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" Ogden -	4:55 a.m.	7:00 a.m.
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The News, one year, one dollar.

An Interesting Standard.

"What is your idea of a man of honor?"

"A man of honor," said the French nobleman, throwing out his chest, "is one who will pay his wine bill and card debts even if he has to [illegible] in order to get the money."—Washington Star.

"It may be true what some men say;
It must be true what all men say."

Snowy Butte Flour

Is endorsed by the Ladies. They know. They have but one opinion about the flour of the family, and it's "SNOWY BUTTE" first, last and every time. Accept their verdict, old man, and join in the chorus.....

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Don't your Shoes need mending or your Harness repairing? IF SO CALL ON ME

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is a necessity to you, financially and socially. A NEWSPAPER of GENERAL CIRCULATION, containing the latest news of the world, is equally necessary to you. The "up to date man" will provide himself with these two necessaries.

In THE TWICE-A-WEEK SPOKESMAN-REVIEW will be found the very latest news of the world, its matter including information on politics, commerce, agriculture, mining, literature, as well as the local happenings in the states of Montana, Oregon, Idaho, Washington, and the province of British Columbia. In addition, its columns for women, its popular science articles, its short and continued stories, its "Answers to Correspondents," and "Puzzle Problems" combine to form a home newspaper that at $1.00 per year can nowhere be excelled.

Perhaps you have something to sell—a farm, a team, farm machinery. You may wish to buy something. The best possible way to communicate with people who wish to buy or sell is by inserting a small advertisement in the Spokesman-Review. The price is the same in the daily and the Twice-a-Week.

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18 WORDS	1 time	30c
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If you wish to reach business men and newcomers, use the DAILY. Farmers, stockmen, lumbermen and miners take the TWICE-A-WEEK.

Gray Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for over thirty years. It has kept my scalp free from dandruff and has prevented my hair from turning gray."—Mrs. F. A. Soule, Billings, Mont.

There is this peculiar thing about Ayer's Hair Vigor—it is a hair food, not a dye. Your hair does not suddenly turn black, look dead and lifeless. But gradually the old color comes back,—all the rich, dark color it used to have. The hair stops falling, too.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Hotte.

Above his head, as he worked, there hung, in an elaborate frame, a dollar bill.

"A relic with a history, I doubt not!" observed the other.

"Yes, the trophy of my really first great financial victory," replied the man of affairs. "It is the first dollar I ever escaped from a summer hotel with!"

When asked if he had had recourse to a rope ladder he merely laughed, denying nothing.—Detroit Free Press.

THOUSANDS SAVED BY

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY

This wonderful medicine positively cures Consumption, Coughs Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Pleurisy, La-Grippe, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Cough. Every bottle guaranteed. No Cure. No Pay. Price 50c. & $1. Trial bottle free.

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Attention, Good Dressers!

We Have a Good Thing and Want Everybody to Know it.

We have secured the exclusive right for this vicinity to take orders for the famous tailoring of STRAUSS BROS., Chicago. We are now displaying their newest samples of Fine Woolens and urge everyone interested in good clothes to call and inspect them. We show NEARLY 500 PATTERNS, by far the largest line in the country, consisting of many exclusive effects in worsteds, cassimeres, Scotches, clays, serges, etc. STRAUSS BROS. make the kind of clothes you like to wear,—accurately tailored, perfect fitting, distinctly above the ordinary, yet prices are no higher than you have paid for inferior goods. They guarantee absolute satisfaction and with it goes our unqualified endorsement.

We shall be glad to have you call and you will be glad you came.

CRAWFORD & CARTER,

Gold Hill, Oregon.

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MILLIONS OF BANANAS.

Three Vessel Loads of the Fruit Make Work Lively in Philadelphia.

Scarcity of domestic grown fruits caused another record in the importation of bananas to be broken, when three vessels, all laden with the tempting fruit of the West Indies, lately came up the Delaware, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

One of the three was the Russian steamboat Urania, with 16,300 bunches of bananas stowed away in her hold, and the others were the Norwegian steamships Spero and Leon, the former carrying 12,000 bunches and the latter with 14,000 bunches, a grand total for the three ships of 42,300 bunches. Averaged at 60 bananas to each bunch, this means that 2,538,000 bananas were unloaded altogether, or nearly two for each resident of Philadelphia.

So great was the inward rush of the fruit that one of the ships, the Spero, was unable to find dock room, and her cargo was brought to shore in lighters, while the Spero lay at anchor in the middle of the Delaware off pier 5. This is one of the rarest of happenings in this port, and the proceedings were watched with interest by a big crowd of spectators. The unprecedented demand for men to unload the bananas, work which the importers find it pays to do with especial quickness while the big consumption of the fruit is on, naturally sent longshoremen's wages skyward, and the pockets of many of them were jingling with coin at the end of the day.

CYCLIST'S BULL-FIGHT.

Queer Novelties Lately Witnessed by the Populace in a Mexican Ring.

An appreciative crowd of nearly 5,000 people saw a commendable exhibition in the Romita bull ring by a representative cuadrille of Mexico City cyclists one afternoon recently. The affair was well carried out and applause was generous during the afternoon, reports the Mexican Herald. The five bulls killed were from the hacienda of Atenco, the property of Senor Barbabosa.

The features of the day were the placing of the banderillos from a bicycle by Jose Basurto, and "a Don Tancredo en bicicio" by Alberto Elgues. The former placed the sticks in the neck of the second bull with skill and daring; the latter coolly sat on his wheel, which was propped to stand upright in the center of the ring, while the bull, luckily, paid no attention to him. He was applauded.

The first bull found Manuel G. Sanchez prepared to do him to the death, but Manuel's preparatory course had obviously been incomplete. He failed, even though using some strokes never known before, to kill the bull, and the beast was finally lassoed.

Jose Cosio braved the second bull, and dispatched him neatly with an [illegible] were tackled and killed in alternate order by the two matadores.

AROUND THE WORLD.

A Trip That Has Never Been Made Despite All Claims to the Contrary.

No one has yet really made a journey round the world, says a reliable authority. The course usually followed is approximately about 20,000 miles in length. The shortest time for this distance is that made by George Griffith, an Englishman, who accomplished the distance in 64½ days, as an ordinary passenger, via Suez and Hong-Kong.

The only way to make a real trip around the world would be at the equator, where the circumference is 24,855 miles, nearly 5,000 miles longer than the usual route.

Some years ago an Italian offered to accomplish this task in three years, provided the necessary funds were found; but nothing came of it. It is extremely doubtful whether such a feat is within the realms of possibility, as the man rash enough to undertake it would have to spend months in the pestilential basin of the Amazon, hew his way for hundreds of miles through the terrible Congo forest and cross the great twin islands of Sumatra and Borneo, in a latitude where fever of the deadliest description is everywhere prevalent.

BECOMING AMERICANISED.

First Chinese Laundryman—Hi, ya! Me goin' to stlike—likee Melican man!

Second Chinese Laundryman—What for stlike?

First Chinese Laundryman—More yen, and 10 hours a day, 'stead of 201—Brooklyn Life.

Signs and Tokens.

"I met the new bride out on the boulevard; she's keeping house."

"How did she look?—and how do you know?"

"Oh—she had on a lovely white frock, with a white chiffon pompon in her hair; and she had a loaf of bread under her arm."—Chicago Record-Herald.

FOOD DEGRADATION.

Deterioration Has Been Going On Steadily for Many Years.

Why Homemade Articles of Diet Are Preferred to Those from the Store—Effect of Poor Food Upon the Sense.

There can be no doubt that during the last decade food has undergone a steady degradation, and this cannot be without a demoralizing influence upon the human race. It will be noticed that by far the majority of cases of tampering with food relate to the substitution of a cheaper article rather than to the addition of an injurious substance. The common defense is that modern conditions of life make a substitution a necessity. It is difficult to see the logic of such a defense—at least, in a number of instances, says the London Lancet.

It is urged, for instance, that jam or marmalade cannot be made without the addition of glucose, which prevents the preserve from crystallizing. Now long before glucose was a household word jams and marmalade were made—and good they were, too, consisting entirely of sugar and fruit. In the same way we are told that beer must be brewed from sugar and that brewing exclusively from malt presents untold difficulties. Again, golden sirup, which used formerly to be the refined sirup of molasses, consists largely now of artificial sugar, which is doubtless a more marketable product, but is not the same thing as cane sugar.

Yet, again, we are told that the public demand a perfectly white loaf of bread, the truth in reality being that machinery has produced a roller flour which is an inferior thing to the new, we suppose, extinct stone-milled flour. Instances of this sort could be multiplied.

We could wish that all those keeping house would make up their minds seriously to return to the excellent custom of preparing many articles of food for themselves at home. Who does not admit the charm of homemade bread, or homemade jam, and simply because they are known to be made from an honest formula which has stood the test of time and from good materials which yield a palatable product? Even in the country good, old-fashioned wheaten bread, with that fascinating brown color of rich wheaten flour, containing the entire nutritious portions of the berry and possessing that delightful wheaten flavor, now seldom, if ever, characteristic of bread, is difficult to obtain. The baker's loaf is, as a rule, a tasteless, insipid article, which requires a considerable appetite before the idea of eating it can be entertained. No wonder that the taste for bread is steadily diminishing, and undoubtedly less bread is consumed that used to be the case. As is well known, bread contains almost every element of food necessary for existence, but we should be sorry for the person who tried to subsist entirely upon the modern uninteresting loaf made from blanched roller mill flour.

It has recently been stated that the degradation of the teeth so noticeable among us now is due to roller milling having largely supplanted stone milling. We should not be surprised. The degradation of food is a serious matter and is bound to lead sooner or later to the degradation of the eater. No movement could confer greater blessing upon the people than that which aimed at bringing about a return to the older and more rational methods of preparing food. Let us see more of the homemade article than we now see; let us return to more palatable food and to food that will do more good than the machine-made stuffs and the endless series of substitutes. In all the schools throughout the land we would have the children taught the advantages of homemade food, and how that bread, fruit, jam, or even beer and cider can be made at home. It would encourage a spirit of industry, it would give us palatable and nourishing articles to eat or drink, and might have a wholesome effect upon those who seem deliberately to attenuate food as much as possible or who pay no regard to its naturally endowed palatability.

Natural Question to Ask.

"We must have an interview with the heroine of that scandal," asserted the managing editor of the sensational sheet.

"But the details are all known," protested the city editor. "What is there left to ask her?"

"She should be asked," replied the managing editor thoughtfully, "whether it is her intention to write a novel or go on the stage."—Chicago Post.

HOME-MADE PURE AIR.

Novel Idea for the Treatment of Persons Afflicted with Pulmonary Complaints.

A Philadelphia inventor has introduced the genuine product, which is claimed to be beneficial for persons with lung or throat trouble. His object is to bring the balm-healing pine woods to the patient when the patient cannot go to the woods. The apparatus acts on the principle of a heating furnace. Inside the furnace layers of pine wood are alternated with layers of a slow-burning material. When the fire is introduced and the furnace closed the mass smolders for weeks at a time. The vapors emanating from the burning pine are caught in a tank, cleansed thoroughly and the purified vapor is conducted through pipes to rooms all over the building. The vapor is said to have an invigorating effect on those who inhale it and seems to have all the qualities of the air from the pine forest. In purifying the vapor a liquid is obtained which is said to be very healing.

A SPONGELESS SLATE.

Novel Invention of a Young Woman School-Teacher for the Benefit of the Pupils.

Miss Emma Levi, a teacher of one of the lower grades in the Eagle school, has invented a slate which is intended to eliminate the sponge as a part of the school furniture, and upon the tests made by the authorities there is little doubt of the slate coming into general use in the Cleveland schools, says the Plain Dealer.

Miss Levi, in telling of her invention, says: "I am sure that it will fulfill the purposes for which it was invented. As long as I have been in the profession the sponge for slates has been one of the things which made it unpleasant. Long before the germ theory was advanced and the sponge condemned because of the scattering of disease through it, I reached the conclusion that it could not but have an undesirable influence upon the health of the school children.

"I first tried to find an eraser which would take the place of the sponge, and not need water. Here I found that I was against physical laws, and that the slate is so porous that, while its surface appears to be smooth, under a microscope it can be seen that the use of a slate in writing exercises depends upon the porousness, and that the only way to thoroughly clean them is by the application of water.

"Finally another problem presented itself, which led to the solution of both it and the sponge difficulty. I observed, as have all teachers, that it was practically impossible to use the slate on dark days, which are most numerous in Cleveland. Most school-rooms have no means of artificial lighting, and on cloudy days the effect of having the slates outside the desks was to make the rooms even more gloomy, as putting the eyes of the children in jeopardy. We got orders one day not to use the slates on these dark days, but to allow them to study from their books. This gave me the idea of a white slate, and was the beginning of my research along that line.

"My first object was to produce a slate which would be white, and which could be cleaned readily. When I found such a slate, or possibly it is a misnomer to call it a slate, as it is in reality a substitute for the slate, I then believed that the time had come to get rid of the sponge in the schools.

"I worked until I secured a composition which would have a glazed surface, and then turned my attention to a pencil which would have an affinity for the surface, and its marks still be readily removed. The pencil, by the way, was not the least of the difficulties, but at last I have a pencil and a slate which will go together and eliminate both the difficulty in regard to unsanitary sponges and the darkening effect of the slate.

"Since I have finished the slate I find that it has an advantage over the other slates in the matter of teaching writing, and the free arm movement which is taught in our schools can be acquired from the first over its glazed surface—a thing which has been impossible with the old slate."

CITING A PRECEDENT.

The Effective Rebuke of a Good-Natured Southern Colonel Administered to Mischievous Students.

If there is one thing a mischief-maker dreads more than another, it is a laugh at his expense, but the heartier the laugh the more the world in general enjoys itself. A capital opportunity recently fell in the way of a southern gentleman, and it is pleasant to know that he made the most of it, says Youth's Companion.

He is a southern "colonel" of the old type living in a college town, and it is the privilege of a number of students to board at his house. Now by some law of nature, the student appetite for food is keenest about midnight, and in consequence the colonel's larder suffered nightly. Hams shrunk and jams declined, while Friday's baking no longer supplied cookies for the week. The housekeeper was in despair, and the colonel grew thoughtful.

Finally, one Sunday morning, as the colonel, his family and boarders gathered around the breakfast-table, the ravages of the night before showed forth past hiding. The ham was a bone, and there was no golden drup for the cakes. The colonel's face wore its most genial smile.

"Boys," said he, "I can't help thinking sometimes of a story of John Randolph. He had a dog he loved as much as the dog loved mischief, and watch Fido as he would, he couldn't stop the little creature's ravages.

"One morning Fido entered the library about two minutes before his master, leaped into a chair, dragged down a book that lay open in it, and had just time to munch a chapter or two and leave his marks on the cover when his master appeared. Randolph stood in the doorway, surveying the scene like a philosopher, while the dog slunk off to wait for his whipping under the sofa. But Randolph only looked at him; then picking up the book, he took a pen and wrote on the fly-leaf: 'Done by Fido when he was a pup.'"

The colonel gave a little guffaw, while his family shouted with laughter. The students grew very red and then laughed, too. After that the pantry was quite safe.

Little Pitcher!

Mrs. Halsey—You mustn't cry when you cut yourself a little, Harold. Be a man, like your papa!

Little Harold—B-B-But—boo-hoo—I bet you'd lick me if I said the bad things pa says when he cuts himself just a teeny bit, when he's shaving!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Footmist Reproved.

"I suppose," he ventured, "that you would never speak to me again if I were to kiss you?"

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed, "why don't you get over the habit of always looking at the dark side of things?"—Tit-Bits.