THE WILL.

Hans Hartkopf was a farmer by profession and a Pennsylvania Dutchman by extraction. He was a widower, and his daughter, Katrina, was the head of his house—that is, its feminine head, for old Hans was emphatically lord and master. His will was law, and from his judgments there was no appeal.

Katrina was the belle of the countryside. Of all Katrina's admirers Karl Veeder was the only one upon whom Mr. Hartkopf looked at all encouragingly.

To tell the truth, Mr. Hartkopf had set his heart on having Karl for a son-in-law, and one day the subject was broached between the father and daughter, the former expressing his wish, or rather command, against which the latter rebelled outright.

Katrina had, or fancied she had, two good reasons for her conduct. In the first place she didn't love Karl Veeder, and this she told her father plump and plain. Next, but this she kept to herself, she did love John Greer, a strapping, handsome youth, who was her father's foreman.

Lawyer Kaufbrief was called in to draft old Hans' will, which ran to this effect: If Katrina married in her father's lifetime without his consent or failed to marry Karl Veeder, provided he proposed within a year after the testator's death, all the latter's property was to go to Karl without reserve.

In the course of time business required Mr. Hartkopf to make a trip to the city, quite a journey for old Hans and one he was very loath to undertake.

John Greer drove him to the station, where Karl Veeder was in waiting to bid goodby to his father-in-law presumptive.

"Take this," said Karl, putting something in the old gentleman's hand. "A few drops of it before going to bed is a sure preventive of rheumatism."

Karl Veeder had sought to pay this little attention unobserved, but John Greer, who was minding the horses hard by, had quick eyes and ears.

After seeing his employer off John hurried home with the team and then ran at full speed to a spot where a secluded path penetrated a dense thicket. He had chanced to pass that way in the early morning and had caught sight of Karl Veeder partially concealed among the bushes with a small vial in his hand, from which he was apparently picking a paper label, the fragments of which he threw away.

Carefully searching among the dead leaves on the ground, John Greer found a number of small pieces of paper. These he collected and then, with the patience of one solving a Chinese puzzle, put them together.

With an exclamation of horror he started back. Then taking out his pocketbook with trembling fingers he thrust the paper fragments into one of its folds and ran without halting to the railway station. Another city bound train had just stopped, and in a few minutes John was aboard and off.

Farmer Hartkopf had expected to spend several days in the city, and Karl Veeder called over the evening after her father's departure to have a quiet chat with Katrina, who, in deference to the farmer's orders, didn't dare to be quite rude to Karl much as she despised him.

Karl was artfully maneuvering to turn the conversation into a channel which Katrina was as artfully avoiding when without warning in bustled old Hans with John Greer at his heels.

Veeder looked both startled and surprised.

"Vot you call dot, hey?" shouted the excited farmer, thrusting a vial under Karl's nose.

"I—I do not understand you," the latter stammered.

"Dot met-cine you gif me yesterday—vot you call him, hey?"

"I assure you, sir," said Karl, "it is quite harmless and would have done you much good."

"Ya—no doubt. Subbose you dake von leetle trop?"

Veeder drew back quickly.

"I do not need it," he answered evasively. "I am not afflicted with rheumatism."

"And never vill pe if you'll dake von leetle trop o' dess. Vy, I've had it examined by von o' dem metical pig pugs down in Philadelphy, and he says—vot did he call it, Chonny?"

"Prussic acid," said John Greer, "which is also the name on the label, the pieces of which I picked up where I saw you scatter them in the thicket yesterday."

"You see, it's all out," resumed the farmer. "You thought nopoty seed you ven you gif me dot stuff, and I'd take it goin to pet and pe found tead in de mornin. Den de doctors vould schmell te pottle, rip up de gorpse and say it had killed itself mit pizen.

"Now, Karl Veeder," resumed the farmer after a pause for breath, "I'm goin to do two t'ings—first, purn dot vill and den kick you out."

But Karl didn't wait for either, nor was his face ever seen in that country again.

"Katrina," said the farmer while the will was blazing in the grate, "Chonny Cheer dells me dot he lofes you and vants you for a vife. He's safed my life, and I've gif him my vord, and you mustn't disopey your vader."

And Katrina didn't.—New York News.

The Indian Doctor.

A very interesting character frequently met with in the Andes is the callaguaya or Indian doctor, as he is familiarly known. You find him everywhere—resting upon the benches of the plazas in the city, tramping over the mountain trails, sunning himself against the wall of a cabin by a railway station, drinking chica in the market place, inspecting cattle in the corral of the hacienda and curing the sick persons in their mud huts. You find him in the railway cars and among the deck passengers on the coast steamers, where he pays his way by practicing his profession.

With no wardrobe but the clothes upon his back and a bright colored poncho he travels barefooted from the isthmus of Panama to Magellan strait, carrying a pack filled with dried herbs done up in neat paper packages, cheap jewelry, pocket handkerchiefs and ribbons, watches and other articles for personal adornment, knives, forks and spoons, scissors, small mirrors, combs and brushes and other small merchandise, which he sells for cash or trades for eggs and poultry, chocolate, beans and cocoa, to be exchanged at the next town for more portable property.—National Geographic Magazine.

An Old Roman Road.

The Flaminian way, which, next to the Appian, was the most famous road in Italy, followed the western coast of Italy to the north.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

DUBIOUS PASTURES.

Differing Verdicts of Authorities, You Take Your Choice.

Many have become suspicious in regard to pasturing sorghum on account of reported ill effects. L. T. Lyon of the Nebraska station says:

The records of this station do not show any cases of sudden death from sorghum occurring in the eastern portion of Nebraska with the exception of a few which occurred on second growth sorghum. There is also reason to believe that plants producing this disastrous effect have not made a healthy growth and are yellow and wilted, a condition easily detected by the farmer. It would therefore seem reasonable to conclude that no danger is to be encountered in pasturing sorghum of healthy growth in eastern Nebraska.

Again, it would appear that no danger is incurred if the sorghum is fed after cutting and allowing to lie for some time. A sample of sorghum was recently received by the station with a letter accompanying it stating that the plants were parts of a very few partially eaten by a cow which was killed by them in two minutes. The sample was fed to a cow on the station farm without injuring her in the least. This, together with the fact that no poison has been detected in samples sent to the station for analysis, would indicate that any toxic substances which the plants might have contained have become dissipated after cutting. The length of time required for this is not known, but it is certainly accomplished in a few days. As sorghum is undoubtedly the best annual midsummer forage crop for this region it is important that its limitations should be well defined. The use of healthy sorghum for pasturage with the ordinary precautions in eastern Nebraska and of sorghum hay may be considered safe.

On the other hand, Secretary Coburn of the Kansas board of agriculture finds that both sorghum and Kaffir corn are often deadly in their consequences to cattle. He says:

"Because they have seen cattle eat young first growth and second growth sorghum and Kaffir corn and in some instances pretty nearly subsist on them without apparent harm many persons are ready to maintain that these green growths are never dangerous. Yet under circumstances and for reasons which no one is yet able to explain other persons in numerous instances find to their sorrow that the plants are almost immediately fatal. This suggests that no one is justified in taking any chances by permitting cattle to have access to such 'greens.' Three cases have occurred within a few days. Thomas Feakes of Lincoln county turned his cows into an unused corral where a few scattering bunches of Kaffir corn were growing. In less than 30 minutes seven of the cows that had nipped the growing blades were dead; several others were made very sick, but recovered.

"John Kaser of Covert, Osborne county, was driving a lot of young cattle through a pasture where there were stools of green Kaffir corn and sorghum. Within 30 minutes 10 out of 11 heifers that had eaten of these sprouts were dead. C. F. Wadsworth of the same county at about the same time lost six steers in the same way."

How to Handle a Gun.

In picking up your gun from lying flat, standing against anything, from a companion or a boat, do not take hold of the muzzle and drag it toward you. Take hold of it by the forestock and barrel if you are only using one hand; if two, in the regular way you grasp it when you go to shoot. In carrying your gun do not keep the muzzle directly behind you. Throw the butt to the right or left, whichever shoulder you are carrying it on. This will bring the muzzle toward the opposite shoulder, thus rendering it easy to carry, as it will be resting on your neck and shoulder instead of on the small part of your shoulder and with the muzzle upward will also lighten it a little.

I think there are more men shot with their own guns by taking them from a boat than in any other way. When you run your boat or canoe to the bank, your gun is likely to be in the bow, which I think is the best place for it. Take hold of it by the forestock and step out. Put it in a safe place where you are sure it will not fall down. Then draw up your boat or do anything else you have to do, but do not let your gun stay in the boat until you have shouldered your pack and then catch hold of the muzzle, drag it up over the gunwale, hook the hammers and have it explode. It is likely to blow out your brains.—Forest and Stream.

BAD BLOOD, BAD COMPLEXION.

The skin is the seat of an almost endless variety of diseases. They are known by various names, but are all due to the same cause, acid and other poisons in the blood that irritate and interfere with the proper action of the skin.

To have a smooth, soft skin, free from all eruptions, the blood must be kept pure and healthy. The many preparations of arsenic and potash and the large number of face powders and lotions generally used in this class of diseases cover up for a short time, but cannot remove permanently the ugly blotches and the red, disfiguring pimples.

Eternal vigilance is the price of a beautiful complexion when such remedies are relied on.

Mr. H. T. Shobe, 2704 Lucas Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., says: "My daughter was afflicted for years with a disfiguring eruption on her face, which resisted all treatment. She was taken to two celebrated health springs, but received no benefit. Many medicines were prescribed, but without result, until we decided to try S. S. S., and by the time the first bottle was finished the eruption began to disappear. A dozen bottles cured her completely and left her skin perfectly smooth. She is now seventeen years old, and not a sign of the embarrassing disease has ever returned."

S. S. S. is a positive, unfailing cure for the worst forms of skin troubles. It is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable.

Bad blood makes bad complexions.

SSS purifies and invigorates the old and makes new, rich blood that nourishes the body and keeps the skin active and healthy and in proper condition to perform its part towards carrying off the impurities from the body.

If you have Eczema, Tetter, Acne, Salt Rheum, Psoriasis, or your skin is rough and pimply, send for our book on Blood and Skin Diseases and write our physicians about your case. No charge whatever for this service.

SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

Steel Forks In the White House.

Writing of "One Hundred Years In the White House" and recalling some of the notable entertainments given by our chief executives, Rene Bache in The Ladies' Home Journal says that "President Madison revived much of the formal ceremony which Thomas Jefferson had discarded, and under his administration great attention was given to the state banquets, no expense being spared in making them as fine as possible. President Jackson disliked ceremony even more than did President Jefferson, and, preferring a steel fork himself, he always provided each guest with one silver fork and one of steel. After dinner he smoked a long stemmed corncob pipe. He wished to throw the doors of the White House wide open to the public, but this idea he was forced to relinquish after the experience of one occasion on which he extended an ill judged hospitality to all comers. The carpet in the east room was ruined by punch which the mob spilled in its eagerness to get at the buckets containing the beverage, the gowns of many ladies were spoiled, and the furniture was broken. At his farewell reception President Jackson introduced a curious novelty in the shape of a gigantic cheese which was cut into pieces and distributed among the guests."

AMERICAN ARABS

A NEW CLASS OF HORSES, OF WHICH PRESIDENT M'KINLEY HAS A PAIR.

After more than a half century of study and experiment success has crowned the efforts of American breeders, and a new race of equine beauties, rightly termed the Americo-Arab horse, has been produced which will work wonders on the stock farms of the United States within the next score of years.

The recent purchase of a pair of coach and road horses for President McKinley of the new Americo-Arab breed is justly regarded by horsemen throughout the country as an official recognition of the new race and has given it an added impetus, says the San Francisco Examiner.

England has long crossed her thoroughbreds with Arab blood, deriving what is known as the Anglo-Arab, which as a class is the finest type of

AMERICAN ARAB HORSE.

horse produced in that famous horse breeding country, while that government, as well as that of Russia, Germany, France and Austria, maintains in its government studs pure Arabs for the propagation of fine stock, particularly the raising of suitable cavalry horses. Now a movement is on foot to have the United States government establish a similar stud for its own benefit as well as to lighten the burdens of individual breeders.

Horses to a great extent represent the agricultural interests of a nation, and the team just delivered to the White House stables for the president's official use may be said to fairly represent the latest and greatest advancement in American stock breeding. The pair selected for President McKinley after several months' search are, as stated, Americo-Arabs, intentionally bred as such.

For centuries the civilized world has been writing and talking of the Arab and the Barb—two distinct and positive types of horse—as embodying super merit in cultivated, fixed standards, but the world has talked and written of what it knew practically little about, for the Arab horse is not easy to become personally acquainted with. This is due to the extreme jealousy with which he is guarded by his master, the desert Arab. And it is only by living with and among those nomadic tribes that one can learn of the pure Arabian horse or secure one. Even then the Bedouins have never been willing to sell for any amount of money a horse and a mare each pure in one family, of which there are five, separate and distinct, and have been so maintained for many centuries. The pure breeds may be graded as small, medium and large, and it is only the pony class that is parted with except in rare instances. In fact, since the demand for Arab horses has increased so in civilized countries, the Arabs breed the latter class exclusively for barter, keeping the medium and large horses for their own use.

Extorted From Them.

"Ferdinand sold his great-grandfather's family Bible for $15."

"How odd."

"Not at all. He said he was bound his ancestors should help him out that much, anyway."—Indianapolis Journal.

He Was Modest.

"You can't wear that shirt waist in here," said the head waiter to the "new" man.

"Great mackerel!" exclaimed the latter. "Just think how I would look if I took it off!"—Chicago Post.

Realism.

D'Auber—This is my portrait of Miss Nurox, just finished. What do you think of it?

Friend—Ah! Regular summer girl pose. Rustic seat, white lace gown and even a caterpillar on her cheek. Jove! That's a great touch of realism.

D'Auber—Caterpillar? Stupid, that's a diamond earring. — Philadelphia Press.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Confiscation In Morocco.

It is a custom in Morocco that all the property of an official reverts at death to the crown. The logic which leads to such a result is simple, for the government argues that all fortunes thus accumulated consist of moneys illegally retained by the authorities. A governor when appointed is probably possessed of no considerable fortune. When he dies, he may be a millionaire. Whence came his wealth? Squeezed most certainly from the tribes under his authority and therefore amassed only by the prerogatives of the position in which the sultan had placed him.

It has never struck the Moorish government that these great fortunes might more honorably be returned to the people from whom they were stolen. The result is entire confiscation to the crown, including often such private property as the governor may have been possessed of before his appointment and not seldom, too, of the property of his relatives.

When the mighty fall in Morocco, the crash brings down with them their families, even uncles and cousins and all connected with them, and it is not seldom that the sons of great governors, who have been brought up in the luxury of slaves and horses and retinues of mounted men, have to go begging in the streets.—Blackwood's.

A New Year's Guide.

There is one book every one should make an effort to get, for the new year. It contains simple and valuable hints concerning health, many amusing anecdotes, and much general information. We refer to Hostetter's Almanac, published by the Hostetter Co., Pittsburg, Pa. It will prove valuable to any household. Sixty employes are kept at work on this valuable book. The issue for 1901 will be over eight millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages. It contains proof of the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the great remedy prepared by the publishers, and is worthy of careful preservation. The almanac may be obtained free of cost, at any druggist or general dealer in the country.

Southern California.

Notable among the pleasures afforded by the Shasta route is the winter trip to Southern California and Arizona. Renewed acquaintance with this section will ever develop fresh points of interest and added sources of enjoyment, under its sunny skies, in the variety of its industries, in its prolific vegetation and among its numberless resorts of mountain, shore, valley and plain. The two daily Shasta trains from Portland to California have been recently equipped with the most approved pattern of standard and tourist sleeping cars, but the low rates of fare will still continue in effect. Illustrated guides to the winter resorts of California and Arizona may be had on application to C. H. Markham, G. P. A., Portland, Oregon.

Citation.

In the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Polk.

In the matter of the estate of William Savage, deceased.—Citation.

To Mary C. Savage, Edson Savage, Gibson Savage, James Savage, Laura Fendall, William Savage, Sarah Stone, Daniel Savage, Austin Savage and Joseph Tharp, guardian of Esther and Alta Savage, minors, greeting:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF Oregon, you are hereby cited and required to appear in the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Polk, at the court room thereof, at Dallas, in the county of Polk, on Tuesday, the 8th day of January, 1901, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, then and there to show cause why the following real estate, belonging to said estate and bequeathed by the will of said William Savage, deceased, to the said Esther Savage and Alta Savage, subject to the use of M. C. Savage during her widowhood, should not be sold to pay the sum of $2,664.36, the sum found by the above entitled court as their just proportion of the sum necessary to satisfy claims and demands against said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to procure said sum of $2,664.36, to-wit: The donation land claim of William Savage, notification No. 5,060, claim No. 70, being parts of section 7 in township 6 south, range 6 west, and claim No. 39 being part of section 12, in township 6 south, range 7 west of the Willamette meridian in Polk county, Oregon, and containing 320.80 acres, except therefrom the following sold to I. C. Cockerham: Described as beginning at the northwest corner of said donation land claim and running thence south 21 67 chains to low water mark on the north bank of Yamhill river, thence following down said river to a point where the north line of said donation land claim intersects said low water mark, thence west 22 chains to the place of beginning, containing 22 75 acres.

Also the following described tract of land described as beginning at the northwest corner of T. H. Hunsaker's donation land claim, notification No. 5 061, claim No. 42, in township 6 south, range 7 west of the Willamette meridian, in Polk county, Oregon, and running thence west 17 chains to the Yamhill river, thence south 1° degrees west up said river 14 chains, thence south 19 degrees east up said river 16.66 chains, thence south 53 degrees west 1.16 chains to west line of George Tharp's donation land claim, thence south 4.79 chains to center of county road, thence north 40 degrees east along center of said county road 12.18 chains, thence north 67½ degrees east along said road 20.47 chains to west line of said Hunsaker donation land claim, thence north 17.59 chains to the place of beginning, containing 47 94 acres.

Also the following described premises: Beginning at the northwest corner of T. H. Hunsaker's donation land claim, claim No. 42, notification No. 5,061 in township 6 south, range 7 west, of the Willamette meridian in Polk county, Oregon, running thence south 17 59 chains to center of county road, thence north 57 degrees east along said road 8 chains, thence north 32 degrees east along said road 20 69 chains to the south line of William Savage's donation land claim, thence west 22 40 chains to the place of beginning, containing 21.70 acres.

Also the following described premises: Beginning at the southwest corner of William Savage's donation land claim, in township 6 south, range 7 west, of the Willamette meridian in Polk county, Oregon, and running thence west to the Yamhill river, thence down said river till the same crosses the line running north and south on the lands formerly owned by Lewis P. Pratt, including all the lands formerly owned by Lewis P. Pratt on the east side of said Yamhill river, in section 12 township 6 south, range 6 west, and containing 15 acres, more or less.

Also the following described premises: Lot No. 5 of section 7, in township 6 south, range 6 west of the Willamette meridian, in Polk county, Oregon, containing 29 19 acres.

Also the following described premises: Twenty nine 24-100 acres off of the south part of the donation land claim of B. Haggard and wife, notification No. 5,059, in township 6 south, range 6 west, of the Willamette meridian, Polk county, Oregon.

WITNESS, the honorable J. E. Sibley judge of the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Polk, with the seal of said court affixed, this 28th day of November, A. D., 1900.

[seal]

Attest: U. S. Loughary, clerk.
By W. F. Nichols, deputy.

Constructed on Macadam Principle. Use of Adhesive Binders.

It was the English engineer Macadam who taught the French to construct their modern roads. It was formerly thought necessary to build a foundation of large stones, then at each extremity of this foundation to place upright stones which protruded, the whole forming a sort of casing which inclosed all the small cut stones that formed the road, which were broken and smoothed over with the weight of the loads driven over them. M. Durand-Claye says in his book that these roads were detestable. Although some of them above the foundation were almost two feet thick, deep ruts impeded the circulation. From time to time the corvees, statute laborers, came to fill the ruts and holes, but as the drivers objected to running their wheels over the new stones they would pass next to them and would soon make new ruts which were as deep as the first.

The principal object in Macadam's reform was to condemn the foundation of large stones. He demonstrated that it was useless. He showed that if the materials of the road proper were cut fine enough to equally spread the pressure upon the bottom of the casing and the road be sufficiently impermeable to throw to the sides all the water that would fall upon its surface the thickness of the small cut stones would be sufficient for all purposes.

The new system's success was the greater that it added economy to simplicity of construction.

It was the French engineer Polonceau who first had the idea to incorporate foreign adhesive materials for the binding of stone roads. Before 1834 it was thought that the debris provided by the breakage of stones under weight was sufficient. It was a long while before Polonceau's improvement was adopted, for Macadam's following prescription was closely followed: "It is not necessary to put any binding material on the roads; the stones, put one at the side of the other, partly crush under the weight of the wheels and make a smooth, hard surface which cannot change with the weather."

Polonceau suggested the filling of the small holes with crushed debris of hard and soft material and then have the roads made smooth with heavy loads passing over and over. These heavy loads were rolled with wide wheels, and thus the roads were delivered for use as if they had been smoothed for months in the common way. The Polonceau process is the one employed today with steam machines called cylinders. The only modification made in his method is the substitution of friable, pulverizing debris for soft, pasty material to lessen the expense of the crushing.

For Over Fifty Years.

An old and well tried remedy. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind.

Glad to Know It.

Wife—Oh, John, the moths have made several holes in your winter suit.

Husband—You don't say? That's surprisingly good news.

Wife—Good news?

Husband—Yes. It shows it has some wool in it. I never believed it before.—Philadelphia Press.

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and find it to be a great medicine," says Mr. E. S. Phipps, of Poteau, Arkansas. "It cured me of bloody flux, I cannot speak to highly of it." This remedy always wins the good opinion if not praise, of those who use it The quick cures which it effects even in the most severe cases make it a favorite everywhere. For sale by A. K Wilson.

Impossible.

Husband—It is absolutely impossible that it should happen!

Wife (immediately attentive)—What?

Husband (scoring one)—Nothing.—Harlem Life.

A Two Edged Joke.

Sometimes a joke reacts, as the Bangor (Me.) Commercial proceeds to prove by relating that a young man in Auburn, to play a joke on a barber, paid him 35 old fashioned cents. Later, when he found that the barber had sold one of the coins for $35, he did not feel so well satisfied with his joke or at least thought it had become misplaced.

Every Movement Hurts

When you have rheumatism. Muscles feel stiff and sore and joints are painful. It does not pay to suffer long from this disease when it may be cured so promptly and perfectly by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine goes right to the spot, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, which causes rheumatism, and puts an end to the pain and stiffness. Biliousness is cured by Hood's Pills. 25 cents.

Japan's Strong Cash Box.

When the war with China broke out in 1894, the Tokyo treasury held a sum of about 25,000,000 yen, representing accumulations of surplus revenue. It contains now a sum of 50,000,000, representing a reserve set apart from the Chinese indemnity for purposes of naval maintenance, famine relief and educational aid, and it can lay its hand on 30,000,000 more without any trouble.—London Mail.

BAD COLDS.

Quinine is ten years behind. Colds do not now have to be endured. Mendel's Dynamic Tabules (called dynamic from their energy) crowd a week's ordinary treatment into 12 hours, and abort the worst of colds over night.

"It was the worst case of grip I ever had. A half dozen friends had sure cures. Still it hung on. Heard of the Dynamic Tabules. To my amazement they stopped both cough and cold the first night. I endorse and recommend them to the people."—Barclay Henley, ex-member congress and attorney, 10 Sansome street, San Francisco. July 7, 1900.

"Winter colds have always been serious things to me. They are hard and stay for months. But the last was stopped suddenly by Mendel's Dynamic Tabules. Both cough and cold disappeared in a couple of days. Nothing else does this for me."—Mrs. Emma L. Hollin, 11 Moss street, San Francisco. August 6, 1900.

"I live across the street from where Mendel's Dynamic Tabules are made. This is how I first took them. They stop colds without notice. I took a dozen boxes with me for self and friends when I went to Nome."—H. L. Van Winkle, capitalist, 3,017 Washington street, San Francisco. August 10, 1900.

Sent postpaid for 25 cents in stamps by INLAND DRUG CO., 2,934 Washington street, San Francisco. Also on sale by our local agent, A. K. Wilson.

FERRY'S SEEDS

You know what you're planting when you plant Ferry's Seeds. If you buy cheap seeds you can't be sure. Take no chances—get Ferry's. Dealers everywhere sell them. Write for 1901 Seed Annual—mailed free.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

SOUTH and EAST

—VIA—

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

SHASTA ROUTE

Trains leave Dallas for Portland and way stations at 6:10 a. m. except Sundays.

Leave Portland 8:30 a m, 7:3- p m
Leave Salem 11 a m; 9:55 p m
Arrive Ashland 12:33 a m; 11:30 a m
Arrive Sacramento 5 p m; 4:35 a m
Arrive San Francisco 7:45 p m; 8:15 a m.

—o—

Arrive Ogden 5:45 a m; 11:45 a m.
Arrive Denver 9:00 a m; 9:00 a m.
Arrive Kansas City 7:25 a m; 7:25 a m.
Arrive Chicago 7:45 a m; 9:30 a m.

—o—

Arrive Los Angeles 1:20 p m; 7:00 a m.
Arrive El Paso 6:00 p m; 6:00 p m.
Arrive Fort Worth 6:30 a m; 6:30 a m.
Arrive City of Mexico 9:55 a m; 9:55 a m.
Arrive Huston 4 00 a m; 4:00 a m.
Arrive New Orleans 6:25 p m; 6:25 p m.
Arrive Washington 6:42 a m; 6:42 a m.
Arrive New York 12 43 p m; 12:43 p m.

—o—

Pullman and Tourist cars on both trains. Chair cars Sacramento to Ogden and El Paso, and tourist cars to Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington.

—o—

Connecting at San Francisco with several steamship lines for Honolulu, Japan, China, Philippines Central and South America.

—o—

CORVALLIS MAIL DAILY

(Except Sunday)

7:30 A M Lv.	Portland	Ar. 5:50 P
11:03 A M Lv.	Derry	Lv. 2:14 P M
1:55 P M Ar.	Corvallis	Lv. 1:20 P M

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Central and Eastern railroad.

DALLAS PASSENGER.

Daily, Except Sunday.

5:00 P M Lv.	Portland	Ar. 9:30 A M
7:25 P M Ar.	Dallas	Lv. 6:10 A M

YAMHILL DIVISION.

Passenger depot, foot of Jefferson street.

AIRLIE FREIGHT—TRI-WEEKLY.

Leave 8 35 a. m.	Portland	Arrive 3:01 p. m
Leave 3:50 p. m.	Dallas	Arrive 8:50 a. m
Arrive 5:10 p. m.	Airlie	Leave 7:30 a. m

See L. N Woods agent at Dallas station or address C. H. MARKHAM, G. P. A. Portland, Oregon.

Just before retiring at night sponge yourself off with salt and water or just as much of your body as you can get time. You will sleep better, and it will improve your complexion.

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