

THE PIONEER WOMEN OF OREGON

By Mrs. Owens-Adair, M. D.

MRS. RACHEL MYLAR KINDRED.

Mrs. Rachel Mylar Kindred was born in Kentucky in 1821, and is the great-grand niece of Daniel Boone. Like her illustrious ancestor, her life has been filled with deeds of courage and endurance. And now at the advanced age of 75 she is still vigorous both in mind and body. Her household and farm are under her immediate direction and control, and are well and systematically managed.

While a young girl Miss Rachel Mylar moved to Missouri with her parents, and there met and married Mr. D. C. Kindred in 1841. Mr. and Mrs. Kindred, with their baby boy Henry, since so well known as Capt. Henry Kindred, joined the emigration of 1844. Mr. Kindred's team became nearly exhausted before reaching the summit of the Blue mountains, and Mrs. Kindred was compelled to complete most of the remaining portions of the journey on foot. Her shoes and stockings soon gave out, and her clothes became thin and ragged. Thus, with bare feet, bruised and swollen, and sunburnt face graced and hands, she toiled on, always preparing the meals and assisting her husband in every possible way. This long and tedious journey was completed on December 23, 1844, when Mr. and Mrs. Kindred reached Oswego on the Willamette river, near Portland. Here they pitched their tent and introduced their scanty provisions. The next evening, on Christmas eve, Mrs. Kindred was presented with her first Oregon Christmas gift. This present was a fine, large healthy baby boy, whom she called James. This son is still living and has been a blessing to his mother in many ways. At the death of his first wife he gave his mother his baby girl, Gussie. Mrs. Kindred has reared her from babyhood. She is now a strong, healthy woman, and is a devoted and loving grand-daughter.

During the winter of '45 Mr. Kindred proceeded down the Columbia river to Clatsop and bought the improvements on the land now known as Gearhart park, from a Mr. Jerry Tuller, for which he gave one yoke of oxen.

On New Year's eve Mr. Kindred and family reached Cape R. W. Morrison's on Clatsop plains, where they remained a few days, then moved into their new home, a little log cabin. There they lived till November, 1846, when they sold their improvements to Mr. Motly, and moved upon their donation claim, now known as New Astoria and Kindred Park, where they have since continued to live. Here Mrs. Kindred began in earnest to assist her husband in building their future home. Mr. Kindred was occupied in freighting between Astoria, Portland and Oregon City, and of necessity was compelled to be absent from home most of the time. Their home was in the midst of a large settlement of Indians, whose burial ground was near by. To Mrs. Kindred these were days long to be remembered with three small children, one a baby, and only two or three white families for miles around, yet she never faltered. During these early and lonely days of toil and hardships she had many varied experiences, among which I will mention two:

Going down to the beach in front of her house one day, she found a man east away on the shore in a helpless state, apparently about to die. She got him home to her house, after which she recognized him to be a discharged soldier who had been living with the Indians. According to their custom they had cast him away when they thought him dying. Mrs. Kindred nursed him back to health through a long illness. He had no money, but gave her a shotgun in payment of her services. After his recovery, however he went back to his Indian friends. He soon began to want his gun, and forgetting the kindness and debt of gratitude he owed his kind benefactress, he went to her house in her absence and stole the gun. Mrs. Kindred soon discovered who had taken the gun, and taking her little son and a little girl who was staying with her she went straight to the chief and told the case before him. The chief remonstrated the man to deliver up the gun, which he did at once. The chief thereupon reprimanded him severely for his conduct.

Later on the schooner Woodpecker, loaded with flour was wrecked on Clatsop spit. The settlers knowing that she must soon go to pieces set about trying to save the flour, which was at that time worth \$12 per barrel. The weather was unsteady and they could work but a short time during the last part of the tide. As the water was breaking over her most of the time. On the second day, they had only partially succeeded in cutting away the hatch, when driven away by a strong wind and incoming tide. They found it impossible to make a landing on the beach and were forced to take refuge in Tany creek. Mr. Kindred and his two sons were among the party and were constituting themselves upon having secured seven sacks of flour, and were contented to wait the turn of the tide and wind till late in the evening. Mrs. Kindred, becoming worried about the non-arrival of her husband and boys went down to the beach to look for the boats. Meantime the flood tide had completed the work begun by the men. It had broken up the deck and floated out the entire cargo of flour. When Mrs. Kindred reached the beach she did not see a boat in sight, but she saw what she called looked like "a large flock of white birds." The tide was bringing the Woodpecker's cargo to the shore. Mrs. Kindred understood the situation at a glance, and did not hesitate a moment, but removing all unnecessary clothing, she waded in up to her arm pits, meeting the incoming flour and bringing it to shore. Then carrying it sack by sack to a place of safety beyond the reach of high tide. Hour after hour passed—still she worked, not being fatigued, so stimulated was she by her success. Late in the evening Mr. Kindred and the boys landed with their white cargo of seven sacks of flour, and 30 sacks landed and stacked on the beach by Mrs. Kindred, who was

still watching for any stray sacks that might come within her reach.

Mrs. Kindred is a pure blonde, below medium height, with small hands and feet, and when young was quite slender. She is a woman of strong principles, upright and just. She has all her life strictly attended to her own business, and now at the age of 75 her mind is clear and active. Both she and Mr. Kindred's memory for early events is good.

Six years ago Mrs. Kindred sold her half of their donation land claim, 220 acres, to a syndicate for \$25,000. It was platted and named "New Astoria." Two years ago, Mr. Kindred bonded his half, after reserving two blocks upon which their home stands for \$25,000.

Mrs. Kindred is the mother of 12 children, 20 grand-children and 12 great-grand-children, all of whom are residents of Clatsop county except two.

MRS. ALMIRA RAYMOND.

Mrs. Almira Raymond was born in West Troy, New York, in 1817. She united with the Methodist denomination at the age of 15. Married W. W. Raymond in September of '39, and with him joined the Methodist mission, then forming in New York city for the purpose of sending missionaries to the Indians of Oregon. The Louisiana was chartered, and 14 families and five single women sailed in her on the 29th of September, '39. After a long and stormy voyage of 8 months, during which Mrs. Raymond was seasick almost continuously, they crossed the Columbia river bar in May of '40. The Louisiana passed up the river to Fort Vancouver, reaching there in June. From there the missionary party went up the Willamette in canoes and settled at Salem where Mrs. Raymond's first child was born, a little girl that died at birth.

From Salem Mrs. Raymond removed to The Dalles (then Wascopu), where her second daughter, Martha, was born in '42. Mrs. Raymond returned to Salem in '42 and remained there until '46. During this time two more daughters were born. The third died at birth, the fourth Aurelia, born in '45.

The winter of '45 and '46 was especially severe. Mrs. Raymond passed this winter in a tent. The snow had to be cleared from the roof of the tent every few hours. It fell so fast. The principal part of their life was dried peas.

In the spring of '46 they removed to Clatsop plains, where Mrs. Raymond lived until '49. On the plains two children were born, her first son, William, in '46, and the fifth daughter, Annie, in '49.

In '50 Mrs. Raymond removed to Upper Astoria, and was living there when the Sylvia de Grasse was wrecked. There a second son, Nathan, was born, in January of '50.

Late the next spring, or early in the summer, Mrs. Raymond moved to Taney point, where she resided until '53. At Taney point two children were born—James in '52, Zilpha in '53. While Mrs. Raymond lived at the Point, Dr. Dart made the famous treaty with the Clatsop Indians at Taney point, and during this time the Indians had the small pox which carried off so many of them. One camp (Terawanta) had every one down at once, and not a scrap of anything to eat. They were not allowed to go near any house, and were dying of starvation as much as the disease. One of the Indians got into a canoe and came to Mrs. Raymond for help. Mrs. Raymond took the half of all her provisions and put them on the bank by the canoe for him. The Indian got back to his camp with them, but died that night.

In '55 Mrs. Raymond moved to Tillamook. This was during the Indian war, and Mrs. Raymond and her children, with all the other settlers in Tillamook were shut up in Trask's fort, awaiting an attack that never came. While in Tillamook in '56 another son was born, Louis.

In '56 Mrs. Raymond moved to the Indian reservation known as the Grand Ronde reservation, and was there when the hostiles, under Chief Lumpy and Old John were brought there, and it was there her last child was born, a little girl who lived to be four years and some months old. The next year Mrs. Raymond spent in traveling, going to the Dalles for a few months, back to Clatsop, down to Tillamook again, and remained there until November, 1858, then back overland to Clatsop. As it rained the entire trip, and Mrs. Raymond was swept from her horse by the surf in rounding one of the esplanades of the short sand beach and nearly drowned, this was one of the most disagreeable of her journeys. As however, the trip at that season was entirely her own wish she could not well complain.

Mrs. Raymond lived at Taney point until '62, when she moved to Astoria. In '62 she procured a divorce from her husband. She then returned to the Point for a time and then went back to Salem. While in Salem she sold her half of Taney point (now Flavel) to John Loomis, her son-in-law, who promised to pay her \$1000 and provide her with a home during her life. However, she received but \$900. This money she soon spent in church work and then went in debt. Her daughter paid her mother's debts many times. Finally, not being able to collect the remaining \$100, she went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Martha Loomis. Mrs. Raymond hated trouble of any kind. She took no thought of the morrow, but "put her trust in the Lord" and got cheated in all her transactions.

Mrs. Raymond was a very pious woman, who thought taking care for the future showed a want of trust in the Lord, and was therefore a sin. An instance of this was given when the new Methodist church was built at Salem. Aurelia sent fifty for the rent—sometimes more than always that much. And when Aurelia went to Salem to see her mother she found she was fifty dollars for rent. "Why, mother, how is that? I sent you the rent money every month." Mrs. Raymond said a man had promised to give

the Methodist church ten thousand dollars if they would build a finer church than the Presbyterian church in Portland, and she said she felt the Lord had opened a way for her to assist in that great work, so she gave the money to the church and let the rent go. "But, mother, that money was for the rent, and it should have been paid." Mrs. Raymond's answer was, "The cattle on a thousand hills are the Lord's." Dozens of like instances could be given showing Mrs. Raymond's unworshipful character. No woman in truth could have been more unflinching in the privations of a pioneer life; for she was not strong, and naturally took no care for the future. That trait was intensified by her religion, which made her think she committed a sin if she took any care of the future of this life. Then her religion was entirely a matter of emotion, and unless she was in such a state of mind as to be regardless of everything in this world, she felt that she had lost faith and was unhappy.

Mrs. Raymond suffered much from ill-health the last years of her life, as well as the loss of her sight. She died in 1880. A woman kind-hearted, peaceful and sincere, she obeyed literally the command to "take no thought of the morrow." She could not but suffer more than the ordinary privations of the pioneer.

[The above sketch was prepared by a daughter of Mrs. Raymond, believing it to have been conscientiously prepared (having known Mrs. Raymond well myself, I give it as prepared. Mrs. Raymond was a benevolent woman, kind and generous to a fault, but entirely without thrift or economy, and has her daughter, who sold, entirely unflinching for the privations of pioneer life. She was always plain and unadorned, having all her trials and tribulations to the Lord. And in the midst of want and confusion she could sing praises to the Lord, never seeming to realize that the Lord required anything of her except worship of mouth.]

The following are the names of the passengers who sailed on the ship Louisiana from New York city, September 29, 1839: Rev. J. L. Parrish, wife and 3 children; —Kane and wife; Dr. Richmond, wife and child; J. H. Frost, wife and 2 children; A. P. Walker, wife and 2 children; L. A. Judson, wife and 3 children; Hamlin Campbell, wife and 2 children; —Oley and wife; Henry H. Brewer and wife; W. W. Raymond and wife; —Abernathy, wife and 2 children; Jason Lee and wife; Miss Phillips, Miss Phelps, Miss Clark, Miss Ware, Miss Langton—The Author.]

INTERESTED.

It was at the summer resort where there was only one young man.

"That young man is wonderfully popular," said the middle-aged man.

"What makes you think so?" inquired his wife.

"All the other girls are crowding to the station to bid her good bye."

"Oh, they aren't really going for the sake of bidding her good bye. They want to make sure that she doesn't carry away the engagement ring."—Washington Star.

TALKED IT OVER.

Myrtle—"You say you made a regular fool of Aiky Piersons at the islands last week."

Maud—"No, they are wrong. I might have done it, but for one thing."

"What was that?"

Maud—"Somebody had finished the job before I got hold of him."—Cleveland Leader.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE FEEBLE.

So long as the falling embers of vitality are capable of being re-kindled into a warm and genial glow, just so long there is hope for the weak and emaciated invalid. Let him not, therefore, despair, but derive encouragement from this, and from the further fact that there is a restorative most potent in renewing the depleted powers of a broken down system. Yes, thanks to its unexampled tonic virtues, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is daily reviving strength in the bodies and hope in the minds of the feeble and nervous. Appetite, refreshing food, the acquisition of flesh and color, sleep, the acquisition of the reparative processes which this priceless invigorant speedily initiates and carries to a successful conclusion. Digestion is restored, the blood purified and sustenance afforded to each life-sustaining organ by the bitters, which is inoffensive even to the feminine palate, vegetable in composition and thoroughly safe. Use it and retain vigor.

HEAVEN.

For heaven is no sea far awa',
If but the heart be pure and true,
The lights that frae the windows fa',
Reach artentimes my view!

And while I hear, or think I hear,
At that sweet hour of gloaming gray,
See far awa' and sma', and clear,
Its blessed bells at play!

I ken its wa's are staidum-height,
Upon their twal' foundations set;
But whaur my thoughts can win their flight,
They'll open me the yet!

I ken the varra speech they say—
I've heard the ower-ward o' their rang—
I've seen their fit-prints on the way—
I'll join them or its lang!

—Scottish Canadian.

WHEN WE DEMORALIZE THE STOMACH.

By excesses or imprudence in eating, we cannot hope to escape the consequences for any great length of time. The most robust digestion must succumb to abuses of that important function. But supposing that we have been foolish enough to enfeeble the stomach, is the damage irreparable? By no means. The dyspeptic has only to do two things to insure his ultimate recovery. First, he should adopt an easily digestible diet. Second, he should use with regularity and persistence, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the leading gastric invigorant of the age. The multitudinous symptoms of dyspepsia, and the most invariable attendant disorders, biliousness and constipation, will assuredly cease to persecute the sufferer if the above advice is attended to. Who that has suffered the torments that chronic indigestion inflicts will neglect to take advantage of a remedy which, if the most positive evidence of the medical profession and the public is to be received with due credence, is an absolute specific for the complaint.

TOOK THE GOLD CURE.

Two men met on a Broadway cable car yesterday and one said "Hello" to the other. The other responded in the manner you and I have first said "I haven't seen you in some time! Where have you been?"

"Been taking the gold cure."

"What that?"

"That's what? Never knew there was any necessity for it in your case."

"Oh, I don't mean the kind you mean. I made up my mind to go to Klondike and get as far as Kamus City. I thought as they were paying \$5 a day wages in the diggings, I might as well wade into a job and make a go of it. I thought I could hunt around and strike a rich claim. In Kamus City they confirmed the statement about the \$5 per day, but they told me the information that the days were thirteen months long there. That cured me and I came back. Fifteen goes New York Commercial Advertiser.

A RESEMBLANCE.

"Do you believe in heredity?" asked the professor.

"I really don't know much about it. It's a very interesting subject. You can take almost any family and see how traits have been transmitted. I have no doubt, for instance, that there is some strong point of resemblance between your brother and your father."

"Yes," she replied, after some thought. "You must be right. There is a resemblance."

"And may I ask in what it consists?"

"They both wear glasses."—Washington Star.

SEWELL'S MISTAKE.

Helen—"When Sewell and I are married I'm to have my way in everything."

Grace—"Guess you won't."

Helen—"Indeed I will! That's the bargain. Don't you remember I told you he proposed to me in a rowboat, and asked if I'd float through life with him just that way?"

Grace—"Yes."

Helen—"Well, he was rowing, but I was steering."—Truth.



COSTUMES IN THE KLONDIKE.
At the left is the winter costume, at the right the popular summer attire. In winter the mercury goes down to 50 degrees below zero. In summer living in tents is comfortable.

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CASTORIA
For Infants and Children

The family signature of *Dr. J. C. Holt* is in every wrapper.

ALMOST FATAL.

The Bachelor—"Don't you think our divorce laws are disgraceful?"

The Grass Widow—"Oh, Mr. Ferrus, don't let a little thing like that keep you back. If we should get tired of each other, you know there is Dakota."

But he escaped through the window.—Cleveland Leader.

CASTORIA
The family signature of *Dr. J. C. Holt* is in every wrapper.

TEMPORARILY OVERLOOKED.

"The English people seem very particular when it comes to a boundary line," remarked the man who observes.

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "until a lot of Chinamen arrive in Canada. Then they seem to forget that there is any such thing."

CASTORIA
The family signature of *Dr. J. C. Holt* is in every wrapper.

PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.

"If I should be obliged to go," said the Spanish general, "I will do what I can to facilitate business for my successor."

"And you want me to give him some information?" asked the officer.

"Yes. Tell him there are a fountain pen and a book of agnomyns in the upper drawer of my desk."—Washington Star.

CASTORIA
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REMAINS TO BE SEEN.

"I suppose Longshot will be too proud to speak to anybody when he comes back from the Klondike gold fields."

"You can't tell," replied Mr. Sinnick. "It all depends on whether he is in a condition to borrow or lend money."—Washington Star.

The "Bicyclist's Best Friend" is a familiar name for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, always ready for emergencies. While a specific for piles, it also instantly relieves and cures cuts, bruises, salt rheum, eczema and all affections of the skin. It never fails. Charles Rogers.

Many people who own country places are glad to get back to town and rest up after the excitement of constant entertaining.

If you have ever seen a little child in a paroxysm of whooping cough, or if you have been annoyed by a constant tickling in the throat, you can appreciate the value of One Minute Cough Cure, which gives quick relief. Charles Rogers.

C. W. STONE,
Astoria, Or.

A POWERFUL ARGUMENT.

Her Father—"So you wish to marry my daughter?"

The Diplomat—"Yes, but a Deaver wish of mine is to comfort your declining years."

Her Father—"Say no more. You're do!"

—New York Journal.

The sick man knocking at the door of health gets in if he knocks the right way, and stays out if he doesn't. There are thousands of ways of getting sick but only one way to get well. Do whatever you will, if you do not put your digestion in good order and make your blood rich and pure, you will not get well. Rich, pure blood is the only thing that can bring perfect health. Constipation is a disease of the blood. A large part of all diseases are traceable directly to impurities in the blood and can be cured by eliminating them with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The first thing it does is to put the whole digestive system into perfect order. It stimulates the appetite, excites a copious secretion of the digestive fluids and promotes assimilation. It searches out disease germs wherever they may be, kills them and forces them out of the system. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has been used with unvarying success for over thirty years.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

"My attention was called to the dog before I saw him," said a witness in Judge Plummer's court.

"How was that possible?"

"He came up from behind and bit me in the leg."—Tammany Times.

THE OBJECTION NOT GOOD.

There are people who have objections to advertising matter in the columns of a newspaper. The ground of objection is that they do not want to read advertisements. Now this objection is not good, for oftentimes these advertisements convey valuable information. For instance, how else would the traveling public learn of the excellent dining car service of the Wisconsin Central line between St. Paul and Chicago, or the general comfort of traveling over this popular line. For particulars call on the nearest ticket agent or address J. C. Pond, G. P. A., Milwaukee, Wis., or Geo. S. Batty, General Agent, 248 Stark street, Portland, Or.

UNCLE BILLY'S WISDOM.

"Bobby asked Uncle Billy what noise was."

"What did Uncle Billy tell him?"

"He told him noise was any old kind of racket—except the kind we like to make ourselves."—Detroit Free Press.

Owing to over-crowding and bad ventilation the air of the schoolroom is often close and impure, and teachers and pupils frequently suffer from lung and throat troubles. To all such we would say, try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For coughs, colds, weak lungs and bronchial troubles no other remedy can compare with it. Says A. C. Freed, superintendent of schools, Prairie Depot, O.: "Having some knowledge of the efficacy of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, I have no hesitation in recommending it to all who suffer from coughs, lung troubles, etc." For sale by Estes-Conn Drug Co.

A BRIEF CRITICISM.

"I have only one fault to find with this poem," said the soulless editor.

"And what is that?" inquired the author.

"Its no good."—Washington Star.

"My boy came home from school one day with his hand badly lacerated and bleeding, and suffering great pain," says Mr. E. J. Shall, with Meyer Bros' Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo. "I dressed the wound, and applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely. All pain ceased, and in a remarkably short time it healed without leaving a scar. For wounds, sprains, swellings and rheumatism I know of no medicine or prescription equal to it. I consider it a household necessity." The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Estes-Conn Drug Co.

KNOW SOMETHING OF EACH.

Fred—"Pa said 'honesty was the best policy,' didn't he, ma?"

Ma—"Yes."

Fred—"Well, how does pa know?"

Pick Me Up.

To improve and thicken the growth of the hair and restore it to its natural color, Hall's Hair Renewer should be applied and its hair. Recommended by physicians.

A woman never forgets an anniversary—a man rarely remembers one.

O.R.&N.

GIVES CHOICE OF

-2-

Transcontinental ROUTES.

Via Spokane and St. Paul
Via Ogden, Denver and
Omaha or Kansas City.

**Pullman and Tourist Sleepers
Free Reclining Chair Cars**

Astoria to San Francisco.

Columbia, Sunday, September 5.
State of California, Friday, September 12.
Columbia, Wednesday, September 15.
State of California, Monday, September 20.
Columbia, Saturday, September 23.
State of California, Thursday, September 26.
Columbia, Tuesday, October 5.
State of California, Sunday, October 10.

For rates and general information call on or address

G. W. LOUNSBERRY,
Agent.

W. H. HUBBERT,
Gen. Pass. Agt., Portland, Or.
A. L. MOHLER,
Vice President.

—ARE YOU GOING EAST?—
—ARE YOU GOING EAST?—
—ARE YOU GOING EAST?—

Be sure and see that your ticket reads via

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE
THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE
THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

—THE—
CHICAGO, ST. PAUL,
MINNEAPOLIS AND
OMAHA RAILWAYS

This is the
—GREAT SHORT LINE—
Between
DULUTH, SAINT PAUL, CHICAGO
And all points East and South.

Their Magnificent Track, Peerless Vestibule Dining and Sleeping Car
Trains and Motor
"ALWAYS ON TIME"

Have given this road a national reputation. All classes of passengers carried on the vestibule trains without extra charge. Ship your freight and travel over this famous line. All agents have tickets.

F. C. SAVAGE, T. F. and P. A.
W. H. MEAD, General Agent,
265 Washington St., Portland, Or.

GOING EAST? GOING EAST?
GOING EAST? GOING EAST?
GOING EAST? GOING EAST?
GOING EAST? GOING EAST?

If you are, do not forget

—THREE IMPORTANT POINTS—
—THREE IMPORTANT POINTS—
—THREE IMPORTANT POINTS—

First—Go via the St. Paul because the lines to that point will afford you the very best service.

Second—See that the coupon beyond St. Paul reads via the Wisconsin Central because that line makes close connections with all the transcontinental lines entering the Union Depot there, and its service is first-class in every particular.

Third—For information, call on your neighbor and friend—the nearest ticket agent—and ask for a ticket reading via the Wisconsin Central lines, or address

JAS. C. POND,
General Passenger Agent,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
GEO. S. BATTY,
General Agent,
Portland, Oregon.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

is the most dangerous of all human ailments because its approach is unobscured. Its symptoms are common to other diseases, viz., Severe Headache, Backache, Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Blurred Vision, Dyspepsia, etc. Once let it get a firm hold on the system and it is difficult to dislodge. It is caused by inability of the kidneys to filter the Urea from the blood.

Yet it can be

CURED

You are at liberty to publish my testimonial as follows: For the last two years I have been suffering with kidney troubles of a very serious nature, bordering on Bright's disease, and after trying many remedies to no purpose, I tried Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Kidney Pills. After using three boxes I must say conscientiously that I began to improve, and after using six boxes I am able to attend to business, and my health is as good as can be expected at my age, sixty-three years. I will gladly correspond with any sufferer.

GEO. F. CLARK,
1963 G street, Fresno, Cal.

HOBBS' Sparagus Kidney Pills.

HOBBS' REMEDY CO., PROPRIETORS, CHICAGO
Hobbs' Pills For Sale in ASTORIA, ORE., BY CHARLES ROGERS, Druggist, Old Fellow's Building.

Ladies Who Value
A refined complexion must use Forcell's Pore-der. It produces a soft and beautiful skin.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children

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