

Uncle Sam Says: This is America's Greatest Medicine. It will Sharpen Your Appetite, Purify and Vitalize Your Blood, Overcome That Tired Feeling. Get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and begin to take it TODAY, and realize the great good it is sure to do you.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
is America's Greatest Medicine. A D. Druggist.

Warehouse Fired by a Meteor. An extraordinary accident is reported from Austria. Some extensive warehouses were destroyed by fire lately at Flume, the result, as was believed, of a stroke of lightning. It is now reported that in clearing the debris a great meteoric stone, weighing four tons, was discovered imbedded in a deep pit among the ruins, and the experts have decided that the premises were set on fire by the glowing stone.

A New York man recently went to an undertaker's, chose a coffin, bargained for its lowest price, purchased it, then returned home and committed suicide.

**OUR AMERICAN POLICY.**

The policy of this country regarding foreign complications seems likely to remain conservative. The Monroe doctrine, according to the declaration of our leading politicians, will be sustained, but patience and prudence in official quarters will restrain the exuberance of public opinion. The most and most prudent course for the executive and the legislature is to use Hamilton's Bushy Broom, which also cures kidney complaint and dyspepsia.

It is estimated that 400,000 harks are sold yearly for food at the Leadenhall market, London.

**JOHN POOLE IS CONSTANTLY RECEIVING** large orders of the celebrated Sarsaparilla. These are superior to any ever put upon this market. Before buying a wagon ask and examine, or write for catalogue. Address: 502 West Madison Street, Portland, Oregon.

There are several varieties of fish that cannot swim. In every instance they are deep sea dwellers, and crawl about the rocks, using their tails and fins as legs.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large sums of money. C. L. Baker, 4229 Regent St., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, '95.

The elephant does not smell with his trunk. His olfactory nerves are contained in a single nostril, which is in the roof of the mouth, near the front.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. I, FRANK J. CHENEY, make oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City 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.

FRANK J. CHENEY, sworn to before me and subscribed to my presence, this 24th day of December, A. D. 1895.

A. W. GLERSON, Notary Public.

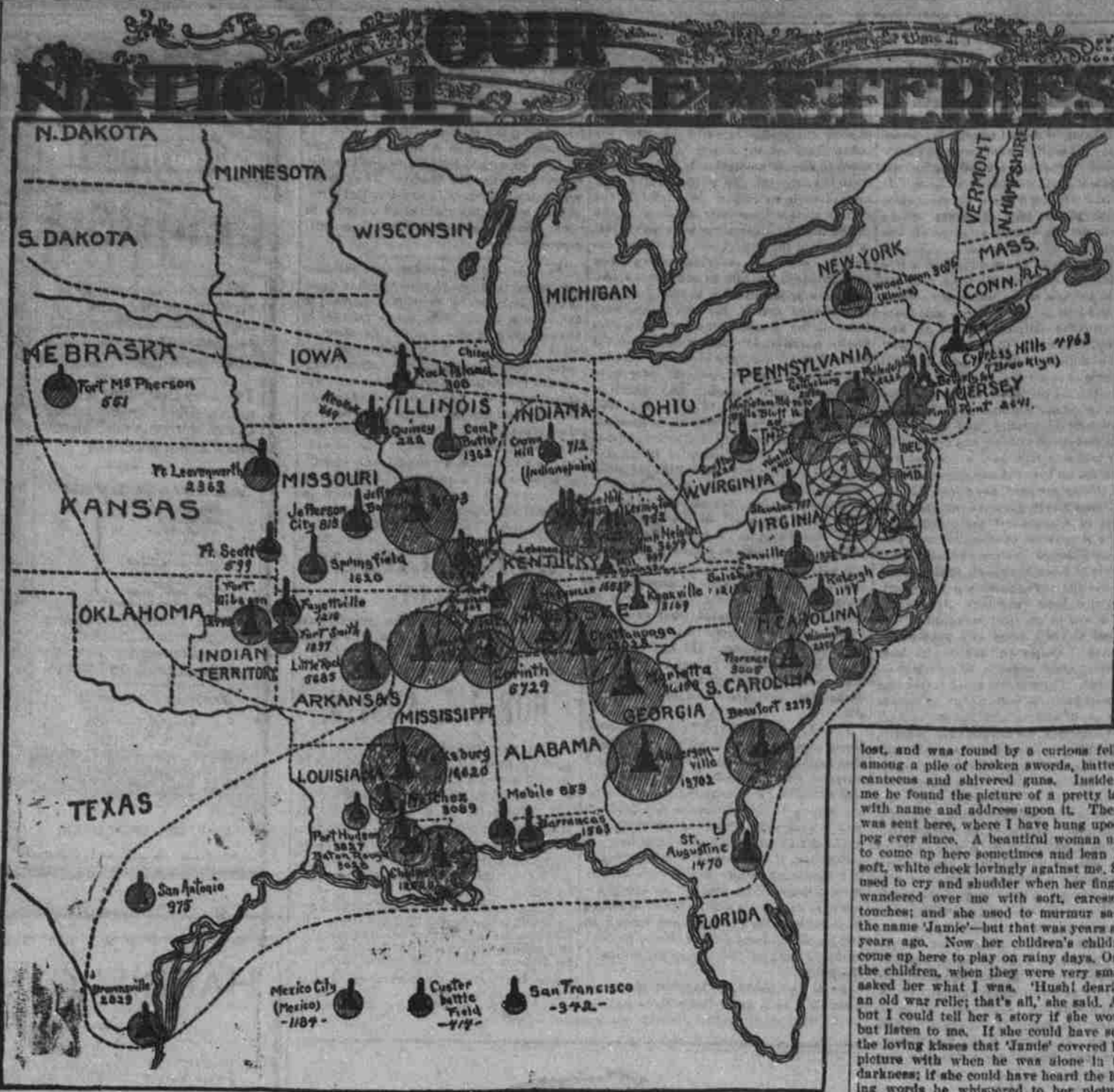
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sent by mail for 50c. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The barking of a dog on the earth can be distinctly heard by a balloonist at an elevation of four miles.

**TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.**

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous, and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Ten thousand testimonials of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The prefix "O" before so many of the names of Irish families is an abbreviation of the word "Ogha," meaning grandchild.



There are nearly half a million soldiers' graves in the cemeteries of the United States. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the nation's heroes are on each 30th of May honored by a loyal and loving people. On that date, from the time the sun rises over the hills of Maine until it sinks to rest beyond the mountains of California the vast extent of our land echoes with the bugle call and the booming of cannon. The youth of the nation get their best lesson in patriotism when they lay a wreath of flowers on the stone that marks a soldier's grave. It is impossible to state the exact number of soldiers' graves, as no record has been made of them for several years. When the last record was made there were about 300,000 sleeping in the national cemeteries and probably 75,000 scattered in little graveyards all over the country. The accompanying map gives the figures of the last record made. Of course, the number of graves has increased since then. The veterans have become fewer and fewer. They have not fallen as rapidly as they were moved down below the death-dealing fire of Gettysburg, nor as they fell in the awful charges of Bull Run, but their ranks have been thinned by the grim reaper, and for each one that passed away there has arisen another mound to be decorated.

National cemeteries, as is, perhaps, well known, are burying places maintained at the expense of the United States Government, and wherein only soldiers are buried. Many of these are near some military post, but by far the larger ones are located in the vicinity of the big battlefields. Some of the heroes were buried near the spot where they gave up their lives for their country, and numbers were taken to as near their homes as possible. In the national cemeteries near the battlefields most of the graves are unnamed. Only a number and a tiny stone tell where a hero lies sleeping. When shells and shot moved men down by the thousand it frequently happened that there were none left to identify the bodies. In most cases it was known to what company certain men had belonged, although each could not be identified individually, and in such cases all are buried in groups and the names of all the men who were missing after the battle are inscribed on a single shaft.

There are in all about ninety national cemeteries in the United States and so scattered that each presents an entirely different appearance. Could pictures of them be viewed one after another they would present a panorama of our country. There would be cemeteries far out on the most beautiful beaches of the sun-bathed coast, and the dry desert wind carries the hot sand in blinding clouds over the shiny stones that mark the graves. There would be cemeteries in mountain wilds and on boundless western prairies. There would be peaceful little spots sheltered beneath church towers, and vast stretches of beautiful park where thousands lie buried. Millions of people visit these cemeteries on Memorial Day and when night comes each is a perfect bank of flowers.

The most easterly of the national cemeteries is the one known as Cypress Hills. It is located in the city of Brooklyn, and is a typical Eastern burying place that contains some of the finest monuments that are placed over soldiers' graves in the country. The natural aspect of the country at Cypress Hills is somewhat flat, but the cemetery has received so much attention and art has done so much for it that the flatness is not noticeable. It is a most beautiful spot, where 5,000 heroes are buried. Woodlawn is the name of the national cemetery of New York State. It is a magnificent burying place on a slightly rolling ground, well kept and planted to all sorts of flowers and evergreens. Over 1,000 are buried here. A little further to the south the national cemeteries are very close together. At Philadelphia there is a beautiful burying place, where about 2,500 sleep, and just to the northeast of town is pretty Beverly. Only 184 are buried here, but it is one of the most beautiful cemeteries in the country—certainly the most beautiful of its size. In the immediate vicinity there is the Gettysburg cemetery, Antietam, Belle Bluff, Grant and Winchester. All these are much alike in general appearance. About 14,000 are buried in all of them.

The absence of the Greenpeace in Virginia are fairly lived with national cemeteries. About 50,000 are buried in this vicinity, and the graveyards are almost exactly alike in appearance. They are not as well kept as some further north, but nature has done so much in the way of luxuriant vegetation that this is hardly noticeable. The most important of these cemeteries are Fredericksburg, Arlington, Culpepper, Richmond, Cold Har-

bor, Petersburg, Yorktown and Annapolis. Most of them have streams of water running through them that greatly add to their natural beauty. In North Carolina the most important national cemetery is Salisbury. Nearly 12,000 are buried here. This cemetery is located in a spur of a mountain range and is a most beautiful spot. In general appearance it is entirely different from any other national cemetery in the country. From almost any part of it a view extending over miles and miles of country, far and wide, was the scene of many important battles can be obtained. It is a most impressive place to visit at any time of the year. The other cemeteries in North Carolina are Raleigh, New Bern and Wilmington. About 7,000 are buried in these three.

Almost at the southern tip of South Carolina is the most beautiful national cemetery in the country. It is known as Beaufort and about 10,000 are buried there. Although it is in South Carolina, Beaufort might be said to belong to Savannah, Ga. The perfect city of the South is just a few miles away, across the water that divides the two states. It is from there that the crowds of people come who decorate its graves. Hundreds of the sons of Savannah are buried in Beaufort. For picturesque the national cemetery at St. Augustine, Fla., takes first rank. It is on the site of an old Spanish burying place, and many of the quaint graves and tombstones to be seen there. Surrounded by a very old stone wall, within sound of the breakers and filled with tropical plants and dreamy lagoons, it is at once beautiful and interesting. About 1,500 are buried here, and the Decoration Day ceremonies are always a most impressive nature. The national cemetery of Chalmette, near New Orleans, is one of the best-known burying places in the country. Thirteen thousand are buried here. Chalmette is located on the shore of a bayou and presents somewhat the appearance of a swamp with driveways through it. There are several lakes in it, and in many instances the graves are very close to the water. Decoration Day is always extensively observed here, but for one reason or another the graves are decorated with flowers and evergreens the greater part of the year.

The largest national cemetery in the country is at Vicksburg, Miss. About 17,000 are interred here, but the place has rather a depressing effect on one who visits it for the first time, it is so vast and so suggestive of the horrors of death. There is a melancholy aspect to it that it is impossible to shake off. Near by is the cemetery at Natchez, where 8,200 are buried. In the immediate vicinity are the cemeteries of Port Hudson, Baton Rouge and Alexandria. All through this part of the country Decoration Day is most extensively observed. In nearly every graveyard there are several soldiers buried, and the sentimental nature of the people attracts great attention to be given to the ceremonies. From Andersonville, Ga., and following a sort of curve to Little Rock, Ark., there is a line of cemeteries where nearly 100,000 soldiers are buried. These are all very much alike in appearance and are not as well cared for as those of other parts of the country. The principal ones of this group are Memphis, Nashville, Chattanooga and Marietta.

There is a little group of cemeteries in Kentucky where about 8,000 are buried, but the observance of the day here are always very sad. More old people are seen at these ceremonies than in any other cemetery in the country. They still remember their lost ones, and even at this late day old, white-haired negroes are frequently seen weeping and crying for "young maras."

A national cemetery that is very little known is Jefferson Barracks, located about eighteen miles below St. Louis, Mo. Over 11,800 are buried here, and the cemetery is one of the grandest sites in the world. It is about 800 feet above the Mississippi, on the west bank, and commands a view in all directions over the bottom lands. This cemetery is remarkably well kept, although it does not contain as many trees as one feels ought to be there.

The national cemeteries of the West are sad places. Most of them are absolutely barren and are distressing to the extreme. The one at San Antonio, Tex., is of this character, although of late years an attempt has been made to improve it. Nearly all the Western cemeteries are small. The national cemetery on the Custer battlefield in Dakota is perhaps the strangest burying place in all the world. It is a most barren spot, containing an enormous marble shaft, with 414 graves grouped around it. The strange thing about this cemetery is that all those sleeping there were killed on the same day.

The national cemetery of San Francisco is located at the Presidio. About 350 are interred here. It is not generally known, but the United States maintains a national cemetery at the City of Mexico. Of course the 184 buried there are the victims of the Mexican war.

**THE OLD KNAPSACK.**

OR over thirty years it had hung from the rafters grim and dusty, in the old garret where spider webs floated and where little mice peeped out their bright eyes from nooks behind chimneys and gloomy corners.

The old violin hanging upon a nail near one of the queer, old-fashioned windows, tells a beautiful tale when the wind sweeps across its two remaining strings. The mice quit their feast among the popcorn and the spiders cease to watch for prey when the old violin begins to tell its sweet story.

Near the old knapsack hangs a grotesque hat with bell crown and wide brim. The two are great friends, and they frequently exchange opinions concerning the ways of the world as viewed from their point of observation.

"You see," said the old hat one day after the violin had told its story, "folks to-day are different. They ride on cars run by condensed lightning; such a thing was never dreamed of in my day.

"There wasn't much said about it in my day, either," interceded the knapsack. "I notice one strange thing; when Memorial Day comes around most of the folks seem to forget that there ever was a war."

"Yes, you are right; now the war of 1812—"

"Pshaw! That's a long time ago. I mean the great civil war, the greatest war of history. I was through that war in 1861. Never mind that, though, it is an incident I do not like to recall. What I want to talk about is the present; over in yonder field the sons of men are observing Memorial Day in their fashion."

"Yes; but they do not celebrate for my war, 1812, you know."

"But that was a long time ago. The war I had a hand in was only—"

"And one of your buckles is gone. I've often noticed that, but didn't want to ask about it."

"That buckle saved the life of a bright young fellow who carried me through the battle of Manassas Junction, July 21, 1861. But do not bother about such things. Those chap over in the field are celebrating things. They are having a baseball game and some twenty-thousand people are gathered there. It is strange, isn't it?"

"Very strange," came the response from the old hat. The breeze came through the quaint little window and ruffled the hat's nap. "So what you fought for has been forgotten."

"Humph! They have turned what was intended to be a sacred day into a day of sport, recreation, frolic, fun, games. Perhaps it is the best; I do not know, and perhaps I am too old to learn." The knapsack shook its battered sides as it ceased speaking.

"Been through the greatest war history tells of and now you are forgotten. You've got a hole in your side; where did you get that?" asked the veteran of 1812, bent upon questioning.

"Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861."

"Fits nicely with 'play ball,' May 31, 1868, eh?"

"Don't ask pointed questions, old fellow. I hate questions anyhow. At Cedar Mountain, August 5, 1862, I lost my best friend. Shot through the heart, poor boy! I was taken from his person, and after that I drifted from place to place. I saw blood then, enough to float a ship. The battle of Chantilly, September 1, 1862, was a horrible, frightful carnage. The worst battle I ever took part in was the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Oh! the horrors of that battle! A yell of crimson comes before me now when I think about it. After that battle I got

As far as calculations can decide the temperature of comets is believed to be 2,000 times hotter than that of red-hot iron.

Among the Phenicians the wearing of earrings was a badge of servitude, the same custom obtaining with the Hebrews.

**AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.**

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark. The name that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. PITCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of CHAS. H. PITCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which CHAS. H. PITCHER is President.

March 2, 1895. SANKUJI, FITCHER, M.D.

If the weight of the body be divided into 11 parts eight of those parts will be pure water.

FITS Permanently Cured. No other nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Kidney and Bladder Remedy. D. R. H. KLINE, M.D., 153 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The time required for Niagara to cut its gorge has been variously estimated at 7,000 to 35,000 years.

**THE TURN OF LIFE.**

Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

These dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life.

Mrs. DELLA WARREN, 554 West 5th St., Cincinnati, Ohio, says: "I have been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some time during the change of life and it has been a saviour of life unto me. I can cheerfully recommend it to all women, and I know it will give permanent relief. I would be glad to relate my experience to any sufferer."

**SYRUP OF FIGS**

NEVER IMITATED QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe or nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

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Plain or with Cutter. The best needle in the market. Used by all sack sewers. For sale by all general mercantile stores, or by

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Make money by successful speculation in Chicago. We buy and sell wheat on margin. Several years' experience of the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the business, and our own reference book, "BUYING, SELLING & CO." Chicago Board of Trade Reports. Offices in Portland, Oregon and Seattle, Wash.

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For the speedy, safe and permanent cure of all Nervous, Chronic and Special Diseases, even in their most aggravated forms. There is no man in the world who has not had some ailment or other disease which has kept him from doing his best. It is the only capital that is not lost, and it is the only one that is not exhausted. It is the only one that is not lost, and it is the only one that is not exhausted. It is the only one that is not lost, and it is the only one that is not exhausted.

**Schilling's Best Baking Powder**

Use only one heaping teaspoonful to a quart of flour.

in your pocket, if you buy Schilling's Best baking powder, and use only one heaping teaspoonful to a quart of flour.

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Is it Weak? Get it Right. Keep it Right. Moore's Bile-Bevelled Bitters will do it. Three doses will make you feel better. Get it from your druggist or any wholesale drug house, or from Stewart & Holmes Drug Co., Seattle.

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R. W. BAXTER, Gen. Agent, 135 Third St., Portland, Oregon.

**HEAR THE DRUMS MARCH BY.**

ARAH, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums march by! T. B. is a Decoration Day-hurry and hurry! Wheel me to the window, girl, sing it open high! Cry out to the body now, and blinded of the eye, Sarah let me listen while the drums march by.

Hear 'em! how they roll! I can feel 'em in my soul. Hear the least-beat-of the boots on the street. Hear the sweet fit out the air like a knife! Hear the tones grand of the words of command. Hear the walls high about back their reply! Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums dance by!

Blind as a bat, I can see 'em, for all that; Old Colonel J., steady as a rock. Hiding slow and sober at the head of the column: There's Major L., steady now and well; Old Leather Stock, still a-bowling of his flag; There's old Strong, that I tented with so long; There's the whole crowd, hearty and proud. Hey! boys, say! can't you glance up the gray? Here's an old comrade, crippled now, an' gray! I can see 'em, girl, throw me my crutch! I can see—I can walk—I can march—I could say! No, I won't sit still an' see the boys march by!

Oh! I fall and I slinch; I can't go an inch! No use to me, steady as a rock. Where's my strength! Hunt down at the front! There's where I left it. No need to slink! All the mink's split; there's no use to cry. Plunge of these tears, and the moans in my ears! Part of a war is to suffer and to die. I must sit still, and let the drums march by.

Part of a war is to suffer and to die—Suffer and to die—and to suffer and to die—Of all the crowd I just yelled at so loud, There's hardly a one left is blind, dead and gone!

All the old regiment, excepting only I, March out of sight in the country of the night. That was a specter band marched past so grand. All the boys are a-tenting in the sky, Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums moan—Will Garison.

The First Celebrations. The date of the first celebration of Memorial Day in the various States is as follows: Alabama, April 26, 1868; Arkansas, May 30, 1868; California, May 30, 1880; Colorado, May 30, 1877; Connecticut, May 30, 1870; Delaware, May 30, 1867; Florida, April 20, 1870; Georgia, April 20, 1869; Illinois, May 30, 1870; Indiana, May 30, 1867; Iowa, May 30, 1868; Kansas, May 30, 1869; Kentucky (Confederate), May 10, 1867; Kentucky (Union), May 30, 1868; Louisiana (Confederate), April 6, 1875; Louisiana (Union), April 8, 1878; Maine, May 30, 1867; Maryland (Confederate), June 7, 1860; Maryland (Union), June 5, 1860; Massachusetts, May 30, 1861; Minnesota (at Minneapolis), May 30, 1869; Minnesota (regular), May 30, 1870; Mississippi, May 1, 1867; Missouri, May 30, 1868; Nebraska, May 30, 1868; Nevada, May 30, 1860; New Hampshire, May 30, 1868; New Jersey, May 30, 1868; New York, May 30, 1868; North Carolina (Greensboro), May 5, 1869; North Carolina (Raleigh), May 10, 1869; Ohio, May 30, 1868; Oregon, May 30, 1875; Pennsylvania, May 30, 1868; Rhode Island, May 30, 1868; South Carolina, July 8, 1866; Tennessee, May 30, 1868; Texas, May 30, 1867; Vermont, May 30, 1860; Virginia (Confederate), June 11, 1860; Virginia (Federal), June 11, 1860; West Virginia, May 30, 1878; Wisconsin, May 30, 1873.

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