

**Spontaneous Homage to an Artist.**

A pretty scene took place on Tuesday at the art exhibition of Buda-Pesth. A competition had been opened for a monument to the Hungarians who fought for freedom in 1848, and nine models are at present being exhibited pending the decision of the jury. Tuesday a fashionable crowd was discussing the merits of the works, when a pretty young lady, following a sudden impulse, took a little bunch of violets from her dress and laid it on the pedestal of one of the models. All the women present crowded round, applauding her choice, and each in turn laid the flower she was wearing on the plastron model, which is the work of a young sculptor named Joseph Komar. Whether he gains the prize or not he has certainly been distinguished in a very delicate fashion.—Cor. London News.

**Miss Parker, Architect.**

Miss Minerva Parker, the architect of the Woman's Century club building, in Philadelphia, and the Isabella pavilion of the World's fair, is a slight, willowy young woman with a Madonna face, from which the dark hair is combed back smoothly, and beautiful dark eyes. Nothing in dress or demeanor would indicate that she was an unusual woman or knew so much more about Doric arches and Corinthian columns than about fancy work and cake recipes.—Exchange.

**A New Lighthouse Burner.**

There was recently exhibited in Dublin a new burner for lighthouse use, possessing twice the illuminating power of the largest burners now employed. It is calculated that this new burner, in connection with a specially devised system of lenses, will transmit a light equal to about 8,000,000 candles, which far exceeds the most powerful light at present used.—New York Times.

**In recent Russian trials to test the adaptability of snow brestworks against an enemy's fire,**

it was found that a thickness of six feet was a perfect protection against bullets fired at 300 paces. Packing the snow and pouring water over it to make a crust of ice was found to keep bullets out when the thickness was only three feet and one-half.

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**"German Syrup"**

We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

Dr. J. WILLIAMS, of Mrs. JAS. W. KIRK, Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when they are troubled with Croup and never saw any improvement like with my little daughter. It is simply invaluable. Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs.

SCOTT'S EMULSION Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda. There are emulsions and emulsions, and there is still much to be learned as to how they should be made. Scott's Emulsion of PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL, combined with hypophosphites is almost as palatable as milk. For this reason as well as for the fact of its stimulating qualities it is frequently prescribed to those who are suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, AND GENIUM COUGH OR REFERENCE COULD. All Druggists sell it, but be sure you get the genuine, as there are poor imitations.

**THE COWBOYS LAST RIDE****AN INCIDENT OF LIFE IN THE WILD DAYS OF THE GREAT WEST.****Jeff Dason Saved the Horses—Dashing Bare Back and Almost Naked Through the Banks of Murderous Apaches and Bringing His Herd Safe to the Ranch.**

If in those days any of the boys had been asked to pick out the coolest and bravest member of our wild, woolly gang, almost any one would have selected before Jeff Dason. Gentle, smooth voiced, freckle faced and red headed, our horse wrangler was chiefly remarkable for his love of the caballada (horse herd) over which he had charge. Every morning sunrise saw Jeff swing to his saddle and drive the band to Cajon canyon, and sunset saw them rolling the dust back to the big corrals. It was only five miles to Cajon, but the Apaches had raided the ranch itself, and Jeff's position was no sinecure. So it was that one glorious August morning, just as the sun came blinking lazily over the great eastern plains, Jeff and his band started for the grazing ground.

In among the mesquites a few dauntless songsters were protesting against another day of Arizona sun, and the earth was trying to smile in spite of the fact that another fourteen hours of stifling, gasping heat was at hand. Across the broad, white, alkali flat swung the pungent dust, and finally rounded the canyon point, out of sight. It was cool in Cajon, for the cedar-crowned rock walls were untouched by the sun kiss yet, and the fragrant breath of a restful night still lingered lovingly over the green grass carpet and along the red rock walls. The forenoon passed like other forenoons with Jeff, the horses drank, grazed or lay down, while their watcher played nunchakety, or gambled with four pebbles against an imaginary opponent for fabulous sums, or dozed with his hand on his horse's picket rope. About 2 o'clock Jeff discovered some pines trees on top of the canyon walls, and tying old "Bonapart" to a mesquite, proceeded to investigate the condition of the nuts. It was a hard climb, but after he had reached the top and found the pines would be sticky for a month to come, he lay down to gaze on the long, level stretch of plain below.

**APACHES ON THE TRAIL.**

Perhaps he lay thus fifteen or twenty minutes, when he saw something that brought him to his feet, wide awake. Off to the southwest, about two miles away from the mouth of Cajon, came five mounted Apaches, riding slowly toward him. With beating heart Jeff watched them until the point hid them from view, saw them come in sight again at the broad mouth of the canyon, watched them as they stopped and examined their horses' tracks, and noted two dismount and start up the rocky point of foot and the others start across to take station at the mouth and turn the horses when they came down away from the ranch. Then he started down the bluff, slipping, sliding, jumping and clinging, until he reached the meadow below, bruised and panting, but resolute. To escape without his ponies was not to be thought of. The Apaches stationed below will finish the stampede that the two creeping up will attempt. But they shouldn't have his beauties, his pets, every one of whom seemed doubly dear just then.

Had he not broken many of them, and did he not know the faults and virtues of every woolly scamp among them, and was there one in the lot that should be ridden, beaten, starved or saddle galled by those red devils? Not! Better death twice over than that he be thus abused. With quivering lip and sobbing breath he draws old "Bony" close to the wall and with trembling hand loosens the cinchas, throws the saddle into a rift of the canyon wall, and stripping off all clothing save drawers, shirt and stockings, hurries them to the saddle. Slipping the bridle on "Bony" and throwing a double blanket over his sharp back, he slides six or eight cartridges from his belt, catches up the revolver and stands waiting. Presently Broncho Duke raises his head from the grass and sniffs the air suspiciously, then with a wild snort and a nervous stamp of his forefeet he is off down the canyon with the band close following.

**THE RACE FOR THE RANCH.**

Right behind them are Jeff and Bony, part, the old war horse, with nose high in the air, chafing under the close rein. Has he not won many a close race, and why should his young rider stop and ride with only a blanket unfast to mean to show these young upstart colts that old Bony was chief still. So they race down the canyon, splashing through the seepage pools, rattling over the pebbly drifts, swishing through the sage and mesquite bottoms, and whirl from the canyon's mouth like bounding bowlders. A startling yell from the waiting Apaches, and Jeff tightens his grip and digs his bare heels in Bony's flanks as the watchers sweep out toward the band. The horses snort and shy, but the old racer is stretching his long legs on the opposite side and Jeff's pistol is hurling a stream of fire that holds them steady. They race thus perhaps seventy-five yards, but old Bony crowds them so close that, bewildering and confused, they break and sweep between the howling, astonished Indians and take a bee line for the ranch.

As the victorious horse and rider whirl past they receive a flight of arrows, Jeff stopping two and the horse catching one, which he notices by a squeal and a kick as he thunders on after his mates. How old Bony did enjoy that race with free rein and the long, level plains before them! How he showed those conceited young horses how horses ran in his day! From one side of the band to the other he "weaved," with ears laid flat and eyes fairly bulging in his excitement. As to those Apaches ever overtaking them, he snorted at the idea.

So they raced, and the sorely wounded rider, sick unto death, gamely clung to his back, though thigh and loin were crying out with their burden of an arrow each and the fresh was on his purpling lips. Yet a little further and they would be safe at the ranch. Yet a little—and here is the corral gate, the boys pouring out of the cabin, old Bony with a sharp pull, his strength forsakes him and the horse ruster of Cross L ranch has passed the divide across the range, while the shell he tenants so well, and that we called him, falls like a sack of wheat into our eager, outstretched arms.—Denver (Colo.) Cor. Philadelphia Press.

**What Happens if You Take Arsenic.**

When a single dose of arsenic in sufficient quantity to be felt has been taken, colicky pains, bowel disorder and perhaps nausea result. In the course of an hour after a poisonous dose has been taken an intense burning pain is felt in the oesophagus and stomach. This spreads to the entire anterior portion of the lower part of the trunk. A sense of constriction at the throat and an acrid, metallic taste accompany the pain. Then vomiting and relaxation of the bowels begin. As the case progresses the symptoms increase in intensity. Then comes a thirst that water will not allay, although it apparently increases the stomach disturbance. The victim groans and writhes.

Now he implores the doctor to save him. Then he begs to be killed and put out of pain. The extremities become icy. The pulse is small, feeble and frequent, and the breathing is labored, embarrassed and painful because of abdominal tenderness. The surface of the body becomes dark and that of bluish color that medical men call cyanosed. Violent cramps add to their torture, exhaustion becomes collapse, convulsions or coma ensue, and death ends the agony. This torture lasts sometimes from five to twenty hours.

In some cases these symptoms occur, but in a modified form, and the doctor will apparently get the better of the disease. The remission will be but for a day or two. Then the abdomen will swell and icy coldness will pervade the frame. Shivering will become pronounced trembling. Then cramps, convulsions and death.—Kansas City Star.

**The Toad and the Spider.**

A story copied into The Sun reminds me of a still more striking instance of the toad's indomitable pluck than anything I have ever seen in print, which was observed in my boyhood at the door of a farm house in Fairfax county, Va. The doorsteps were cut from the trunk of a large tree, and a large spider had spun a strong web in a cozy corner near the ground, between the rounding curve of the block and the side of the log house. The grass had been worn from a space four or five feet wide about the entrance to the dwelling, leaving exposed a patch of hard, reddish soil. There were locust trees around the house, and bunches of plantain leaves grew rankly in the thin grass of the lawn.

It was late on a drowsy summer afternoon. The spider was basking in the sun waiting for flies, when a valorous young toad appeared on the scene, hopping directly toward the spider's citadel. As the enemy appeared in sight the spider seemed to swell in size and put on his war paint, for, whereas he was dull in color before, he now became all aglow with brilliant hues. The toad advanced boldly to the investment of the castle, halting for a second or two below, and leisurely surveying the field. When these observations had been taken, he leaped up half a dozen times in quick succession at the enemy, and then rapidly retreated to the nearest tuft of plantain leaves, from which he nipped two or three pieces and swallowed them. Returning to the attack, the same series of operations were repeated many times, until the spider had spent all his venom, it is supposed, and the web was broken down and the brave defender was dead.

It was nearly dark before the combat closed. Nothing could exceed the courage of the defense unless it was the persistence of the attack. I would not venture to guess how many times the toad got a dose of virus from the spider, and can account for his resort to the plantain leaves only on the supposition that the courageous little warrior there found a sufficient antidote for the spider's poison. But throughout the whole of the lengthy contest it was the gamest assault on an entrenched enemy I ever witnessed. Besides this it afforded an example of pertinacity on the part of the despised toad which fully parallels the heroic quality of the spider, made familiar to us in youth by the story of the Bruce encouraged to renewed effort by the example of one of these little insects.—Baltimore Sun.

**Seville's Cigarette Girls.**

One of the sights of Seville which no tourist misses is the cigar factory, in which the government employs about 5,000 women and girls. The showing about of visitors is accordingly looked upon as a regular source of income by the porter and the matrons. After getting permission to enter, you are placed in charge of a matron, who shows you through her own department and then passes you to another, and so on, until your stock of peetas and half peetas put aside for fees is exhausted. These matrons accompany the visitors, not in order to prevent the girls from flirting with them (nothing could do that), but to see that no tobacco or bundles of cigarettes may disappear.

Before entering each room a bell is rung to warn the girls, who are in great deshabille on account of the heat, to put on their wrappers, and as the door opens scores of round arms and pretty shoulders are seen disappearing, while several hundred pairs of coal black eyes are fastened on you. The passages are lined with cradles, and the poor young girl mothers to whom they belong implore us with eyes and hands for a penny for the Murillos of the future lying in them. These girls are more frank than subtle in their flirtations. There is not one in the crowd who will not be immediately conscious of a man's gaze fixed upon her, nor will she be the first to turn her eyes away. Some will wink, and even throw a kiss from a distant corner at the rich English (all foreigners are supposed to be wealthy Englishmen).

They are a merry lot, on the whole, these poor girls, the cleverest of whom make only two pesetas, or forty cents a day, for which they have to toil twelve or fourteen hours in a tobacco reeking atmosphere. Not that they object to the tobacco at all. They are allowed to smoke if they wish, and make use of this privilege. They are remarkably deft at rolling the cigarettes, but not all seem eager to make as many as possible; for some are idling, and others are asleep; but no one cares, as each is paid according to the number she rolls.—Henry T. Finck in Scribner.

**AMMONIA AND SUICIDES.****One of the Most Certain Agents for Causing Death by Slow Poisoning.**

Of the number of those seeking suicide by swallowing arsenic formulae set free by grinding arsenic in a mortar and take it themselves by means of ammonia. Nevertheless, ammonia, although it is the active agent in most of the salts sold to women for their gilt decorated and perfumed scent bottles, is poisonous when taken internally in a concentrated form. To attest this there have been recently in New York several cases, the most recent being that of Herman Harowitz, of which Deputy Coroner Jenkins said that death took place in a comparatively short time after the ammonia was taken. In another case, that of a child, Dr. Jenkins said death resulted in five minutes after swallowing the ammonia solution. There are on record also cases of slow poisoning from ammonia administered with intent to commit murder. Furthermore, the appearance of workmen in guano factories, who ammonia is set free by grinding guano, has been noted, and in every case there is an unmistakable system of poisoning. This is discoloration of the skin of the face, which assumes a blotched, dirty appearance. First to take on this appearance is the skin of the nose and forehead. Autopsies of those who die from ammonia poisoning reveal a dark hue on the mucous membrane lining the stomach and intestines.

As an agent for causing death by slow poisoning, ammonia is one of the most certain and most difficult of detection, owing to its volatile nature. This quality has led physicians to believe that some of the mysterious deaths that have taken place in the history of modern and medieval crime are due to ammonia. It is known now that months have elapsed between the first symptoms of sickness and the death of a person from ammonia poisoning. On the other hand, death has resulted in four minutes from the time a large draught of ammonia has been swallowed. It has been found in cases of gradual absorption of ammonia in the human system that there is a general elimination of healthy oxidation of the blood and a consequent lowering of the bodily strength. In the cases of immediate poisoning, death comes with frightful agony, as in the case of Harowitz. Blood gushed from his nose and mouth.

Statistics in England put ammonia thirteenth in frequency in the list of poisons. Alexander Winter Blyth, medical officer of health in the St. Marybone district, London, cites thirty cases of poisoning by ammonia swallowed for the purpose of committing suicide, or administered with the purpose of committing murder, or absorbed unconsciously in food. Of twenty accidental cases twelve were fatal. Of cases of murder with ammonia, Dr. Blyth notes two, both of them children.—New York Sun.

**Floating Prairies of Louisiana.**

A curious phenomenon is to be witnessed at the Ames crevasse, and, indeed, is one of the causes of the great damage it has done. Under any circumstances the water from this crevasse would overflow the rich country lying between it and the Gulf of Mexico, causing damage to the amount of several million dollars. But to the surprise of many, not content with running down stream and overflowing the country below, it has taken to running apparently up stream. Some curiosity was felt over this phenomenon, and the case on examination shows it to be due to the prairies, which are the floating or trembling prairies of southern Louisiana. All along the Gulf coast the large border of land floats on the surface of the water. The lands are made by fallen timber and grasses. It gradually accumulates dirt and becomes in the course of time sufficiently firm to support brushes and even trees, but the soil is only three inches or little less thick, and below it is the water, upon which it floats on account of its lightness. Occasionally pieces of trembling prairie are detached and become floating islands.

There are quite a number of these in Salvador, these lands, floating from side to side, being frequently carried at a rapid rate by the breeze, trees acting as sails to catch the wind. The current from the Ames crevasse has carried these floating islands down stream and torn a number of others from the trembling prairies.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Mr. Tilden's Disputed Will.**

Two judges have decided in favor of the Tilden will and two judges have declared against it. The case will soon be argued before the New York court of appeals, which will finally decide whether New York is to have the \$5,000,000 library or whether Tilden's great bequest is to be absorbed by his nephews. No man doubts that it was Mr. Tilden's purpose and intention to found a great public library with his money. He carefully executed a trust for that purpose, and died in the belief that the bequest was so well guarded that his heirs could not have it set aside by any quibble of the law. And yet a purpose so plain and unmistakable has been declared invalid by two judges, who interpret a law which is described as "the perfection of common sense."

It is this extremely technical interpretation of the law's provisions on the part of lay judges that justifies the presence of lay judges on the bench of New Jersey. Among the lay judges there would not be two opinions regarding the intentions of Mr. Tilden in the testament he executed eight years in the past. They would unanimously decide in favor of the will. And so, in fact, would our lay judges, who have on some notable occasions demonstrated that with them law is, indeed, the perfection of common sense.—Newark Journal.

**Those Ill Natured People.**

Clara (haughtily)—I went to the theater every night last week and had a different escort each time. Rival Belle (indictively)—You should be more cautious, my dear. "Cautious!" "Yes, my dear. Ill natured people all over town are saying you can't get the same man to go with you twice."—New York Weekly.

**Proud of His Trade.**

"Henry," she whispered, "is the gas business, such as yours, a real nice one?" "Nice!" he declared. "Come down to the factory some time and I'll show you the most stuck up lot of men you ever saw;—the Four Hundred are no where."—Harpur's Bazar.

**A Sensation Defied.**

Mabel described graphically her sensation on striking her elbow on the bed carving. "Oh," she sighed, "mamam, I've struck my arm just where it makes stars in my fingers."—Journal of Education.

**County Litigation.**

A case involving seventy-five cents claimed by a man in Toledo to be due him from another Toledoan for cow feed has just been appealed from a justice's court in that city to the Lucas common pleas. The plaintiff says he will spend his last dollar to collect the money by process of law, and the defendant says he will sacrifice every cent he has in the fight to resist payment. The result will probably be that the litigants will spend several hundreds, perhaps thousands, of their own money and involve the county in the expenditure of a large sum, all to gratify their personal ill feeling. There ought to be a provision of law covering such petty cases, making the decisions of justices final. It is an outrage on the taxpayers to permit the appeal of such insignificant cases to a higher court, where valuable time is consumed by them that should be devoted to more important matters, and the county is involved in a great expense simply to gratify the personal spite of obstinate litigants.—Sandusky Register.

**A Practical View.**

Miss Amy Tooro—I had no idea, Mr. Slymytt, that you were so fond of the piano.

Slymytt—As a musical instrument it is a boah. But as a means of flirtation and of the isolation of two—young people, it is—ah—the most remarkable—quadruped in the world.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

**Fifty-nine Years in One House.**

Henry W. Miller has completed the fifty-ninth year of continuous residence in the house at the corner of Pearl and Chestnut streets. He moved into this house the first Tuesday in May, 1833, the locality at the time being given up to farms. The first coal burning furnace ever used in Massachusetts was in service at his house during the winter of 1831-2—Worcester Spy.

**THE WESTERN SETTLER'S CHOSEN SPECIFIC.**

With every advance of civilization to the far west a new demand is created for foodstuffs and condiments. Newly peopled regions are frequently less salubrious than older settled localities on account of the miasma which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. The agricultural or mining emigrant soon learns, when he does not already know, that the bitter affords the only safe protection against malaria and those disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels which climate changes, exposure and unaccustomed or unhealthy water diet subject him. Consequently he places an estimate upon the great household specific and preservative commensurate with its intrinsic merit, and is careful to keep on hand a restorative and promoter of health, so implicitly to be relied upon in time of need.

A boy's quickest, surest means of becoming an angel is afforded by the cigarette.

**BRONCHITIS.—FOR HOARSENESS AND SORE THROAT "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROUCHES" ARE A SPECIFIC.**

Sober second thoughts are generally preceded by belatedness.

**ALL REFORMERS**

In Art, Religion or Science Since the World Began

Have at some time been called bigots, fanatics, renegades. And a people have stoned a prophet to whose memory the next generation has raised a monument for the greatness of his deeds.

**SPHONISM, WASH., Aug. 13, 1901.**

Dr. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—DEAR DOCTOR: Will you be willing to write to me a surprise to find myself so greatly improved by the medicines. If I should say one hundred I could not give your medicines too great praise. My health was gone. I felt that medicines could do me no good. I was hopeless of ever recovering. I thought too late to try your medicines, but with death staring me in the face I determined to do so. I am pleased that I did it, for at this date I have received tenfold the price of the medicines. If I should say one hundred fold, it would not be overvaluing the difference in my health. I feel like another man. Yours respectfully, JAMES H. HYSON.

**EAST SOUND, WASH., Aug. 13, 1901.**

Dr. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—DEAR SIR: It has been some time since I have written to you, but I have been getting along so well that I did not think it necessary. I have stopped taking the treatment now, and believe I am entirely well. Your medicines have done what you told us they would do—they have made a new woman of me. I now feel like myself again after suffering for eight years with catarrh of the head and bronchitis, and that very painful, after-uraigla of the stomach. I took three months' medicine. Both my husband and myself feel as though we cannot be thankful enough to you for what you have done for me. I hope that every one who is suffering as I was will hear of Dr. Jordan and his most valuable medicines. Yours most respectfully, Mrs. C. ARMSTRONG.

Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of Major Yester, Third and James streets, Seattle, Wash.

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