

Best Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

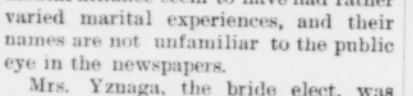
HER FACE HER FORTUNE.

The Book Agent Sadly Discovered That He Had Tackled the Wrong Man. A young man, with a large book under his arm and a 7 by 9 smile on his mug, stuck his head into the ticket window at the Union depot and asked the clerk what the fare was to San Antonio. "Ten dollars and fifteen cents," replied the ticket agent. "I am going to leave Galveston, but I lack just \$10 of the ticket money. However, that shall part us. I'll make a partial cash payment of 15 cents and take the rest on my trade."

HER FACE HER FORTUNE. Beautiful Mrs. Yznaga, Her Divorcee and Her Intended Husband, Count Zichy. The announced engagement of Count Bela Zichy, a Hungarian nobleman, and Mrs. Fernando Yznaga, a divorcee, has created a sensation among the Four Hundred in New York and Newport. Some of the parties directly or indirectly interested in this proposed matrimonial alliance seem to have had rather varied marital experiences, and their names are not unfamiliar to the public eye in the newspapers.



MRS. YZAGA.



COUNT ZICHY.

"What do you mean by taking it out in trade?" "I am a book agent, and if you will let me have the ticket I won't try to sell you a book. I won't say book to you once. This is the most liberal and advantageous offer ever made to the public, and you ought to take advantage of it. I have been known to talk a man so completely out of his senses in 15 minutes that he wasn't even fit to send to the legislature afterward."

"What book have you got?" asked the ticket agent. "A beaming smile came over the book agent's face, and in a singsong voice he began: "I am offering, in 17 volumes, 'Dr. Whiffles's Observations on Palestine,' a book that should be in every family, a book that comprises the views of the intelligent doctor on what he saw in the Holy Land, with numerous speculations and theories on what he did not see, altogether forming a complete library of deep research, pure theology, and chaste imagery. I am now offering this invaluable encyclopedia for the unprecedented low price of \$3 a volume, which is really giving it away for nothing."

After the book agent had kept this up for about ten minutes he began to grow discouraged. Instead of showing signs of weakening, the ticket agent, with an ecstatic smile on his face, begged the eloquent man to keep on. "The book agent stopped to rest his jaw, when the ticket man reached out his hand and said: "Shake, ole fell! Come inside and take chair and sing that all over again. That cheers me up like a cocktail. I referred me up myself before I was sent into the railroad business, and that is like music to me. It soothes me all over. It calls back halcyon memories of the past and makes me want to go out on the road again. I would rather pay \$20 than have you leave Galveston. You must come around every day. I could listen to that all day and cry for more."

The book agent shut his book and said: "Some infernal hyena has given me away, but there is another railroad that I can get out on this one horse town on. I'll not consent to travel on any road that doesn't employ gentlemen who can treat a cash customer with common politeness. You can't capture my book on any terms, and if you will come out of your cage I'll punch your head in less time than you can put on a ticket. And he passed out like a beautiful dream—Galveston News.

GEORGE'S REPUBLIC FOR CHILDREN.

Girls and Boys of the Slums and their Novel Summer Government for the improvement of boys and girls taken from the slums and tenement districts of the city. It is located in Tompkins county, N. Y., about ten miles from Ithaca. The scheme was inaugurated five years ago by William R. George of New York, who has been actively interested in philanthropic work. Each year he has taken to the camp a considerable number of children from the lower districts of New York, but this year there were 150 boys and about 30 girls, ranging in age from 6 to 15. In selecting the boys Mr. George seems almost to have made madness a qualification for admission, as most of them were from the slums. The camp is practically a miniature republic, with a government for the children, of the children and by the children. The idea is to instill into the

WILLIAM R. GEORGE. minds of the children wholesome lessons in regard to thrift, economy, labor, right ways of living and just government. This is done in a very practical way. This year, upon their arrival at the camp, which consists of a farm of 48 acres, the children organized a republic in form of government, under which they lived for a period of two months. Mr. George was chosen president, and members of congress were elected from among the boys. A system of currency was adopted, and a national bank established, from which a circulating medium was issued. Every citizen of the republic was expected to work for a living, though ample time was given for sport and recreation, as well as for secular and religious instruction. A police department, a civil service commission and court of sessions were organized and ably maintained. All the boys, however, wanted to be "cops," but were permitted to gratify their ambition only after civil service examinations. The boys were paid for their labor, and in turn paid for their living, depositing the balance, if any, in the bank. At the breaking up of the camp the money was reckoned in provisions and clothing, and the children returned to their homes happier, healthier, wealthier and wiser by reason of the citizenship in the young American republic.

The Real Trouble. "Johnnie, you must never be afraid to tell the truth. Johnnie—No, auntie, I ain't. It's to tell a lie without being afraid that bothers me—Life.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. World's Fair Highest Award.

ORCHESTRA ODDITIES

CURIOS INSTRUMENTS USED TO ADD REALISM TO MUSIC.

The Drummer Has a Whole Ratt of Machines and Traps to Care For—Initiations of Animal and Other Sounds, and How Some of Them Are Accomplished.

It would be an odd thing if in these days of realism an orchestra could not keep up with the times in the production of realistic effects. The peal of tubular bells, once heard with so much wonderment, is now too familiar to create surprise, and equally well known is the arid, the old friend met with so often in "Hercules," and many other popular opera and musical selections. Nowadays many theater orchestras possess quite a number of instruments whose names are probably unknown to 99 out of every 100 members of the audience. In many theaters the musician who plays the drums also manipulates from 15 to 20 other instruments, most of which would be unrecognized by any other than the professional. Some of them are used for representing noises made by human beings; others are employed for representing animal sounds, and of a nature. Play all.

A noted inventor of these adjuncts of the orchestra has made a remarkable instrument from which may be produced the "puff puff" of a locomotive. The contrivance from which this effect is obtained consists of a semicylinder of sheet iron about a yard in length. Two wooden handles, in each of which are set at different angles a dozen or more temper steel wires somewhat resembling a dismantled piano, are used to make the peculiar noise of the engine puffing. Holding one of these sets in the hand, the musician strikes the sheet of iron with each alternately, slowly at first and increasing in speed as the train is supposed to get under way.

Then the train comes to a stop, when is heard the peculiar sound of the air-brakes and the escaping air. This effect is produced simply by using a couple of slender brass tubes soldered together, with pipe and blowing into them at one end and slowly pulling the other. If you want the roar of lions, there is a musical instrument ready for you to produce the roar. It is a large trumpet shaped instrument of sheet iron, in the large end of which, near the opening, are set two vibrators of tin. It is played upon with a trombone mouthpiece.

One of the most curious musical instruments is that used to represent the "swish swish" of the water's screw as it turns in a boat. This is really a musical machine. It is an ordinary cheesebox fitted to an axis, on which it revolves, and the cylindrical part is made of calfskin. The ends are perforated so as to allow the sounds to escape in proper volume. Pegs project inward from the ends, and a quart and two of dried peas complete the outfit. When the box is revolved, the peas strike against the pegs and roll along the dried calfskin sides. The revolutions are slow and irregular, and the sound more rapid and steadier. Then you get the "swish swish" of the screw. A cack crow is a very easy noise to reproduce. The instrument used is simply a wooden tube with a reel inside, the reel being inserted into the side of a tin organ pipe. This is easily produced by taking out the wooden tube, and referring to end and blowing it, holding one end between your closed hands to give the different tones. A "town clock," which produces a good imitation of bell striking the hour, is a large iron cylinder about 3 feet long and 6 inches in diameter, the stroke being made with a smaller pipe covered with cloth. One musician has an excellent instrument which produces the "siren" note of the steamboat. The noise is made upon three reeds, which are similar in shape to an organ pipe. These are connected with one mouthpiece and give three tones simultaneously. The same musician has a curious instrument which he calls a "snoring man." It is an oblong box, hollow, with a reel inside, and requires a pair of lustrous lungs to operate it as it takes considerable air pressure. The "gallop of a horse" is sometimes rendered by cocoon shells cut in halves and struck upon a stone block. Another device to reproduce the same effect is made of wooden blocks hewed into the shape of a horse's hoof, with real horsehoes attached and hollowed out inside the shoe. It is played by striking the shoes on a slab of stone.

To imitate a clog dance "clog mallets" are used. They are small wooden mallets, with the ends of the head hollowed, and "jingles" set inside the hollow spaces. A "cuckoo" is a small reed-like instrument, with one key to change the note and a sliding piston to alter the pitch as desired. A fine imitation of the bagpipes is given in a bell-shaped horn, with tapering bore and finger holes similar to those of flageolet. It is played upon with an oblong mouthpiece. As an example of the many instruments required in an orchestra it may be interesting to reproduce a list of those played upon by the drummer in a well known American orchestra. They include the various styles of xylophones, drawing room bells, orchestra bells, carillons, "baby cry," "bobwhite," "cuckoo," "cricet," "duck's quack," "hen cackle, hand claps, sand boards to imitate jig dancing, "joy bird," "locaut," "frog," "cocking bird," "pogon," "robbin," "mocking," the "waldteufel" or "wood devil," making a weird, whirling noise, "singing birds," and the sound of the cracking of a whip; hand bells, etc., in addition to the customary drums and cymbals usually played by this humble but by no means unimportant member of the orchestra.—Exchange.

Target Practice in Texas. "We have 15,000 mutilated and worn silver dollars in our vault," said a treasury official. "We also have over 500,000 half dollar, quarter and dime pieces, which have become coin for use. It is a curious thing that the mutilated dollars which we receive from Texas are deeply indented. This is a result of the target practice in Texas. The crack shots down there think that a silver dollar is the best kind of a target. Do you give a good dollar for a mutilated one? That depends upon the extent of the mutilation. We have a discretionary power in this respect."—Exchange.

To Each His Part. Mrs. Snuggs—What do you think of the inference that Mark Antony was an undertaker because he said his mission was to bury Caesar not to praise him? Mr. Snuggs—That is a very fair inference. The man who carved the tombstone would stand to the praising part.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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ABRUPT CONAN DOYLE.

The English Novelist's Queer Antics in a Machests Town.

Dr. Doyle, the story runner, was engaged to lecture in Morrison town, under the auspices of St. Bartolomew's school, and the 25 boys of the school were in a quiver of excitement at the prospect of seeing and meeting the creator of Sherlock Holmes. The headmaster, the Rev. F. E. Edwards, with the most hospitable intentions, invited Dr. Doyle to dinner before the lecture, inviting also at the same time Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stockton, great friends of the clergyman. Dr. Doyle declined the invitation, to the great regret indeed of the host, the two guests and four or five boys that had been the special favor of being asked to meet the big author. At the dinner hour, however, the surprise of Mr. Edwards, who received a telephone message from Dr. Doyle at the station, announcing: "I'm here. Cream cheese or nutmeg?"

"Why, we shall expect you, but do come right over. We just sat down to dinner." Swinging along, the Englishman soon appeared, but despite diplomatic coaxing could not be prevailed upon to enter the dining room. He wouldn't, he said, meet any one. Not. Although assured that only Mr. and Mrs. Stockton and four boys were present, that the dinner was very informal, he still remained obdurate. He asked bluntly: "I eat my dinner alone?"

So he ate his dinner alone, devouring several plates of roast beef and frequent relays of vegetables with lightning rapidity. Unknown to any one in the house, the brawny Englishman soon fled to the lecture hall in the school. A large audience was present, and every courtesy was extended to him. After the lecture, with insulting haste, Dr. Doyle pocketed the \$300 fee and hurried to the train. The only person, in fact, that met the distinguished British author was Mr. Stockton, and as the author of "Rudder Grange" couldn't very well lecture the latter couldn't very well attend meeting him. But the 25 boys were sadly disappointed with the professor's behavior, and their imaginations, which were proceeding of the talented author was, in fact, so foreign to what has been reported of him by men and papers that Morrison town's Four Hundred are wondering where Dr. Doyle could possibly have thought the town and school were, and he therefore droned meeting laudic enthusiasts.—Boston Beacon.

SENSITIVE MODELS.

Publication of "Trilly" Causes Some to Resign From the Profession.

Women models have always been a little more than their profession, and since a writer in their regard, and says "Trilly" has been the favorite topic of studio gossip some of the best of them have felt that sensitiveness in the face and hands would be a disadvantage. Child models who have been in the profession since they were little, walk barefoot before they could definitely toward me. If it happened to me and land on the desk, it was all right. If it fell on the floor, the boy always managed to fall over in his eagerness to pick it up. Then if he had a letter or a card to deliver he would come close up to the desk and stand there scanning it over with minute care. It is a being concluded, he would flout it in my direction and depart. "The other boy always came and went so that I could hardly hear him. If it was a book, instead of a box of letters, he would set it quietly down at one side of the desk. Letters and cards were always laid—not tossed—right where my eye would fall on them directly. If I whether he ought to lay a letter on my desk or deliver it to some other person in the office, he always did his thinking before he came near me and did not stand annoyingly at my elbow studying the letter. That boy understood the science of little things. When New Year's came, he got \$10. The other boy got fired."—New York Sun.

Wouldn't Come Right. FITS. All Fits stopped five by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Case. Treatise and \$2.00 bottle sent free. Write to Dr. Kline, 163 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

OVERRUN WITH MICE.

A Most Remarkable State of Affairs in the Province of Kharkoff, Russia. One of the most unpleasant places in this world to live in just at present, are the Russian papers, is the province of Kharkoff, in the land of the czar. The country is now overrun with mice—millions of mice. The cats have become so accustomed to the sight of the little animals that they no longer catch them or even play with them. The mice are given in a great part to the rabbits were in Australia a few years ago. Provisions for the table, candles, soap, books, shoes—everything, in fact, is eaten up by the animal in the night. The furniture even is gnawed. Sleep for many of the poor inhabitants is almost impossible. All of them, without exception, are obliged to place their beds in the middle of the rooms. Some of them even have been forced to sleep with their feet in basins of water, the Russians of that kind claim to sleep. If these precautions are not followed, the mice devour a genuine "saralad" on the bed and even bite the sleepers.

Almost all the wheat has been destroyed. The wealthy women landed proprietors—have been obliged to abandon their homes and have gone to St. Petersburg to get away from the scourge, for such it has become. In the fields the mice are so numerous that they kill 200 or 300 in five or ten minutes.

Is Diamond Dust a Poison? Attention has been drawn lately to the statement in an official work issued by the government of India that diamond dust is known to be a powerful mechanical poison. This is objected to with an emphasis that should prevent the waste of diamonds hereafter by pursuit of removing their enemies. Mohammedans in India are said to entertain the belief strongly that the dust that investigators have never met with, body who, from his own knowledge, could describe the visible effects of admirer diamond dust. It may be remembered that a great trial in India of the Galkwar case—has been the statement of the commissioners who heard the evidence that the dust had no injurious effect on the human body. Here, then, is another superstition exploded, although it still lurks even in official documents.

What She Said. Marie—Did you tell your friend, Miss Van Puff, of our engagement? Octoburne—Yes. Marie—Oh, did she say? Octoburne—Oh, she said I had her sympathy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A Careful Little Maid.

The people say in Dimpledell, "They've known her from a baby—There's not a child behaves as well as little Prudence Maybly. When anybody looks at her, She carries more precisely: Her aunt, Miss Lucy Lavender, Has brought her up so nicely.

This Dimpledell in Dorset lies, Village like a toy one. Its tiled roofs the smooth dappled skies Whose light showers don't annoy one. The country lanes about it, And Prudence dwells in Primrose street—Inquire there if you doubt it.



She is so careful she will say, Let's see should I, though blindly, Let's see very well to day. Perhaps I had better say, "Aunt busy—I am not certain, quite—'I think these of Farmer Acres.' 'I think the turning out the tub. Will bring you to the baker's."

She takes the teacup from the shelf—The big best cup—and fills it, And when she has done herself, The person holds it in his knee And she it to him lovingly. "A careful little maid," says he, Miss Lucy beams with pleasure.

Her slippers never were known to squeak; Her hair is crisp and snowy; Her neat and slowly pulled stockings, In weather will and bloomy. The other children hear the praise—A cross or caress they bring—Of all the prim and pretty ways Of little Prudence Maybly.

The girls whose gowns she does not share Unlike her, she is so declare, And some of sugar candy, Dear little best, should be confessed, She's sometimes rather lonely. This very pink of perfectness, Aunt's she once and only. —Helen Gray Come in St. Nicholas.

TWO BOYS.

"There is a science in doing little things just right," said a down town business man a few days ago, "and I notice it in my office. I had two office boys there whose main duty was to bring me notes or cards that were sent in to me or to fetch things that I wanted to use. One of those boys, whenever I would walk rapidly by his desk and look at it definitely toward me. If it happened to me and land on the desk, it was all right. If it fell on the floor, the boy always managed to fall over in his eagerness to pick it up. Then if he had a letter or a card to deliver he would come close up to the desk and stand there scanning it over with minute care. It is a being concluded, he would flout it in my direction and depart.

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PECULIAR.

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HEALS THE RUNNING SORES.

Marian is a little girl who likes to make pictures. Sometimes she makes them with a pencil, and sometimes she makes them by sewing with bright colored zephyrs on white dainty cards. Mamma gave her a package of these pretty cards on her birthday, and ever since then she has been very happy in working with them.

CURES THE SERPENT'S STING.

Oh, Tabby, Tabby, sleek and fat! You seem a very solemn cat, As on the round mat in the sun, You sit and blink at every one.

Your coat is thick, so run and play, 'Twill keep you warm this winter's day. And then we may hear you purr, purr, As off she goes, all dressed in fur. —Emma G. Saucybury in Child Garden.

According to Chief Bonner, the ball nozzle which has excited so much interest through the country is destined to work a radical and highly beneficial change in the system of lighting fire. Instead of working at a distance with straight streams, firemen, by using the ball nozzle, can enter burning buildings and work at close range, thus not only doing more effective work, but averting to a considerable extent the serious damage to interior property, and in many cases this system will enable firemen to save the lives of inmates of burning buildings. The man who has given the world an appliance of such value is certainly entitled to the gratitude of his fellow men.—New York Tribune.

A DUMAS ANECDOTE.

In the days of his affluence some one came to Dumas pere for 50 sous to help bury a friend. "What was he?" inquired Dumas. "A bailiff, sir," answered the borrower. Dumas' eyes lit with memories. He ran to his desk and returned with a note, which he thrust into the man's hand: "You say it costs 50 sous? Here are 100. Bury two of 'em!"

AUTHORITIES ON SNOBS.

Cholly Endorses McAllister, and Both Jump Onto the Society Toads.

The end is certainly drawing near when Mac begins to write autobiography. He took up the question of snobs yesterday, a subject upon which no living man is more capable of writing, and said: "A snob toadies to the rich and prominent persons of society, feeling that he owes his social support to them, and is utterly indifferent to those who do not wear the garb of society."

Hits the case exactly? Do you see? Do you understand? And again: "It is most curious when I examine into the metaphysics of snobbery, I should say that a snob is the result of two component forces. Given a man of absorbing ambition and place him in an environment where this unscrupulous ambition for social supremacy will be cherished and encouraged by those who thrive on adulation, and you have the snob."

Don'tcherknow? Yes, we all do. Nobody in New York has got such a distinctive and distinguished social position that any one need bother his head to toady to him. Persons of the best social position are of course women and men of the best birth and breeding, who lead the most correct lives, yet these are not the persons best by toadies.

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VICTOR'S HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES.

Students of economical housekeeping will be interested to know that the expenses of the queen of England's household last year amounted to \$85,000, three-quarters of which was salaries.

AN UPRIGHT MAN.

There is certainly some slight feeling of humiliation in being bent down and obliged to creep along for fear of a snap in the spinal column. It is such a plain show of decrepitude that we need not brag. It is seen every day when lumberjacks take a good hold on a stitch in the back. There is very little sympathy for one in such a plight, for it is so well known that St. Jacobs Oil will cure it promptly and that neglect is the cause of so much suffering. Why not keep the remedy always on hand and prevent such discomfort.

\$100 REWARD, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and equipping any high priced machine in quality of work, and excellence in all its conveniences. The proprietors have in doing its work, the best materials, less number of parts, weight, and price, than any other case that it falls to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc.

\$50,000 ORDER FOR TYPEWRITERS.

The Western Union Telegraph Company has placed an order for 2,000 Blickensderfer Typewriters, for use in their offices throughout the United States. It is perhaps the largest order ever placed for typewriters and is certainly a strong testimonial for the superior merits of the Blickensderfer Machine. We understand that this machine embodies the latest patented improvements (and weighing but 10 pounds, it is easily carried), and equips any high priced machine in quality of work, and excellence in all its conveniences. The proprietors have in doing its work, the best materials, less number of parts, weight, and price, than any other case that it falls to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

A PRACTICAL Type-Writing Machine... AT A LOW PRICE.

The Blickensderfer No. 5.

PRICE...\$35 00

48 letters and changes in right only 6 lbs. Equals any high priced machine in capacity, quality of work and excels them all in convenience.

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Your coat is thick, so run and play, 'Twill keep you warm this winter's day. And then we may hear you purr, purr, As off she goes, all dressed in fur. —Emma G. Saucybury in Child Garden.

CRAMPS and COLIC are quickly CURED with Pain-Killer.

Cramps may assail you at any time, without warning. You are at a complete disadvantage—so sudden and violent is their attack—unless you are provided with a sure cure.

Pain-Killer

is the surest cure, the quickest and the safest cure. It is sold everywhere at 25c. a bottle. See that you get the genuine—has "Perry Davis & Son" on bottle.

FERTILIZER CATALOGUE

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ALL GRADES—CLIPPER MILLS, Black Blasting Powder, Judson Improved Powder, Best Caps and Fuse. JAMES LATHAM & CO., Agents, 35 First St., Portland, Ore.

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(IN KEGS OR BOTTLES) Second to none. No dealer here from. PORTLAND, ORE.

MALARIA! DO YOU FEEL BAD? DOES YOUR BACK ache in every step since a burden? YOU NEED MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY.

"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH SAPOLIO

Webster's International Dictionary

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THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. Sold by all Druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. It is a powerful purgative, and is used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, headache, neuralgia, and all the ailments of the bowels. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents per box.

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IMPERIAL GRANUM

Try it when the digestion is WEAK and no FOOD seems to nourish. Try it when it seems impossible to keep FOOD on the stomach!

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It is now the business of the future. Incubators & Brooders offered at low prices. Catalogue sent free. Write to Dr. Kline, 163 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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