BEECHER ON ADVERTISING DOCTORS.

San Francisco Chronicle.

* * * "I am glad that the doctor cured him; I am glad that the doctor put it into the paper that he could cure him. And if any doctor is certain he can cure such diseases and don't put it into the paper, I am sorry. What a pity it would have been had this doctor come to town with his wealth of science and experience and gone away leaving him uncured! What a pity it would have been if he had been so prejudiced against advertising as to read the responsible certificates of the doctor and gave him the go-by as a quack! What are newspapers for, if not to circulate information? What more valuable information can a newspaper give than to tell a sick man where he can be cured? If a man has devoted his life and labor to the study of a special class of diseases, the necessity of his saying so becomes all the more pressing. His duty to advertise becomes imperious. A really able man, whatever be his gifts, makes a great mistake if he fails to use those gifts through want of advertising."

The above extract from an article by the Rev. Mr. Beecher embodies a sound view of the subject of advertising. Suppose Dr. Darrin, at 265 Morrison street, this city, had come to the city and not advertised, who would know of his presence? Who would know of the following almost miraculous cure he performed in 1872, had not Mr. Dibble put it in the paper?

Mr. Editor: In 1872 my daughter was taken with the membraneous croup, and upon her recovery was left totally deaf. I called on two eminent physicians, who said they could do nothing for her. As a last resort, I took her to Dr. Darrin, who cured her; and she has never been troubled with deafness since. I consider it one of the greatest cures of electrical treatment on record, and with great satisfaction give this testimonial. I reside in Berkeley, Alameda county, Cal., and will take great pleasure in answering any inquiries concerning this most remarkable cure. Yours respectfully, WILLIAM S. DIBBLE.

The Philadelphia society girl has begun to turn her attention to cricket.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The Elmira Female College needed $100,000 to give it a fresh lease of life, and the money has been raised.

Schilling's Best
money-back tea and baking powder at
Your Grocer's

It has been estimated that a single plant of the Russian thistle six feet in diameter produces 2,000,000 seeds.

Loaded Down.
The air is loaded down with pains and aches, and some systems take them in like a sponge. St. Jacobs Oil rubbed in will take the pain away and leave a cure.

The young leaves and roots of ferns supply a considerable portion of food in the mountain districts of Japan.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY. } ss.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior parter of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public*
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The eldest unmarried daughter of Captain Sigsbee, Miss Mary Ellen Sigsbee, is doing good work as an illustrator of magazines.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousnes after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 930 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Hamburg, Germany, chemist has succeeded with the aid of oxide of aluminum in creating a heat of up to 30,000 degrees.

THEY ALL WANT

THE '99 AGENCY FOR
Rambler and IDEAL BICYCLES
$40, $30, $25, $22.50, $20.
If you want a paying agency write at once before all territory is taken.
FRED T. MERRILL CYCLE CO., PORTLAND, OR.
SPOKANE. TACOMA. SEATTLE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS
ONE FOR A DOSE. Cure Sick Headache and Dyspepsia, Remove Pimples and Purify the Blood, Aid Digestion and Prevent Billiousness. Do not Gripe or Sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 25c. DR. BOSANKO CO., Philada., Penna. Sold by Druggists.

THE TRIBUTE DAY OF LIBERTY AND ENLIGHTENMENT.

WIDOW DARBY'S VALENTINE.

THE widow Darby, fair, plump and looking far younger than her 45 years, had ridden into town with Jared Kent because her horse had lamed himself that morning, and Jared "happened to be going in," and had asked the widow to ride with him.

Jared was what some of the people of the neighborhood called a "regular born old bach." He had flouted and scorned womanhind most of the fifty years of his life, and had openly set forth his conviction that men were "better off without 'em than with 'em," particularly when it come to "marrying of 'em." He had held to this conviction so long and had proclaimed it so boldly and so constantly that all of the match-makers in the rural neighborhood in which he lived had given him up a hopeless case beyond the pale of their schemes for making a benedict of him.

Jared was not, like most avowed women haters, a crabbed, cross-grained, sneeringly cynical man, which made his celibacy all the more unpardonable in the eyes of the match-makers.

"He'd make a real good husband if he'd try," they said. "Then he has the nicest farm in the neighborhood, with one of the best houses on it and money out at interest, although he's not a bit mean and stingy. He'll do his full share always for a neighbor in distress. It isn't because he's too stingy to support her that Jared doesn't get him a wife."

It was a clear, crisp morning in February when Jared rode to the village with the widow Darby seated beside him in his neat little cutter. The sleighing was fine and the air keen and exhilarating. It gave the widow's plump cheeks a beautiful crimson glow and made her black eyes sparkle. She was in high spirits and her laugh rang out frequently as merry and rippling as the laugh of a child.

But then the widow Darby was proverbially cheery. She had suffered keenly the loss of her husband and both of her children, but time had softened her grief, and she was too wise to spend her life in gloom and grief over the loss of those who were beyond all care and sorrow.

She had a comfortable little home and a few acres of land adjoining Jared Kent's. She had known Jared all of her life, but not once had she thought of him as a possible successor to Joel Darby.

"Jared will never marry any one," she had said. "He isn't of a marrying disposition. Some men are that way. It's all they lack to make 'em what God intended they should be. My husband and I used to talk Jared over a good deal, and we did our full share to get him settled for life with a good wife. We used to invite lots of nice girls, young and elderly both, to our house and then have Jared come over to tea and to play croquet with him. He'd be nice and pleasant and all that, but he never came any ways near falling into any of the traps we set for him. We thought once that he did take a kind of a shine to a nice, sweet, real good looking girl of about 30 named Janet Deane from over Shelby way, who was visiting us. She'd of made him an awful good wife, and I sung her praises all the time, but nothing came of it."

"It's an elegant morning, isn't it?" said Jared, as he and the widow flew along over the hills and through long lanes in which the snow was drifted almost to the top rails of the fences.

"Oh, it's lovely!" replied the widow. "I like snow."

"So do I. You got much to do in town?"

"No; I'll be through with all of my errands in an hour. I can let something go if you don't want to stay in town that long."

"Oh, that'll be none too long for me. Where shall I meet you?"

"I'll be at Smith & Hanscom's dry goods store, any time you say."

"We'll call it 11 o'clock, then."

It was three minutes after 11 when Jared drove up to the appointed place of meeting. The widow had stepped into the sleigh and he was tucking the robes in around her when she said:

"There, Jared, I'm just like other women; I've forgotten something."

"What is it?"

"I forgot to go around to the postoffice. I know that there's nothing there for me, because one of the Stone boys brought my mail out last night, and there's no mail trains in until noon; but poor old Jane Carr came over just before I left and wanted me to be sure and see if there was a letter for her. Her daughter is very sick out West, and she hasn't had a letter for a week, and she's half wild. I couldn't bear to tell her I'd forgotten to go to the office."

"I'll drive 'round that way," said Jared. "It won't be three blocks out of the way."

Two or three boys stood idling in front of the postoffice and Jared said to one of them he chanced to know:

"Say, Jimmie, run into the office and see if there's any letter for Mrs. Jane Carr. You needn't ask for me, for I've been around and got my mail."

"You might look in box 184," said Mrs. Darby. "Mebbe there's a drop letter for me."

The boy came out a moment later with a very large square white envelope in one hand and a small blue envelope in the other. He grinned as he handed them to Mrs. Darby. She glanced at the blue envelope and said joyfully:

"O here's a letter for Jane, and it's from her daughter, I know by the postmark. How glad Jane will be! And here—well, I declare!"

She burst into a merry laugh as she looked at the big white, embossed envelope. The boy had told the truth when he had gone back to his comrades and said with a titter:

"She's got a valentine!"

"Who in the land ever sent me that thing?" said Mrs. Darby, holding the envelope out at arm's length. "I didn't even know it was Valentine's day. If it isn't the greatest idea that I should get a valentine!"

"I don't know why you shouldn't," said Jared.

"Oh, because I—but I guess some child sent it."

"Maybe not."

"No one else could have had so little gumption!" said the widow with another laugh. "Maybe there's one of these comic valentines inside of it—some ridiculous thing about a widow likely."

"Why don't you open it and see?"

"I will."

She burst into another laugh as she drew forth a dainty creation of lace paper, tinsel and bright colored embossed pictures.

"How perfectly ridiculous!" she said. "The idea of any one being ninny enough to send an old woman like me a thing like that!"

"You're not an old woman."

"I'm forty-five!"

"Well, I'm older than that, and I don't

AT JANE CARR'S GATE.

call myself an old man. Many a woman around here would be glad to get a valentine like that if the sender really meant it."

"Yes, and if you were the sender."

"I'm not vain enough to think that and not foolish enough to say it if I did think it."

"No, I don't think that you are, Jared. But I wonder who could have sent me this. The writing on the envelope is evidently disguised, and—O here is something inside! Let's see what it says.

" 'O wilt thou be my valentine
Forever and forever aye,
And wilt thou take this heart of mine,
And give me thine to-day?' "

There was another verse, but before she had read it, the widow Darby cried out: "Jared Kent, that's your handwriting and you need not try to deny it!"

"I'm not trying to deny it. You'll find my name signed in full to the next verse on the other page." This was the next verse:

"If 'yes' my answer is to be,
My heart with joy will fill,
If 'no,' I yet shall be your friend
And I shall love you still."

They had reached the outskirts of the town now. Jared brought the horse to a standstill and said:

"Is it yes or no, Lucy?"

She looked at him with shining eyes and laughing face for a moment. Then she laid one of her mittened hands on the sleeve of the great fur coat he wore and said:

"I think it is yes, Jared."

He turned his horse's head toward the town.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Back to the minister's. It's Valentine's day, you know, and if you are to be my valentine, I want you to-day."

An hour later they stopped at Jane Carr's gate. She came skurrying out for her letter with her apron over her head. "I brought you a letter, Jane, and I got a valentine," said Lucy, holding up the big white envelope.

"I got one also," said Jared, as he put an arm around his wife and kissed her.—Detroit Free Press.

WANTED HIS HALF OF THE BERTH

A Good Story Geo. M. Pullman Loved to Tell of Lincoln.

There was one story of his career that the late George M. Pullman of sleeping car fame used to tell with manifest delight. It was as follows:

"One night going out of Chicago, a long, lean, ugly man, with a wart on his cheek, came into the depot. He paid George M. Pullman 50 cents, and a half berth was assigned him. Then he took off his coat and vest and hung them up, and they fitted the peg about as well as they fitted him. Then he kicked off his boots, which were of surprising length, turned into the berth, and, having an easy conscience, was sleeping like a healthy baby before the car left the depot. Along came another passenger and paid his 50 cents. In two minutes he was back at George Pullman.

"There's a man in that berth of mine," said he, hotly, "and he's about ten feet high. How am I going to sleep there, I'd like to know? Go and look at him."

In went Pullman—mad, too. The tall, lank man's knees were under his chin, his arms were stretched across the bed and his feet were stored comfortably—for him. Pullman shook him until he awoke, and then told him if he wanted the whole berth he would have to pay $1.

"My dear sir," said the tall man, "a contract is a contract. I have paid you 50 cents for half this berth, and as you see, I'm occupying it. There's the other half," pointing to a strip about six inches wide. "Sell that and don't disturb me again." And, so saying, the man with a wart on his face went to sleep again. He was Abraham Lincoln.

James Parton's Prediction.

In 1862, James Parton, the celebrated biographical writer, made the following prediction in regard to Abraham Lincoln:

History will say of Mr. Lincoln that no man of a more genial temperament, a more kindly nature, ever tenanted the White House; that he gave all his time, his thoughts, his energies, to the discharge of duties of unprecedented magnitude and urgency; that, hating no man, he steadfastly endeavored to win the confidence and love of all the loyal and patriotic, and that, in spite of four chequered years of such responsibility and anxiety as has seldom fallen to the lot of man, he bore away from the Capitol the sunny temper and blithe frankness of his boyhood, returning to mingle with his old neighbors as one with them in heart and in manner, in retirement as in power a happy specimen of the men whom Liberty and Democracy train in the log cabin and by the rudest hearth to guide the counsels of the Republic and influence the destinies of the people.

Tear It Up.

Secretary Stanton was once greatly vexed because an army officer had refused to understand an order, or at all events, had not obeyed. "I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind." "Do so," said Lincoln, "write it now while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up." Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone-crusher that he read to the President. "That's right," said Abe, "that's a good one." "Whom can I get to send it by?" mused the Secretary. "Send it!" replied Lincoln, "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters; I never do."—Standard.

Don't judge a man by the character given him by his next-door neighbor.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS
is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

There have been 27 cases of insanity in the Bavarian royal family during the last 100 years.

It is curious fact that there are no direct descendants of Napoleon, Wellington, Washington or Walter Scott.

Each of the 32 cities in Massachusetts has one or more public libraries and only 18 of the 321 towns are so supplied.

Henry Norman says it is calculated that Kipling made $75,000 by the serial book rights of his latest volume of stories, "The Day's Work."

King Oscar of Sweden and Norway has conferred the Order of Vasa on August Peterson, of Washington, in recognition of his services in founding colonies of his countrymen in America.

Mrs. Oliphant has written 74 novels and six biographies; Miss Braddon has produced 55 novels; Miss Yonge, 53; "Ouida," 35; William Black, 30; Sir Walter Besant, 27; and Rider Haggard, 16.

Nature and Art.

Uncle Ephriam Raylfense—Why, that's a perfect picture of my hoss! What'll you sell it fur, mister?

Artist (who has been sketching in the neighborhood)—Well, when that painting is finished it will be worth $100, anyhow.

Uncle Ephriam—Ain't there goin' to be nothin' else in it?

Artist—No—nothing but the horse.

Uncle Ephriam—Well, you can't sell it anywhere's around here fur no $100. Everybody knows I've offered the hoss himself, time an' agin, fur $15, an' take it out in truck.—Chicago Tribune.

Good and Sufficient.

Teacher—Have you any good excuse for your lateness this morning, Johnny?

Johnny (emphatically)—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher—Well, what was it?

Johnny (beaming)—First buckwheat cakes this year, ma'am.—N. Y. World.

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For Mills, Mines, Shops and Farms; Steel Logging and Hoisting Engines; Hoe Chisel Tooth Saws, Albany Grease, etc.
TATUM & BOWEN
27 to 35 First Street Portland, Or.
34-36 Fremont Street, San Francisco.

CUTLER'S CARBOLATE OF IODINE
Guaranteed cure for Grip, Catarrh and Consumption. All Druggists, $1.00. W. H. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y., sole proprietor.

..JUST OUT..
THE FLYING TOP.
The greatest invention of the age. We will send sample, prepaid, on receipt of 25c. We give special prices to agents. Thousands of men and women can make $3 to $5 a day selling our novelties. PACIFIC COAST NOVELTY CO., 181 First street, Portland, Or.

RUPTURE CURED.
We guarantee to fit every case we undertake. Don't put it off; write for particulars at once. C. H. WOODARD & CO., Expert Truss Fitters, 108 Second Street, Portland, Or.

BIG G. Trade Mark. CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. Price $1.00
CURE YOURSELF!
Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.