The Miseries of Prolonged Imprisonment in a Siberian Dungeon-The Growing Fear of Insanity-Loss of Self-Control. Seurvy-Suicide.

You cannot imagine the misery of prolonged confinement in a casemate of the fortress under what are known as dungeon conditions (kartsernoi polozhenie). My casemate was sometimes cold, generally damp, and always gloomy. Day after day, week after week, and month after month, I lay there in solitude, hearing no sound save that of the high pitched, melancholy bells of the fortress cathedral, which slowly chimed the quarter hours, and which always seemed to me to half articulate the words, "Tee zdais seedesh ee seedes tee." (Here thou liest-lie here still). I had absolutely nothing to do except to pace my cell from corner to corner and think. For a long time I used to talk to myself in a whisper; to repeat softly everything in the shape of literature that I could remember, and to compose speeches, which, under certain imagined conditions, I would deliver; but I finally ceased to have energy enough to do even this, and used to sit for hours in a sort of stupor, in which, so far as I can now remember, I was not conscious of thinking at all.

WEAK, MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY. Before the end of the first year I grew so weak mentally and physically that I began to forget words. I knew what ideas I desired to express, but some of the words that I needed had gone from me, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could recover them. It seemed sometimes as if my own language were a strange one to me, or one which, from long disuse, I had forgotten. greatly feared insanity, and my apprebension was increased by the fact that two or three of my comrades in cells on the sam corridor were either insane or subject to hallucinations; and I was often roused at night and thrown into a violent chill of nervous excitement by their hysterical weeping, their cries to the guard to come and take away somebody, or something, which they imagined they saw, or their groans and en-treaties when, in cases of violent delirium, they were strapped to their beds by the gendarmes. My inability to so what was suppening in the cells from which these groans, cries and sounds of violence came gave full play, of course, to my imagination, and thus increased my nervous excitement, until I was on the verge of hysterics

Several times, when I feared that I was losing all self control, I summoned the fort-ress surgeon, or the "feldsher," who merely gave me a dose of bromide of potassium and told me that I must not excite myself so; that nothing serious had happened; that two or three of the prisoners were sick and delirions; but that there was nothing to be alarmed about. As the fortress contained no hospital, insane and delirious patients were treated in their cells, and were rarely removed to an asylum unless they were manifestly incurable, or the care of them became burdensome. The effect of the eternal stillness, solitude, and lack of occupation on the mind was greatly heightened by the want of proper exercise and nourishment for the body. "Accused" prisoners and the body. "Accused" prisoners awaiting trial in the Trubetskoi bastion were allowed to have money in the hands of the "smatritel." or warden, and could direct its expenditure for white bread, vegetables, tea, sugar, etc., to make up the deficiencies of the prison ration; but we, the "condemned," had to live upon black rye bread, soup which it was often impossible to eat on account of the spoiled condition of the meat from which it had been made, and a small quantity of "kasha," or barley, boiled with a little fat and served without seasoning, and sometimes only half cooked.

Such food, in connection with the damp, beavy air of the casemate and the lack of proper exercise, caused derangement of the ligestive organs, and this was soon followed by more or less pronounced symptoms of scurvy. Madame Lebaleva, who was in the penal servitude section with me, suffered from scurvy to such an extent that her teeth became loose and her gums greatly swollen, and she could not masticate the prison bread without first soaking it in warm water. Scurvy, even in an incipient form, intensi fied, of course, the mental depression due primarily to other causes and made it almost insupportable. I never seriously meditated -it always seemed to me a cowardly thing to escape suffering by taking one's own life—but I did speculate upon the possibility of suicide, and wondered how I could kill myself in a casemate where there was absolutely nothing that could be used as an implement of self-destruction.

Once I went so far as to see if I could hang myself from the small cylindrical hot air pipe which projected two or three inches into my cell from the face of the brick oven. I did not really intend to take my life, but I felt a morbid curiosity to know whether or not I could do it in that way. As soon as I threw my weight on the pipe, it pulled out the masonry, making, as it fell to the floor, a noise which attracted the attention of the guard in the corridor. I was forthwith removed to another cell, and I never again tried a similar experiment. They say that poor Goldenberg succeeded in committing micide in the fortress, but I cannot imagine how he accomplished it. I became satisfied that I could not kill myself in my casemate in any other way than by biting into an artery or dashing my head against the wall, and I ultimately became so weak that I doubt very much whether I could have fractured my skull by the latter method, -George Kennon in The Century.

The Parisians' Off-hand Manner. In place of their old flowery language, Parisians have of late years adopted an offhand manner (running to the extreme as is so often the case), a manner which they are kind enough to call English or American. Still, there are bounds which must never be overstepped, and a certain degree of formality is always demanded in the intercourse tween the sexes before the world, whatever they may be behind the social scene. Frenchman always bows when greeting a lady, even when he shakes hands with her. His bow may or may not be perfection; his "shake hand" is almost always awkward. To style it a "shake" at all is straining a int. The hand is taken and as quickly let ro again as if it were of ice and there were considerable fear of melting it. For some years it has been the vogue for the lady of the house to offer her hand to all comers even quite young men-whom this piece of condescension sometimes embarrasses ex-tremely, they having their thumbs neatly consonced between the folds of their gibus. Having joined hands with their hostess, there is an end of it; the other ladies of their acquaintance who happen to be in the o not get nor expect more than the uple.—Paris Cor. Argonaut.

THE BUFFALO QUESTION.

A Solution Which Should Be Adopted at Once-A Manitoba Herd.

There is no question in Taxidermist Richardson's opinion that the buffalo is now well nigh extinct on the plains, There are a few in Yellowstone park protected by the government, but they are likely to be killed at any time. In Texas a herd of about thirty is owned by one ranchman; several other small bunches may be found, but the days when they rambled at large over the country have been numbered. Unless some means of protecting them is adopted within ten years the American bison must become an extinct species. In Central park Director Conklin has several specimens of buffalo, but the cow is growing old and another one has not been secured. The buffalo will not breed in captivity unless, like other domestic animals, it has abundant room for feeding and exercise. In Central park the animals are confined in narrow stalls because the space at the disposal of the manager is so cramped.

There is a practical solution of the buffalo question, Mr. Richardson thinks, which, if adopted at once, may prevent the extinction of the animal. The buffaloes are easily domesticated, and if accustomed from birth to domestic surroundings, they become quite as easy to control as ordinary domestic cattle. In the northwest, where the winters are long and the thermometer sinks below zero at the slightest provocation, buffalo subsist without any discomfort, while the winters there are generally fatal to domestic cattle unless housed and looked

after with the greatest care. "In Manitoba," said Mr. Richardson, 'there is a herd of about fifty buffaloes owned by S. L. Bedson. Ernest E. Thompson, who is assisting me in the museum, has written an interesting account of them in a recent pamphlet on the Mammals of Manitoba. A portion of this herd are half breeds, crossed with common cattle, another portion are three-quarters bred, and the rest are pure blood. It may be a question whether the pure breed will continue itself, but it certainly could be maintained if looked after. This herd has developed from five buffalo calves, brought by some Indians from Winnipeg in 1878. It requires no care beyond what is necessary to keep the different animals from wandering or being stolen or shot. The buf-

faloes are as hardy as in their wild state. Mr. Thompson saw them late in January last year, when they were able to dig down in the snow and find grass enough to keep them fat. During a blizzard they would lie down in a group, with their backs to the wind, and let the snow drift over them. The snow and their woolly coats kept them perfectly comfortable. In January, 1884, one of the cows calved in the open prairie, where the thermometer registered 38 degs. below zero, and both cow and calf survived and did not appear to suffer.

"It seems to me that this is an important question for the farmers of the north west, and the national government ought to take measures for the encouragement of the raising of buffalo stock. An ordinary cowhide is worth \$2, but it is useless as a robe, while an average buffalo hide is worth \$10 and, as a robe, is atmost indispensable in the northern climate. The buffalo sheds its woolly hair once a year. This wool is easily gathered, and it works up well into a coarse varn. One animal will yield ten to twelve pounds of raw wool. At one time there were factories for the manufacture of buffalo wool, but they have disappeared with the buffalo. The wool of the hybrid animal becomes darker and finer, and the buffalo hump disappears in the mixed breed. The animal itself becomes more docile, though retaining its hardihood, and is a better milker than the pure buffalo. This cross breeding affords a wide opportunity for stock raisers,"-New York Tribune.

The Most Decorated Man.

It would be difficult to say who is the most decorated man of Europe. Each of the three emperors and the royal sovereigns of Europe average fifty grand crosses, with their respective appendages. Aside from the sovereigns and princes, I should think the most decorated man must be either Count Andrassy, the former chancellor of Austria, or the station master of ----, a well known watering place. The latter receives an average of three minor crosses annually, depending mainly on the number of sovereigns and princes visiting the place; station masters, physicians, police commissioners and others are in many instances remunerated for their services with crosses, very much as the gate keeper of the castle of Chillon receives a shilling from every visiting Englishman. -Ernst von Hesse Wartegg in The Cen-

The Rich Man's Coachman.

A rich man who beats his dog is no more important in Mr. Bergh's eyes than the poor man who torments his neighbor's pet. The coachman of a millionaire is the prisoner. His employer has become bondsman for him, and his attorney is present to see that justice is dealt out to him. And that is just what is donejust that and nothing more or less. He was arrested for using an infamous bit, the sides of which contained sharp tacks which pressed cruelly into the sides of the horse's face, inflicting such pain that he reared and danced. This gave him the appearance of great spirit. Mr. Bergh briefly states the case to the court. The bit is produced. Half an hour of argument is heard and the prisoner, in spite of as master's wealth and social position, is fined \$25.—Benjamin Northrop.

Reform in Our Penal System. It needs no argument to show that our penal system is as bad as it can be. Probably one-half of those incarcerated could be made excellent citizens without being disgraced. Of the other half a large part, by a course of wise discipline, could be lifted out of the ranks of vice and crime. At present a man once in state's prison is pretty sure to be back again soon after his release, and his incarceration only hardens him. The only pardoning power now recognized as possible is that lodged in the hands of our governors: a power that is generally exercised with discretion and ends in vast good. We cannot too soon eradicate the idea of vindictiveness from our penal system and substitute therefor the idea of reformation.—Globs Domocrat.

If employed were not a

A DIVER'S DESCRIPTION

OF THE COSTUME WORN WHILE UNDER THE WATER.

Going Down to the Bottom of the Sea The Diving Dress Invented by a Native of Switzerland-Signaling While Under

"I first began diving in 1863," said Capt. Anthony Williams, the famous English diver. "I was a wrecker then, and was raising a sunken ship off the coast of Cornwall. I had working for me a diver who seemed a very lazy, careless sort of a fellow. I was paying him by the day, and once, after being under water for a long time, be came up and reported very little progress in his work. I was angry and expressed myself strongly. He retorted with: "Try it yourself if you can do any better.

" 'All right,' said I, 'let me have your diving dress and I will try it myself.' thought I was only joking, but I wasn't. He doffed the dress, I put it on and down I went. I discharged him when I came up and have been doing my own diving ever since.

"Did you ever see a diving dress! No! Then I will put mine on and give you an idea of one," and the captain retired to his stateroom, whence he presently emerged in full diving costume, except the heavy cast iron helmet, which several of the company raised from the deck and placed upon him, thus making his outfit complete. The dress is really two dresses, one within the other, each of India rubber. The stockings, pants and shirt are all made together as one garment, which the diver enters at the neck, feet first. The hands are left bare, the wristbands of the rubber shirt sleeves tightly compressing the wrists. There is a copper breast plate, bearing upon its outer convex surface small screws, which are adjusted through holes in the neck of the shirt, which by means of nuts fastened upon the screws, is held so firmly in place as to render the entire dress, from the neck downward, absolutely air and water tight. Fitting with equal closeness to this breast plate is the belinet mentioned above. It completely encloses the head, and is supplied with three glasses—one in front and one at each side-to enable the diver to look in any direction. A pair of very thick leather shoes, made to lace up the front, and supplied with heavy leaden soles, completes the outfit.

"You see," said the captain, when his helmet had been removed, after everybody had had ample time to criticise his appearance in it, "it takes about fifteen minutes to put these togs on, and when the diver is rigged in them all but the helmet there are placed across his shoulders ropes sustaining two leaden weights, one hanging at his back, the other at his breast. He then goes down a ladder into the water up to his armpits, and then the belinet is placed on him, the glass in front is screwed in place, and when everything is made ready he is made aware of the fact by a blow on the top of the belmet. He then goes down by means of a rope previously lowered, hand under hand, to the bottom of the sea. Sometimes, in very strong currents, it is necessary to make the weights extraordinarily heavy in order to hold the diver down, notwithstanding the fact that the dress alone weighs nearly 200 pounds, and yet I do not feel the weight of it down among the fishes any more than I do that of an ordinary suit of clothes out of the water, It was invented in Switzerland by a native of that country named Bauer, who spent a small competency in having it patented and in trying to bring it into use, but he died a disappointed, heart broken pauper, leaving others to reap the benefit of his invention." "Can you breathe as freely in your diving

dress as you can out of it?" Yes, indeed. When ten or twelve fathoms under water my breathing is as wholly devoid of effort as it is when I am walking about on dry land. You know that by means of an air pump, worked by two men, the diver is supplied with air. Through a hose this air passes into the back of his helmet, and near its place of entrance is a spring valve for its escape. This valve can be controlled by the diver, but he usually sets it before going into the water, and seldom disturbs it afterward. The pressure of the air being greater than that of the water, a surplus of the former readily escapes, When this valve is not sufficient, the diver can open in his breastplate a similar spring valve, intended only for such an emergency. He can also regulate the amount of air pumped to him by signals upon the air hose to the men engaged in pumping. One pull upon the hose means more air; two pulls, less air, and two pulls and a shake, "I want to come up." These signals on the air hose are generally used by all divers, but each one of us has his own private code of signals on the life line, which is always fastened to the diver's waist, and by means of which he is drawn up out of water. These signals each diver writes down very carefully and gives to the man in charge of the life line. By means of these we can send up for tools, material, etc. When a lengthy communication is to be made we send up for a slate and write all we want to say. It is just as easy to read and write under water as out of it. One can see very plainly, all objects being greatly magnified."-Geoffrey Williston Christine in Chicago Journal.

A Trick of Counterfeiters.

A gentleman now in one of the city banks, but formerly of the secret service department, said the other day that the public should be very careful in judging counterfeit money by one distinct feature in the bill. "I'll give you an idea of how these fellows work," he said. "They generally make two or three plates from which different bills are struck off. One of the plates is likely to be a trifle short or long. The public becomes aware of this, and bases judgment of its genuineness by measuring a suspicious bill with one known to be good. Well, these fellows will then spring a bill on the town exactly right in length, and everything goes on serenely. They are a cute lot, I tell you, and have many schemes to get rid of their stuff. The fellow who does the shoving never carries more than one bill with him at a time. As soon as he gets rid of it he hands the change he receives to a confederate on the outside and receives another bill. When a party is suspected of trying to shove counterfeit money he should never be arested on the spot, but should be watched until he meets his confederate on the outside; then you'll get the best man of the two, and most likely the principal. Women are used some times to shove the stuff, but they are not reliable, and most counterfeiters steer clear of them in their work."-Chicago News.

The Lady Boarder.

"Not another morsel," exclaimed the new lady boarder, after eating enough for six able bodied coal heavers. "Not another morsel. Really, I don't know what will become of me; no appetite it all, you know. As my last landlady said, I don't eat enough to keep a

bird alive." The boarders said nothing, but they all be-gan wondering whether the bird she referred to was an estrich or Sinbad's roc.—Beston Traveler,

LAUGHS FOR LAWYERS

Pointed Paragraphs and Anecdotes About Members of the Bar. When a certain judge, well known in Rochester, was a young lawyer, the court appoint-

ed him counselor for a certain prisoner, requesting him to give the best advice he could inder the circumstances. He then retired to an adjoining room for consultation, returning alone shortly afterward. "Where is your client?" asked the judge.

"He has gone," quietly replied the young

"Gone! Why, what do you mean, sir!" "Why, your honor told me to give him the est advice I could, and as he confessed his guilt, I opened the window and advised him o jump for his life. The prisoner took my advice and is about two miles from here by this time or I'm very much mistaken."-Boston Budget, A LAW EXAMINATION.

Professor-You are aware that in certain cases the mother can be guardian of her children, provided she is of age. Now, can a grandmother also be guardian!

Student-Yes, sir. Professor-Under what conditions? Student-Provided she is of age.-Paris

Figuro. A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

An attorney expressing a conflicting opinion in a matter under discussion before Judge Walton was met with this: "You should remember the remark of

Judge Goodenow to Judge Goddard: 'You may be right and I may be wrong; but my opinion is worth more than yours, because my opinion decides this case and yours does not." - Medalia Times.

A Romance that Didn't Pan Out. Her father was a millionaire, whose life and been devoted to candle making. He was practical naturally, but all the poetry of the family was found in her. She was beloved by another millionaire's son, and when he proposed to her she declared that he must do something for her.

"Dearest, what can I do?"

married to the other girl and had gone off on his honeymoon.

judge had overruled a motion of Counselor so arranged as to grind or chop at will. Write to either of the above parties for further infor-Garvey, one of the best known lawyers of the mation. respectful to the court, but he lost his temper this time, and declared in his broad though rich and cultured brogue:

"Your honor, I hope for your honor's honor that it will never be noised abroad to your honor's hurt that this honorable court ever made a ruling so dishonorable to his own honor."-St. Louis Republic,

Gently Expressed.—Waiter, please take this cheese away again. It is too uneasy for me.

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THE GREAT PORTLAND EXPOSI-TION.

Which opened on the 17th of September, is proving a grand success in every respect. There are more and better exhibits than ever before, the display of fruits and grains being particularly fine. The music furnished by the celebrated Mexican band is a leading feature. A number of special at tractions will be offered during the month consisting of war dances and the celebrated ghost dance by Umatilla Indians, a grand electrical exhibit, prize drills for the National Guard, farmers, bench show and for the various sections of the Northwest.

Among the notable exhibits the follow-

ing are especially worthy of mention:

STAVER & WALKER.

The exhibits of Staver & Walker are, as usual, the most extensive as well as the finest and most attractive in the exposition. Their machinery display comprises beautifully finished models of the many kinds of farm machinery and implements sold by them, and which are in general use throughout the Northwest. A large part of their machinery display this year is devoted to the various styles of engines which they handle, Staver & Walker being the headquarters in the Northwest for heavy machinery of all kinds. A Staver & Walker being the headquarters in the Northwest for heavy machinery of all kinds. A most unique feature of their exhibits is one of the world-famous Studebaker wagons, which they have suspended in the air, and which bears the suggestive sign "The Studebaker Wagon on Top." The vehicle exhibit of Staver & Walker is one of the most attractive and interesting features of the entire exposition, their booth being beautifully decorated with bunting in rich colors and made resplendent by the dazzling rays of the electric lights. Their display of vehicles is the finest ever seen in the Northwest, prominent among which stands the elegant New Haven Carriage Co.'s top buggy, which Staver & Walker will give away on the last day of the exposition, tickets for the drawing being free.

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Have an honest display of their various lines of goods, just the same as will be found in their store and warehouses, foot of Yamhill street. They carry a large stock of wagons, buggies and road carts, the celebrated Skandia riding and waiking plows, gangs and harrows, the Freeman feed and ensilage cutter and carriers, Van Brunt broad-cast seeders and drills, horse power feed grinders, fanuing mills, disc harrows, etc. Mr. J. L. Foskett, the manager of the Portland house, understands the business and the wants of the people thoroughly, and is prepared to give satisfaction to both farmers and retail dealers.

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D. M. OSBORNE & CO.

"Dearest, what can I dof"

"Become a poor artist."

"I couldn't be any other kind of an artist."

"I mean you must pretend to be a poor artist. Pa does not know you. You must come and make love to me and I will fall in love with you. Pa will object and make a row. We will elope and get married, and when it is all over we'll tell him, and it will be delightful."

So he became a poor artist and took a poor studio, and daubed on canvas and pretended to paint pictures. And there was another millionaire's daughter who began to come to his studio and sit for her picture.

He forgot all about the romantic maiden, and when the romantic maiden came one night in peasant costume, as a sweet surprise, to run away with him, she found that he was married to the other girl and had gone off for illustrated catalogue.

married to the other girl and had gone off on his honeymoon.

She thinks that romances are all moonshine now, and that nothing happens in real life as it happens in books. She is right.—Denver Tribune.

French and Irish Wit.

When Judge Rombauer was on the bench he one day made a ruling against a young attorney, whose superfluity of diplomas was only equaled by his scant knowledge of law. Much disgusted, the lawyer said:

"I don't know where your honor goes to find such law as that."

When ruffled Judge Rombauer speaks with a strong Bohemian accent, and he replied in very emphatic language:

"I am not surprised, Mr. —, zat you know not where I go to find ze law, for I find it in ze books."

The oregon GIANT GRAIN MILL.

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Dr. H. Sanche

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