

Sleeplessness

Is akin to insanity. Many a woman realizes this as she lies awake hour by hour, peering into the darkness with phantoms, starting at the creaking of the bed or the rustle of the bedclothes.



Such symptoms in general point to disease of the delicate womanly organs, and a constant drain of the vital and nervous forces. This condition cannot be overcome by sleeping powders. The diseased condition must be cured before the consequences of disease are removed.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the womanly diseases which cause nervousness and sleeplessness. It is the best of tonics and invigorants, nourishing the nerves, encouraging the appetite and inducing refreshing sleep.

\$500 Reward for Women Who Cannot be Cured.

Proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States for any case of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb, which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

"My wife was sick for over eight years," writes Albert H. Fiske, Esq., of Altamont, Grundy Co., Tenn. "She had uterine disease and was treated by two physicians and got no relief. At last I read about Dr. Pierce's medicine and we decided to try his 'Favorite Prescription.' I sent to the drug store and got one bottle and the first dose gave ease and sleep. She had not slept any for three nights. Being sure that it would cure her I sent for five more bottles and when she had taken the sixth bottle she was sound and well."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required.

Night Was Her Terror.

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but, when all other medicines failed, three \$1.00 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds. It's absolutely guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at Slocum's drug store.

Over 25 per cent of the foreign immigration to the United States in the year just ended, came from Italy. During the past 10 years more than 1,000,000 Italians have come to the United States and the ratio is constantly increasing.

Brutally Tortured.

A case came to light that for persistent and unmerciful torture has perhaps never been equaled. Joe G. Lobick of Colusa, Calif., writes: "For 15 years I endured insufferable pain from Rheumatism and nothing relieved me though I tried everything known. I came across Electric Bitters and it's the greatest medicine on earth for that trouble. A few bottles of it completely relieved and cured me." Just as good for Liver and Kidney troubles and general debility. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by Slocum Drug Co.

M. Loieiq Lobet, member of the Geographical society of Paris, is in San Francisco. He is promoting a scheme to build a railroad beneath Behring Sea, to be partly in a tunnel and partly enclosed in a cylinder.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by Slocum Drug Co.

Judge Bell, of Seattle, has decided that the anti-gambling law of Washington does not apply to slot machines which pay cigars and candy, instead of money, and that they cannot be suppressed by the present statute.

A Surgical Operation.

Is always dangerous—do not submit to the surgeon's knife until you have tried DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It will cure when everything else fails—it has done this in thousands of cases. Here is one of them: I suffered from bleeding and protruding piles for twenty years. Was treated by different specialists and used many remedies, but obtained no relief until I used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Two boxes of this salve cured me eighteen months ago and I have not had a touch of the piles since. H. A. Tisdale, Summertown, S. C. For Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Protruding Piles no remedy equals DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by Slocum Drug Co. and Ione Drug Co.

FUTURE OF ALASKA.

Prospect of Its Becoming a Great Farming District.

It is Believed the Country Will Be Capable of Supporting 10,000,000 Persons in Something Like Comfort.

Some idea of the future of Alaska and its almost boundless resources is given by Harrington Emerson in the Engineering Magazine. Mr. Emerson believes that Alaska can support a population of 10,000,000 persons in comfort, and that at no distant day it will be one of the world's richest mining and farming districts. The ideas of this explorer are expressed in part as follows:

"The Yukon, the fourth largest river in the world, navigable for more than 2,000 miles above its mouth and running in a great semi-circle from south-eastern to northwestern Alaska, forms a natural highway. All this was known long ago; but it was not known that the interior contained 100,000 square miles of farming lands and almost limitless areas of the richest mineral lands in the world. It is in this unexplored country that thousands of miles of railroad must be built, that great areas will open for settlement, absorbing and keeping busy 2,000,000 workers as fast as they choose to go.

"It is, however, not the agricultural resources that will immediately attract the largest influx of population and capital. About 140 miles from Valdez in the Chittina valley are very great copper deposits, which during the last season have been visited by many experts. Some of the ores run 85 per cent copper, and there are many thousands of tons in sight assaying 16 per cent.

"A great mountain slide has occurred in this region revealing, it is claimed, as much as 40,000,000 tons of high-grade copper ores. Valdez bay and the low pass north of it are the American gateways to the Yukon valley, and already a railroad has been surveyed and partly graded to the interior, for the copper, though it can be quarried like the iron ores of Lake Superior, without a railroad will remain worthless. The railroad itself is assured an unlimited tonnage. It is the shortest line to Dawson and the Yukon valley, and what is of more importance, it can carry supplies delivered at Valdez from sailing vessels or deep draft ocean steamers in all the months of the year, with only one break of bulk at Valdez, and also reach the deep navigable Yukon and the Koyukuk a month earlier than by the Yukor mouth, which is closed by Behring sea ice until July 1.

"As shown in the history of the White Pass railroad, the ingoing traffic would in itself be sufficient to warrant a railroad, but from Dawson the only export is gold, about 70 tons a year, while this road will not only carry all the United States government troops and supplies, for which many hundred thousand dollars are spent, but it will have the unlimited out-bound tonnage of high-grade copper ores, which, with a freight rate of two dollars a ton from Valdez to the smelters of Puget sound will scarcely be treated in the interior.

"It is not too much to expect that improvement in transportation facilities alone will convert central Alaska into as closely a populated and prosperous region as Colorado, as the Black Hills, of South Dakota, as the rich mining region of British Columbia."

MR. JOBSON'S ECONOMY.

Goods Mrs. Jobson Into Trying the Saving Scheme in Cooking with Unsatisfactory Results.

"Mrs. Jobson," inquired Mr. Jobson one evening a couple of weeks ago, sitting straight up in his chair and gazing at her intently, "do you ever read the woman's column of the Star, or of any of the other newspapers that you get hold of?"

"Why, certainly I do," quickly replied Mrs. Jobson. "It's the first part of the paper I turn to."

"It is, hey?" said Mr. Jobson, with a victorious gleam in his eye. "Well, will you be good enough to inform me, then, why it is that we waste in this house about 20 or 25 pounds of good meat a week, at a rough calculation?"

Mrs. Jobson's mystification was plain, says the Washington Star.

"Woman's column? Meat wasted?" she said, in a puzzled tone. "I'm sure I wish I knew what in the wide world you meant."

"Well, I'll just tell you what in the wide world I mean," said Mr. Jobson, oracularly. "Once in a great while I accidentally take a peek at this stuff in the woman's column myself, and I never do this that I don't find all sorts of mighty practical and worth-while suggestions for household economy. Among these suggestions there are constantly published wise little tips as to scores, not to say hundreds, of methods whereby the big meat bills of households may be cut down. And let me tell you that these tips read in a pretty appetizing way, too. Instead of reading them, and profiting

by them, and giving your husband a little lift occasionally in the matter of expenses, you go right on chucking pounds and pounds of first-class left-over meat into the refuse can. You wouldn't think of going to the trouble of framing up one of these nice little dishes composed of the meat left from a previous meal, because you might have to devote 15 or 20 minutes' study to it, and that would be too much of a drain upon your vitality."

Whereupon Mr. Jobson sat back in his chair in his regular "that will be about all" manner, and resumed his newspaper.

When Mr. Jobson arrived home from the office on the following afternoon he was hungry.

"Maybe that spring tonic I'm taking is not phenomenal stuff," he said to Mrs. Jobson, with a greedy look in his eyes. "Why, I ate a bigger luncheon to-day than I've sat down in front of for 20 years, and yet I've been so hungry at the office nearly all the afternoon that several times I was tempted to go out somewhere and buy \$18 worth of ham and eggs. Right now I wouldn't do a thing to a steak as big as a bath mat, smothered in onions or mushrooms or any old thing. What's on for dinner, anyhow?"

"Oh, something nice—something that will just suit you," replied Mrs. Jobson, cheerily, as she led the way down to the basement dining-room.

Out of the bowl in the center of the table she served out to Mr. Jobson a rather savory mess, flavored with bay leaves and spices, saying to him:

"That is a beef saute, you know—Mrs. Kaystreet was telling me how to make it the other day. Doesn't it smell delightful? And it is so economical, too—it is made from what remained of the roast beef we had for dinner yesterday."

"Beef saute-who?" said Mr. Jobson, looking rather crestfallen as he took a mouthful of the savory mess. "Well, that's a pretty good name for it, but it tastes to me a heap like the plain, old-fashioned beef stew of years ago. Got any other kind of meat to go with it?"

"No," said Mrs. Jobson, amiably. "There is plenty of the saute, you know, and the potatoes, and nice fresh bread and butter, and, just think, I didn't have to send out for a single, solitary thing for to-day's dinner."

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Jobson, gloomily. "Do you enjoy the saute?" inquired Mrs. Jobson after a little pause.

"Oh, it's not such a bad beef stew," uncompromisingly replied Mr. Jobson; but for the remainder of the evening he was unusually grumpy and quiet, and a little before bedtime he went out, saying that he was going to the cafe around the corner to get a sandwich and a bottle of beer.

On the following morning, when Mr. Jobson sat down to his breakfast, Mrs. Jobson placed on his plate a couple of dark-brown, oblong-looking things, reposing in tomato sauce.

"Another surprise for you," said Mrs. Jobson, in her sweetest tone. "Beef croquettes, and made from the same roast beef that we had day before yesterday, out of which I made the saute for last evening's dinner, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Jobson—he had already gulped down a cup of coffee—rising from the table. "And I know also that I am going out somewhere and get something to eat for breakfast. And I also know, again, that if there's any more left of that roast beef under this roof I'll send a hurry call to the board of health within ten minutes after I get home this evening. There's nothing mean about me in the matter of grocery bills or meat bills, or any other kind of bills, as you've had pretty good occasion to find out for a good many years past, and if you got the idea absorbed into what you please to call your mind that you're going to work off back-number food on me as a steady thing, then, madam, let me tell you that I am not taking hand-outs yet, here or any place else, and don't you fail to remember it!"

During the present year 643 prosecutions for insults to royalty have been tried in Berlin, of which only 186 were thrown out by the courts.

Beer War Correspondents.

The movement to honor by a suitable memorial the English newspaper correspondents who lost their lives in the South African war revives the recollection of service performed under trying and perilous conditions. The committee of the Institute of Journalists has been compiling a list of the correspondents who were killed or died of disease while in the discharge of duty. "Killed at Wagon Hill." "Killed at Slingsfontein." "Killed at Mafeking." "Died of fever at Simons Town"—so runs the record. The cost of war in money falls into insignificance when compared with its cost in men. Try how they may, no class of men concerned in war can escape the fatal toll of the battlefield.—Youth's Companion.

Old Age of Americans.

The United States has 3,435 inhabitants who are more than 100 years old. Among these are two men, an Indian and a negro, who are past 150. These two are the most aged.—Chicago Chronicle.

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