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THE DAMAGE OVERESTIMATED.

St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Probably the reports of the damage to the corn crop were exaggerated. Some of the reports sent out about ten days ago figured that there would be a reduction of about four hundered million bushels in the yield this year as compared with last year's total. This would make the production of 1901 about one billion, seven hudred million bushels. As rains have fallen once or twice in the corn belt, however, in the past four or five days, the outlook for the crop has greatly improved. There is a possibility that the yield will be one billion, nine hundred million, providing the elements be moderately favorable from this time onward.

For the past six years the corn yield has not varied much from the two billion mark. In four years of this time the crop went above the two billion line, and in two years it dropped below that mark. The largest crop in this period was in 1896, when it was 2,283,000,000 bushels, and the smallest one was in 1897, when it was 1,902,000,000. The years of the greatest and the smallest crop coming close together made a shrinkage in one year of 380,000,000 bushels. This was the broadest recent variation in the crop in sucessive years, except in 1894 and 1895. The abnormally small yield of the former year was followed by a crop 900,000,000 bushels greater, or 2,151,000,000 bushels. But the smaller crop in those years was worth $10,000,000 more on the farm than was the greater one.

A falling off in the corn yield, while it does not commonly injure the producer seriously, strikes both the consumer and the railroads. The consumer usually makes up the loss to the producer in advanced prices. But the railways lose a great deal of freight through the shortage, their earnings are decreased and sometimes they are reduced to straits thereby, and are obliged to discharge some of their employes or cut wages. Then, too, a corn shortage tells in a reduced pork product and higher pork prices. Corn is the United States imperial crop. Commonly it is double the value of wheat, and is far ahead of that of cotton, hay and other agricultural product. It is satisfactory to know, therefore, that, from present indications, the reduction in the corn yield will not be so great as was feared a week ago.

CURRENT NEWSPAPER COMMENT.

And to think of it, only a few months ago they were all singing the praises of Bryan.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

A Democratic paper wants to know if criticism of a protective tariff is treason. Oh, no, it is just exploded foolishness.—Greenville (O.) Courier.

It is another Republican year in Ohio. Peace and harmony prevails in the ranks of the party there to a remarkable degree.—Rockville (Ind.) Republican.

The Ohio Democrats seem to have no more use for Bryanism this year than Mr. Bryan's own state of Nebraska had for it in the election last year.—New York Press.

Mr. Bryan will have to admit that he went a little too far when he said there would be no more Fourth of July if President McKinley was re-elected.—Kansas City Journal.

Henry Watterson wants the Democratic party to go into the next campaign permeated with modern ideas. Well, if they do, it will be the first time. —Pierce (Neb.) Call.

It is said that Republican harmony in Ohio is very discouraging to the Democrats. The rich fellows are not subscribing liberally to the campaign fund.—Davenport (Ia.) Republican.

It is noted that bank failures this year cause no panic. The people know that while there may be something wrong with a bank here and there, the country is all right.—San Francisco Call.

The future of the Democratic party is all behind it. It never makes a move forward, onward or upward. It is a party of dead issues, exploded fallacies and poor management.—Jamestown (Tenn.) Gazette.

Bryan clings to hope as a shipwrecked mariner holds with death grip to his plank when he fondly imagines that Marcus Aurelius Hanna will lead the Republican hosts in 1904.—Meyersdale (Pa.) Chronicle.

The United States is a great nation. He who looks backward over its career, as he celebrated its anniversary of independence on the 4th, could not help feeling proud of his country.—Clinton (Mo.) Republican.

The glorious achievements of McKinley will ive in the hearts of the people long after the grasshoppers of Democracy have held high carnival over the neglected grave of Bryanism.—Moravian Falls (N. C.) Yellowjacket.

Nothing could be more welcome to Republicans than a tariff issue in the next campaign. Their record has always been right on this question; that of their opponents always wrong.—Warwick (N. Y.) Advertiser.

Thomas Jefferson wished that the Atlantic was a sea of fire that goods of foreign nations might not be able to reach this country. And yet free-trade Democrats claim Jefferson for their political daddy.—Clyde (N. C.) Journal.

The Democrats didn't extract the satisfaction from the Ohio Republican convention that some of their monthly rainbow chasers had led them to expect, and they will get even less satisfaction out of the election returns.—Harrisonville (Mo.) News.

The Ohio zealots who think that William J. Bryan is still alive will read the platform agreed to in Columbus July 10 a dozen times and then fail to see the sacred word silver. And the hideous crime of '73 is yet unavenged!—Cleveland Leader.

At the same time it isn't safe to rely heavily on Professor Triggs' judgment of poetry. He said, "The Prairie Dog" was doggerel."—Chicago Tribune.

J. Pierp. Morgan is reported to have offered a fortune for the sword of Lafayette, supposed to be reposing in a London pawnshop. J. Pierp. evidently wishes to keep up his reputation as a trust magnate and corner every bit of steel in sight.

JOB COULDN'T HAVE STOOD IT

If he'd had itching piles. They're terribly annoying; but Bucklen's Arnica Salve will cure the worst case of piles on earth. It has cured thousands. For Injuries, Pains or Bodily Eruptions it's the best salve in the world. Price 25c a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Hart's Drug Store.

Somebody stole a bag containing 1900 silver dollars in Chicago the other day. The white metal still has friends.

TO HEAL A HURT.

Use Banner Salve, the great healer. It's guaranteed for cuts, wounds, sores, piles and all skin diseases. Use no substitute. Hart's drug store.

He—What I feel for you, Muriel, I can never tell you in words. True love is silent. Muriel—Oh, no; I assure you. It speeks to papa.—London Punch.

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

The collection of lacs of rupees accumulated by Lord Roberts is so comprehensive that it will be slender picking for Kitchener when he tries to cash his scalps in at Westminster. Star.

WHAT'S YOUR FACE WORTH?

Sometimes a fortune, but never, if you have a sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin,—all signs of Liver Trouble. But Dr. King's New Life Pills give Clear Skin, Rosy Cheeks, Rich Complexion. Only 25c at Hart's Drug Store.

Astronomers say there are eighteen stars of the firs magnitude, but no actor that ever strode the ties will agree to that. He knows there is but one.

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, 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 its matchless merit for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. Only 50c. Sold by Frank Hart, Druggist.

Miss Mattie Beals, of Wichita, Kas., who drew a claim worth $40,000 in Uncle Sam's great lottery, has received a dozen proposals of marriage. For the land's sake!

WOULD HAVE COST HIM HIS LIFE.

Oscar Bowman, Lebanon, Ky., writes: "I have been using Foley's Kidney Cure and take great pleasure in stating it gave me permanent cure of kidney disease, which certainly would have cost me my life." Take none but Foley's. Hart's drug store.

O. C. Buck, Beirne, 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.

Bill Clark, of Montana, wants to establish a residence at Osborne house in order to run against Willie Wallie Astor for king of England as soon as there is a vacancy.

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.

"Who is that whistling?" asked the teacher looking over the assemblage of juveniles. "Me," promptly replied a new pupil. "Didn't you know I could whistle?"—Chicago News.

James White, Bryantsville, Ind., says DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve healed running sores on both legs. He had suffered six years. Doctors failed to help him. Get DeWitt's. Accept no imitations. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

There is nothing of adaptability about the Boer. He doesn't make near as good a reconcentrado as the Cuban did.

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

The French and German authorities have mutually announced their intention to retire speedily from Shanghai —but their troops there are just now busy erecting massive barracks which are expected to take ... years to finish. Rather odd.

Mrs. S. H. Allport, Johnstown, 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.

No, Maude, dear, the women do not generally use honey combs to keep their hair in place.

In cases of croup give the little ones 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 strike has cost the steel trust $3,000,000 and the men $4,000,000, to say nothing of the absolute loss of $4,000,000 worth of conversation.

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.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins denies that she is going to marry a New Jersey doctor. Perhaps the doctor was lucky enough to get his fingers crossed in time.

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.

It is said that General Lyttleton will suceed Lord Kitchener in South Africa, but not until the end of the war is at hand. He won't take charge yet a while then.

FOR WHOOPING COUGH.

"Both my children were taken with whooping cough," writes Mrs. O. E. Dutton, 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.

Leo Tolstoi has named his last book "Old Men." It is not for the young person and it appears from the conduct of some of the characters that there are a lot of old men in Russia who have lived too long.

Mr. Daniel Bantz, Ottervills, Ia., says: "Have had asthma and a very bad cough for years, but could get no relief from the doctors and medicines I tried, until I took Foley's Honey and Tar. It gave me immediate relief and done me more good than all the other remedies combined. Hart's drug store.

The czar's physicians needn't worry so much over how to prevent his majesty getting fleshy. Just wait till the next dynamite scare.

Wm. Finn, 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 toned my system and gave me new vim and energy. It is an honest and reliable remedy, a sure cure for all kidney diseases." Hart's drug store.

American financiers are credited with a scheme to establish a new Monte Carlo on an island in the Danube. Nonsense. Our financiers want European money, but they want it in bigger wads than would be likely to pass over a gaming table.

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. Hart's drug store.

It has been found that "Historian" Maclay draws $2.40 per day from the government. That savors as strongly of the bargain counter as his alleged history.

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. Infallible for Coughs and Colds; 50c and $1.00 bottles guaranteed by Hart's Drug Store. Trial bottles free.

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

From Various Sources.

FREE DRINKS FOR THESE.

Tricks That Bartenders Don't Always Guard Against.

"Booze grafters?" growled the mixer in charge of the buffet bar in one of the Broadway hotels. 'Say, there are more of them pounding the route this year than I ever saw before. I'm braced by 'em this season about twenty times a day, on the average.

"The fellows that I do the producing for are not regular booze grafters. They are fellows that need what they come right out and ask for. There was one young fellow came in here a couple of years ago last winter and told me that he thought he knew of a place where he could put away about four good drinks to advantage. The young fellow was well-dressed, but he had no overcoat on, and it was around zero at the time. He was shivering from the cold and from the effects of the game he'd plainly been up against. He had a frank map on him and on-the-level way of handling his talk, and I put up the bottle of the best and told him that I wouldn't be looking. He pushed three big ones in in a hurry, and then told that he'd come on from Chicago the week before, and that all the rest was one loop-the-loops dream. He'd been buzzed for his watch, gig lamps and overcoat, and when he woke up on the morning that he hit me up for enough of the old stuff to get him going again he was properly shredded and ready to be packed away in the ornamental can. There's not much going around that gets me woozy, but I kind o' felt sorry for this young fellow with the all-right stack-up, and so I pushed my fin into the pajams and harpooned out an ace.

"'Hey, there, buck,' says I to the lad, 'hurl this into your vest for the shave and the shine and maybe a doss when it gets lark, and you'll be all right.'

"I felt a bit cheap when he shook his head and thanked me, but I was dead certain than that he was the goods. He told me that he'd land back at the home sack all right, threw one more in, and went away.

"Well, I'd forgot all about him, when he came a-sailing in last winter, just before Christmas, with all the togs that were fit to wear and enough of the carbons on him to make an American chorus girl in London look neglected. He didn't have any of the bun with him, but asked me for a vichy and milk and then began to kind o' rubber around to find out if I was married and had any kids. He yanked it out of me that I was, and then he tuck the gimlet in again and found out where I camped my family. Then he settled for the drinks I'd tossed over to him when he needed them right bad, and went away.

"On the night before Christmas a wagon, loaded to the roof, fetched up alongside the curb in front of where I live, and the two men on the wagon began to dump the stuff into my plant. I told 'em that they'd got it mixed and that they must have got me twisted for some other millionaire, but no, they said that they had it right, and handed me a neat Merry Christmas' note for self and family from the young Chicago duck. There was enough Christmas gear in that wagon to stock a Harlem store, and for about half an hour the wife was looking me over out of the slants of her eyes, trying to figure out whether I was stirring a fence. I haven't seen the young fellow since, but the kids are still playing horse with the big stack of plunder that he sent around first to make good for a few little old gulps out of the bottle when he was so framed up that he needed 'em the worst way.

"But I started to spiel about the professional booze grafters, and that young fellow of course wasn't one of that kind. Those bums of the racetrack are the foxiest booze grafters in the business. I gave one of 'em his only the other day. Yes, he got me for a few, but when it came to getting hunk I was there with the goods.

"He first prowled in here about a month ago, bought, put up a bit of chin, took a look at the race ticker, asked me if I was 'going out today'—this kind of grafter thinks he makes a hit with the barkeep from the jump by taking it for granted that he's a dead game and visits the track every afternoon—and then he passed along. Came around the next morning, and the next, and put up the same stunt. On the fourth morning he shambled in with a kalsomine o' gloom splattered all over him.

"'Uy-huh,' says I, handing out the bottle. 'You will, will you?'

"'They trun me off for two hundred yesterday,' said the bum, and I'll bet that if he ever got his lamps on two hundred dollars' worth of Fenian bonds, good when Ireland's free, he'd need quinine. Two hundred!

"'Yep,' he went on, 'they ran for Sweeney, but they crawled for me. Didn't get in line once. Swung out o' the gate without so much as a hair cut. Guess you'll have to put this on the ice,' meaning the price of the drinks he was feeding himself, 'until I get the cashing-in-habit again.'

"'Sure,' said I, for the guy had built up a pretty good superstructure, you see, by calling around and digging up a few times and I didn't want to turn him down.

"He had the dreary with him again when he came in the next morning, too, and told me that the 'hun' that he'd ploughed up the afternoon before had made only a little bit of greasy smoke in the bookie's satchel when the numbers went up after the first race. He swung me for the price of the ten or dozen that he hurled in during the couple o' hours he was around, and this went on for five or six days. Although I'd had a lot of experience with the booze-grafting railbirds I didn't figure that I was doing the come-on for this gazoob, for he was up in his lines and he sure got me planted right.

"About ten days after I first met up with him I was down the line one afternoon, visiting a mate that used to work with me, and sat down with him in an alcove to talk it over. I heard some voices in the next alcove, and when I heard the croke of this bum that I'm telling you about, giggling over the story he was telling his bunch about the barkeep he had puttied up for all the suds he could handle in his business, and then more, I felt like rapping him a few on the conk.

"But I kept it down and let out nix a peep, but the next morning when that booze grafter that not only grafted but bragged about it got around I was Archie-at-the turnstile and had his finish framed up. I passed him the handshaker's salute, but when he pushed that cocktail that I'd rigged up for him into his face I had to let out the croaks and give the snap away. There was enough assafoetida in that cocktail to chase a gas-house dog off a garbage wagon, and he got about half of it down; the rest he spilled all over his face and clothes in throwing the glass away. I bought a few in the Leather Trust and helped him to the door that way. He smelt worse'n the bone factory in the Newark marshes or Hackensack river and I heard afterwards that he headed up the main lane the bunch on the sidewak took the middle of the road and bleated for Board o' Health Sexton.

"You'd be surprised to know how many professional booze grafters there are who make out that they're travelling representatives of whiskey firms. This kind of booze grafter drifts in carrying a satchel in which there's a bottle that you're supposed to believe is a sample of tthe whiskey manufactured by his firm, and he's dead confident in his way of addressing the barkeep.

"'Say,' he says to you, 'I hear that you're using some of that new blend of So-and-So's. How does it assay, hey? I haven't tried any of the goods, but I'll go you any old bunch you name that it isn't one-two-six with the new blend my firm's marketing, now. Pass it over and I'll take a smell of it.'

"The barkeep hands over the bottle of the goods called for by the fake whiskey drummer, and the booze grafter pours out a stiff drink of it, smells of it with his head on one side, sips it, smackes it critically, rolls some of it around on his tongue, and winds up by euloing the rest of it down.

"'Um,' he says, 'fairish,' but, as I said, it won't do with our's.'

"Then he makes a bluff of taking his phony bottle out of the satchel, but happens to suddenly think of an appointment down the walk, and digs out with the crack that he'll be back and show up his goods in a minute.

"Now, this sounds so raw that you wouldn't believe so many of this A booze grafters could ... especially when they go up against wise barkeeps, but they do all right and a-plenty, at that. I fell to the dodge myself quite a number of times before I finally crawled off to a dark place to think it over, and there are a lot of bar men up and down the line who are not next to the game yet.

"One of these phony whisky men, a youngish, well-dressed geezer, tried to get it over the plate with me a couple of weeks ago, but when it got around to the time for him to make his little run out for a minute before coming back to show his samples, I lined up in front of the door and told him several, including one to the effect that he was going to be just dross ... to the bad ... of eight seconds, so that it was going to stand him at least $4.85 for ... and ... plaster. He pulled off a stuttering you-wrong-me-Phyllis play, but it was a wild pitch with me, and I was just getting ready to swing his hollow ax around the main knuckle of my left mitt when he dug the ... threefifths of a quarter and swung out of the gate like a commuter dashing for a ferry.

"Another kind of a booze grafter that occasionally tries the you-for-the-empty-bag ... on me is the boy in a hurry. He comes ploughing in under a head of 212 pounds o' steam, makes two hops of it to the bar and says:

"'Drop of the old stuff, quick! Got to hustle to the train to meet my wife'—or some cheap rig like that. Then when you hand up the jar and he pours out his swig, he tosses it off like the adventuress in the bum melodrama swallowing poison when she says 'It's all up!' and then he flashes the ten-dollar note on you and purrs quick and soft:

"'Smallest I've got chum—haven't got a second to wait for change unless you insist—s'pose you chalk it up until I drop by in the morning?'

"I never suppose a ... in a case like this any more. I used to, but that was when there wasn't any cash registers and I was in shape to take a chance once in a while. The lynx-eyed Willie who gets away with a hurry stunt on me these days has got to ... off eight furlongs in 1:40 or better, and I haven't seen any of that wake class for quite a few.

"There's an astonishing number of brass-mugged booze grafters who'll try to hand you the left-my-wallet-in-my-other-suit ... if you ... 'em. They never make the discovery that they are shy the price until after they have stowed away the drink, and then they pass you the chagrined gaze and skin their pockets as if they were playing 'who's got the button?' at a church sociable, and then tell you how sorry they are that they left it all at home. Quite a few harvest moons have came and went since any forgot-his-wad boy has trimmed me in this way. The kick's too pel-lucid, as poor Steele Mackaye used to say. I always put these forgetful articles on the rack by telling them, forget or no forget, they're in hock for the price until somebody comes along with the ticket and gets them out, and in every case these cheap skates make another little replevin through their raiment and wind up by finding a dollar tucked away somewhere that they 'didn't' know they had.'

"The meanest kind of a booze grafter that I know of, and one you can't lay for, is the fellow who comes in when you are doing a lot of business, buys four or five drinks, piling up the checks in a neat little bundle on his table as if he had it all fixed to stay a week, and who, when you turn around to get the vermouth or something out of the box, does a quick shuffle for the exit. There are lots of booze grafters of that stripe up this way. As I say, you can't guard against them. So this kind of a booze grafter has a 1 to 4 chance to get away with it, and the amount of sneak stunts like that that are pulled off in this section from one year's end to the other would figure up all I need for the coaling of the yacht.

"A lot of these tin horns'll order $4 wine on you, and plant themselves at a table and gulp it down in state over a newspaper, and with one lamp on you all the time to see when you bend over for the ice pick or a mixing spoon or something else that you need in your business they do they two-step through the trap, and you to see four dollars' worth absent when you look up, and nothing doing in the way of a rebate. I nailed a duck that worked that four-dollar juggle on me about three months later on a Madison avenue car, and I fell onto him across the aisle of the car, grabbed him by the coat and told him that I needed the four bad, and that within less time than it takes a goat to go somewhere else."

The bartender looked reflective over this.

"Well, did you get the four?" he was asked.

"I got a good swift jab in the eye," he replied, " and it cost me two more to get it painted, which was just six worth of loot that that booze grafter swung me for. That's why I love them all such a lot. However, I'll let you graft me for one," and the soured barkeep put up one that wasn't ticked off on the register.

An ex-treasury official is telling the people how to avoid accepting counterfeit money. If he would now volunteer a little information on the best manner of getting possession of some of the genuine stuff, he would make a hit with the people.

Millions

OF MOTHERS

USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin of infants and children, for rashes, itchings, and chafings, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use Cuticura Soap in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, for too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others, especially for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children. Cuticura Soap combines delicate emollient properties derived from Cuticura, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odours. No other *medicated* soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic *toilet* soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap and the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour.

Cuticura THE SET Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, and scaly skin, scalp and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 27-28, Charterhouse Sq., London, E. C. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

LEA & PERRINS'

The Original Worcestershire **SAUCE**

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The only good sauce; enriches the taste of all Meats, Fish, Game, Salads, etc., and gives a flavor that imitators utterly fail to produce.

This signature is on every bottle.

Lea & Perrins

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.

STREET IMPROVEMENT.

Notice is hereby given, that the Common Council of the City of Astoria has declared its determination and intention to improve Commercial street in the City of Astoria as laid out and recorded by John McClure and extended by Cyrus Olney, from the west line of Seventh street to the west line of Sixth street, upon the present established grade thereof and to the full width thereof, by removing all the old planking and side walks, grading the same to the established grade, and constructing side walks on each side thereof eight feet wide, and planking the same from curb to curb throughout the width with plank of three inches in thickness by twelve inches wide, and planking the crossing at the intersection of Commercial street with Sixth street to the full width thereof, except the portion thereof covered by the side walks, with similar planking. All material used in said improvement shall be good sound red or yellow fir lumber and said improvement except as herein otherwise provided shall conform to the requirements of general ordinance No. 1901, in relation to the improvement of streets. That the costs and expenses of making said improvement shall be defrayed by special assessment upon the lots, lands and premises abutting upon and otherwise benefitted by said improvement pro-rata according to the estimated benefits, which said district of lots, lands and premises to be assessed to defray the costs and expenses of said improvement is as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the northeast corner of lot five (5), in block twenty-two (22), and running thence west to the northwest corner of lot six (6), in block twenty-one (21), thence south to the southwest corner of lot three (3), in block thirty (30), thence east to the southeast corner of lot four (4), in block twenty-nine (29), thence north to the place of beginning, and containing all of the north half of block 29, and lots 3 and 4 in block 30, and all of the south half of block 22, and lots 5 and 6 in block 21, all in the Town (now city) of Astoria as laid out and recorded by John McClure and extended by Cyrus Olney, and which said district includes all lots and lands and premises to be assessed to defray the costs and expenses of making said improvement.

That the City Surveyor of the City of Astoria has been directed to prepare and file with the Auditor and Police Judge of said city, estimates of the costs and expenses of constructing said improvement and plans and specifications for the proposed work.

That this notice of the intention of the Council to make said improvement is given by publication in the Morning Astorian for eight days by order of said Council, directing the same, the first publication being in the issue of Aug. 7th, 1901. H. E. NELSON,
Auditor and Police Judge of the City of Astoria.

PROPOSALS WANTED.

Office of C. Q. M., Vancouver Barracks, Wash., July 30, 1901. Sealed proposals, in triplicate, will be received here until 11 o'clock, a. m., August 13th, 1901, for furnishing and delivery at Fort Walla Walla, Wash., 126 Standard Artillery horses. Delivery to commence within three weeks after award of contract and to be completed within sixty days thereafter. Preference given to animals of domestic production, conditions of quality and price being equal. U. S. reserves the right to reject any or all bids or any part thereof. For further information see circular to bidders or apply to this office. Envelopes containing proposals should be marked, "Proposals for Artillery Horses," and addressed to the undersigned.
J. W. JACOBS, C. Q. M.