

"For the Sake of Fun Mischief is Done."

A vast amount of mischief is done, too, because people neglect to keep their blood pure. It appears in eruptions, dyspepsia, indigestion, nervousness, kidney diseases, and other ailments. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases promoted by impure blood or low state of the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints.

Gunnison, Utah, expects to have a best sugar factory by another year.

THOUSANDS WERE THERE.

It Was a Blaze of Brilliance, and Steinbach Was Congratulated.

One of the events of the season was the recent grand opening of A. B. Steinbach & Co.'s new clothing store, corner of Fourth and Morrison streets, Portland. It was a scene of splendor and 15,000 pleased people inspected it. The new store is large and roomy, light and airy, and its elegant oaken counters are piled high with a fresh, latest-style stock of men's and boys' clothing and furnishing goods. Everything sold at Mr. Steinbach's store is always known to be durable and first-class in every respect. If you drop the firm a line they will send you free samples of suitings and rules for self-measurement, so that you can order clothing that will fit perfectly and be equal to custom-made, at ready-made prices. In boys' clothing, the firm excels, especially in \$5 special school suits. Visitors to Portland are cordially invited to call at the Steinbach store and make themselves at home.

Are You Going East?

If so, you should see that your ticket reads via the Great Rock Island route, and you will get the Pullman palace sleeping cars, elegant reclining chair cars "free," and library buffet cars on all through trains. Best dining car service in the world. Popular personally conducted excursions once a week to all points East. For full particulars call on or address any ticket agent, or A. E. COOPER, G. A. P. D., C. R. I. & P. Ry., 246 Washington street, Portland, Or.

Kansas City boasts a lady switch-tender.

The railroad coal mines in the Pittsburgh district are being operated to their fullest capacity. Operators in some parts of the field are complaining of scarcity of cars and also a lack of men. One of the largest operators in the district said that from present indications the tonnage of the northwest shipped over the lake this season will reach 6,000,000 tons. The shipment last season amounted to about 4,500,000.

It is reported that Oliver Iron Mining Company has leased the Bessie mine at Humboldt, Mich., and that it will be started up soon. It is also reported that the Oliver Company is negotiating for the old Humboldt mine, which was active for more than 20 years and produced almost 800,000 tons of ore. It has been idle for some years.



An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

AN INDIAN RAID.

M'GINNIS, the cook, bareheaded, his gray hair singed and his face black and streaked with lines of perspiration, was at camp, fighting a forest fire.

His weapon was a blackened potato sack, which he dipped at intervals into a pail of water and used to beat out the encroaching flames.

When Turner came, on his way from the line of survey out to the settlements, McGinnis was working helplessly in a circle of fire that narrowed constantly about the tents.

The two men fought the flames successfully; but it was nearly noon before smoke ceased to rise from the charred tract immediately about the camp. Then two tall dead trees were found to be burning. These not only threatened to start the fire in the brush afresh, but they leaned directly over the tents and were likely to fall upon them when weakened sufficiently by the flames.

McGinnis, therefore, went out through the smoke that for a month had hung like a fog in the forest, to find a new camping place. Turner remained to guard the camp.

Turner was secretly glad to delay starting upon a journey over the trail, for it was to be by no means a pleasant or easy one.

As both camp horses were lame he would have to walk all the way, and besides, if he should fail to meet old Morton and the delayed pack train he would be out alone four days and nights.

This was Turner's first season away from the city, and he disliked the



"THREE TALL INDIANS."

prospect of sleeping at night alone on the mountain side with only a blanket over him.

He was especially uneasy about the Indians, who had started the forest fires and kept them burning about us. In order, McGinnis said, to frighten the deer and the bear out of the valley so that we could kill no game. This made a supply of smoked meats a necessity, and it was because we were now well into our last ham that Turner had been ordered to find out why the provision packs we had expected for several days had not arrived. But he was in no hurry to start.

He went over to the cook tent and began to nail up boxes and to tie sacks.

Looking out from time to time, Turner saw that the flames were making but little headway into the huge dead trunks, so he worked as slowly as possible, hoping that by some good chance old Morton would come before he and McGinnis were through moving camp.

In a little while he heard a sound outside and glanced around.

Three tall Indians were entering the camp.

They were young braves, dressed in greasy buckskin, and wore feathers in their hair.

In spite of the midsummer heat long, dirty-looking blankets were wrapped about them. The forehead of each was painted a deep red, and parallel bars of red and yellow ran downward across their cheeks.

The tallest Indian pointed a rifle at Turner, and all three watched him threateningly while for a few moments they talked together.

"No make noise—no make noise!" were the only words they spoke in English.

Presently one went outside and returned with an ax—the very ax that Turner had himself brought back from the survey that morning.

Putting down his rifle, the Indian advanced with the ax upraised. When he came within a few feet of Turner one of his companions spoke to him and he looked back. Turner, grown suddenly desperate, leaped forward and seized the weapon.

But the Indian was a strong man. While he struggled Turner felt the cold steel of a rifle against each temple.

At the same moment his antagonist, wrenched the ax away from him and raised it again ready to strike. But the tall Indian, who seemed to be in authority, caught hold of it, and the three talked earnestly.

Then the one with the ax laid it re-

luctantly on the long boards that formed the dining table, and one after another the Indians sat down, each placing his rifle before him within easy reach.

"Coffee! bread! meat!" said the leader. His order was imperative.

Turner lost no time in getting down the coffee pot.

The struggle for the ax had left him nervous, but alert; and he watched eagerly for an excuse to go outside of the tent. Everything, however, was ready to hand.

McGinnis was a provident cook. Wood and water were beside the stove, kindling was already laid, and a box of matches had been left on the hearth.

His every movement was watched so closely that Turner soon gave up hope of getting away and devoted himself to serving what the Indians demanded as quickly as possible.

In a very few minutes their coffee was ready and they were helping themselves to bread and butter and beans.

Then they repeated their demand for meat, and Turner was at a loss what to do. He knew there was part of a boiled ham left, for the fact had been gravely commented upon that morning at breakfast; but he could not find it, though he searched in every place that he could think of.

The Indians grew all the while more threatening and Turner more nervous and apprehensive. He had almost given up the search in despair, when, chancing to look up in the tent, he saw against the ridge-pole a bundle wrapped in a clean cloth, with the lash of a blacksnake whip tied around it. The whip had been drawn through between the canvas and the pole until the bundle touched both, and the handle was hooked to a nail in one of the uprights. Turner took down the bundle and untied the lash. Inside was the precious ham.

The pride of the cook was so great in McGinnis, who always felt deeply humiliated when provisions were scarce—though no scarcity had ever occurred through fault of his—that he had taken this unnecessary precaution to keep our diminished meat supply safe.

Turner got out a long knife and began to slice the ham.

Suddenly the Indians took up their rifles, and one of them went stealthily to the tent opening. Turner had heard no sound; but he feared that McGinnis might be coming, and that before he could warn him the Indians would have him at their mercy, also. While he was vainly considering what to do the canvas opposite the opening was raised and the old cook crawled under.

He did not see the Indians till he had raised up and started across the tent. Then he discovered the three rifles pointed at him and came to a sudden stop. His blackened face was drawn into an expression of startled surprise as he stared at each of the Indians, and finally at Turner, who stood beside the table with the carving knife still raised in his right hand.

"What's this?" asked McGinnis, when he saw the steaming coffee cups and the bread beside them. He looked calmly at the Indians and then inquiringly at Turner.

"Put down that knife!" he said, suddenly.

"Shoot!" exclaimed the tallest Indian, and he came a step forward.

McGinnis paid no attention to him.

"Have they e't any 'a that ham?" he asked, fiercely; at the same time he pushed Turner away from the table.

"No," answered the latter, feebly.

"It's a good thing for you you ain't!" he said to the Indians.

"Uh! We want meat," said the leader.

The old cook's face flushed with anger; but he said nothing.

Limping quickly forward a step he bent down, and, picking up the blacksnake whip, he struck the nearest Indian a heavy blow over the head.

The rifles were still pointed at him, and Turner expected every moment to see him shot down; but the Indians seemed taken entirely by surprise.

The old man followed up his blows, and struck the other two Indians when he came within reach of them.

In a moment all four were outside the tent, and, as far as Turner could see from where he stood, the unwelcome visitors, instead of using their rifles, concerned themselves only with keeping out of the way of the whip.

Turner listened to the sounds outside for awhile, and was just starting toward the tent-flaps when McGinnis came back with the whip under his arm.

He was breathing hard and mopping his black face with a great red handkerchief. Going at once to the table, he examined the ham, after which he wrapped the cloth about it again and put it carefully away in one of the boxes.

Then he looked at Turner. "So you'd have let 'em ate the last bit of mate we have, would you?" he asked, indignantly.

Turner had not been able to find his voice before.

"Don't you think they will come back?" he asked, in almost a whisper. "Gorry, I hope not!" said McGinnis, and he smiled good-humoredly. Then he set to work getting the camp supplies ready to be moved.

Turner saw the tall figures of the Indians disappear in the smoke, and felt that immediate danger was past. He told the old cook of all that had happened during the latter's absence; and all the while the smile in the cook's face grew broader.

Turner became indignant, and worked along silently, but he listened for every sound and watched every movement in the forest.

McGinnis continued in the jolliest possible mood. He talked and laughed all the afternoon, but made no mention of the Indians again.

When the tents were up in the new place and nearly everything in them Turner at last began to talk again.

"Why do you think they will come back?" he asked.

"I would be no prophet," answered McGinnis.

"If they come you'll see why. But you'd better not start on your trip today," he added.

And that was all he would say, except to assure Turner that he need have no fear whatever.

"Well, there they are," later announced McGinnis, who has just finished baking several pans of bread and three large pies.

It was late in the afternoon, but seemed later than it was on account of the smoke through the forest.

Turner's rifle was by his side, and he instantly took it up.

"Put it down. That was all a joke," said McGinnis, "a young Indian joke. If they can only scare a white man they are happy. I saw their game as soon as I caught eye of their painted faces. I know what kind 'a jokes they like, so I made friends with 'em with the whip. Lave it to me now." And he put the gun aside and went to the tent opening.

The same three Indians entered, but they wore no blankets and the paint was off their foreheads and cheeks.

They came in smiling.

The tall one carried a haunch of venison—a peace offering—which he put down on the table.

McGinnis shook hands with them and invited them to sit at the table. Then he brought out a loaf of his fresh bread and a pie for each. He also put the venison carefully away.

Turner stood by and watched the Indians eat, and they looked at him occasionally with perfectly solemn faces. He was in no mood, however, to enjoy being near them, and was the only member of the party who never appreciated their sense of humor.

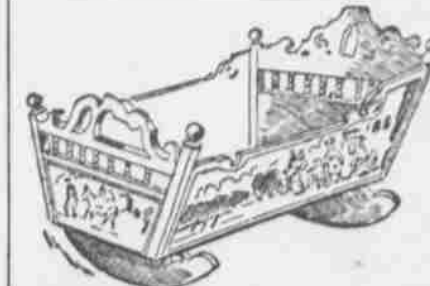
Very soon the forest fires were allowed to go out and we were regularly supplied with venison, even after the pack train came.

And McGinnis was held in highest regard by the entire Indian population. —Chicago Record.

OLDEST CRADLE IN AMERICA.

Found in Philadelphia Storage House, and Is Over 340 Years Old.

The oldest cradle in America is in possession of the Atlas Storage Company, Philadelphia. It is over 300 years old and bears on the sides and ends oil paintings representing "The Annunciation," "The Visit of the Wise Men," "The Slaughter of the Innocents" and "The Flight into Egypt." They are supposed to be the work of Juan Vestris, who flourished in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and whose religious paintings on panels are preserved in the present day at Venice and Florence.



AMERICA'S OLDEST CRADLE.

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Pensioning Professors.

Harvard University is to pension professors and assistant professors who have served the institution for twenty years or more, a plan of retiring allowances having been established by the president and fellows of the university. The plan was first suggested in Harvard in 1880, since which time the necessary fund has grown to \$340,000. Harvard is the first American university to establish a general system of retiring allowances.

Ask any man of forty if he can remember that he ever, in all his life, did as he pleased for just one day. Did anyone ever spend one whole day entirely as he wanted?

Some families seem to be made up entirely of children; you never hear of the father and mother.

Like the Admiral.
Mrs. Stubb—John, is that you coming home at such an unearthly hour?
Mr. Stubb—Yes, M-Maria; the ship had a little D-Dewey toast tonight.
"Well, you remind me of Dewey."
"In w-what way, M-Maria?"
"A long time coming home."
—Chicago Evening News.

In Baltimore a considerable interest has been aroused by the statement of the city register that when the year of estimates fixes the tax rate for next year he will vote to reduce it from the present figure to \$1.75.

Worcester iron moulders recently presented a demand for a minimum wage of \$3 a day and the abolishing piece work, and succeeded in obtaining an agreement with five of the 11 foundries of Worcester, raising every piece except the pay, which they estimated on at \$2.75 minimum.

Something He Didn't Have.
Hicks—I hear that Klinkard pulled up stakes and gone to the mountains.
Wicks—Gone for his health, I guess?

"No; as I hear it, he has gone to account of not having any health." Boston Transcript.

Schilling's Best Tea
Japan English Breakfast
Oo'eng Ideal Blend
PORTLAND DIRECTORY.
Fence and Wire Works.
PORTLAND WIRE & IRON WORKS, etc.
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JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, OREGON.
MACHINERY. ALL KINDS.
TATUM & BOWEN.
29 to 35 First Street PORTLAND, ORE.

Relief for Women
French Female Pills
DR. MARTEL'S ROSE.
IF CLAIMANTS FOR PENSION
ROBUST AND STRONG.
Moore's Revealed Remedy
YOUNG MEN!

CARTER'S INK
Is scientifically compounded of the best materials.
CURE YOURSELF!
DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED PILLS
ONE FOR A DOSE. Cure Sick Headache and Indigestion, Remove Pimples and Purify the Blood, Aid Digestion and Prevent Biliousness, Not Gripes or Sickens. To convince you, we will send a sample free, or full box for 25c. DR. GUNN'S PILLS, Philadelphia, Penna. Sold by Druggists.

CURE FOR PILES
Piles cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. No surgery and no medicine. A barbituric acid. Write for details and send by mail. Treatise free. Write for details and send by mail. Treatise free. Write for details and send by mail. Treatise free.

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