

St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Lumbago.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sciatica.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sprains.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Bruises.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Soreness.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Stiffness.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Backache.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Muscular aches.

Dickens Wrote Most.

Among novelists the palm for the greatest quantity of writing, so far as mere amount is concerned, is generally conceded to Charles Dickens.

Labor

Buys the Sweetest Sleep

But for insomnia or sleeplessness, and that unnatural weakness and weariness of mind, body, nerve and muscle, a reliable tonic is needed, like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives sweet, refreshing sleep and overcomes that tired feeling. It has the endorsement of millions as the best medicine money can buy. Take only Hood's.

A woman would never think of singing in a street car, but men apparently have no hesitation in giving vent to their feelings in merry whistling in such a public place.

CATARH CANNOT BE CURED

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A West African king is the owner of an umbrella which measures six yards in diameter and affords shade for a table with 30 diners.

A battery of modern German artillery, using the new quick-firing guns recently supplied to them, can fire 60 shots a minute at a range of over five miles.



MACHINERY

For Mills, Mines, Shops and Farms: Steel Logging and Hoisting Engines: Hoe Chisel Tooth Saws, Albany Grease, etc.

TATUM & BOWEN

27 to 29 First Street Portland, Or. 34-36 Fremont Street, San Francisco.

DR. MARTEL'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS. Relief at Last. Prepared by thousands of satisfied ladies as safe, always reliable and without an equal. Ask druggist for Dr. Martel's French Female Pills in metal box with French Flag on top in Blue. "Relief for Women," mailed FREE in plain sealed letter with testimonials and particulars. Address, FRENCH DRUG CO., 381 and 383 Pearl St., N.Y.

BUY THE GENUINE SYRUP OF FIGS

... MANUFACTURED BY ... CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. IF NOTE THE NAME.

DRIVE IT OUT.

Take the impurity out of your blood. Make new, rich blood with

MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY

Contains no alcohol or spirits of any kind; no mineral. It's easy and pleasant to take. 50¢ per bottle at your druggist's.

RUPTURE CURED.

We guarantee to fit every case we undertake. Don't put it off; write for particulars at once. C. H. WOODARD & CO., Expert Truss Fitters, 108 Second Street, Portland, Or.

Our New Calendar Watch FOR 1899.

Gives the time, day, date, month and changes of the moon. Handsome, accurate, durable. If you are a good agent write us immediately for particulars and our special bicycle premium offer. PACIFIC COAST HOME SUPPLY CO., Temple Court, Spokane, Wash.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

STOPPING Piles produce moisture and cause itching. This form, as well as Bleed, Bleeding or Protruding Piles are cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. Piles are cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. Piles are cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. Piles are cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy.



THE WIDOW :: :: :: : M'CLANE.....

"If that's you, Elvira," said the widow McClane, "don't stand there with the screen door wide open. Come on in. Do you s'pose I want to be shoona' flies out of the house all the rest of the summer?"

Elvira hurriedly shut the screen door, but she was too late. A fly had flown in.

The widow laid down her sewing and, advancing cautiously, flapped her blue-checked apron. The fly, retreating, lighted on the screen, where he buzzed defiantly. With her left hand the widow opened the door an inch or so, and with her right she made covert passes at the fly. Her outstretched fingers traveled stealthily across the screen and up and down, while her large mouth sympathetically worked itself open and shut. From the street she appeared to be affected with a sort of mild insanity; but when a fly was in question the widow McClane cared little enough for the opinion of the people on the street.

After further effort she succeeded in corralling the fly, swung wide the screen door, spread out her fingers and let him go. Dazed by his sudden release from imprisonment, he remained suspended in midair for a drunken moment, then winged his way straight into the sunlight.

The widow fastened the hook with a vicious clasp.

"There!" she exclaimed, returning to her chair by the window and taking up her sewing, "if there is one thing in the world I hate above another, it's flies."

"I'm sorry I made so much trouble," said Elvira, wistfully, twisting the corner of her apron.

"Twasn't no trouble," responded the widow. "Leastwise not much. Set down. You make me nervous enough to fly to the moon, standin' there fidgetin'."

Thus admonished, Elvira timidly ensconced herself in the nearest rocker, from which vantage ground she furtively watched the widow, whose grim, weather-beaten face now bent over her work. Her needle moved unevenly back and forth until the thread shortened itself to a finger's length. Taking two or three decisive stitches one above the other, she drew out the needle and bit off the remaining thread.

Then she spoke. "Well, what is it, Elvira?" she inquired.

A faint flush rose to Elvira's eyes, creeping thence to the roots of her hair. "It's about Joe," she answered.

"So he's asked you to marry him, has he?"

"Yes," assented Elvira, the flush growing more vivid under the sharp scrutiny of the old woman's eyes.

"If you've come to ask my advice," said the widow McClane, "I say, marry him."

"He ain't much account, accordin' to what people tell me," ventured Elvira apologetically.

"He's as much account as the ones that's talkin' about him, I reckon," retorted the widow. "They ain't any of 'em worth shucks as far as I can see; but that ain't here nor there. He's a man, an' any sort of man is a protection to a woman, if he ain't any better than just a scarecrow, hung up to keep away the hawks. The world's full of hawks on the lookout for widder women, waitin' to peck 'em to death the



"WHAT IS IT, ELVIRA?" SHE INQUIRED.

first chance they get. I've been a widder nigh on to twenty years, an' I know."

"My old man was like Joe," she said, returning to the subject in hand. "He wa'n't much account, kinder projec'in' around at first one thing an' then another an' not doin' much of anything after all, but he kept off the hawks. Pore feller, he had asthma. You could hear him most a mile off a-whoopin' an' a-whoopin'. Sometimes I thought it would set me plumb crazy the noise he made, but many's the day since I'd bin glad enough to hear him wheezin' agin. That there asthma kept him from doin' pretty much everything he oughter

done. He couldn't chop wood for it or bring in the kindlin' or make the fires. I had to do all that. He got so after a while he couldn't do nothin' but set in the chimney corner an' nod; but s'long as you've got to work anyway it's kinder good to know you've got somebody settin' in the chimney corner a-noddin', to sort of keep you company while you're at it."

She did not allow her reminiscences to interfere with her work. The movement of her needle kept time with the movement of her lips.

"I've bin watchin' you, Elvira," she went on, looking over her glasses at the younger woman, "ever since you've bin a widder, an' it seemed to me you were goin' over the same old road I went over. It's a mighty hard road. There ain't no soft places in it. I've seen you tryin' to get along, livin' with your sister. I know what that is, I've bin all through it. An' there's one thing I can tell you from experience."

She paused for an impressive moment and stabbed the air with her needle by way of emphasis. The needle pointed straight at Elvira.

"What is it?" she asked, dodging involuntarily.

"If you want to find hard hearts in the time of trouble," answered the widow McClane, "you don't never need to go outside of your own family; specially if you're pore."

Her mouth, snapping shut with the last word, settled itself into hard, firm



SHE WAS ALL IN A FLUTTER AS SHE WENT OUT TO HIM.

lines. Elvira, catching a glimpse of her own red mouth in the narrow mirror over the mantel, fell to wondering if it would look like that twenty years later.

"If you've got a little money," the widow continued, "if you're independent of 'em, you're all right; but the good Lord help a widder woman that's pore. There ain't a forlorn creature on top of the earth. Yes, I've lived with my relations. I've worked like a nigger day in and day out, scourin', cleanin' an' scrubbin', an' then had the cost of my keep thrown in my teeth from mornin' till night. If I had it to do over agin I'd go an' hire out to strangers before I'd work for my kinfolks. A servant is welcome to what she can eat an' drink an' wages besides everywhere in the world except with her own kin."

"I've watched you slavin' over there at Sarah Ann's, Elvira, cookin' an' washin' an' ironin', an' when you was through, instead of restin', like any other servant would er done, tendin' to the baby. I'd ruther break rock on a turnpike any day in the year than tend to a baby—while Sarah Ann run around to the neighbors a-tellig' 'em how she was bein' imposed on, havin' to take care of her pore relations."

Elvira gave a little sigh. She opened her mouth to speak, but the widow was before her.

"I was mighty glad when I see Joe a-shyin' round after you," she said. "Mighty glad. Take him. That's my advice. It don't make any difference how triffin' he is; take him. A woman has a hard time alone in the world. It takes a good strong woman to fight her way through. As I said before, the minute her husband dies she's common pickin' for everybody. Did you ever hear of a bank that failed but what it had some widder woman's savin's in it? Did a storm ever blow over this

town that it didn't tear down the widder woman's fences an' leave all the rest a-standin' high an' dry? An' lawyers! They're allus layin' for the widder woman's money, allus!

"This thing of not belongin' to nobody," she went on, "that's the worst of it. To think you haven't got even a good-for-nothing man to set down by you of an evenin' an' talk to you. When things go wrong, and they mostly go wrong, if you've got somebody to complain to it takes away half the trouble of it. Suppose you fall down an' hurt yourself. Where's your shoulder to cry on? Suppose you cut your finger. Who's to wrap it up for you an' tie the ends of the two threads, sayin' he's sorry for you, even if he ain't? Suppose the world gets blacker'n usual, so black you can't see a sign of day breakin' nowhere, an' you fall to sobbin' about it. Who's to put his arm around you, an' say, 'There, there? Nobody. Nobody in the world! I tell you, it's a mighty lonesome life; a mighty lonesome life!'"

As Elvira sat silently listening a sudden fear sprang into her eyes. What if, since she had started out over the same road the widow McClane had traveled, she should be forced to travel it to the end? What if there awaited her, too, twenty years of that lonesome life. A sickening thrill of apprehension shook her. She looked away from the woman before her, who, old and wrinkled and careworn, sitting there stitching, stitching for the sole purpose of keeping body and soul together, seemed the incarnation of desolate widowhood, to the widow. The fear in her eyes gave place to a smile.

"There's Joe!" she cried. "I do believe he is comin' here. He must er seen me an' followed me. Yes, there he is, waitin' for me. Good-by, I must be goin' right away."

And she was all in a flutter of happiness as she rose and went out to him.

The widow McClane followed her. She carefully closed the screen door, again fastened the book and looked out at the two as they nodded gayly over their shoulders at her and walked arm in arm around the corner.

"He ain't half good enough for her," she said aloud. "He's knock-kneed an' pigeon-toed, an' cross-eyed in one eye,

A Right of Burial.

Despite the growing difficulty of finding space for the interment of the dead within the walls of the cemetery, at least one noble family enjoys a prescriptive right of burial. These are the Dukes of Somerset, who have the exclusive use of a spacious vault in the Chapel of St. Nicholas. This vault, which was the last resting place of the Seymour family, was opened as recently as 1853 to receive the remains of Lady Percy, the sister of the present duke.

In Old Missouri.

Mrs. Olive—it is rumored—the neighbors that your husband you lost night. Is it true?

Mrs. Poplar—There isn't a truth in the report. He struck several times, but failed to kill you. You know, he played with the fine last season.—Chicago News.

Ireland's Oldest Church.

The oldest Christian structure in Ireland is a remarkable building, identically very ancient, but well preserved, at Dingle, in Kerry. It is popularly known as "Oratory of Gallarus." Who the history does not say, but the oratory has stood practically for more than 1,000 years, is probably one of the covering of Patrick.

Where Rubber Comes From.

The principal rubber-producing region is the valley of the Amazon, greater portion of the rubber mercer coming from Brazil, and the United States of America. Much, however, is cultivated in Central America and Mexico. The product of Africa is steadily increasing, and the planting of many thousands of rubber trees in India, under government supervision will place that country prominently in the list of rubber-growing lands.

Must Have Been Bad.

Hicks—Here, take this 2 cent Wicks—What for?

Hicks—Take it, I say! They go buy yourself a better cigar than you're smoking!—Somerville.

Luck.

Policeman—Mr. Smartie, I have bad news for you. You was burglarized last night, and carried off everything.

Smartie—Is that so? How am I? It was only yesterday I marked down my goods 25 per cent.

"She sent me a Catholic picture of a woman whose friend had her photograph of a Raphael 'donna and child' for Christmas."—York Commercial Advertiser.

FOR MEN ONLY. DR. FOOTE & STAMM

Men requiring unassisted treatment consult personally or by letter. Dr. Foote's power and only exclusive men's special United States Diseases of men is a study of a life-time. Unfortunate men should immediately communicate with Dr. Foote of Chicago. Everything confidential. Sent everywhere in sealed packages and in plain envelopes. Correspondence solicited. Surgical, Medical and Electrical adopted. Drugging the stomach with opium is forbidden. Avoid drugs recommended by unauthorized and self-styled specialists in New York of Chicago. In these cases private affairs are safe. Unassisted treatment of diseases and weaknesses of the throat, Sexual, Reproductive and Nervous System. Impediments to marriage removed. Specially purified the blood, cures all venereal diseases, removes all white ulcers in throat or on per colored spots on body and eruptions also catarrh and rheumatism. Vigorous only permanent restorer and invigorator to vital organs and nerves. Price, 50¢ per bottle, \$1 per bottle. Trial either remedy, half price.

The aggregate military expenditure of the British empire has advanced during the last 30 years from £25,250,000 to close upon £50,000,000.

MRS. LUCY GOODWIN

Suffered four years with female troubles. She now writes to Mrs. Pinkham of her complete recovery. Real letter:

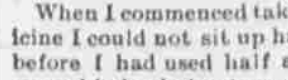
DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I wish to publish what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Sanative Pills and Liver Pills have done for me.

I suffered for four years with female troubles. My doctor had failed to cure me. I had fallen into the worst prostration, all gone feelings, palpitation of the heart, bearing-down sensation and painful menstruation. I could not stand but a few minutes at a time.

When I commenced taking your medicine I could not sit up half a day, before I had used half a bottle I was up and helped about my work.

I have taken three bottles of your E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am cured of all my troubles. I feel like a new woman. I can do all kinds of housework and feel stronger than ever did in my life. I now weigh 130 pounds. Before using your medicine I weighed only 108 pounds.

Surely it is the grandest medicine a weak woman that ever was, and advice to all who are suffering from any female trouble is to try it at once and be well. Your medicine has proven a blessing to me, and I can praise it enough.—Mrs. Lucy Goodwin, Holly, W. Va.



Swiss Courtship Tactics. Swiss maidens have wide and deep courtship license; but in many of the cantons they are allowed but a narrow choice of bridegrooms, it being a rigorously enforced, if unwritten, law that they must marry a youth of their own neighborhood. In many villages every marriageable youth belongs to a society whose sole object is to prevent any and every youth from outside from coming a-courtin' the maidens of the society's village.

The society has a password, frequently changed—almost never divulged. A lover of the village, if challenged, gives the password, and it is an "open sesame" through the on-guard ranks of the protective society.

He may climb and woo uninterrupted, undisturbed. But the lover from afar must fight his way past the challenging sentinels or use the shrewdest and most successful stealth.

Japanese Dentists.

The Japanese dentists perform all their operations in tooth drawing with the thumb and forefinger of one hand. The skill necessary to do this is acquired only after long practice, but when once it is obtained the operator is able to extract half a dozen teeth in about thirty seconds without once removing his fingers from the patient's mouth.

An Inevitable Smash.

"Well, Kitty, where is all your parlor bric-a-brac?" "Oh, Bobby got a football Christmas—and it was too cold for him to play outdoors."