-San Francisco Board of Health.

ACUTE DYSPEPSIA

SYMPATHETIC HEART DISEASE OFTEN ATTENDS IT.

Mrs. V. Curley, of Clarence, Iowa, Tells an Interesting Story of Her Experience With Pink Pills.

From the Republican, Cedar Rapids, Iown] Mrs. V. Curley who has resided in Clarence, Iowa, for the past twenty-two yeras, tells an interesting story of what siders rescue from premature death. Her narrative is as follows:

For ten years prior to 1894, I was a constant sufferer from acute stomach trouble. I had all the manifold sympms of acute dyspepsia, and at time other troubles were present in complication-I did not know what it was to enjoy a meal. No matter how careful I might be as to the quality, quantity and preparation of my food, distress followed eating. I was des. gentler lent and blue. Almost to the point of insanity at times, and would have been glad to die. Often and often I could no sleep. Sympahetic heart trouble set in and time and again I was obliged to call a doctor in the night to relieve sudden atacks of suffication which would come on without a moment's warning.

My troubles increased as time on and I spent large sums in doctor bills, being compelled to have medical attendants almost constantly. During 1892 and 1893, it was impossible for me to retain food, and water brashes plagued me. I was reduced to a skele-A consultation of physicians was unable to determine just what did ail The doctors gave us as their opinion that the probable trouble was ulceration of the coats of the stomach and held out no hope of recovery. One doctor said, 'All I can do to relieve your suffering is by the use of opium.'

About this time a friend of mine, Mrs. Symantha Smith, of Glidden, Iowa, told me about the case of Mrs. Thurston, of Oxford Junction, Iowa. This lady said she had been afflicted much the same as I had. She had consulted local physicians without relief, and had gone to Davenport for treatment. Giving up all hope of recovery, she was persuaded by a friend to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was almost magical.

I was led to try them from her experience, and before many months I felt better than I had for a dozen years. I am now almost free from trouble, and if through some error of diet I feel badly, this splendid remedy sets me again I have regained my strength and am once more in my usual I sleep well and can eat without

I sleep well and can eat without

I twas dark in the dining room, and distress. I have no doubt that I owe my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink

It was dark in the dining room, and when cannons belehed and muskets the gentleman went for his medicine flashed death everywhere, little mounds them years ago thereby saving mysel the years of suffering and much

Dr Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restere shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

AN UNEXPECTED OIL STRIKE.

A Hunter Ran a Fox Into a Cave, and Subsequent Proceedings Were Startling.
Three prominent residents of Binghamton, N. Y., indulged in a fox hunt recently. As they were returning home the hounds struck the trail of a fox. They followed it and came upon their hounds barking under a ledge of rocks on the western slope of the old Baker farm. One of them felt around the ledges for any other hole by which the fox could escape, using a small crow-bar. He climbed to the top of the ledge of rocks, striking all around with his

Suddenly it slipped through his fingers and went down a small fissure. In endeavoring to get it out he lighted a match and dropped it into the fissure. A flash and sudden explosion occurred. A jet of flame shot upward higher than the surrounding tree tops and illuminated the surrounding country. About 100 feet below the place where the well was burning they discovered a flow of oil issuing from a crevice. The stream was large enough to fill a two inch pipe. The village is in excitement over the find, and prospectors are flocking there in numbers. The crowbar was found again and bore unmistakable signs of the "third send" upon it.

The Soltan's Library. The sultan of Turkey has issued an imperial decree to the effect that three copies of every book and pamphlet on subject whatsoever that has been printed or published in any language in any part of his dominion, from the time ascended the throne to the present day, are to be sent to the imperial palace and one copy to the new library at the Sublime Porte, which is now being built

by his majesty's orders.

It is stated in well informed circles that his majesty has three objects in He further says that "heaven is a state view. First, it is an economic way of ng two libraries. The second is that it will encourage native authors (whose lot under the circumstances can hardly be regarded as a happy one) in writing and publishing new works, and the third and most important object of all is that his majesty's specially em-ployed censors and secretaries will be better able to control and check any publication containing anything to which the sultan and his advisers may object. -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Some magnificent logs of spruce and vellow pine, which have made their way own from the sources of the Delaware to the Kensington mills, are now floating in the Aramingo canal just below the Girard avenue bridge. Excellent material for tall masts and flagpoles and uge beams over 70 feet long and 2 feet are on the end are noticeable among the mass of floating timber. Contrary to the popular belief, timber is best pre-served when submerged in water, and what appears to be a mass of refuse clogging portions of the canal is in reality valuable lumber stored there for reasons nomy. Such economy can be overdone, however, and many a noble piece of timber, which has become water-

GEORGE IV NO GENTLEMAN. He Said So Once, and at Another Time He

When Lord Liverpool was forming his ministry in 1822, he thought it absolutely necessary to have Canning at the foreign office, although aware that the appointment would be obnoxious to George IV. The Duke of Wellington undertook the unpleasant task of communicating Lord Liverpool's determi-

As soon as the king knew what was wanted of him he broke out: "Arthur, it is impossible. I said, on my honor as a gentleman, he should never be one of my ministers again. I am sure you will agree with me that I cannot do what I said on my honor as a gentleman I

Another man would have been silenced, but the great soldier, always equal to an emergency, replied: Pardon me, sir, but I don't agree with you at all. Your majesty is not a

The bold assertion startled the king, but the duke went on, "Your majesty is not a gentleman, but the sovereign of England, with duties to your people far above any to yourself, and these duties render it imperative that you should employ the abilities of Mr. Canning."

"Well, Arthur," said the king, drawing a long breath, "if I must, I must," Although he did not like being told he was not a gentleman, George IV had once, at least, while regent forgotten he was one. This was when he flung a glass of wine in Colonel Hamlyn's face, with "Hamlyn, you are a blackguard!"

The insulted officer could not return the compliment without committing something like treason-it was out of the question to challenge the prince, while to let the insult pass unnoticed was equally impossible. The colonel filled his glass and threw

the contents in the face of his neighbor, saying, "His majesty's toast, pass it "Hamlyn," cried the regent, "you're capital fellow! Here's your health.'

SWALLOWED THE JUMPING BEANS. Thought They Were Capsules and Took the

evening .- New York Advertiser.

And they were fast friends from that

A good citizen in the northwestern section of the city has been through an exciting experience. Being a dyspeptic, the gentleman visited his physician. A prescription was written for him which the druggist filled. The result was a small box of capsules, which he took home and placed upon the sideboard, with the remembrance of the instructions to take two every hour in the evening after eating until bedtime. These

Pills. I only wish that I had heard of the first evening without a precaution afterward by a strange sensation. For aught the man could tell he seemed within to be a mammoth penuchle board on which a million little objects were dancing.

He could distinguish kicks and jumps so vividly that it was in vain for his wife to try to convince him that he was dreaming. She suggested the doctor, and the servant was dispatched in hot haste. Before he arrived the sick man asked for more of the capsules, which were brought to his bedside. When the cover was removed, there were Mexican beans instead of capsules, the kernels bouncing as merrily as spring lambs. The box of capsules had been misplaced accidentally by the young son and heir and the beans put in its place. The doctor does not say what kind of medicine he finds useful in such cases. - Washington Post.

Passing an Examination.

The story of a well known bishop which reached me the other day seems good enough for publication. The bishop was one day examining a batch of deacons for priests' orders. After the the oretical part of the examination, he said to them: "Gentlemen, you have passed a most excellent examination in theory. I should now like to see you do something practical. I shall go into the next room and personate a sick man. You will come in, one by one, address me as a sick parishioner, and say something comforting." When his lordship had retired, the candidates were in some confusion, and nobody cared to begin, but at last a mad Irishman voluntered to be the first. He entered the study and approached the bishop, who was lying with a woebegene air on the sofa, and thus addressed him: "Oh, Anthony, Anthony! The drink again! Shure it will be the death of ve! Turn from your evil ways before it's too late and be a man!" This is said to be the last time that the bishop held a practical examination. - London Truth.

What and Where Is Heaven?

Alger says that "heaven" is not distinctively a world situated somewhere in immensity, but that it is "a state of pure spiritual existence, having nothing to do with any special time or place. of the soul or a state of society under the rule of God's will, either in this life or in a future state of existence." From the above it is clear that the great au thority therein quoted considered that 'heaven'' does not mean a bounded place of abode, but simply unlimited existence in a state of joy for the souls of virtuous respecters of God's laws.-St. Louis Republic.

A Bar to Bigamy.

"Boys," said a teacher in a Sunday chool, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment or two a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas, " said the teacher encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said, "No man can serve two masters." The question ended there.--Boston Home Journal.

Pocketknife blades are very unevenly tempered. Even in so called standard cutlery some blades are hard and some are soft. For the latter there is no remedy, but the temper of hard blades can easily be drawn slightly. Take a kitchen poker and heat it redhot, have the blade that is to be drawn bright and hold it on the poker for a moment. When the logged during a long period of time, now color runs down to violet blue, stick the blade into a piece of tallow or beef suet until cold.—New York Ledger.



The care said, the sweet feet of the care said. Again they entired the trace of Pair 5.5.
Again they entired the trace of Pair 5.5.
Again come chape buttoned to the thin Judicase youth and we'l as were end this To Spi, and gent and gard, and group Julius nosther, wife and minimum of the spi and the spirit of the spi and the spirit of the spirit of the spirit of the spirit of the said gray of the spirit of the and gray for the spirit of the and gray for To dealt the gallet of thos and gray.

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The months have neglected stace.

But one who know .

Is passing from the grave.

And told the commode. Down the line is an a may shop the short.

A higher wice.

Mr. Rowers for him! "And mine!" And notes!

They cried. "Our country even bill more.

They cried. "Our country even bill more."

They cried. "Our country owns him more Than all. His yone inspired the deed." Age as 60 eve the bissyems fell. I chapsail abover. At their its well-Analyse for this peak before year.

Analyse for this peak before year.

On Ear of Nigdorea when he lay

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It you've have the Many

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You've? //Ashan the soul of him.

B LY Who plant be seath that fragrant pil the student all or far or the state of the s

DECORATION DAY. BY WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.



Out from the long past comes the memory of a nameless soldier grave and of a heart that broke because her love was not. Out from the past come the shadows of numberless unknown and named heroes, who gave their all of life to perpetuate the union. In the trying times of strife and carnage. when cannons belehed and muskets of earth sprang up in rows here and three doses of two capsules each before of these known and unknown dead sugretiring. He was awakened some hours gested the beautiful custom of decorating the graves with the choicest flowers of spring, the practice prolaiming to the children and children's bildren forever that the deeds of these men who died for God and country shall be memorialized as long as cour age rates as a virtue.

As time passed members of the army of veterons who returned to their homes dropped out of life, so that now. besides the great national burial places in the south, every cemetery of the north is hallowed by the presence of sleeping soldiers. Wherever these heroes lie flowers are taken at each recurring anniversary and placed as votive gifts upon every sacred altar grave of liberty. History tells of skypiercing monoliths, of colossal statues and artistic mausoleums erected to the memory of great captains of conquering rmies, while thought-if thought there was at all-of the hosts of common soldiers who poured out their life blood for the glory of these chieftains. was as a flitting fancy at eventide, banshed with its birth. It remained for the American people, who govern for themselves and are alone supreme. o declare that the humblest life sacrificed in the cause of freedom is as sacred as the penates of the household as priceless as that of the general ho bared his breast to death-dealing

The problem of human government must be sought to be solved by each successive generation. Blessed is that one which throws such added light that the next one may discern with clearer vision the working of the still-to-besolved question. The errors of a people-their discontent and mistakes. may sorely try the safety as well as the perpetuity of a government. The labors, the pains and the sorrows of the soldier army must ever serve as warning, as entreaty, as encouragement and as strength to the living and their successors. Each returning Decoration day teaches the lesson of the pricelessness of ilberty and union.

scanned and cultivated gardens are be and abide forever, a holy day in the cash. nation. Time has softened the asperition for the courage that stamped the ute to exalted worth.

The once ensanguined fields of the south are now being turned over by yield fair harvests to the peaceful workers; the voices of the mockingbird and brown thrush fill with melody the groves through which once passed hostile armies. The sound of war is heard no more in the land, and may the memories and lessons of Decoration day preserve an everlasting peace to the petual sealing of the republic in peace and harmony throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The Terrors of War

Mrs. Henpeck (visiting her first husband's grave)-Yes; here lies a hero. You would not be my husband to-day had he not been killed in the war. Mr. Henpeck (fiercely)-Yes; what a

curse war is!-Puck.

AN AVERTED CATASTROPHE. native village, and in the little ceme-

MY PLIES SPRETRANCE

It was midafternoon of the 29th of May, and Johanna Yoho was gathering flowers for Private Tom to take to town for the Decoration day ceremonies.

'em along now," she said, standing on tiptoe to reach a lofty branch of syringa; "guess he's gittin' kind o' less pernickelty bout toting things as he gits older. I do like tuh know that my flowers is in the procession if I kain't see 'em.'

Trusting Johanna! True, Private Tom of late years meekly accepted his floral burden as, while the stars still mounted guard in the sky, he set off on his fifteen-mile walk to town. The flowers, however, never graced the proeession, Well, well! Fence corners and old comrades told no tales of glee fully-deserted baskets, and so peace folded her wings over the home of one old soldier.

"Hanny, Hanny," called Private Tom, from the house, "where's th' key tuh th' cedar chist? I want tuh get my best close out.

"In th' little blue bag in th' purple bandbox on the right hand o'th' top shelf o' th' cupboard in th' spare room. Key tuli spare room's on th' clock shelf. Tom, these roses is th' purtiest yit: mebbe they'll trim up th' goddess o' liberty's wagon with 'em.' "Like es not," replied Private Tom. adding, under his breath, "ef they git

"Hain't heard nothin' o' Jim, have grave, while no thought was bestowed ye?" called Johanna, happily uncon-

"Not vit; mebbe some o' his folks'll elms. When the speeches and hymns be along to-day. I hain't seen Jim were over a party of young people sence he had th' quinsy, n' I was laid strayed down in the union quarter, and up same time with cheumatiz." their astonishment was great when 'As ye would be now, Tess I'd a made ye take that patent medicine ye was so generously with wild flowers. Near by sot against. Must a tasted pretty bad they saw Barney extended upon weeds though of ye wouldn't have me in th' his bloated body had broken by its

room while ye took it-'twas good, weight. "Humph, it didn't hurt them laylock last act upon earth; for he never awoke bushes under th' window none." chuckled Private Tom, laboriously panting up the stairs to the spare room. "It'll be good tub see ole Jim his praiseworthy action. to-morrow, sure. We stood shoulder tah shoulder four years 'n' not a iach loving hearts recalled Barney's charge difference between us. Not a Decora-tion day have we missed together. that time no distinction has been made either. Land o'liberty, I wish Johan in that little cemetery between the

seen 'em even sence ole Sergt. Jenks was berried las' fall." Fifteen minutes later Johanna discovered her brother dancing about the room and raving like a madman while he vainly strove to get into his coat. Land. Tom, 'tain't ingy rubber don't treat it so; ye'll never get into it

na wouldn't lock up a body's close es ef

they was gole 'n' precious stones. Ain't

thataway." "Nor any other," groaned Private Tom, "sence I'vegot so fat settin' round th' house. Johanna, I kain't go t' th' exercises to-morrow!" He sank down. his face in his hands. Not once had he failed to place a fing on the grave of his old commander; not once had be missed marching through the town to the old tunes, his heart beating sav



"THESE BOSES IS TH' PURTIEST YIT."

agely and blithely as that of a boy. And to-morrow Private Jim must go nlone!

"D'ye think I'd wear thim, patched 'n' threadbare? "Twouldn't show respect tuli dead er livin'. I'm gittin' old, too, 'n' mebbe it's the last. "Anybody home?" called a cheery voice below.

"It's Jim's niece-you go 'n' tell her, I kain't," P. lvate Tom faltered. "How do," said the visitor; "dreadful hot, ain't it? I come over with a message from Uncle Jim." "Tom ain't goin'; he-"

"No more's Uncle Jim. He kain't wear his best close; ye see, he ain't wore 'em sence Susy's weddin', and now he's got that thin over the quinsy an' Lucy's troubles that they hang on him like a shirt on a beanpole an'-la, Private Tom, are ye crazy?"

For Tom had almost rolled downstairs, a coat over one arm, a vest in the other hand and a pair of trousers trailing after bim.

"No, I hain't-I'm goin' over tuh Jim's tuh swap-ef he's got thin, I've got fat, an"-" the rest was a distant wheeze.

And so it happened that Privates Tom and Jim changed their coats, though not their views, and walked side by side in the Decoration day parade, as usual.

BARNEY JENVINGS' CHARGE.

For the soldiers who sleep and the eventful life in his Carolina home until cause for which they died the wooded the breaking out of the late civil war. dells are searched, the broad fields are His opportunities were very few, and he had not availed himself of those he stripped of their choicest gifts. Hail might have seized. He was a shiftless the nation that honors its defenders, harmless, happy-go-lucky fellow, with dead and living, and let Decoration day abundance of leisure and little or no

When he offered his services as a solties of other days; the opposing pas- dier in the southern army the captain ions of men, whose differences were was averse to accepting him because of based upon honest conclusions, have his unsavory reputation, and only been substued into respect and admira- yielded after most urgent entreaty on the part of the ne'er-do-weel. Barney action of each in the trying times of served in the army of the Potomac, or infinite peril, and a common country is James, participating in the leading the heritage of all. The custom of battles and winning an enviable name decorating the graves is in no sense an as a fighter. Had he been able to read awakener of strife, but a sublime trib- or write he would have been given a

Alas! at Chancellorsville poor Jen nings had his left leg shot away, and bright plowshares, and will presently his soldier days ended, much to his disgust and discomfiture. Returning home, he hobbled about on a "pog-leg surrendering himself to whisky drinking and fighting over again his battles, under the "stoops" of the village stores or before the tall bars of the saloons. Whatever scruples he may have had before the war as to accepting charity, nation. The one great baptism of he now felt himself a proper ward of blood should be efficient to the perpetite for liquor grew stronger every day, and he soon passed into a state of nearly continuous inebriety. His heart nearly broke when tidings came from Appomattox; but, like a brave soldier, he accepted the issues of battle, saying: "The feller wot lams yer is jesterfled in hol'in' on s'long's his hilt do'n'

> Before Barney fought at Chancellorsville there had been a battle near his

tery were graves of union as well as confederate soldiers who had fallen in that contest. Those of the former were

wives 'n' mammies that cried over 'em

HIS LAST TRIBUTE.

union and the confederate dead.

DECORATION DAY POEM

Forward" was the word when day

Dawnel upon the armed array.

Fallen!" was the word when night

Hurt, my boy?" "Oh, no! Not much!

Homeward, when the caunon crashed.

Missing!" was the word sent home

"Fallen?" "Yes: he fell, they say, In the flercest of the frag?"

Thus the morrow's papers read

" Died last night!" the message said

One young heart that heard the word.

One was broken! Bowed her head!

Two green graves we'll deck to-day

None will dare to tell us "Nay!" Both for Right and Freedom died

Bloom above our fallen braves, While the angels guard them there Glory lingers o'er their graves

Long are one sweet young soul

Entered her Gethsemane. Death to her the greatest goal.

As it must to many be

But life lingers-O! so long

And the years so weary grow!

Of the bleeding, broken bearts.

Comrades! Call the roll again!

Write their name on glory's page Those who bore the grief and pain,

Fiercer far than battle's rage

When they lie there by his side,

Dearer to him then his life Mother, Sister, Sweetheart, Bride,

Or his dear devoted Wife,

And you deek his grave again

Angels called the roll again,

Write her name-but not beneath!

By her agony and pain.

Crown her grave with fairest wreat!

Wrote her name above the stars For her patient faith in pain. Deeper far than bottle sears.

Three green graves we deck to-day

This is the third, where lies his brid. None will dare to tell us 'Nay!' For these three for freedom died! -H. H. Van Meter, in N. Y. Evening Post

TO MEMORY DEAR.

regarded as a day, as intended by con-

gress, for the decoration of the graves

who lived amidst the tragic scenes en-

acted in this country from 1861 to 1865.

supposed that the rising generation is

army are to those of the revolution. It

may be that it can no longer say with

We deek with fragrant flowers'

-Your silent tents of green

"Yours has the suffering been.

Remember the soldiers, children Remember them all with flowers

The memory shall be ours.

Remember the Soldiers.

Theirs was the battle and theirs the pain

Ours is the peace and ours the gain;
Theirs was the sowing, the increase ours—
And all we can give them to-day is flowers;
—E. C. Dowd, in Youth's Companion.

Longfellow:

words:

Living long their lingering death

Pierced by countlesss cruel darts. Smothered sobs beneath each breath

Tears have choked her heart's sweet song

Dammed those eyes that used to glow!

While we honor him who fell

In the flercest of the fray,

We will honor her as well Lying by his side to-day.

Let the flowers forever fair

Mother! Mother! Mother's dead

The spring had been so late in coming that the good and loyal people of Teckerdsville scarcely knew what they in a group in a deserted and neglected corner of the burial ground, and when should do about flowers for Decoration the beautiful custom was inaugurated of decorating with flowers the sleeping day. The hitherto never-failing snowballs and lilacs were in embryo, while places of the heroes Barney was greatof the wild flowers not even a spring distressed because the programme

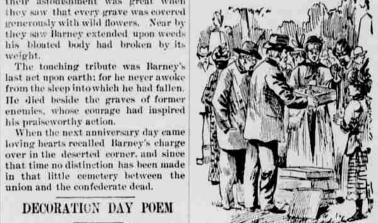
beauty or a wood violet was to be seen did not include those of former foemen. The ladies got together and talked They mought er been wrong," he over the situation; the committee of arrangements solemnly decided that persisted, "in pilin' down onter us, but they fit p'intediy, 'n' I reckon they'd something surely had to be done, and that without delay. Then the ladies But Barney was a trifle ahead of his met the committee, when there was neighbors in spirit of amity The day much more talking than ever, which came, when a wealth of flowers was finally entorinated in a wrathful outburst from Old Mrs. Malliner, a soldier's

"See yere, now, all there is we'se gotter have flowers ter put onto the graves 'n' all the snivelin' 'n' talkin' back in the worl' hain't ergoin' ter hurry up spring one bit. What's more, we jist kain't put off decoratin'; so we'll hafter take up er collection fer buyin' uv 'em. Here goes my quarter."

This innovation was a startling one to the Teckerdsvillians, who, if patriotic, were also economical, and their contributions were not made with startling alacrity. Still, after much persistence and a thorough canvass of the town, in amount was raised that, in the opinion of everybody, was ample for the end tesired. There being no hothouse or lower store in Teckerdsville, Tony dailiner, only son of the widow, was instructed to proceed to Detroit and make the purchase.

Decoration day, covered.

Decoration day opened warm, but with every promise of an all-to-be-despread over each southern soldier's ired occasion. The villagers decked upon those that were concealed by themselves in their best attire, the woods, beneath the scraggy oaks and form wagons came lumbering into town, filled with happy creatures, glad to get away for a day from the arduous toil of the home. Bluejays chattered



ALAS! THE FLOWERS DID NOT MATERI ALIZE.

in the apple trees, robins sang soft love notes to their mates, and sparrows twittered upon every hand, Presently, however, as the crowds gathered, so did the clouds. Patriot-

ism, however, is strong, and the people like to get together in the country ifence, while they gossiped and specu lated upon the possible events of the day, they gave little heed to the falling smoke from the chimneys or the fitful whiffing of the winds, those sure precursers of a rainfall. The speaker, the preacher, the church

choir and the chairman had gathered upon the stage that stood on the outer edge of the cemetery, while two or three thousand people were gathered in front. Then a raindrop fell sputtering here and there upon the new bonnets or dresses of the women, and the derbys of the men. Neighbor regarded neighbor nervously, but no one flinched as a slow, drizzling, but decidedly wetting rain set in.

Chairman, preacher, speaker, choir all did their part without abatement of one jot or tittle of the programm Loyally the people stood at their posts uttering no complaints, if they did fail

Then, after the benediction was prononneed, the chairman called up the committee to distribute the flowers. Alas! the flowers did not materialize In their stead, in the paper boxes once containing them, were wretched masses of pulpy, vari-colored paper, tangles of wrapped wire, etc. Tony had purchased a lot of miserably made paper

flowers instead of nature's own dear "They was so much cheaper," he was careful to explain.

Still there was no end to small flags so that two of them were placed upon each soldier's grave and thus amends were made in part for Tony's blunder. But Teckerdsville never did and never will forgive him the sorry trick he played.

Grant's Tomb in New York. Work on Grant's tomb at New York has been resumed, and will be continned until the monument is completed which will be in March, 1896. Gen. Porter said about the work: "There has been a great deal of care bestowed upon the construction of the tomb The granite is faultless. It is quarried in North Jay, Me., and all the large stones are finished at the quarry and sent to New York in boxes. The smallest imperfection is enough to cause the rejection of a stone. When the stones are laid you could not get the point of a knife between them. They fit exactly, and the contractors, as well as the architect, are inexorable in their demand that the work shall be above

Largest Regimental Loss. The largest regimental loss on either side during the late civil war was sus tained by the Twenty-sixth North Carolina—Pettigrew's brigade, Heth's division. They had a full quota of 800 men on July 1, 1868, but in the single battle of Gettysburg lost 588 men, 86 killed and 502 wounded, not including the "missing," of whom there were 120, According to Col. W. F. Fox, in one company, 86 strong, every man was hit. Some members of the Grand Army of and the orderly who made out the list did so while suffering from a wound in the Republic have recently expressed their disapprobation of Decoration day each leg Surely those were times which not only "tried men's souls," but being turned into a regular holiday—a made heroes of those who survived and day for big baseball matches and sportmartyrs of the dead. ing meetings-instead of being solely

New Use for the Cycle Still another novelty in cycledomof those who fought for the union, and the chimney sweep's tricycle. Resifor the keeping in lasting memory the dents in Brixton, a suburb of London deeds of those who saved it. The rising have been somewhat startled by the generation, says the Illustrated Amer- spectacle of an individual of sable and can, knew not those troublous times. somber appearance careering around on It cannot, therefore, be blamed if it does a trieycle, to which his brushes and not feel the same personal interest in other apparatus are attached, and utter-the dead that do the men and women ing the well-known sweep's cry.

acted in this country from 1861 to 1865.

A china decorator May is named.

And pretty caps she paints though all unless grateful to the heroes of the civil Asked little Pio: "What shall you paint, to war than the members of the grand ... Nothing at all, my darling, answered May "I thought you'd paint a lot to-day," said Flo

Hecause it's Decoration day, you know?"

—Youth's Companion

Ob. He Joyful!

Willy-Say, pop, I'm glad you wasn't but it can faish the verse with the killed in the war. Father (pleased)-Are, you, Willy? Willy-Because I'd be going to the cemetery to-day, instead of the ball

> The Old Guard Dwindles. There are more soldiers' graves to decorate to-day than ever before. The old guard dwindles.

came. - Puck.

TONY'S PRETTY FLOWERS.

The chief function of the kidneys is to separate from the blood, in its passage through them, of certain impurities and watery particles which make their final exit through the bladder. The retention of these, in a mequence of inactivity of the kidneys, is productive of Bright's disease, dropsy, ollabetes, albuminuria and other meladres with a faist tendency. Hoserieter's Stomach lili ers, a highly sanctioned duretic and blood depurent, impels the kidneys when inactive to cnew their sitting function, and strain from the vital current impurities which infest it and threaten their own existence as organs of the body. Cararrh of the bladder, gravel and retention of the urine are also maisules arreated or averted by this benign promoter and restorative of organic action. Mataria, rheumatism, constipation, billounces and dyspepsia also yield to the Bitters, which is also specifly beneficial to the weak and nervous.

LIKE A SIEVE.

Gayboy at party)—Miss Wool is finely formed Miss Wool (w.o overheard the remark)—Yes and the form is all wool.

Jack-I proposed to May last night. Tom How did you come out? Jack-Head first.

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and terrors, as well as of its dangers to both mother and child, by aiding nature in pre-paring the system for parturition. There-by "labor" and the period of confinegreatly

tion of an abundance the child. Mrs. Dora A. Guthrie, of Oakley, Overton Co., Tenn., writes: "When I began taking Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I was not able to stand on my feet without suffering almost death. Now I do all my housework, washing, cooking, sewing and everything for my family of eight. I am stouter mow than I have been in six years. Your 'Favorite Prescription' is the best to take before confinement, or at least it proved so with me. I never suffered so little with any of my children as I did with my last."

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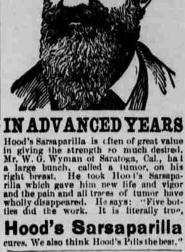
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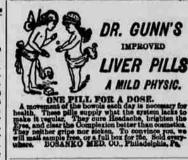


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