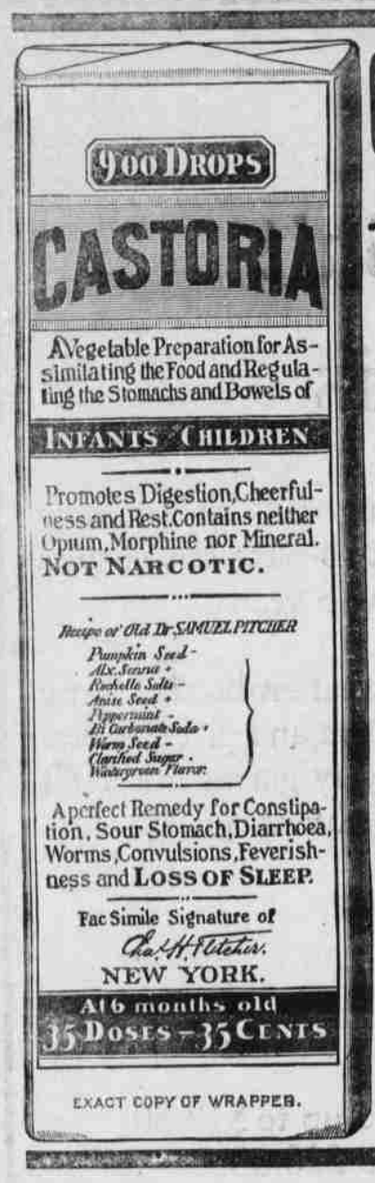


EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

# CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



## Look Carefully To Your Kidneys

**Dr. Jenner's Kidney Pills**

cause the kidneys to work as nature intended they should.

They build up the shrunken walls of the kidneys, as no known remedy has been found to do before.

As a cure for urinary troubles they have no equal.

**10, 25, 50 Cents** 108

C. G. HUNTLEY, Druggist
Oregon City, Oregon



## A Subtle Foe

Dyspepsia is unrecognized in half the cases. It deceives the unknowing sufferer. Its many variations work along the weakest lines of the system. To battle against only one of them is vain. Our booklet explains its symptoms. Our Dyspepsia Tablets give complete and lasting relief.

**GILES' Dyspepsia Tablets**

10c., 25c. AND 50c.

C. G. HUNTLEY, Druggist
Oregon City, Oregon



## *Don't Force Your Bowels*

with harsh minerals which always leave bad after-effects on the entire system, and where their use is persisted in, tend to completely wreck the stomach and bowels.

*..USE..*

*Edgar's Cathartic Confections*

The only harmless, vegetable, bowel regulator, and liver vitalizer known.

As pleasant to the taste as candy, and as positive as the harshest mineral. No gripe or pain.

10, 25, 50 cents.

C. G. HUNTLEY, Druggist
Oregon City, Oregon



CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought


### Weight by Inches.

"Forty and a half," sung out the cutter of a Chestnut street tailoring firm as he passed the tape across a customer's chest. Thirty-eight was registered when the measure girded the customer's waist, and then the cutter stepped back and sized up the patron's height as compared with that of the salesman who was recording the measurements.

"Your weight is 165 pounds," he said.

"One sixty-seven," spoke up the man who was being measured for a coat. "How did you guess it?"

"No guesswork about it. I simply compared your height with that of the salesman here, who is 5 feet 8 inches tall. You are about two inches taller, or, say, 5 feet 10 inches. With chest and waist measurements and a man's height figured out I can come within a pound or two of his weight every time, as my close estimate of your avoirdupois proves. Of course there are exceptions, notably the man with the very slim waist and wide shoulders, who is invariably much lighter in build than his appearance and measurements indicate. In that case I drop about ten pounds from my figures and manage to come pretty near the mark."—Philadelphia Record.

### They Worked on Benches.

The dignified dame was not really English, but she had mastered the dialect to some extent.

"My nevvew 'Erbert," she said, "wants to marry a schoolteacher! Fawncy! A person who works for a living! To be sure, now that I think of it, that is not always a disgrace. You, my dear, write for the press now and then, I am told, but you don't 'ave to, you know. That is different."

"Yes," replied the young person to whom she was speaking, "but I may be said to have inherited a tendency to work. My father and grandfather both worked for a living, and they were not allowed even the luxury of a chair to sit on. They worked on benches."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the dignified dame, greatly shocked. "What did they—ah—work at?"

"Well, my father was a judge of the superior court, and my grandfather was one of the justices of the United States supreme court."—Chicago Tribune.

### Worth the Difference.

In S. L. Powers' story at the Middlesex Bar association dinner the lawyer tried the case for the complainant. She sued a middle aged gentleman for breach of promise. He married another girl. The jury retired, and the defendant also went his way. The jury returned, the defendant did not. The jury found for the plaintiff in $800 damages.

The lawyer met the middle aged gentleman a few minutes later in the lobby of an adjacent hotel.

"Squire," said the latter, "how did the jury decide?"

"Against you," was the answer.

"I didn't think they would do that," said the middle aged gentleman musingly. "What's the damages?"

"That ain't so bad!" he exclaimed, on being told. "Squire, there's that much difference between the two women."—Boston Herald.

### The Real Trouble.

Mrs. De Style (looking from her paper)—The idea! I told that reporter not to mention my name in connection with the Glugore's reception, and yet he's done it. I'll just go down to that newspaper office tomorrow and see about this.

Mr. De Style—Oh, I wouldn't pay any attention to it, my dear.

Mrs. De Style—I wouldn't, but they have got my name spelled wrong.—Philadelphia Press.

### MY SECRET.

When first assurance came to me
That thy dear heart was mine,
I wandered forth upon the lea
Alone, lest all the world should see
My secret so divine.

But, ah, the world has passed me by
Nor read the secret, dear;
The poor old world, so dim of eye,
So dull of ear, 'twere vain to try
To make my feelings clear
To those who cannot know as I
Thy heart when love draws near.

—William Wallace Whitelock in New York Home Journal.

## THE MAN UP A TREE.

BY M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

I am something of a reformer not only in theory, but in practice, and when I discovered the man up a tree I determined to try my hand at elevating his moral standard. I hold that no man is so bad that he can't be reformed to a certain extent, and I hold that any way to bring about a betterment of his moral character is justifiable. I mean by that, to speak frankly and plainly, that, while some men can be reformed by sympathy and encouragement, others need a rap on the head with a baseball bat to arouse their dormant integrity and ambition.

I had extended sympathy and more or less financial aid to this man up a tree. In a burst of confidence he had confessed to me that he had been a swindler, a gambler, a confidence man and a great deal more. He had been "laid away" in prison two or three times during his career, had sailed under a dozen different names, and he might have admitted a murder or two had I not cut him short. I draw the line at murder. I can set out with a good deal of confidence in the task of reforming burglars, highway robbers, incendiaries, perjurers, and so forth, but when it comes to murderers I hesitate. Having become interested in this man, I didn't want him to own up to anything worse than robbing a blind

HE PITCHED FORWARD INTO THE ROOM.

man or burning an orphan asylum. He had come to me as a man who had at last seen the error of his ways and sighed to take another track and be counted with the good and respectable. He had given me the name of H. Jones-Jones. It struck me that there was an extra amount of Jones about him, but the name is an honest one, and I didn't find fault about it. He was a man of about 45, with all the evidences of his career in his face, but I didn't look for babylike innocence in his eyes. When he threw himself upon my mercy, as it were—when he made a clean breast of his wicked career and added that if any one would point out the path of honesty he would turn into it and travel on without a limp, I agreed to take him in hand. He had whiskers with which the police were acquainted, and I sent him to a barber shop. He had clothes which gave him away as a dead game sport, and I bought him a modest suit of blue. Then I gave him money for a week's vacation from crime, and when the vacation was over we were to see what further could be done. I took my week off at the same time and brought up amid the fresh buttermilk and dew kissed goldenrod of the country.

On the second night of my stay, as I sat by my open window at midnight to finish the last of my cigar and wonder if my Jones-Jones had kept straight during the last 48 hours, I suddenly caught sight of him on the ground below. It was a farmhouse hotel at which I was stopping. I had a corner room, and at that corner of the house stood a large apple tree. I had observed that a big limb branched out so close to my window that I could have descended by it. What you can descend by you can also ascend by. I had no sooner caught sight of Jones-Jones at the foot of the tree at an hour when everybody was supposed to be in bed than I understood that he intended to pay me a secret visit. How he had tracked me to my lair was of no consequence. Why he should imagine that I had brought along any great amount of boodle on my week's outing I didn't stop to figure. Indeed I am not sure that he had tracked me. In looking for country board he might have stumbled upon the place. He might have thought the open window belonged to another boarder. No matter how it was, however, Mr. Jones-Jones had no sooner begun to climb that apple tree than I made ready to receive him with all due hospitality. There was no club in the room, but the water pitcher had been filled for the night and made a good weapon. Armed with that I took my stand on one side of the window and waited. Jones-Jones was not an impetuous man. He had all night in which to climb and creep, and it was at least 15 minutes before he grasped my window sill with his hands and drew his body into the opening. I waited with patience until he had reached a particular position and then brought the pitcher down upon his head. The idea was to administer an anæsthetic, and it was a success. He pitched forward into the room with a long drawn sigh, and I lighted the lamp and took from his wrist the "billy" which he had bought in town with my money to use as a "cracker" in case his sleeping victim woke up before being plundered. Then I forced brandy between his teeth, bathed his face with water, and in the course of a quarter of an hour my midnight visitor had so far recovered his senses that I ventured to remark:

"Well, Jones-Jones, why didn't you tell me that you were coming, that I might be on the lookout for you?"

Jones-Jones sat up. He didn't recognize me. He himself had a different look on his face. That dissipated but yet crafty look had disappeared, and in its place was wonderment if not honesty. It was my wicked man in the flesh, but not in the spirit. He got off the floor and felt of the bump on his head and sat down on a chair, and it was a long five minutes before he said:

"Sir, my name is Brown-Brown, and I don't exactly understand the situation. Am I in your room, or are you in mine?"

"I believe it's my room," I replied, "but being as you arrived late and the landlord is asleep you can stop until morning."

"Very kind of you, sir—extremely kind. As to this bump on my head—is it a bump or not? If it's a bump, how did I receive it?"

"You hit your head on the door in the darkness, I believe."

"Ah! Just so. Very stupid of me, but it's only a trifle. Now, then, Mr. Ashmere, as to the business in hand. If you think you can advance me $500, I am sure I can make a go of it."

It took me a little while to catch on, but by and by I discovered that Jones-Jones had been knocked out and Brown-Brown had taken his place. Jones-Jones was a crook who wanted to reform; Brown-Brown was a poor but honest man who wanted to go into the making of shirts. He knew nothing whatever of Jones-Jones. He picked up the conversation as if he had been talking about the business when the accident happened. He called me by another name than my own, and it was plain to me that he was also another man. I sounded him about crime and state prison, but he solemnly assured me that he had never been arrested. He was Brown-Brown as far as his name went, but as for his past history he was rather hazy on the subject.

I had turned Jones-Jones, the crook, back into Brown-Brown, the honest man, by a knock on the head. It was rapid transit reformation, and I looked upon the problem as solved. Having been willing to assist a crook, I could not refuse an honest man. When my week was up, we went back to town together, and I gave Brown-Brown money enough to set up in shirtmaking. He had on the clothes I had bought Jones-Jones. He had the hair, the eyes, the mouth and the build of the crook, but there had been a change of souls. As far as the present went he was bright and talkative, but when asked of the past he looked puzzled and could not figure it out. The doctors agreed with me that it was the whack on the head that had made Brown-Brown of Jones-Jones and that the police ought to be given full power to go around breaking water pitchers over crooks' craniums; but, alas, that was a twist of the business we hadn't the foresight to discover and prepare for.

My man prospered wonderfully well. People said he was a little eccentric, but he was honest and a hard worker. In one year he had paid me back half my money and built up a good business. One day a detective entered the store to make a purchase. He had known Jones-Jones as a crook. He knew that Jones-Jones had a crooked finger on his right hand and a mole on his left cheek. When he discovered that Brown-Brown had these same identification marks, he began to look at him more closely, and by and by he made up his mind that the old crook stood before him. He was so sure of it that he set out to make an arrest. Brown-Brown was an honest man, but in his surprise he started to make a bolt of it. As he ran out of his shop and down the street, pursued by the detective, he encountered a policeman who tapped him on the head with his club. Brown-Brown went down like a log and was carted off to the station. I was present when his senses returned, and you can imagine my feelings when he sat up and said:

"Well, you've got me at last, but I gave you a run for it. You fellers ain't half sharp."

"You are Jones-Jones, the crook," said the sergeant.

"Of course I am, and the slickest crook in the country. Is it that bank business you want me for this time?"

"Mr. Brown-Brown" I began as I stepped forward, but the crook stopped me with:

"Who in blank is Brown-Brown?"

Then I realized how it was. I had smashed Jones-Jones, the crook, over the head with a water pitcher and changed him into Brown-Brown, the honest shirt constructor. The policeman had smashed Brown-Brown with his club and changed him back into Jones-Jones, the crook. The taps on the head had done the business. My tap was all right, and I had founded a new theory upon it and invested $500 in cash. But I hadn't foreseen that a second tap might come any day, as come it did, and my theory had been knocked into a cocked hat, and I was $250 out.

### In the Giddy Whirl.

"He has no pride. He actually rode in a public merry-go-round! Said he had been waiting years for the opportunity."

"Guess he must have thought his turn had come."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.


# ASTHMA CURE FREE

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure In All Cases

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER,
Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.
New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

DRS. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO.,
Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful. After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloform nor ether. Very truly yours,
REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

Trial bottle sent absolutely free on receipt of postal. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St. New York City.



Established 1870 Incorporated 1899

# FURS! FURS! FURS!!

## G. P. Rummelin & Sons

Manufacturing Furriers

126 Stark St., near Washington, PORTLAND, ORE.

We carry a complete line of Ladies' Fur Coats, Capes, Collarettes, Boas, Muffs, Etc., in all the fashionable furs, Feather Boas, Etc. Robes and Rugs.

**Send for Fall Catalogue**

The Leading and Reliable Furriers of the Northwest


## FUTURE OF GOOD HORSES.

### Good Prospects For Breeders of Draft and Carriage Horses.

In harmony with progress generally the breeders in America have learned that horses must be raised for special purposes if the breeder would make his business most profitable, say McLoughlin Bros. in The National Stockman. Of all the different types and breeds of horses probably the most in demand are work horses and carriage horses for pleasure driving. As a rule, work horses are used for heavy draft, while carriage horses are intended to pull a light load at a moderately rapid rate of speed.

The draft horse must in the first place have size and substance. He must have heavy bone to carry his great weight. Along with size he must be a good walker and a fairly easy trotter. However, the most serviceable gait for a draft horse is the walk.

With the renewal of industrial activity in this country the demand for draft horses has very largely increased. For no other class of horses have the market prices advanced so rapidly as they have for draft horses in all our American markets. Consequently there is a larger demand for stallions among farmers and breeders at the present time than has ever been known before in this country. The demand has developed so rapidly and has become so out of proportion with the supply that we have not been able to find in any of the draft horse breeding countries of the world one-tenth enough stallions.

This condition of things leads us to believe that it will be impossible to raise as many draft horses in America as there is a demand for, and as there will be a demand for, for 10 or 15 years in the immediate future.

The present prosperous conditions have increased the demand for pleasure horses as well. Men who are successful in their business, who are making money, are much inclined to invest in fine carriages and horses. There is probably no other means that contributes more to a man's pleasure and happiness than driving or riding behind handsome, high acting, fine appearing, attractive horses.

Although high class coach horses sold for high prices during times of depression on account of their scarcity, yet the demand for them has also increased, and prices have advanced.

The farmers and breeders who have good trotting bred road mares and who will breed them to high class coach stallions are sure to derive a profit in any event, because no matter whether times continue prosperous or the reverse there has been and always will be a demand for the kind of high acting carriage horses they will raise.

The average silk hat, size 7¼, weighs 5 ounces; the average stiff derby hat of the same size weighs 4½ ounces; the average straw hat of the same size weighs 2¼ ounces.

## *PRESIDENT MCKINLEY SHOT*

(Continued from page 1.)

"God's contribution to the American people will be sparing the president's life," says John D. Milburn, president of the Pan-American Exposition.

Thursday, Sept. 12—The president's condition continues satisfactory. The bullet wounds in the stomach have healed. A microscopic examination of a few drops of blood taken from the lobe of the ear shows no trace of blood poisoning or peritonitis. "There is not the least indication of blood poisoning," says Dr. Mynter.

According to a Cleveland directory canvasser, Leon Czolgosz's name is Czolgowski, and his parents are Russian Poles. He is said to have confessed to a widespread anarchist plot.


## *A WORTHY SUCCESSOR.*

*"Something New Under the Sun."*

All Doctors have tried to cure CATARRH by the use of powders, acid gases inhalers and drugs in paste form. The powders dry up the mucuous membranes causing them to crack open and bleed. The powerful acids used in the inhalers have entirely eaten away the same membranes that their makers have aimed to cure, while pastes and ointments cannot reach the disease. An old and experienced practitioner who has for many years made a close study and specialty of the treatment of CATARRH, has at last perfected a Treatment which when faithfully used, not only relieves at once, but permanently cures CATARRH, by removing the cause, stopping the discharges, and curing all inflammation. It is the only remedy known to science that actually reaches the afflicted parts. This wonderful remedy is known as "SNUFFLES the GUARANTEED CATARRH CURE" and is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, each package containing internal and external medicine sufficient for a full month's treatment and everything necessary to its perfect use.

"SNUFFLES" is the only perfect CATARRH CURE ever made and is now recognized as the only safe and positive cure for that annoying and disgusting disease. It cures all inflammation quickly and permanently and is also wonderfully quick to relieve HAY FEVER or COLD in the HEAD.

CATARRH when neglected often leads to CONSUMPTION—"SNUFFLES" will save you if you use it at once. It is no ordinary remedy, but a complete treatment which is positively guaranteed to Cure CATARRH in any form or stage if used according to the directions which accompany each package. Don't delay but send for it at once and write full particulars as to your condition, and you will receive special advice from the discoverer of this wonderful remedy regarding your case without cost to you beyond the regular price of "SNUFFLES" the GUARANTEED CATARRH CURE."

Sent prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. E 594, EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 2330 and 2332 Market Street, Philadelphia.


For Sale—Five-room house and barn four lots covered with choice fruit trees Price, reasonable. Apply at this office.