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The Homeliest Man in Oregon City.

As well as the handsome, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is guaranteed to cure and relieve all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Price 25c and 50c.

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Everywhere for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the Hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the rear of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brinkful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low price. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address: P. F. Barber, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

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A Beautiful Complexion is an impossibility without good pure blood, the sort that only exists in connection with good digestion, a healthy liver and bowels. Karl's Clover Root Tea acts directly on the bowels, liver and kidneys keeping them in perfect health. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. C. G. Huntley, Druggist.

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A well painted house is like a neatly dressed person—always attractive and pleasant to look upon.

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Can be repainted and freshened up at a very reasonable price—paints are very cheap now. Don't leave it until the sun makes any more marks and cracks in it.

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The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. \$1.00 per box by mail; 6 boxes for \$5.00. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Prop's, Cleveland, Ohio. For sale by C. G. Huntley

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Opp. Huntley's Drug Store,
 FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN
 Great Britain and America.

IN A FIRE AT NIGHT.

A DRUMMER'S EXPERIENCE IN A BLAZING HOTEL.

What He Had Planned to Do in Just Such a Contingency and What He Really Did When the Opportunity Offered itself.

"It's queer—not to say a source of chagrin—the difference between our intentions and our performance, isn't it?" said a commercial traveler at one of the hotels the other night. "I was in the Hotel Baldwin fire in San Francisco and lost everything I had along with me, including a thousand and odd dollars' worth of jewelry and all of my sample cases but one, and I was glad to get out with my life at that. It was the first hotel fire in which I had figured. I had often mentally calculated upon what I should do in case a hotel in which I was a guest should begin to conflagrate. I was going to be the coolest headed man within a radius of many miles. If the fire should break out in the middle of the night while I was in bed, I intended to get up very coolly upon being awakened, deliberately slip on enough clothing to keep me out of the hands of the police upon making my appearance, get my money and then pick up my most valuable sample case and the valise in which I had packed articles of clothing in current use and walk out, leaving the rest of my gear to take its chance upon the fire being quenched. On my way through the corridors, in case I met up with any beautiful, supplicating maidens or any aged, incapable women, I had it all pictured how I would drop my two grips and take them down the scolding staircase, one on each arm, presenting a heroic and inspiring spectacle as I emerged from the cauldron of flame.

"Well, what happened? Luckily for me, I had a third story front room in the Baldwin. The fire broke out in the basement along toward 3 o'clock in the morning. I snored luxuriously until about a dozen engines were throwing streams on the lower portion of the structure. When I was in the middle of a dream that I was standing in front of a lot of big stores on a great business thoroughfare, throwing croquet balls through huge plate glass windows—it was the smashing glass down below that got me into that strain of dreaming—I woke up. The glare in my room was something luminous. Did I slowly stretch, say to myself, 'Here's that long waited for fire, and it's up to me to be the man of the hour and the real thing?'

"Not much did I! I just hopped up like a man who finds a family of centipedes in his bed. I grabbed a pair of rubbers that were lying alongside my bed and put them on the wrong feet giving all the time during the performance a realistic exhibition of a man undergoing a swamp chill. Then I snatched a mackintosh that I had thrown over my trunk on coming in the night before and folded it after considerable difficulty, owing to my chill tremblings over my pyjamas. Then I reached for a hat, and of course it was about my luck to get the worst hat I owned out of half a dozen scattered over the room. Then I made for the door. I want you to understand that I made for the door in a hurry too.

"On my way to the door I stumbled over one of my sample cases and kicked it over in front of the door. I had to pick it up in order to open the door, and so I hung on to it and took it along with me. I afterward found it to be the least consequential sample case I had, one that I could very easily have dispensed with compared with those that I lost. Jewelry? Money? Duds? I wasn't thinking any more of them when I frantically unlocked and unbarred that door of mine than I was of taking a balloon before breakfast in the morning and starting for the north pole. I just wanted to get out, that's all. The halls were filled with smoke, I found, but after ten years of stopping annually at the Baldwin, generally in the same room, I knew the stairways and the route down to the lobby pretty well, and I just put my free hand over my mouth and nose and made the rush.

"D'ye suppose that if I had met 40 of the most beautiful maidens on the globe—supplicating, imploring maidens—standing there confused in that third floor hallway I'd have picked 'em up one in each arm and, permitting them to gently nestle up against my mackintosh, have carried them triumphantly down the stairs and out into the street and under the broad arch of heaven and all that? No, I wouldn't have. It's grievous and grewsome to have to confess it, but I'd just have yelled at them to follow my route and then have kept on getting over territory myself. I fell down the first flight of stairs, from top to bottom, then picked myself up with the one idea of getting out, scurried to the head of the second flight of stairs and fell down those. I lit on the flagging of the lobby, and in two more seconds I was in the street. When, a few minutes later, I reflected upon my loss and the general hamlike character of my conduct, did I want to go back and get my things and do the whole thing over again right and in accordance with my preconceived intentions in case of a hotel fire? Nope. I was content to stand there in the street and figure how I'd perform the next time I got similarly caught."—Washington Star

An Undertaking.

"Isabel, does your husband get angry when he tells you to wake him early and you don't do it?"

"No, dear. He knows that I know he doesn't mean it."—Chicago Record.

Action repeated becomes habit. Habit long continued becomes second nature. We are today what we were accustomed to do yesterday and the day before.—Lyman Abbott

There are in the German empire about 490,000 persons belonging to other countries.

A BROKEN PANE OF GLASS.

One That Once Cost Citizen George Francis Train \$50,000.

A broken window pane once cost George Francis Train more than \$50,000. "It was this way. Citizen Train, "with the brains of 20 men in his head, all pulling different ways," went to Omaha in the spring of 1864. At that time he was the most talked of man in America. He had not a thing but money. He bought 5,000 city lots, and altogether spent several hundred thousand dollars. He boarded at the Herndon House, the best hotel in sight. The quixotic Train was regular in only one thing—his habits. He always occupied the same seat at the table. One morning a pane of glass was broken out of a window directly behind his chair. He protested and was advised to change his seat. He would not. Instead he paid a servant 10 cents a minute to stand between him and the draft. After breakfast he expostulated with the landlord, but received no satisfaction.

"Never mind," said Train. "In 60 days I will build a hotel that will ruin your business."

And he did. The contract was let that day. Scores of men were put to work. The site selected was Ninth and Harney streets, near the Missouri river. Citizen Train went to New York and engaged Colonel Cozzens, a noted caterer of that city, as manager for his hotel. The building alone cost \$40,000. The furnishings cost \$20,000 more. In the basement was a gas plant—the only one west of St. Louis. The work was done on time, and, true to his word, 60 days after he threatened the manager of the Herndon House George Francis Train, citizen of the earth, opened his hotel, which he called the Cozzens House. The grand opening ball was attended by the governor of Nebraska and his staff, the mayor of Omaha and many notables from other states. The house was a blaze of glory and a scene of almost oriental magnificence. Just when the big reception was well on there was a sudden flash, a strange noise, and then—total darkness! The gas plant had collapsed.

The Cozzens House did a flourishing business for a year or two and the Herndon House was badly crippled. Finally Train fell out with his manager and the place was closed.

After the business part of Omaha moved back from the river the Herndon House declined and finally relapsed into a state of innocuous desuetude. A few years later it became the property of the Union Pacific railroad and is still used as the headquarters of that company in Omaha.

Dr. H. H. Hibbard, a St. Louis dentist, was the first clerk of the Cozzens House.

A JACK OF ALL TRADES.

The Versatility of a Frenchman of the Eighteenth Century.

In times long gone by active men combined many vocations. The barber in those days was also the dentist and often performed other duties. A sign discovered in southern France recently shows how versatile it was possible for a man to become. The sign dates back to the last century and reads:

Isaac Macaire, barber, wigmaker, healer, serrurier, schoolteacher, blacksmith and obstetrician, shaving, 1 sou; hair cutting, 2 sou; powdering and pomading very cheap for pretty, well bred young women; lumps lighted by the year or quarter; teaches the human tongue in the best methods; instructs in singing and shoes horses with a master hand, makes and repairs boots and shoes; teaches the young to play the lute and jews-harp; cuts out corns and applies blisters, plasters or cups at lowest prices; supplies purging medicine at 1 sou; visits houses to teach the children and other dances; sells sachet powders of all kinds at wholesale and retail; also all kinds of stationery, shoe polish, salted herrings, spiced bread, bristle brushes, mousetraps of wire and other material, heart strengthening roots, potatoes, sausages and other kinds of vegetables.

One would naturally think that all those talents and occupations would be enough for one man. But not so in the case of M. Macaire. A postscript on the sign reads:

I teach geography and foreign commerce every Wednesday and Friday. With God's help I am.

ISAAC MACAIRE.

Effect and Cause.

The rattling of the musketry increased.

The pirate chief leaped to the mizzen halyards.

He waved his broken sword.

"Scuttle the ship!" he shrieked.

There was a moment's agonized silence.

Then a quivering voice arose above the guns.

"Master," it screamed, "somebody has stolen the scuttle!"

At this the rattling broke forth afresh and the man awoke.

His wife was shaking down the kitchen range.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Magic Whirlpool.

Fill a glass tumbler with water, throw upon its surface a few fragments of thin shavings of camphor, and they will instantly begin to move and acquire a motion both progressive and rotary, which will continue for a considerable time. If the water be touched by any greasy substance, the floating particles will dart back and, as if by a stroke of magic, be instantly deprived of their motion and vivacity.

One of a Large Class.

Novice—Say, friend, can you tell me whether Slinger, the puglist, is a heavyweight or a lightweight?

Old Sport—Neither. He's a paperweight.

Novice—Paperweight?

Old Sport—Yes; does all his scrapping in the papers.—Philadelphia Record.

How Pigs Are Fed.

Old Farmer—That's a fine lot of pigs over there. What do you feed them?

Amateur—Why, corn, of course.

Old Farmer—In the ear?

Amateur—Certainly not, in the mouth.—Chicago News.

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Doors, Windows, Glass, Moulding
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