

NO TIME SHOULD BE LOST

By those troubled with constipation in seeking relief from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The disease is easily relieved in its earlier stages, and as it is utterly subversive of the general health, postponement of the remedy is untold harm. Some hold good of delay in cases of indigestion, kidney complaints, nervousness, rheumatism, and ailments of the bowels. Bitters is particularly adapted.

The chert crop is getting to be valuable in Nevada.

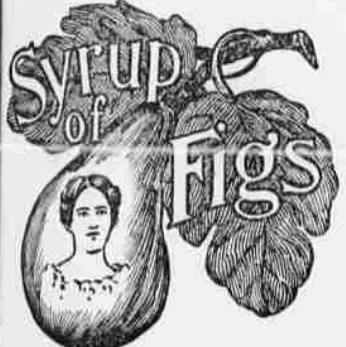
DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a humming sound or tinnitus in the ear, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be removed, and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; whereas out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give one Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that can be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

One of the Advantages.....

of city life is the bargains of the big city stores.

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EXTENDS these opportunities for economy to out-of-town people. For example, we offer

Children's Natural Grey Wool Underwear.....

As here pictured, fine grade goods, in right Oregon weight,



FOR 15¢ a garment in.....1 to 4 year sizes
FOR 25¢ a garment in.....5 to 8 year sizes
FOR 35¢ a garment in.....9 to 16 year sizes

A bargain never matched in Portland's history. On these we will pay the postage or express, and with each order will send our new Fall Shopping Guide Free.

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HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL!

MME. A. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH.



MME. A. RUPPERT says: "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of the ladies of the United States that would like to try my World Renowned FACE BLEACH; but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is \$2 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together \$5. In order that all of these may have an opportunity, I will mail free a sample bottle, safely packed, plain wrapper, on receipt of 25 cents. FRECKLES, pimples, moth, sallowness, black heads, acne, eczema, oiliness or roughness, or any discoloration or disease of the skin, and wrinkles (not caused by facial expression), FACE BLEACH removes absolutely. It does not cover up, as cosmetics do, but it is a cure.

Send for my book "How to be Beautiful" free on application. Address all communications or call on

MME. A. RUPPERT.

Room 6, Golden Rule Building, Portland, Or.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

PORTLAND LETTER.

Narrow Escape of Mrs. Dickenson From Being Buried Alive.

Special Correspondence.
Portland, Or., Nov. 2.—In my letter last week, in reference to the clubs of Portland, whilst I, by no means, meant to give a complete club directory, in mentioning the more prominent, as I did, it was accidental on my part that I neglected to speak of the road club, or, more properly speaking, the Good Roads Club.

If I be not mistaken, that club has the largest list of members of any club here. The club occupies the mansion of the late Banker Dekum. The house, on a quarter block, has been remodeled, and a bowling alley has been built apart. The rest of the whole block is a beautiful garden, where lawn parties are given in mild and clear weather, bunting six feet high being stretched about the garden to keep those from seeing who have not paid to get in.

The object of the club is to encourage good roads, but its pursuit seems rather to be sociability. The club has aroused some interest in good roads, but I fear that this has been somewhat ameliorated by a recent city ordinance permitting bicycles on the sidewalks, provided the riders dismount within thirty feet of any pedestrian approaching—which the riders do not do with a zealous fidelity to their own elegant comfort that is worthy of a better cause.

You'll find the advertisement of Olds & King on this page quite interesting this week. As I told you in another letter, I know Olds very well, and any thing he says in an advertisement is quite as good as the best man's word. The house says it will offer some unusual bargains, so as to draw the attention of your readers, and start up business communication. Their catalogue may be had free for asking on a postal. Be sure of the number, 302 Washington street, and watch for the "ad" weekly from now until Christmas.

Before now, you have doubtless read of the recovery of Mrs. Dickenson, at Mount Angel, Oregon, from apparent death, October 18, as the undertaker was about to fasten the lid on the coffin preparatory to taking the corpse to the church where funeral services were to be held. The lady died Friday. The funeral was set for Sunday afternoon. The little church at Mt. Angel was filled with friends Sunday afternoon, the pall spread for the coffin, and the minister ready to officiate. After waiting over half an hour for the arrival of the funeral procession, a messenger was sent to discover the cause of the delay. Soon the information was returned that Mrs. Dickenson had returned to life, as above related. These facts I obtained from the minister myself, who is a worthy, reliable and truthful gentleman. That was truly a narrow escape from being buried alive. My present information is that there are hopes of Mrs. Dickenson's permanent recovery.

Even hard times help us some. A recent heavy failure here of J. M. Moyer & Co., bringing with it the failure of the Albany Woolen Mills, has thrown an immense stock of men's and boys' clothing on the market, made of pure Oregon wool, at exactly wholesale cost. State Senator-elect Ben Selling, as assignee, has cut prices to exact cost to raise money at once. So, if you happen to want clothing, suits, overcoats, boys' clothing, at actual wholesale cost, address Assignee, J. M. Moyer & Co., Third and Oak streets, and my word for it, Senator Selling will quote you at actual cost, for brand new goods, newest patterns and latest styles.

The rainy season has about set in, and not for years have Portlanders had a better opportunity of experiencing the benefits of the excellent new street pavements that I have recently referred to in this correspondence. Heretofore, walking in the business center of this city, during the rainy season, has been, I might say, almost perilous; certainly it was experimental, for no man could tell when he put his foot down in the sloughs between the rows of buildings, whether he would rest his sole on a stump or in the bottom of a sunken mudscow. The new streets add to comfort and give impetus to trade at the stores, which amply repays the outlay for good paving.

An interview with H. W. Scott, editor of the Oregonian, and with Sylvester Penoyer, mayor of Portland, may appear in my next letter, after the election, if the interviews can be had. Ah! if both of them would only speak their inmost minds on the result of the election, it would prove interesting if not instructive reading. EZEKIEL.

Two Shooting Affrays.

Cincinnati, Nov. 2.—There were two shooting affrays last night. In the first one a drunken Swede was ejected from the Salvation Army barracks, whereupon he shot James Murray, but not dangerously, and then shot a little girl in the wrist. He also fired at his pursuers before he was arrested. The other shooting was at Sherman's distillery, in the western part of the city. The participants were two government storekeepers on duty at the distillery, A. E. McKenzie and Bernard Langemeyer. McKenzie shot Langemeyer in the bowels and groin. Langemeyer died at the hospital. McKenzie came to the police station and surrendered.

LAUGHTER A GREAT TONIC.

Keeps the Spirits Buoyant, the Heart and Face Young.

"I presume if we laughed more we should all be happier and healthier," writes Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. "True, we are a busy and a very practical people. And most of us probably find more in this life to bring the frown than the smile. But, nevertheless, it is a pity that we do not laugh more; that we do not bring ourselves to the laugh, if need be. For we all agree that a good laugh is the best medicine in the world. Physicians have said that no other feeling works so much good to the entire human body as that of merriment. As a digestive, it is unexcelled; as a means of expanding the lungs, there is nothing better. It keeps the heart and face young. It is the best of all tonics to the spirits. It is, too, the most enjoyable of all sensations. A good laugh makes us better friends with ourselves and everybody around us, and puts us into closer touch with what is best and brightest in our lot in life. It is to be regretted, then, that such a potent agency for our personal good is not more often used. It costs nothing. All other medicines are more or less expensive. 'Why,' said an old doctor not long ago, 'if people fully realized what it meant to themselves to laugh, and laughed as they should, ninety per cent. of the doctors would have to go out of business.' Probably when we get a little less busy we shall laugh more. For, after all, the difference between gloom and laughter is but a step. And if more of us simply took a step aside oftener than we do, and rested more, we would laugh more. By laughing I do not mean the silly giggle indulged in by some women and so many girls. There is no outward mark which demonstrates the woman of shallow mind so unmistakably as that of giggling. There is no sense in the giggle; no benefit to be derived from it. It makes a fool of the person herself, and renders every one about her uncomfortable. But just as the giggle is the outcome of a small mind, the hearty laugh is the reflection of a healthful nature. What we want is more good laughter in the world—not more giggles."

Story of a Dog.

In the flush days of steam-boating, before the war, the captain of a Mississippi river boat had a dog that could distinguish between the passengers if once he had heard their names. The matter was mentioned one night in the saloon, and a passenger sneered at the idea.

"Bet you five hundred dollars the dog can't do it once in three times," he said.

"Done," rejoined the captain. "Write a note to your wife and I will write one to mine. Both are in the ladies' cabin. We will give the notes to Snip at the same time, and if he fails to deliver them properly the money is yours."

The passenger wrote merely his wife's petname inside a slip of paper, which he folded and addressed. The captain's missive ran:

"Dear Wife—Send me word at once what Snip does when he comes into the cabin."

He delivered both slips to the dog, saying as he handed over the passenger's note:

"Snip, this is for Mrs. M——, who sat beside me at supper. Give it to her, then take this other note to your Miss Catherine."

Snip ran away. The men sat smoking and chatting. Very soon a waiter brought a scrap of paper to the passenger. His wife had written:

"What does it mean, your sending me a note by this little dog?"

Shortly after came this note from the captain's wife:

"Snip came in and ran about sniffing at all of us, then jumped in Mrs. M——'s lap, dropped a bit of paper there, and came to me with the other one."

The passenger offered one thousand dollars for Snip, saying luck would not go against him if he owned so wise a beast. But the captain would not part with Snip, who lived and died a river dog.

John P. Hale's Pleasantries.

In speaking of the Mexican war, Hale referred to the Western man who said he "got caught by opposing the last war, and he didn't mean to get caught again; he intended now to go for war, pestilence, and famine." Not less amusing was his reference to President Polk's backdown on the Oregon treaty, in which he said: "The President exhibited a Christian meekness in the full scriptural degree; but he didn't inherit the blessing of the meek—he didn't get the land." The Congressional records abound in such examples of Mr. Hale's pleasantries. They always embodied some truth which could thus be more impressively told than in the form of a serious argument.—Century.

She Knew.

"Do you know," said the Sunday school visitor to the little children, "what hell is like?" "Papa says," replied little Susie Brownbread, "mamma's bill for new tires is something like it."—Buffalo Express.

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DURHAM

I WANT BLACKWELL'S DURHAM AND NO OTHER. SEE?

You will find one coupon inside each two ounce bag, and two coupons inside each four ounce bag of Blackwell's Durham. Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon—which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them.

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Send for book, DR. BOWEN'S PILE REMEDY. (Single leafing, which is enclosed, is a positive cure for piles.) Price 10¢. Druggists or mail. DR. BOWEN, Phila., Pa.

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This circular is issued for the benefit of our country customers who cannot avail themselves of our daily special sales. Send us your address. You will find both goods and prices right. WILL & FINCH CO., 818-820 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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