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TUBERCULOSIS IN MAN AND BEAST.

New York Tribune.

Many circumstances conspire to lend importance to the opinion expressed in London on Tuesday by Dr. Robert Koch that bovine tuberculosis cannot be transmitted to man.

The question is largely a matter of German domestic politics. If the new duties operate to advance seriously the cost of food in Germany, they will be a vigorous remonstrance against them from the industrial classes.

It is to be observed, however, that a belief in the riskiness of using infected milk and meat, whether correct or not, is widely prevalent among scientific men.

WITH THE PARAGRAPHERS. No one has yet disclosed the secret of where the Sultan got the money—Duluth Herald.

A man killed himself recently on the Buffalo Midway. Nobody had any idea that the show was that bad.—Kansas City Star.

There is just \$200,000,000 between Mr. Carnegie and a happy death. Let enterprising communities take notice.—Washington Post.

If there is anything in China Hraida does not want the diplomats and correspondents have not discovered this.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

It never occurred to Count Casselane that the endowment of libraries was a good way to get rid of superfluous money.—Washington Star.

Even the cat becomes blazzy in the city and does not explode like the country cat every time a strange dog comes around.—Minneapolis Journal.

Corn may still be king, but his crown is a little lopsided and his scepter is slightly warped by the long drought.—Duluth News-Tribune.

Of course, if the new view shall eventually be established, the chief means left for fighting tuberculosis will be the prohibition of spitting in public places.

When a girl knows that a man doesn't smoke she ought to find out what other queer things there is about him that would make her miserable if she married him.—New York Press.

SAVED TWO FROM DEATH.

"Our little daughter had an almost fatal attack of whooping cough and bronchitis," writes Mrs. W. K. Haviland, of Armonk, N. Y., "but when all other remedies failed, we saved her life with Dr. King's New Discovery. Our niece, who had consumption in an advanced stage, also used this wonderful medicine and today she is perfectly well." Desperate throat and lung diseases yield to Dr. King's New Discovery as to no other medicine on earth.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, 25c.

When a girl knows that a man doesn't smoke she ought to find out what other queer things there is about him that would make her miserable if she married him.—New York Press.

WHITE MAN TURNED YELLOW.

Great consternation was felt by the friends of M. A. Hogarty of Lexington, Ky., when they saw he was turning yellow. His skin slowly changed color, or also his eyes, and he suffered terribly. His malady was Yellow Jaundice. He was treated by the best doctors, but without benefit. Then he was advised to try Electric Bitters, the wonderful Stomach and Liver remedy, and he writes: "After taking two bottles I was wholly cured." A trial proves it matches merit for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. Only 50c. Sold by Frank Hart, Druggist.

THE NEW GERMAN TARIFF.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer. The new German tariff, which has just been promulgated, is a matter of some interest to the United States, as it shows many concessions to the agrarian element in the increased duties which have been placed upon food stuffs.

discrimination against food stuffs imported from the United States or favor to those coming in from other countries.

Our trade with Germany can better stand the direct imposition of high duties than it can the discrimination which has heretofore been practiced against food imported from the United States, which has been treated unfairly on account of the enforcement of sanitary regulations.

So far as the new duties are concerned, there seems no good reason why they should result in cutting down seriously our present exports to Germany. That country is not at present producing sufficient for the necessities of its own people. It must import a certain amount from abroad, and so long as there is no actual discrimination, either in direct duties or by illegal sanitary measures, against the food products of the United States, there seems no substantial reason why the United States should not continue to make good the food deficit of Germany in the future as in the past.

The face nightgowns that a man sometimes sees in shop windows are probably given to the poor.

Mrs. S. H. Allport, Johnston, Pa., says: "Our little girl almost strangled to death with croup. The doctors said she couldn't live but she was instantly relieved by One Minute Cough Cure," CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

It's generally easier to make love to all the girls some of the time than to some of the girls all the time.

In cases of croup give the little one One Minute Cough Cure. Then rest easy and have no fear. It never fails. Pleasant to take, always safe, sure and almost instantaneous in effect. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

The women talk a lot about men "trying to kiss them. No man ever tries" to kiss a woman, he just kisses her.

P. T. Thomas, Sumterville, Ala.: "I was suffering from dyspepsia when I commenced taking Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. I took several bottles and can digest anything. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the only preparation containing all the natural digestive fluids. It gives weak stomachs entire rest, restoring their natural condition." CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

No woman ever gets really interested in a man until she begins to worry about whether other women think he has good taste in neckties.

Don't be satisfied with temporary relief from indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure permanently and completely removes this complaint. It relieves permanently because it allows the tired stomach perfect rest. Dieting won't rest the stomach. Nature receives supplies from the food we eat. The sensible way to help the stomach is to use Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, which digests what you eat and can't help but do you good. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

Some music is given out by the choir, but the drummer dispenses it by the pound.

FOR WHOOPING COUGH.

"Both my children were taken with whooping cough," writes Mrs. O. E. Dalton, of Danville, Ill. "A small bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar cured the cough and saved a doctor's bill." Hart's drug store.

But little knowledge can be required in an easy chair.

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Wm. Flen, of Lima, O., obtained excellent results from the use of Foley's Kidney Cure. "It relieved my backache and severe pain over the hips. It freed my system and gave me new vim and energy. It is an honest and reliable remedy, a sure cure for all kidney troubles." Hart's drug store.

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A R. Bass, of Morgantown, Ind., had so got up ten or twelve times in the night and had severe backache and pain in the kidneys. Was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure. It's guaranteed. Hart's drug store.

Wicket is often nearer when we stoop than when we soar.

High living, intemperance, exposure and many other things bring on Bright's disease. Foley's Kidney Cure will prevent Bright's disease and all other kidney or bladder disorders if taken in time. Be sure to take Foley's Kidney drug store.

A crust and a kind word are better than a feast and indignation.

A. H. Davis, Mt. Sterling, Ia., writes: "I was troubled with indigestion for about two years, but two one dollar bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure effected a permanent cure." Hart's drug store.

When you face a difficulty never let it stare you out of countenance.

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He who talks of the unalterable laws of man is an unalterable fool.

TO HEAL A HURT. Dr. Banner Salvo, the great healer, is guaranteed for cuts, wounds, sores, ulcers and all skin diseases. Use no salves. Hart's drug store.

He that lacks money, employment, and content is without three good friends.

WHAT'S YOUR FACE WORTH? Sometimes a fortune, but never, if you have a yellow complexion, a jaundiced look, much patches and blotches on the skin, all signs of Liver Trouble. But Dr. King's New Life Pills give Clear Skin, Boy Cheeks, Rich Complexion. Only 25c at Hart's Drug Store.

O. O. Buck, Bohme, Ark., says: I was troubled with constipation until I bought DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Since then have been entirely cured of my old complaint. I recommend them. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

A man who has no faults is fit to be an archangel or a door-mat.

If the action of your bowels is not easy and regular serious complications must be the final result. DeWitt's Little Early Risers will remove this danger. Safe, pleasant and effective. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

Love lasts pretty well considering all the wear and tear it has to stand.

James White, Bryantville, Ind., says DeWitt's Little Early Risers cured my hemorrhoids. He had suffered six years. Doctors failed to help him. Get DeWitt's. Accept no imitations. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

When there are no men around to help a girl that she learns to swim mighty quick.

Eruptions, cuts, scalds and sores of all kinds quickly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Certain cure for hemorrhoids, hemorrhoids, hemorrhoids. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure you get the original—DeWitt's. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

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ROMANCE OF GALVESTON FLOOD.

Torn from each other's terrified clasp by the seething waters of the Galveston flood at midnight; mourning one another month after month as dead, meeting suddenly face to face in the sunlight on the street of a New Mexico town, their sorrow changed to joy immeasurable in that one amazed glance of mutual recognition—such is the romance that marks the reunion of Frank H. Parrish and his pretty young wife.

The story of that tragic midnight parting and its sequel, the happy noonday meeting, is a strange story of chance; a story that cannot but revive hope in any despairing breast, for it proves that although there may be only one chance in many millions of attaining the heart's desire, it is worth while to wait and watch for it.

Frank Parrish and his wife, swept asunder in the tempest's roar and the darkness of night, without one clew to follow in finding each other when the morning dawned and consciousness returned, gave up all thought of meeting again in the world. There was no apparent reason for supposing that either had survived the horrors of that fatal night.

And yet, there was a chance—dim, uncertain, well-nigh improbable, but nevertheless a chance—that neither had gone down into the fathomless graveyard of the sea.

But as slight as shadowy, seemed to them that chance when weighted against reason and considered along the line of ordinary occurrences, that the heart-broken husband and wife cast aside as an impossibility, the hungering thought of which merely mocked their despair and made their loneliness the sadder.

They had not then learned how strange, how elusive, how kind a thing—sometimes—Chance.

To chance they owe the union of their parted lives. Chance, slenderest of all threads though it be, has linked the broken chain that bound them. It has brought about their second honeymoon, for Frank Parrish and his wife are just now as supremely happy a pair of wedded lovers as could be found the world over.

When the tide rushed into Galveston and houses were splintered in the mighty grasp of the storm, when caught in the teeth of the tempest, and slung by the dashing waves, men, women and children were engulfed and lost forever to the sight, or east ashore, like human driftwood, the breath of life beaten out of their bruised, broken bodies; when the world itself seemed to come to an end and in chaos most horrible, these two, shaken from their slumber, without time for prayer or farewell word, were hurled with their heads into the angry flood. Clinging to each other in the darkness, they were flung into the very vortex of the maddening sea. The last instant of consciousness was fraught with anguish keener than any hurt to their body, for each felt the other slipping, slipping weakly away into the black, swirling waste of waters. With their necks choked in their throats with even the wish to die together denied them, the man and the woman lost each other in the fury of the flood.

The catastrophe occurred in September of last year, ten months ago.

The other day, by the one chance that these two sorrowing souls had never dared to hope for, they found each other, alive and well, in the town of Roswell, New Mexico.

With all its millions of inhabitants, this world is "a small place" after all when two of the atoms that crawl over its surface, suddenly thrust apart in the night, are suddenly brought together amid surroundings entirely different and in the full light of day.

It was like awakening from a stupefying nightmare to a sweet, sunny reality.

When the flood came Mrs. Parrish was caught and pinioned by the swirling waters in some wreckage that drifted back within a block of the spot where she would have stood. Here she was finally rescued, badly bruised and hurt, but without broken bones.

Her husband was carried the breadth of the bay and far inland, where he was found by a kind-hearted stranger a man who at first thought him quite dead. But the nearly drowned man partially recovered consciousness, murmured the name of his wife, then sank into a semi-comatose state and hovered between life and death for six weeks thereafter.

Meanwhile he was tenderly cared for in the home of the farmer, upon whose hospitality and humanity the sea had thrust him uninvited.

Two months passed before the sick man was able to return to the scene of his former happiness. Suddenly and desolately, he wandered over the ground whose landmarks had been swept away by the anger of the elements, ground once so familiar, now so strangely altered. He lingered by the ruins of his dwelling as by a new-made grave. Everywhere he asked the same question, and everywhere received the same discouraging answer.

No one had seen his wife since the night of the flood.

His heart grew heavy with despair. He hid good-bye to the wreck of his fortunes and the resting place of his broken hopes. Then he turned his face toward a new field, to begin life over again, alone. There could be no solace for his grief, but in labor might be obtained some measure of forgetfulness.

Frank Parrish went to the home of his brother, Charles Parrish, in the mountains of Lincoln county, N. M. Slowly

came back to him his strength and health, but the joy of life was no longer his. To work for work's sake was not the same task that it had been when work meant the care of the little woman who to him was the dearest and loveliest in all the world, the building of a home together, the delight of daily companionship and sympathy, the constant presence of that influence which has power to make devils or heroes of men—the passionate influence of love.

It was not satisfactory at all, working merely for work's sake, but Frank Parrish did what any man with the right sort of stuff in him would have done—he tried with all his might to make something worth while of himself in his new environment.

To inspire him he had his memories; and they were sweet.

All this while Mrs. Parrish was wearing the summer weeds of widowhood in Murfreesboro, Tenn. She had gone there to make her home with a distant relative of whom she had never happened to speak to her husband. Of her husband's brother she knew nothing more than that fact of his existence somewhere in America.

After the Galveston disaster she had remained in the vicinity until convinced that her husband had perished. Then she made her way to Tennessee.

As the weeks went by she regained her health, but youth, vigor and recuperative power, mind and heart were not at rest—her best seemed at times the great to be borne. She was somewhat of a melancholy that her relative finally planned a change of scene for her. She acquiesced with indifference. In the days of her happy childhood she had been a merry maid for the man who loved her. Now she was passive and sad, her thoughts always with the husband whose tragic fate she steadfastly mourned.

One of Mrs. Parrish's new-found friends was a Miss Ellen Alexander, who was about to leave Tennessee for New Mexico to teach in a private school in Otero county, before the commencement of the term. It was arranged that Mrs. Parrish should accompany her. In Mexico she would find different associations, and the change would perhaps lighten her depressed spirits.

There are those who will see the finger of destiny pointing where the paths of husband and wife, by so singular a circumstance, slowly converged. But, be it destiny or chance, these two, each little since somehow, somewhere, out of the universe has come to them the profoundest joy that human hearts can feel.

On a July day Mrs. Parrish and Miss Alexander arrived in Roswell. It was a Thursday. They learned that the stage by which they were to proceed to Lincoln and Captain, at which place Miss Alexander had a married sister, would not go until the following Monday. They were disappointed at the delay. But destiny—it is destiny that plays with the loves of men and women—was out to be diverted and chance—if such there be—strikes, like the lightning's bolt, where it will.

The next day Mr. Parrish came to town to purchase supplies and machinery. He wished to go back the same day, but was delayed until Sunday. He was disappointed. For two days the husband and wife were in the little town without knowing it, both detained there against their will.

Their paths—destiny or chance the agents—were very near the meeting point now.

On Sunday, at noon, Mrs. Parrish left the hotel at which she was staying for a walk.

On Sunday, at noon, Mr. Parrish, his team ready, stepped from the postoffice to the sidewalk, and in another moment would have mounted the vehicle, taken up the reins and been on his way to the mountains.

Miracles may be wrought in a moment. Frank Parrish looking up, saw before him what he thought was a vision; a wreath risen from the sea. But the vision was so real that it did not melt in the sunshine of that Sabbath noon. It did not fade away, as all the other visions of his lost love had faded. Phantoms of a fond imagination, instead, it held out two long, trembling arms, and the light of deathless devotion illumined its face.

"My wife! My wife!" The man's sob and the woman's tears—who of us, witnessing that meeting, could have turned away without a lump tightening the throat, a mist clouding the eyes.

And so it that a second honeymoon has begun down there in the New Mexico mountains—San Francisco Examiner.

A SPRING PLAINT. Hall, Gentle Annie—bainy spring! Glad Nature's show of art! A woman's term of paradise! A time which tries men's hearts.

To tear the whole house wrong side up! To splutter, scum and scrub! Or, which is worse, perchance to move! To move! Aye, there's the man's rub!

Glad spring—the time when Easter hills For ice-gaws must be met; A time when man must bump himself To keep ahead of debt.

Glad spring, when man goes moping round, His liver out of whack The coal hills come, but swift space The ice hills come, alack!

O, Spring, what hast thou in thy hand To make a man rejoice? Of all the seasons of the year Thou art the least; my choice.

ASTORIA AND COLUMBIA RIVER RAILROAD.

EFFECTIVE JULY 6, 1901.

Table with columns: LEAVE, PORTLAND, ASTORIA, ARRIVE. Shows departure and arrival times for various routes.

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* Daily except Saturday. ** Saturday only.

Trains leave Astoria for Flavel, Hammond and Fort Stevens at 8:15 a. m. and 5:50 p. m. daily. Leave Fort Stevens for Astoria 7:00 a. m. and 2:50 p. m. daily.

All trains make close connection at Goble with all Northern Pacific trains to and from the East and South points. I. C. MAYO, Gen'l Freight and Passenger Agent.

WHITE COLLAR LINE

Portland - Astoria Route. STR. "TAHOMA."

Daily Round Trips except Sunday.

Table with columns: LEAVE, PORTLAND, ARRIVE, LEAVE, ASTORIA, ARRIVE. Shows departure and arrival times for the White Collar Line.

Through Portland connection with steamer Nahcotta from Ilwaco and Long Beach points.

White Collar Line tickets interchangeable with O. R. & N. Co. and V. T. Co. tickets.

Telephone Dock: Telephone 111.

THE DALLES-PORTLAND ROUTE

STR. "BAILEY GATZERT."

DAILY ROUND TRIP EXCEPT MONDAY

Vancouver, Cascade Locks, St. Martin's Springs, Hood River, White Salmon, Lytle and The Dalles.

Table with columns: LEAVE, PORTLAND, ARRIVE, LEAVE, THE DALLES, ARRIVE. Shows departure and arrival times for the Dalles-Portland route.

MEALS THE VERY BEST

Sunday Trips a Leading Feature. This Route has the Grandest Scenic Attractions on Earth.

LANDING AND OFFICE, FOOT OF ALDER STREET, BOTH PHONES MAIN 351, PORTLAND, ORE.

E. W. CRITCHFIELD, Agt. Portland JOHN M. FILLGON, Agt. The Dalles A. J. TAYLOR, Agt. Astoria PRATHER & BARNES, Agts. Hood River ETHEL MCGURN, Agt. Vancouver.

O. R. & N. OREGON SHORT LINE

AND UNION PACIFIC

Table with columns: DEPART, TIME, SCHEDULE, ARRIVE. Shows departure and arrival times for O.R. & N. routes.

72 hours from Portland to Chicago. No change of Cars.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE - From Astoria -

All sailing dates subject to change For San Francisco every five days.

Table with columns: 7 a. m., Columbia River, 4 a. m. Daily except Sun. Shows departure and arrival times for Columbia River routes.

Steamer Nahcotta leaves Astoria on tide daily for Ilwaco, connecting there with trains for Long Beach, Tigua and North Beach points. Returning arrives at Astoria same evening.

G. W. LOUNSBERRY, Agent, Astoria.

A. L. CRAIG, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

GO EAST VIA

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST LINE TO St. Paul, Duluth, Minneapolis, Chicago and All Points East.

DAILY TRAINS; FAST TIME SERVICE AND SCENERY UNSURPASSED.

Through Palace and Tourist Sleepers, Dining and Buffet Smoking, Library Cars.

Tickets to points East via Portland and the Great Northern Ry., on sale at O. R. & N. Ticket Office, Astoria, or Great Northern Ticket Office.

121 THIRD STREET, PORTLAND.</