years, was a druggist. Professor
Coleman lives at 1330 Buchanan street,
San Francisco. He is well known
here as a pianist, having played at
some of the most popular music halls in
the city. Mr. Coleman is not a man
of strong frame, and he has not been
an easy prey to the severe, nervous ten-
sion of his work at the piano. He has
had to play continuously for several hours
during every evening for five years,
and his nervous system finally gave
way under the strain. He was forced
to retire from regular work at the
piano, but that did not have the effect
of improving his condition. Upon
the contrary, he steadily grew worse.
His nerves had been shattered, and in
addition he discovered that one of his
lungs had been affected by his having
been exposed to counter draughts in
poorly ventilated halls. His condition
soon became such that he was confined
to his home, and finally gave himself
over to the care of a physician. Mr.
Coleman's experience as a druggist had
given him an acquaintance with dis-
eases and their remedies, so he had a
full knowledge of just what was neces-
sary on his part to effect a cure.

"After several weeks' careful treat-
ment by the physician," said Mr. Cole-
man, "I could notice no improvement in
my condition. If anything, I think
I was considerably worse. The action
of my lungs had become so weak that
I was afraid to walk any distance un-
assisted for fear of falling, through loss
of respiration. My nervousness had
advanced to an alarming stage. I was
not able to contain myself for even a
short time, but had always to be fum-
bling with something or moving nerv-
ously about the room. It was while
I was in this condition that I noticed
in a paper an article on Williams' Pink
Pills. I determined to try them, even
though they killed me. Well, they
didn't kill me, but I'm not going to
tell you that they cured me immedi-
ately, my case was much too serious
for that. But I had not taken a full
box before I felt a great relief. My
respiration was more certain. I was
gradually gaining control of my nerves
and my condition was generally im-
proved. I kept right on taking the
pills and getting well. Now I had
taken just three boxes of them when I
considered myself a cured man. And
I was right, for although I quit taking
the pills, I did not relapse into my for-
mer condition, but grew stronger
daily."

"It was truly a marvelous cure, and
I will say that I think Williams' Pills
possess remarkable curative properties,
and I would recommend them to the
use of the thousands of people of this
city who are nervous wrecks, or who
are suffering from diseases of the lungs."
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale
People are now given to the public as
an unfailing blood builder and nerve
restorer, curing all forms of weak-
ness arising from a watery condition of
the blood or shattered nerves. The
pills are sold by all dealers, or will be
sent post paid on receipt of price (50
cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—
they are never sold in bulk or by the
100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Med-
icine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Latest Decorative Fad.

One of the things that the fashionable
woman picks up abroad now to hang in
her Murray hill drawing room is a set
of priest's vestments. These are used for
window and door draperies, one hang-
ing as a lambrequin over a wide win-
dow, with perhaps the narrow casement
in the same room conventionally
decorated. These pieces of rich em-
broidery can be picked up in Spain,
France and Italy at very low prices and
are regarded by the discriminating col-
lector as a unique and attractive orna-
ment. In using them as lambrequins or
doorway draperies breadths of soft silk
of a contrasting or harmonizing hue are
drawn through the openings made in
the robes for head and arms, an arrange-
ment which adds a pleasing grace to the
rather stiff lines of the splendid pieces.

Miss Grace Harriman.

Miss Grace Harriman has issued in
pamphlet form six lectures upon "To-
mato and Fruit Growing for Women,"
which she gave at the forestry exhibi-
tion, Earl's court, in 1903. She is now
both a practical fruitgrower and a
county council lecturer at Sawley, near
Derby, England, and her own experience
justifies her desire to see many women
following her example. She shows how
a woman's small plot of ground can be
worked to profit and give valuable in-
structions on the details of horticulture.
She thinks it is wise not to take more
than half an acre in hand at first. Upon
this a cottage, tomato house, poultry
yard and fruit plantation may be plant-
ed.

A HEARTY WELCOME.

To returning peace by day and tranquility at
night is extended by the rheumatic patient
who owes these blessings to Hostetter's Stom-
ach Bitters. Don't delay the use of this
remedy for pain and purifier of the blood, an
instant benefit the point when the disease
manifests itself. Kidney trouble, dyspepsia,
liver complaint, jaundice and irregularity of
the bowels are relieved and cured by the Bit-
ter.

"So glad to hear of your engagement, old
man; shake on it." "Can't, old fellow; been
given the shakko already."

Get your enemies to read your works
in order to mend them, for your friend
is so much like your second self that he
will judge too much like you.—Pope.

There are two sides to every question
—ours and the wrong side.

PRACTICAL LOGIC.

To reason from cause to effect is very
good logic in its way, but to practice on
physical conditions in seeking the cause
first, is a very slow process indeed. All
ailments seem to give an expression in
pain, and especially in rheumatism where
it takes hold deeply. This is an effect
whatever the cause may be, and pain would
become intolerable if one waited to find
out the cause. Hence sufferers are bent on
curing the pain promptly and for this
reason know, or soon find out that St.
Jacob's Oil is surely the best remedy. Peo-
ple seldom have reason to hunt further, for
once this ailment is cured by it, it stays
cured, and thus puts an end to argument
and pain at once.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and
tends to personal enjoyment when
rightly used. The many who live bet-
ter than others and enjoy life more, with
less expenditure, by more promptly
assessing 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.

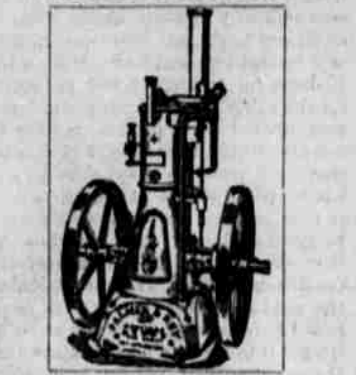
Its excellence is due to its presenting
in the form most acceptable and pleas-
ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly
beneficial properties of a perfect laxa-
tive; effectually cleansing the system,
dispelling colds, headaches and fevers
and permanently curing constipation.
It has given satisfaction to millions and
met with the approval of the medical
profession, because it acts on the Kid-
neys, Liver and Bowels without weak-
ening them and it is perfectly free from
every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-
gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is man-
ufactured 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.

HERCULES

GAS AND GASOLINE
...ENGINES...

Stationary and Marine Engines
Manufactured by
American Type Founders' Co.
Portland, Or.
Send for catalogue.



NOTED FOR...
SIMPLICITY
STRENGTH
ECONOMY
SUPERIOR WORK-
MANSHIP
IN EVERY DETAIL

These engines are acknowledged by expert
engineers to be worthy of highest commenda-
tion for simplicity, high grade material and at-
tention to workmanship. They develop the full
actual horsepower, and run without an electric
spark battery; the system of ignition is simple,
responsive and reliable. For pumping, ventilation
or 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 un-
questioned.

Stationary and Marine Engines
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Send for catalogue.

DR. GUNN'S
LIVER
PILLS

A Small Pill, One Pill for a Dozen.
These pills purify the system, cleanse the
blood and regulate the bowels. They cure
jaundice, biliousness, indigestion, constipation,
and all other ailments of the liver and bowels.
They are sold by all druggists. Do not be
deceived by cheap imitations. The name
DR. GUNN'S LIVER PILLS is prominent on
the wrapper.

W. P. N. O. No. 624—F. N. U. No. 701

Erysipelas

Has been my affliction from childhood.
It was caused by impure blood, and every
time I had a cold or a fever I was sure to
have a long spell, and my general
health would give way. Doctors did
me but little good, and I became de-
pendent. Last spring erysipelas
settled in my eye and I became total-
ly blind for several weeks. Hood's Sar-
saparilla was recommended, and after tak-
ing one bottle my sight gradually returned,
my blood became purified and I was re-
stored to good health. With Hood's Sar-
saparilla one is well armed to meet any
illness.—Mrs. Leta Lee, 144 Market Street,
Memphis, Tenn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only True Blood Purifier promi-
nently in the public eye. 21c per box.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, bilious-
ness, headaches, etc.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.
Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually
outlasting two boxes of any other grease
from Animal Oils. GET THE GENUINE.
FOR SALE BY OREGON AND
WASHINGTON DRUGGISTS
and Dealers generally.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING PILLS FOR CHILDREN TEething

For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.
SURE CURE FOR PILES
DR. SAMUEL'S PILE REMEDY. It is a
sure cure for all kinds of piles, hemorrhoids,
and all other ailments of the rectum. Price
per bottle, 25c. Sold by all Druggists.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of
the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established
in 1780) has led to the placing on the market
many misleading and unscrupulous imitations
of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter
Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manu-
facturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and
Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are
used in their manufactures.
Consumers should ask for, and be sure that
they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Alcock's Porous Plaster

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or
limbs, use
Alcock's Porous Plaster
BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imi-
tations is as good as the genuine.

Spray Pumps and Sprays

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205 Third St., near Taylor
PORTLAND - OREGON

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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 KEUB OR BOTTLES)
Second to none—
No water worn from.
TRY IT.
PORTLAND, OR.

"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES."

GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF

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