

General Debility

Day in and out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of itself. Food does not strengthen. Sleep does not refresh. It is hard to do, hard to bear, what should be easy, vitality is on the ebb, and the whole system suffers. For this condition take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes the blood, gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions, and is positively unequalled for all run-down or debilitated conditions.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25 cents.

Almost Converted.

Two Jews, wishing to become Catholics, called at the house of a priest and, finding he was not in, decided to wait. As the day advanced and the priest did not return, one of the men became restless. "Come away," he said to his companion, "or we shall be late for the synagogue."—Chambers' Journal.

Ignorance.

De Style—Have you ever heard of ping pong?
Gonzales (innocently)—Oh, yes; I frequently take my laundry to him.—Smart Set.

The Observation Car

Has barber shop and bath rooms, smoking and card rooms, library and an elegant parlor for the ladies, and all brilliantly lighted with electricity and cooled with electric fans. Mighty popular train this. All agents will be glad to give you any information desired.

Confirmed.

Clara—He told me that although you had refused him, he knew that he would get over it.
Maud—That's what I was afraid of.

The Particular Kind.

"Thompson says he regards his mother-in-law as a perfect treasure."
"To be sure he does—the kind he'd be satisfied to lay up in heaven."—Smart Set.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Had Been There Before.

Boreman—Hello, Sharpe! Well I, tell you, I'm glad to get back again.
Sharpe—Back from where?
Boreman—Why, I've been in Europe for a month, and I've had lots of interesting experiences.
Sharpe—Shake! I've been visiting in Louisville for a week, and I tell you, I was surprised with the place. Let me tell you about it. You see—What, going? Well, so long!—Detroit Free Press.

Financial Efforts.

Jack—Was the church garden party a success?
Julia—Well, I worked hard enough; I ate ice cream with every young man on the grounds.—Detroit Free Press.

"North Coast Limited"

Is run only by the Northern Pacific between Portland and Minneapolis and St. Paul through Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Butte, Livingston, Billings, Bismarck and Fargo. Eight of these trains are on the run daily, four east and four west. Each is a solid vestibuled train, carrying Standard and Pullman Tourist sleepers, dining car, day coaches, mail, express, and baggage car and the elegant observation car. Each train is brilliantly lighted with over 300 lights, and the beauty of it all is, you can travel just as cheaply on this train as on any other. All representatives will be glad to give you additional information. A. D. Charlton, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 255 Morrison Street, Portland, Oregon.

A Misunderstood Man.

Geraldine—Did you ever have the feeling that people didn't understand you?
Gerald—I often have it; I use the telephone a great deal.—Smart Set.

Shake Into Your Shoes Allen's Foot-Powder. It makes tight or new shoes comfortable. It is a certain cure for sweating, chafing and hot, itchy feet. Sold by all druggists. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

No Mice on Papa Little.

Mice cannot exist on Papa Little, an island in St. Magnus bay, on the west of Shetland. To test the truth of this, several mice, at various times, were brought here, but the soil proved so unpropitious that they soon died.—Exchange.

SORES AND ULCERS.

Sores and Ulcers never become chronic unless the blood is in poor condition—is sluggish, weak, and unable to throw off the poisons that accumulate in it. The system must be relieved of the unhealthy matter through the sores, and great danger to life would follow should it heal before the blood has been made pure and healthy and all impurities eliminated from the system. S. S. S. begins the cure by first cleansing and invigorating the blood, building up the general health and removing from the system a constant drain all morbid, effeminate matter.

When this has been accomplished the discharge gradually ceases, and the sores or ulcer heals. It is the tendency of these old ulcers to grow worse and worse, and eventually to destroy the bones. Local applications, while soothing and to some extent alleviating pain, cannot reach the seat of the trouble. S. S. S. does, and no matter how apparently hopeless your condition, even though your constitution has broken down, it will bring relief when nothing else can. It supplies the rich, pure blood necessary to heal the sore and nourish the debilitated, diseased body.

Mr. J. B. Talbot, Le Roy, N. Y., writes, "I have been a sufferer from a sore on my leg for many years. It was a constant drain on my system, and I was unable to do any work. I tried many remedies, but nothing would cure it. I finally decided to try S. S. S. and it made a complete cure. I have been a perfectly well man ever since."

S. S. S. is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known—contains no poisonous minerals to ruin the digestion and add to, rather than relieve, your sufferings. If your flesh does not heal readily when scratched, bruised or cut, your blood is in bad condition, and any ordinary sore is apt to become chronic.

Send for our free book and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge for this service.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

ONE GREAT NOVELIST.

VARYING CAREER OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

Unpromising Youth of This Recognized Genius—His Long Dormant Powers—Change from Popularity to Unpopularity—Foremost American Novelist.

James Fenimore Cooper, the dean of American novelists, holds a position in our literary literature at once unique and distinctive. It matters but little now that his literary genius should have remained dormant for so long a time as a diamond in the rough before the brilliant light of the pen disclosed the brilliant gem.



It is of small importance that his early life, spent in aimless pursuits, was wholly without promise of future achievement, and soon but a regrettable memory will also be the fact that during the last few years of his life through misunderstandings and misrepresentations his breast was filled with feelings of deep rancor toward men who should have been his friends and who in turn denounced both him and the products of his pen. These circumstances, the inevitable contradictory accompaniments of recognized ability, have waxed indelibly into a hazy background against which stands boldly the undisputed truth that the author of "The Spy" and "The Pilot" is justly worthy of all praise that has been or may be accorded him.

The life of this varying popular and unpopular author had its beginning September 15, 1780, at Burlington, N. J. His parents were both of Quaker extraction. Soon after the close of the Revolutionary war the Cooper family established a household within the borders of New York State near the headwaters of the Susquehanna River. They encouraged the populating of this vicinity and subsequently laid out the site of Cooperstown. The Cooper family decided to make their permanent home in the town founded by them, and in 1790 completed the erection of a spacious mansion house, known as Otsego Hall, which was for many years the most commodious and stately private residence in central New York.

To every reader that has been charmed with the spell of Cooper's Indian romances, the surroundings of his boyhood days are significant. During those years the foremost pioneers of emigration had barely begun to push their way westward through the Mohawk Valley, the first available highway to the west. Out of the forest that bordered Otsego Lake Indians came for barter, or possibly with hostile intent, and from these no doubt Cooper drew



WHERE COOPER SLEPT. (His tomb and that of his wife in Christ Church Cemetery, Cooperstown.)

the portraits of the red men who live in his pages. Such wild surroundings could not but stimulate a naturally active imagination and the influence of the wilderness, augmented afterwards by the somewhat similar influence of the sea, pervaded his entire life. From a private tutor he received his earliest education and at the age of 13 entered the freshman class of Yale College. According to his own account, he learned but little at college. His love of out-of-doors freedom led him to neglect his books and he roamed about and explored the rugged hills northward of New Haven and the equally picturesque shores of Long Island Sound. Gradually he became wilder and more persistent in his defiance of academic restraints and was finally expelled.

Upon leaving his studies the love of activity and adventure laid hold on the youth and he decided to take up the life of a seaman. In 1800 he made his first voyage as a sailor before the mast on the ship Sterling, sailing from New York with a cargo of flour for foreign markets. After this he served for a time as midshipman on the Vesuvius and was later ordered to Oswego, N. Y., with a construction party to build a brig for service on Lake Ontario. Then he was given charge of the gunboat Buffalo on Lake Champlain, and was subsequently ordered to the West. In 1811 he married a daughter of John Peter DeLancy, of Westchester County, N. Y., and resigned his position in the navy to settle into a quiet, domestic life. In deference to his wife's wishes he built his home in Westchester County on what was known as the Angelina farm in the town of Scarsdale, in which locality many stirring events of the Revolution had taken place. The impressions gained from the historic associations surrounding him here were of inestimable value to him in the descriptive coloring of "The Spy." There still remains standing near Scarsdale the ruins of a chateau once within the Disbrow House, wherein the original of Cooper's Harvey Birch is said to have successfully hid from his pursuers.

At 30 years of age James Fenimore Cooper was following a quiet, commonplace existence, and no thought of a literary life had as yet entered his mind. One day while reading an English novel to his wife he half-jestingly remarked: "I believe I could write a better story myself." His wife was sure that he could and so encouraged the idea that he made the attempt. His initial work was "Precaution," a novel in two volumes, published anonymously in 1820. This first novel was in no respect a sample of the author's intent. It dealt with high life in England, a subject with which the writer was personally unfamiliar, save through the pages of fiction, and while the venture can hardly be said to have enabled him to taste of the sweets of authorship, it had the effect of stimu-

lating the desire to write. Its modest success caused his friends to urge him upon some more familiar theme, and remembering an interesting tale of a spy that he had heard some years before from the lips of John Jay, he set about putting it into a story. "The Spy" was the result and during the winter of 1821-22 the American public awoke to the fact that it possessed a novelist of its own, and the immediate success of the book, which was unprecedented at the time in the annals of American literature, determined Cooper's future career.

The next five years witnessed the publication of some of his best works, among them being "The Pioneers," "The Pilot," and "Lionel Lincoln." In 1829 his popularity had attained its zenith with the publication of "The Last of the Mohicans." But with fame came envy and uncharitableness from his contemporaries at home and abroad. English reviewers claimed him as a native, fixing his birthplace in the tale of Man, and denounced him as a renegade. Naturally of a head-strong and combative disposition, he resented the accusations and insinuations thrust upon him and in so doing could not help but give offense to a large class. His self-assertive manner made him



A RELIC THAT RECALLS COOPER. (Chimney of the Disbrow House in Manassas Neck, which was the hiding place of Harvey Birch, a character in Cooper's 'The Spy'.)

enemies among men who could not understand his nature. He made frequent visits to England, during which his company was sought by the most distinguished men of the time, and during one of these visits he was unwillingly brought into a controversy over the economy and efficiency of the United States government. His utterances on this subject were misconstrued and his published letters brought forth what now seems an altogether unexplainable bitterness against their author.

As one of the most successful of authors, Cooper's fame is assured. His libel suits and controversies are forgotten, his offensive criticisms are sold down, and he is remembered only as the most brilliant and successful of American novelists.

COMING TO AMERICA.

M. Paul Derouville, Noted and Eccentric French Agitator.

The announcement that M. Paul Derouville, the French political agitator, is coming to this country to live has caused no little interest among people conversant with French politics. Derouville has been prominent in his country for more than three decades, as dramatist, hero, poet, agitator, duelist and deputy. He had gained some fame as a dramatist when he went into the Franco-Prussian war. He was wounded at Sedan and was made a prisoner, but escaped from Breslau and joined the army of the Loire, with which he fought throughout the campaign. In 1882 he founded the "Ligue des Patriotes," to keep alive in the breasts of Frenchmen hatred of the Prussians. When Gen. Boulanger came to the front, Derouville was his most enthusiastic supporter. He became a member of the Chamber of Deputies in 1889.



M. PAUL DEROUVILLE.

and the next year was forcibly ejected, though but temporarily. As an anti-Dreyfusard, he was a leader in the crisis of 1898 and 1899. His daring was illustrated when at the election of Emile Loubet to the Presidency he insulted the presiding officer and disturbed the ballot. The same night he tried to have the President kidnapped, his purpose being, if he succeeded, to himself occupy the Elysee. He was almost successful.

The populace has idolized him. When the deputies drove away from Versailles on the day of the last Presidential election, Loubet was greeted with yells of "Resign! Resign!" Waldeck-Rousseau, Brisson and Dupuy were saluted with some manifestation of respect. Only Paul Derouville was cheered. His eccentricities and the knowledge that he was an enemy of Dreyfus are not likely to make him popular in this country. But he will not seek notoriety. A Franco-Canadian steamship line is to be created, it is said, and he is to be the New York agent of the company. Levi P. Morton's son-in-law, the Duc de Volencay-Perigord, made him the offer of this position.

Plenty of Protection. Timid Guest—Is there any precaution taken here against fire?
Hotel Clerk—Oh, yes; the place is fully insured.—Philadelphia Record.

Women are naturally tender-hearted. No woman ever deliberately stepped on a mouse.

Man has very little use for advice that doesn't confirm his own opinion.

GOOD Short Stories

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak?" a fierce Radical once said to Diarrhea. "It is because they are in a weak place," was the reply.

William Black was once the victim of an amusing typographical error. In one of his books the heroine died of a dose of opium; but the compositor got in his line work on the passage, and when the novel appeared the first edition stated that she died of a "dose of opium."

A well-known judge on a Virginia circuit was recently reminded very forcibly of his approaching bidness by one of his rural acquaintances. "Judge," drawled the farmer, "it won't be so very long 'fo' you'll hev to tie a string around yer head to tell how far up to wash yer face."

A raw Irish volunteer, during the late war in Cuba, was discovered by the sergeant of his company in a hole, well out of the way of even a stray shot, when he should have been engaged in active service. "Get out of that hole!" commanded the sergeant, sternly; "get out of it this minute!" The broad Irish face looked up at him with stubborn resistance written on every feature. "You may be my superior officer," he said, boldly, "but all the same, O'm the wun that found this hole first!"

During the examinations given recently in the public schools, one of the questions on the civil government paper for fifth grade pupils was as follows: "What do you think of a man who takes all the things the country, the State and the city do for him, and then tries to get out of paying his taxes?" On one paper the brief and succinct answer was given: "He is a low man." It is unnecessary to say that the boy received the maximum of credits for his very comprehensive answer.

In her lecture on the stage in New York recently, Clara Morris related some mishaps in the theater to show what self-control the young actress must exercise. One evening, she said, she was playing "Camille" when, during the scene with Armand, she discovered that the flower, the camellia, on the giving of which the plot turned, was missing from her breast, where it would have been pinned. "I tried to warn Armand," she related, "but he was making love and did not hear. In despair, I went across the room. There was the supper-table, and on it a beautiful bunch of celery. It was the work of a minute to wrench off some of the greenest leaves. The poor man did not know anything of what was coming. You should have seen his men when I handed him the celery, saying, as my part required: 'It is a strange flower. I agree with you,' he whispered back. That was smart, but unkind. When I said, 'Cherish it,' he gasped. When I ended up with my last, 'keep it,' he nearly threw a fit. He did not help me at all. But I got even with him. I might have hid his exit, but instead I swept away from him, leaving him alone in the center of the stage, and then in full view of the audience he had to kiss the celery. Nowadays he cannot smell that vegetable without thinking of me." Miss Morris did not give away the actor's name, but it was probably Stuart Robinson.

CATARH CANCER 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 medicine. Catarrh Cures is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Catarrh Cures is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and has been a great blessing. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifier, 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.

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Catarrh Cures is sold by all druggists. Write for full particulars. Catarrh Cures is the best.

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He—Darling, be my wife, and I'll promise never to speak another word of love to you as long as I live.—Chicago News.

"Where to Hunt and Fish."

Northern Pacific's new game book is now ready for distribution. Illustrations of LIVE GAME a particular feature. Four full pages from Seton-Thompson's drawings made specially for this book. Send address with six cents and book will be mailed to you by Chas. S. Fee, G. P. and T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

Won by Wit. The University of Pennsylvania has not as large funds at its command as the authorities think to be necessary in which respect it is not greatly different from other institutions of the same kind. It finds the means to put up new buildings and pay expenses through the untiring energy of its provost, Mr. Harrison, whose little black subscription book is well known in many a Philadelphia office.

Mr. Harrison was pleading persistently with a broker for a subscription not so very long ago, but without success. Finally the broker said: "See here, Mr. Harrison, I will give you something on one condition—that you promise not to come into my office again until I ask you to do so."

"Certainly, Mr. T. I agree to that," said the provost promptly, and walked out smiling with a check for one thousand dollars.

A month or so later he heard a knock at his door. "Come in!" he called, and in walked Mr. Harrison. He had the black book under his arm.

"Good-morning, Mr. T.," he said. "I want you to help me with a little university matter I am—"

"Look here, Mr. Harrison!" the broker interrupted. "When I gave that last thousand dollars wasn't it on the express condition that you wouldn't come into my office again until I invited you?"

"Why, yes," returned the provost, "I believe that was the understanding. But didn't you say 'Come in' just now when I knocked?"

"They say the check this time was for five thousand."

They Were Attentive. A clergyman, preaching in a country church for the first time, was delighted to find the congregation very attentive, and told the vergor so after the service.

The vergor replied: "Lor' bless you, sir, we was all looking for you to disappear!"

"Why, what do you mean?" said the clergyman.

"Well, sir, you see, the pulpit is rotten and hasn't been preached in this ten year or more."—Pearson's Weekly.

Quite Sure. Mother—Now, look here, Bob. You know your father has strictly forbidden you to eat any more of these dates, and here I find another stone.

Bob—Why, mother, sister must have eaten that date; I did not throw that stone there.

Mother—Are you sure about it, Bob?

Bob—Yes, mother, quite sure, because I swallowed mine.—Brooklyn Life.

Man may have been made to mourn, but he always thinks he is being imposed on whenever his wife has a headache.

Force of Habit. "Wilbur," asked the patient little lady who taught in the night school, "why is your writing so dreadfully up and down?"

"Don't know," answered Wilbur, "less it's cause I run an elevator days."

He Made No Mistake. "I sho' did see Marso Tom's ghost last night," said the old family servant. "Are you sure of that?" he was asked.

"Yes, sah—sho' es you stan'in' dar! I couldn't make no mistake, kaze he come straight to de sideboard, whar de ol' jimmyjohn stay at, en de whar word he say was: 'Dam de dat nigger ain't been drinkin' my ficker ag'in!'"—Atlanta Constitution.

For Postage Only. We want you to try Monopole spices so much that we are willing to send you a can free if you will pay the postage. Send two 2-cent stamps and your grocer's name and we will send you a two ounce can of Monopole cayenne or white pepper or ginger or other variety you may select. After you try them you'll agree with us that no other brand on the market is so pure and strong. Most grocers handle Monopole groceries. Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Portland, Or.

Quite English. Aunt Debby (viewing the city)—What does that sign, "Missis Store," mean?
Uncle Abner (a close observer)—I s'pose that's where these 'ere anglers-mangets gets measured for clothes, so folks'll think they was made in London.—New York Weekly.

A Fine Library. Of 140 volumes of the best literature is found on each of the Northern Pacific's "North Coast Limited" trains. Don't forget that these are the only trains operated in the west that are lighted throughout by electricity.

A Cat's Cradle. A cat had taken up its abode and nursed its litter of four kittens in the fork of a tree 28 feet from the ground, in the garden of Ald. Peace's residence at Castle Hills, High Wycombe, England. The kittens were removed by the gardener, but the cat speedily took them up the tree again to their strange birthplace.—Exchange.

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Hair Falls

"I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop my hair from falling. One-half a bottle cured me."
J. C. Baxter, Braidwood, Ill.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly the most economical preparation of its kind on the market. A little of it goes a long way. It doesn't take much of it to stop falling of the hair, make the hair grow, and restore color to gray hair. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Two Great Facts. She—How many men owe their success in life to their wives?

"Yes. And how many more men owe their wives to their success in life."

Wonderland 1902. Is being called for from every part of the country. Libraries, schools, reading rooms and homes all want the Northern Pacific's latest. Send six cents for it to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. at St. Paul, Minn.

Good Boy. Grandma—Sakes alive, child! Don't tell me you are chewing gum!

Willie—No, I ain't—

Grandma—That's a good boy. I'm proud of you.

Willie—It's tobacco.—Chicago Daily News.

New Method. Jasper—I hear you have discharged your cook. How did you manage it?

Jump—I met her policeman on the street and insulted him.—New York Sun.

Survivors of Indian Wars or Widows of Such as are Deceased. By recent act of Congress you have a claim for pension at the rate of \$5.00 per month. Send to me for application. Address, F. W. Tamm, Washington, D. C. A Pension Attorney for Duty Years.

Old Indian War Pensions

Congress has just passed a law granting pensions to the survivors and widows of deceased soldiers of the Oregon, Washington and California Indian wars of 1811 to 1866. Full information will be sent by Friedman & Wilson, No. 728 Seventeenth Street, Washington, D. C., or 285 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Preserve Your Health

By looking carefully to the kind of groceries you buy. If you want to be sure of the result, insist upon Coffee, Syrup, Baking Powder and Canned Goods called MONOPOLE.

If your grocer doesn't handle them, send us his name and we will send you a can free if you will pay the postage.

WADHAMS & KERR BROS., Portland, Or.

JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, ORE.

Foot of Morrison Street. Can give you the best bargain in Bolders and Engines, Windmills, Pumps and General Machinery. Wood working Machines a specialty. See us before buying.

Buy the O. K. BINDER

The Best in the World. The new McCormick Eight-Hand Binder for 1902 has many novel and distinct features, representing all that is newest and best in binder manufacture. It is built for clean work, quick, perfect work. It is the Binder you want.

Call on the McCormick agent, or CATALOGUE MAILED FREE, by A. H. BOYLAN, Gen. Agt. McCormick Harvesting Machine Co. PORTLAND, OREGON.

Summer Resolutions

Take the Keeley Cure. Sure relief from liquor, opium and tobacco habits. Send for particulars.

Keeley Institute. Moved to 423 Williams Street, Portland, Ore.

K. F. N. U. No. 31—1902. When writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

CURE Your HORSE OF HEAVES

Prussian HEAVE POWDERS. CURE 34 HORSES. Have been using Prussian Heave Powders for years and have cured 34 horses of Heaves (4 of Dissemper and 30 of Catarrh). The Prussian Remedies have gained a world-wide reputation. Write for full particulars. Prussian Remedies Co., St. Paul, Minn.

E. J. BOW