

Eczema

How it reddens the skin, itches, oozes, dries and scales! Some people call it tetter, milk crust or salt rheum. The suffering from it is sometimes intense; local applications are resorted to—they mitigate, but cannot cure. It proceeds from humors inherited or acquired and persists until these have been removed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla positively removes them, has cured and permanently cured the worst cases, and is without an equal for all cutaneous eruptions.

Hood's Pills are the best cathartic. Price 25 cents.

Emperor William's Soldierly Habits. Emperor William is a soldier even when he goes to bed, for he sleeps on a regulation camp bed, such as his officers use. The bed clothing is of the rough regiment pattern. He retires at 11 p. m. and is up and dressed soon after 5 a. m.

The Hero. "Who is the hero of this piece?" asked the man who was coming out of the theater. And the manager thoughtfully replied: "The man who is putting up the money."—Washington Star.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil Co. send some books free. Your druggist sells the Oil and it stops pain.

A High Standard. They have a new way of testing the quality of whiskey west of here. They inject three drops into a jack rabbit, and if he doesn't lick a bull dog in six seconds the goods are rejected.—Crazy, N. D., Courier.

Woman Scores at Reparat. An independence woman said that when she died she was going to ask Shakespeare if he really wrote all his plays. Her husband suggested that probably Willie would not be up there when she quickly replied: "Then you ask him."—Neodosh (Kas.) Register.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness. Dr. H. H. Kane, 1411 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Prisoners in British India. No fewer than 587,884 prisoners were in the prisons of British India in 1899-1900, an increase of 92,064 over the number of 1891. Of this huge total only 24,555 were females, which is a smaller proportion than in western countries.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. G. Kessner, Vanburn, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Empress Eugenie's Home. The Empress Eugenie is now settled down in her English home. It is reported that the empress is about to build a small convent in the beautiful grounds at Farnborough hill to the memory of her husband and their son.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Money for Her. Mr. Gill dreamed the other night that I was going around in rags. Fortune Teller—Ah, that means money. Mr. Gill—Does it, really, madam? Fortune Teller—Yes, indeed. One dollar, please.—Philadelphia Press.

HOW'S THIS? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

WATER & TANNIN. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. We have the best water in the world for the treatment of all diseases of the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

English Fruit Culture. Fruit-culture is often conducted on a large scale in England. A manufacturer of jam and jelly has a thousand acres at Histon, near Cambridge, employing at times 800 hands. The factory is in the center of the fruit farm.

A Bad Disease. There is a certain disease that has come down through many centuries and is older than history itself, yet very few outside of those who have learned from bitter experience know anything of its nature or characteristics. At first a little ulcer or sore appears, then glands of the neck or groin swell; pimples break out on the breast, back or some other part of the body and fill with yellow pustular matter; the mouth and throat become sore and the tongue is at all times badly coated. Headaches are frequent, and muscles and joints throbb and hurt, especially during damp, rainy weather. These are some of the symptoms of that most loathsome of all diseases, Contagious Blood Poison.

Contagious Blood Poison. This strange poison does not affect all alike; some are literally eaten up with it within a short time after being inoculated, while others show but slight evidence of any taint for a long time after exposure, but its tendency in every case is to complete destruction of the physical system, sooner or later.

OUR MEDICAL work in relieving suffering. Give our physicians a short history of your case and get their advice. This will cost you nothing, and what you say will be held in strictest confidence. With their help and a copy of our book on Contagious Blood Poison you can manage your own case and cure yourself at home.

DEPARTMENT. is doing a noble work in relieving suffering. Give our physicians a short history of your case and get their advice. This will cost you nothing, and what you say will be held in strictest confidence. With their help and a copy of our book on Contagious Blood Poison you can manage your own case and cure yourself at home.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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CHINA'S GRAND OLD MAN.

Li Hung Chang's Death the Orient Loses Its Greatest Man. In the death of Li Hung Chang the ancient empire of China has lost its most powerful and greatest citizen and oriental civilization its most distinguished exponent. Our own Gen. Grant ranked him with Bismarck and Gladstone, and in return for the compliment Li compared Grant to himself. The great Chinaman had an unbounded admiration for the hero of Appomattox, whom he entertained when the latter was making a tour of the world, and every year after Gen. Grant's death he had a wreath placed on his grave.

When Li visited this country on a tour of the world he planted a tree by Gen. Grant's tomb in Riverside Park, New York.

Li Hung Chang was not a leader of his people by birth or hereditary rank. He was not even of the blood of the ruling caste, the Manchus. He was of old Chinese stock and was born in 1822—the same year as Gen. Grant. He first came into prominence during the awful Taiping rebellion, which depopulated China for fourteen years, costing 20,000,000 lives and incalculable financial loss. Li raised a regiment of militia and attacked the rebels on their march toward Peking. He gained notice by this and was promoted. First with the aid of Gen. Ward, an American, and next with Gen. Gordon, who subsequently met a tragic fate in the Sudan, he organized and disciplined an army and ultimately crushed out the rebellion. For this service he was promoted to be governor of the metropolitan province of Pechili, and here he ruled with autocratic sway for a quarter of a century. He was the buffer

between the invading foreigners on one side and a reactionary court on the other, and it was his fate to be frowned upon and smitten upon by the latter in turn.

Through his contact with foreigners Li became impressed with the advantages of western methods and these he introduced in his own province of Pechili. To do so he had to run counter to the rooted customs of centuries and the secretary of the empire, which became in 1875, he was the negotiator of treaties with foreign nations and thus his name became well known in all civilized countries having commercial relations with China. Li's work was indefatigable. He introduced the telegraph and the railroad into China, founded a military and naval academy, created a navy, established arsenals, built forts and gave to the empire a wonderful impetus.

And then came the war with Japan, which proved the rottenness of Chinese methods. The unwieldy giant was whipped, both army and navy, owing to the ignorance of the Chinese, being practically worthless. Li became the scapegoat of that war, which he neither counseled nor countenanced, and suffered degradation by an ignorant and stupid court on account of it. He negotiated the terms of peace, however, and gained the best possible. He was transferred to the obscure provinces of Kwang-Si and Kwang-Tung as viceroys, where he remained until he died.

Li has been reckoned as one of the wealthiest men in the world, but this statement may be doubted. In this country Li will be long remembered for his ineffectiveness. He was an untrusting and at times impertinent questioner. He was shrewd, cunning, sly, diplomat—in a word oriental. When in Germany the Kaiser asked him, "How do our women compare with those in China?" "I really cannot tell," said Li, slyly, fastening his eyes on the corsage of a lady who was present. "We never see half as much of our women as you do of yours."

Sharp answers such as this frequently fell from the lips of the wily oriental and these, together with his numerous questions, will long perpetuate an interesting phase of his many-sided character.

TRAPS FOR MEN OF SCIENCE. Bid for a Trip to Africa—A Mexican Forester—Bogus Helios.

In order to keep out of trouble nowadays men of science have to be detectives to some extent. Traps are constantly being laid for them.

Soon after Sir Harry Johnston announced the discovery of the okapi—an animal having points of resemblance to

both the zebra and the giraffe—in the Semliki forest region of Central Africa, a letter was received at the National museum in Washington from a man in New England, who said that for many years he was stationed as a trader in the region named. He declared that the okapi were exceedingly common. His knowledge of zoology was then very limited, and as a result, he had labored under the impression that the okapi was known to science.

The announcement of Sir Harry's discovery was the first intimation of the scientific importance of this animal. This much of the letter is all well enough, but he spoiled the whole by offering for a "modest consideration," to return to Africa and secure for the institution a dozen or more live specimens of this animal.

Side by side with the advance of anthropological science, the great relic industry has kept pace, and, as a result, a very large part of the time of the government anthropologists in the laboratory as well as in the field is occupied by ferreting out frauds. At present only seven or eight of the sacred books or codices of the Aztecs are known to exist, these being scattered about in the libraries of Rome, Paris, Madrid, Berlin and London. Archaeologists have long entertained hopes of finding a few more of these strange books hidden away in some obscure corner of Mexico, and the joy of one of the leading archaeologists of America may be imagined when two months ago he received information of a rather vague character that a work of this sort had turned up in a remote quarter of Mexico.

He went immediately to the region where, according to report, the codex was found, sought out the shrewd Mex-

ican, who pretended to be the finder, looked at the work, became satisfied that it was genuine, and purchased it for a large sum. But he had no more than secured the work when he began to grow suspicious.

His suspicions increasing, he decided to stop over in Washington and submit his find to Professor William H. Holmes, curator of the Department of Archeology of the National museum. This he did. Professor Holmes held the codex up to his nose, and remarked that it "smelled new." In short, the story was this:

When a certain French archeologist was in Mexico he employed as a draughtsman the Mexican from whom the duped archeologist secured the codex, and during his service this Mexican learned all about Aztec antiquities. When his employer left, the draughtsman devoted himself to manufacturing bogus antiquities, his masterpiece being the fraudulent codex, for even such it proved to be.

Preferred the Old Way. Mrs. Bradbury was instructing the new cook, who was not only new, but as green as her own Emerald Isle. One morning the mistress went into the kitchen and found Katie weeping over a pan of onions.

"Oh, you're having a harder time than you need to have, Katie," said she. "Always peel onions under water."

"Indeed, ma'am," said Katie, "I'm the last one to do that, askin' yer pardon, but I was always doin' it from the bottom. It's little he couldn't do under water, if 'twas tyn' his shoes or writin' a letter; but me, I'm un-aisy in I'd be gettin' me mouth full and drownin' entirely. So if ye please, ma'am, I'll pale thim the same old way I've always been accustomed to, and dry me tears afterwards."

Overawed. Mrs. Nurich—I don't know whatever I'm goin' to do with that father of yours.

Mr. Nurich—What's up now? Mrs. Nurich—He insists on smokin' in the parlor, an' he won't mind me.

Mr. Nurich—Just tell the butler to speak to him. He's scared of him.—Philadelphia Press.

An Exact Fit. Cunnio—The band played a most appropriate tune at the horse show.

Cawker—What is it? "Listen to my tale of woe."—Philadelphia North American.

Grain Fields in Norway. Less than 1 per cent of the land in Norway is in use for grain fields.

First Guide (tired by moose)—Are we all safe? Second Guide—Safe? Well, hardly! That dude in the next tree still has his gun with him!

A boy who doesn't like to work never has any trouble in convincing his mother that he is sick.

The First. When their first son was born Adam is thought by some critics to have remarked, not without much acerbity: "Red hair! Wouldn't that jar you?"

"Well, I'm not presenting you with any gold headed Cains, if I know myself," retorted Eve, affecting indifference, albeit secretly mortified to death.—Puck.

Advertising Petitions for Pardon. The governor of North Carolina has notified the people of his state that all petitions for the pardon of convicts must first be advertised for some length of time in the newspapers of the locality where the offender lived or where the crime was committed.

Not Always Gold That Glitters. Mother—You, Whiggie, I'm ashamed of you, rubbing off the kiss that Margery gave you.

George—I ain't rubbin' it off; I'm Russian' it in.

Doubled Up. "We are twice as much advanced as our ancestors." "No doubt of it."

Temporary Escape. Editor (on new paper)—There's one great pleasure in publishing a new paper.

Habit. Sniffles—I cannot understand a word your friend says. What is he? A Russian? Biffles—Why no. He's a guard on the "L" road.

Had to Keep Both Lighted. He looked down in her wonderful eyes.

"Light of my life!" he faltered. "Nip!" she answered. "No turn out the gas tonight. Pop's been kickin'."—Indianapolis Sun.

He Understood. She—I'm going over to South Boston to call on Mrs. Hopthorn.

He—Hasn't she seen that dress yet?

OMENS OF ROYAL DEATHS. When Bells Ring Thirteen and Phantom Ships Appear.

A gruesome story came from London of the appearance of the "phantom barge of the Thames" for three successive nights preceding the death of the Queen. This phantom barge of the Thames appears when a member of the royal family is about to die, just as the celebrated "white lady of the Hohenzollerns" gives warning of the death of a monarch of that family. And when the phantom barge appears gliding through the low-lying shadows and night mists of the river the great clock of Westminster, Big Ben, gives thirteen strokes at midnight instead of his ordinary dozen. Just now any number of Thames watermen can be found who say they have seen the phantom barge and heard Big Ben strike his ominous number.

There are well-authenticated instances of Big Ben having struck thirteen at midnight. Once a soldier on sentry duty at Windsor was charged with having slept on post and was sentenced to be shot, runs a story in the Portsmouth Times. It was charged that he was asleep there at midnight of a certain night. His defense was that he was not asleep and that he had heard Big Ben in London strike thirteen at the moment he was charged with having been sleeping on duty. It was proved that on that night Big Ben had struck thirteen and had been heard in Windsor. The man was pardoned. This is a recorded case, but the record does not say that any catastrophe happened to the royal family the next day.

It is said that the phantom barge appeared on the Thames at midnight and Big Ben struck thirteen on the night before the death of the prince consort and that the same things happened the night preceding the death of the Princess Alice and of the Duke of Clarence. When the phantom barge appeared on Jan. 13, 1892, the night before the death of the Duke of Clarence, another boat, pulled by four men, swiftly toward the terrace of the House of Commons and vanished. The pursuing boat dashed against the stone embankment and was wrecked.

A warning which applies to the death of sovereigns only is the fall of one of the stones at Stonehenge, the great Druid relic on Salisbury Plain. A stone certainly did fall there on the night of the death of the late queen.

CHOOING A CAPTAIN. The Rough and Tumble Custom of the Japanese Fishermen of Hawaii.

Where several years ago the fishing for the supply of the Honolulu market was done almost exclusively by the natives in their canoes and a few Chinamen, now the bulk of the work is done by the Japanese, who are at it in great numbers.

The boats which they use are built here after patterns used in Japan, and once in a while an Oriental steamer arriving from the west brings an imported fishing boat, which the fishermen think is superior to those of local manufacture. The boats are of a peculiar shape and are of different sizes, some able to accommodate but three men, while an ordinary crew, and others are large enough for seven or eight men.

Up to the time that the vessel is launched there is no captain selected for the boat. The choosing of this important factor in every case is left until the boat is in the water. It is known who the members of the crew are, and from them the captain is selected.

When the boat is in the water and moored securely, the members of the crew, who are generally the owners of the boat, strip themselves and get into the boat. Then the fun of making the selection of the commander begins. There is no voting or drawing of lots to settle the matter. At a given signal from one of the crowd on shore, who are watching, the men in the boat begin with all their might to try to throw each other out into the water. Each man is against the other, and so the struggle, as a usual thing, lasts a long time and is remarkably exciting. All the time the play goes on the friends of the contestants yell words of cheer to the struggling men in the boat and throw buckets of water on them and into the boat, seemingly with the idea of making the battleground more slippery as well as refreshing to the men at work. As soon as a man is thrown out of the boat he must stay out, but may assist with water if he so desires. The man who stays in the boat longest, or rather who is able to put all the others out of the boat, has by his prowess shown himself competent to be captain, and so he is greeted with much applause and showered with congratulations at the termination of the scuffle. There is no appeal from the selection so made, and the man so chosen continues to be captain until he voluntarily retires or sells out his share in the boat.

What is Ovaritis? A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation. On examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the roof of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same respect to your own body?

You need not, you ought not to let yourself go, when one of your own sex

holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money and without price. Mrs. Pinkham's laboratory is at Lynn, Mass. Write a letter telling all your symptoms and get the benefit of the greatest experience in treating female ills.

I was suffering to such an extent from ovarian trouble that my physician thought an operation would be necessary.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound having been recommended to me, I decided to try it. After using several bottles I found that I was cured. My entire system was toned up, and I suffered no more with my ovaries.—Mrs. ANNA ASTOR, Troy, Mo.

Ready to Experiment. "Did you know that you can take an ordinary bottle filled with old Bourbon and by holding it firmly and horizontally with the left hand and striking it sharply on the concave bottom with the other hand, force the cork out?"

"No. Where can I get such a bottle?"—Cleveland Palin Dealer.

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Mrs. ANNA ASTOR.



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Syrup of Figs

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Its Beneficial Effects

is due to the originality and simplicity of the combination and also to the method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and which ensures that perfect purity and uniformity of product essential to the ideal home laxative. In order to get

Its Beneficial Effects

always buy the genuine and note the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package. In the process of manufacturing figs are used as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially.

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FERRY'S SEEDS For The Farmer and The Housewife.

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