

**THE SACRED THIRTIETH DAY OF MAY.**

When Columbia Chants the Praises and Decorates the Graves of Her Dead Heroes.



**AFTER THIRTY YEARS**

ATURE was in her gentlest mood. The sunset was gorgeous, the air clear and light, and the pretty cottage of some of the olden days of the widow Morton looked neat and inviting as a palace, yet its occupant sat at the window, sad, tearful and depressed.

The morning was Decoration Day, and that was for her always an occasion of subdued sorrow. Mingled with memories of the hero she faithfully mourned, however, was now a fresh and more poignant grief, and when she arose and went out into the little garden the sacred, tender emotions that always hallowed this season were clouded by the intrusion of a trouble scarcely her own.

In the near cemetery rested her husband—a patriot who had turned the tide of a great battle by his heroism, and who for twenty years after the war was the pride of the little community in which he lived. How faithfully she mourned him, the carefully nurtured flowers always gathered on the eve of the coming memorial day, as now, told to every neighbor, who, with her, revered the memory of a true man and a brave soldier.

"Poor Barry!" she murmured, lifting her tear-filled eyes, and glancing anxiously down the road. "It will break my heart when he knows—when he knows!"

When he knows—what? Widow Morton looked across the valley to where a stately summer home reared its turrets, as if to silently answer the question, and the place had been occupied by a stranger since February, a wealthy city banker, who had brought his only child, a daughter of 18, and his servants thither early in the year, tired of the city season. He had come down to Lupton only occasionally during the past three months, but winsome Eleanor Morse had been there all the time, and had become the favorite of the village.

The favorite of Barry, her Barry, Widow Morton's Barry, as well! The widow had treasured when she first noted the evidences of their sincere attachment. But how could she have the heart to dim the bright joy in Barry's eyes; how could she point out to him the insurmountable barrier of wealth that would oppose his love some day? And now the end had come. Eleanor Morse had learned that his daughter had given her heart to a struggling young village physician. She, Mrs. Morton, had learned that afternoon of an angry scene at the mansion, in which the purse-proud Morse had told his child he would rather see her dead than the wife of a nameless, penniless country doctor, and they were packing up now to leave Lupton forever.

"Madam, can you direct me—I am looking for the home of Dr. Morton?"

The widow looked up. Then her heart began to tremble. She knew the speaker, though he did not know her—the great man for the home of Dr. Morton?

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his mission—he had come to patty bitter words with the young man who had stolen his daughter's heart.

"I am his mother, sir," she said simply. "Will you not come in and wait for him?"

The banker twisted his great watch chain furiously, reflected impatiently, and nodded with curtness. Then as she showed him into the neat sitting room and placed her flowers on a table, and a sword and a belt above it told their own story, a token of sudden interest came into the visitor's eyes.

"You—you are a soldier's widow, madam?" he inquired, almost reverently.

"Yes, there is my hero!"

She was heart full, and, pointing to a picture on the wall, she left the room, weeping over a treasured memory, weeping because she knew this proud man had come to crush her Barry's heart.

"That!" echoed the banker, arising, pale and startled, "that?" but the widow was gone, and did not hear him.

Like a man in a dream he sat for fully ten minutes staring at the picture. Then, trembling, rapt, he arose and scanned the framed record of John Morton's war services.

"Chattanooga," he read. "That picture" and he took a small, faded, ragged counterpart from his pocketbook and compared them. "The same man—after all these years!"

When Widow Morton re-entered that room shortly afterwards, to her infinite surprise she found it untenanted, her visitor gone.

She had not the heart to tell what she had learned of Eleanor Morse, to tell of her mysterious visitor to Barry that day. The next, as they sat by John Morton's grave in the beautiful Lupton cemetery, after they had placed the flowers upon the mound revered, she was about to speak of it, when, glancing up, she saw approaching—the man who had visited her so strangely the day previously.

He bowed to her gravely. He lifted his hat, he placed beside her own simple flowers on her husband's grave an exquisite wreath of roses.

And then he sat down beside them. His eyes were full of tears. Memory and fidelity had broken down all his pride, and in that moment the widow comprehended that her darling boy would never know how dearly he had lost the woman he loved.

A soldier had saved Richard Morse's life at Chattanooga at the risk of his own—nobly, heroically. There had been a hurried exchange of photographs, a promise never to forget, a quick alarm, scattered forces, and the two parted never to meet again in life.

But Richard Morse had never forgotten, and gratitude sealed the lips of pride and sanctioned the appeal of love on that bright, beautiful Memorial Day.

**Memorial Day of '76.**

A brief sketch of how the centennial Memorial Day of 1876 was kept by the House of Representatives at Washington may be of interest. It was the enterprise of Mrs. McLean Kimball, the widow of the "first man to scale the walls of Chapultepec" in the Mexican war, and who lost his life in the civil war, Lieut. Col. Kimball. With an enthusiasm worthy the widow of a hero, and of ancestors who fought gloriously in the Stuart rebellion, the old Scotch McLeans, Mrs. Kimball decided that it was due to the heroes of America that they should be honored at the nation's headquarters. Securing the services of the pupils of the Franklin school, Mrs. Kimball made her plans very quietly, and early on the morning of May 30, 1876, she marched to the capitol with thirteen little girls dressed in the national colors representing the thirty original States and with one small boy dressed in sailor costume, who walked in advance, bearing the Stars and Stripes. There in a room placed at her disposal, Mrs. Kimball and her little band spent the morning in making wreaths and decorations from the flowers previously given to them, a liberal supply coming from the conservatories of the White House. They never carried these to the hall of representatives, where they decorated the statues of the sons of the republic, followed by a large gathering of friends and strangers who watched every movement in reverent silence. Thence they passed to the House of Representatives, where the famous portraits of Lafayette and Washington adorn the wall. Mrs. Kimball there fastened a magnificent star of roses sent from the White House over

the head of Washington, while over Lafayette she suspended a basket of blue and white fleur de lis, also a gift from the President's family.

This graceful recognition of the centennial heroes was carried on at the same time that the later comrades were receiving their ovations in the silent shades of Arlington, at the Soldiers' Home, and in other cemeteries.

**No Oath Needed.**

It is a pleasing sight, albeit a sad one, to see the veterans of battles and campaigns keeping time to the music by which they once marched to fight for the Stars and Stripes. Then those men were in the fire and flush of first youth; now they emphasize their speech with a crutch. A story is told of a man who was in court as a witness in a case at litigation, and who was ordered by the judge to hold up his hand and be sworn. He held up his left hand.

"Hold up your right hand!" roared the judge.

"I can't, your honor," said the man.

"Fine him for contempt of court, and send him to jail until his fine is paid!"

"All right, your honor, but there isn't any hand to my right arm. It lies buried at Shiloh. I am a soldier!"

"Remit his fine. He needn't be sworn. Now, tell me what you know about this case," said the judge, wiping his eyes suspiciously hard.

**Pure and Undeified Patriotism.**

Patriotism, pure and undefiled, is one of the noblest sentiments that can inspire a human heart, and no page of history chronicles more sacrifices, more unselfish effort and more lofty and determined endeavor than characterized the period of that bitter and uncompromising struggle. The hundredth part of it has never been told, and only in the books of the recording angels above are many of the entries to the credit of those who gave up everything that they held dear that the honor of the American nation might be upheld; and upon the historical battle grounds of the disputed territory, as well as upon the scattered graves all through the entire Union, it is fitting and proper that garlands be laid and that patriotic tears may fall.

**LAY HIM LOW.**

LOSE his eyes; his work is done. What to him is friend or foe man? Rise of moon or set? Hand of woman? Lay him low, lay him low, In the clover or the snow. What cares he? He cannot know. Lay him low.

As a man he fought his fight. Proved his truth by his endeavor. Let him sleep in solemn night. Sleep forever and forever. Lay him low, lay him low, In the clover or the snow. What cares he? He cannot know. Lay him low.

Fold him to his country's stars. Roll the drum and fire the volley. What to him are all our wars? Lay him low, lay him low, In the clover or the snow. What cares he? He cannot know. Lay him low.

Leave him to God's watching eye. Trust him to the hand that made him. Moral law weeps by. God alone has power to aid him. Lay him low, lay him low, In the clover or the snow. What cares he? He cannot know. Lay him low.

**There is no end of flavor in Schilling's Best tea made right.**

There is not even beginning of flavor in average tea, make it how you will.

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**No More Indian Soldiers.**

The last of the Indian companies of the United States army, stationed at Fort Sill, O. T., is to be disbanded. This marks the end of the effort to make efficient soldiers out of the warlike aborigines of the frontier. At first the experiment bade fair to be successful. Several companies, both of cavalry and infantry, were organized in command of white officers who had manifested particular friendliness for the Indians. The young braves liked the jaunty uniforms, and promptly mastered the intricacies of military evolutions. They became men of mark in their tribes. But soon the rigid discipline and the enforced absence from their homes and families became irksome. They began to neglect their duties and to appear indifferent, then sullen and mutinous. One by one the Indian troops and companies have been disbanded until there remained only the command at Fort Sill, composed of fifty of Geronimo's Apache warriors. Though they will cease to be regular soldiers of the United States, these Indians will not leave the military service. They will probably be retained, as other former soldiers have been, as scouts, in which capacity the braves have had ample experience in our Indian wars, and, indeed, have proven themselves indispensable auxiliaries.—Boston Journal.

**Ants With Human Habits.**

The German traveler Von Spering has discovered in Brazil a species of ants which have regular summer and winter resorts. In winter they live on the ground, in summer in big nests constructed on trees, in order to escape the danger of inundation when the snow melts and the rivers rise.

**No More Hot Boxes.**

One of the most wonderful of recent inventions is a roller bearing for car wheels which does away with the use of lubricants. There will be no more hot boxes. One wheel has had a test of 170,000 miles in the West without the application of a drop of oil.

Some English reporters now take notes at night by the light of a tiny incandescent lamp attached to the waistcoat.

A doctor says that probably half the deafness prevalent at the present time is the result of children having their ears bled.

Northern papers are just awakening to the fact that Mississippi is fattening a few cattle for the Chicago markets.

A caterpillar is so greedy that in one month it usually devours six thousand times its own weight in food.

Nordau, the prophet of degeneracy, declares that America is the land of the future.

**Syrup of Figs**

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper remedies are then not needed, it is rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a congested condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is every where esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the only remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore of all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed, everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

**Gladness Comes**

At the banquet at the Hotel Portland, Tuesday evening, June 22, Mr. Percy H. Blyth having been appointed chairman of the banquet committee. All the net proceeds from the concert and the banquet are to go to the hospital fund.

It is hoped that many British-born residents throughout the states of Oregon and Washington will come to Portland and join in the celebration. Any information desired by out of town residents will be gladly furnished on application to the secretary or any member of the general committee. As this is the only means we have of reaching our friends outside the city, it is to be hoped that they will correspond early and give us their co-operation.

A gentleman's weight.

A stranger upon being presented to Speaker Reed asked his weight. "Two hundred pounds," was the reply. "You must weigh more than that," said the candid visitor. "No gentleman ever weighs more than 200 pounds," responded the speaker, solemnly.

A French florist has offered \$1,200 to any one who can produce a plant which will yield blue roses.

A Perfumed Stage Effect.

At the Royal Opera at Budapest a new ballet has been produced called the "Red Shoes." In the course of this ballet a dance called the "Rosenwälder" takes place, the dancers representing white, red and yellow roses. While the dance is in progress a delightful perfume of roses fills the whole house. This is ingeniously effected by means of sprinklers, which send through the ventilators an exceedingly fine spray of rose water.

Theosophy and Coal.

Four years ago certain masculine, short-haired theosophical ladies were advised by Mahatmas to bore for coal on the Red Bluff, St. Kilda, Melbourne, says the Sydney Bulletin. About \$8,000 cash and 4,000 feet of borings have been put into the venture, and about thirty tons of rich ocean mud and excellent road metal taken out, but no coal.

A well-known artist declares that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the left side of the human face is the more perfect in outline.

**VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.**

Completion of 60 Years as Sovereign to Be Observed in Portland, Oregon.

In all parts of the British empire the celebration on the 21st and 22d of June will be universal, and the British residents of Oregon are not going to be behind any other state in showing their loyalty, by practical charity and rejoicings.

The British-born residents of the United Kingdom residing in Portland are getting in readiness to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the reign of her majesty, Queen Victoria, during the present year.

On June 21st, 1897, Queen Victoria will have occupied the British throne just 60 years, the longest reign yet recorded for a British sovereign. This period has been one of the most prosperous the English people have experienced. Her majesty is associated with the happiness of the nation in an inseparable manner, so that the periods of her career are noted as events of the national life.

The respect and affection of subjects born during her reign is to be shown by notable celebrations in every part of the world.

In Portland the different British societies have had under contemplation for some time arrangements for the occasion. Members have been notified and committees appointed to confer on the subject. Mr. James Laidlaw, British consul for the port, called a meeting recently for the purpose of securing concerted action. About 50 persons responded, which will give a fair idea of the number of British-born people in Portland when the percent of a certain class that can be induced to attend a called meeting of this nature is considered.

An organization was perfected, Mr. Laidlaw being made president; Donald Macleay, J. C. Robinson, William Macmaster and William S. Sibson, vice-presidents; R. Lea, Barnes, treasurer, and William R. Mackenzie, secretary. At a subsequent meeting a general committee of 25 was appointed.

At subsequent meetings of the general committee resolutions as under were adopted:

"That the chairman appoint a finance committee to collect funds to commemorate the event, the funds so collected to be used for such purposes as a subsequent meeting shall determine.

"That the object for which funds are to be collected by the committee shall be the endowment of a bed or beds in the Good Samaritan hospital, for the use of persons of British birth, and to be called 'Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee Bed.'"

In conformity with the foregoing, we have now to appeal to the British-born residents of the state of Oregon for funds to carry out the purposes set forth in the resolutions. We do so with the utmost confidence that our appeal will meet with a hearty response from all parts of the state, feeling sure that no more noble commemoration of this diamond jubilee year can be had, nor one more characteristic of her majesty, Queen Victoria than to provide in perpetuity a place where the destitute sick can receive the comforts and attendance they require free of all expense.

The object is not a local one, but the benefits will be open to persons otherwise eligible from all parts of the state, and we feel certain that amongst the thousands of British-born resident in Oregon there is not one who would not freely contribute according to the measure of his ability.

As an indication of what funds are required, it may be mentioned that the cost of endowment of one bed is \$3,500.

**JAMES LAIDLAW,**  
Chairman, on behalf of the finance committee.

Subscriptions may be sent to R. Lea, Barnes, Esq., treasurer, Bank of British Columbia, Portland, Oregon; or to the secretary, William R. Mackenzie, room 208 Worcester block, Portland, Oregon, or to any member of the committee.

The plan outlined by the general committee consists of having a concert in the O. N. G. armory, Monday evening, June 21, Mr. Francis Sealy having been appointed chairman of the concert committee. It is also the intention to have a banquet at the Hotel Portland, Tuesday evening, June 22, Mr. Percy H. Blyth having been appointed chairman of the banquet committee. All the net proceeds from the concert and the banquet are to go to the hospital fund.

It is hoped that many British-born residents throughout the states of Oregon and Washington will come to Portland and join in the celebration. Any information desired by out of town residents will be gladly furnished on application to the secretary or any member of the general committee. As this is the only means we have of reaching our friends outside the city, it is to be hoped that they will correspond early and give us their co-operation.

**WARMTH FOR COMFORT.**

An old cat loves a sunny corner and a long nap, and this is natural and wise. The genial warmth of the sun lulls to rest, and while asleep, it may be curative to the cat's few ailments. Soreness and stiffness come upon us suddenly and put the machinery of the body out of gear. St. Jacobs Oil goes suddenly to work upon the trouble, and with its warmth, like warmth to the old cat, it lulls the pain to sleep, drives out the cold, softens the stiffened muscles, lubricates the machinery, and in a short time puts the whole body in good working order. Soreness and stiffness are not much to cure by the use of St. Jacobs Oil but, if neglected, they take the form of rheumatism which gives a great deal of pain.

**Strengthening Cherbouge.**

It is stated that 1,000,000 francs are shortly to be expended upon new defensive works on the isle of Pelee, at Cherbouge.

**A DANGEROUS LETHARGY.**

The forerunner of a train of evils, which too often culminates fatally, is inactivity, or lethargy of the kidneys. Not only is Bright's disease, diabetes, gravel, or some other dangerous integral disease of the organs themselves, to be apprehended, but dropsical diffusions from the blood, rheumatism and gout are all traceable to the non-removal from the blood by the kidneys of certain impurities. Hence, Stomach Bitters deprives the blood, renders the kidneys active and prevents their disease.

According to the deductions of a well known astronomer, we receive as much light from the sun as could be emitted by 680,000 moons.

**HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.**

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. The genuine is made from pure Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO., All genuine "Ten Garden Drops" have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

The banks of Newfoundland are formed by the sand, ice and stone brought from the north by the icebergs.

**STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.**

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the city of Toledo, Ohio, and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY,  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Philadelphia has a greater mileage of electric railways than the whole of Germany, according to the electric world.

I believe my prompt use of Pilo's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, '95.

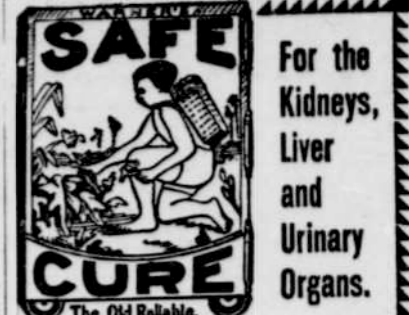
Great Britain is coming more and more to the opinion that Russia's occupation of Constantinople is inevitable.

Take now Oregon Blood Purifier and keep well this summer.

**Legal Status of Dogs.**

The owner of a valuable Newfoundland dog in New Orleans sought damages from a railroad company for killing it. The case turned on the validity of an act of the Louisiana legislature, recognizing dogs as personal property only when placed on the assessment rolls. The supreme court sustains the law and refuses damages, since the dog was not assessed, incidentally defining the law in regard to dogs in general as follows: "The very fact that they are without protection of the criminal laws shows that property in dogs is of an imperfect or qualified nature, and that they stand, as it were, between animals ferae naturae, in which, until subdued, there is no property, and domestic animals, in which the right of property is complete. They are not considered as being upon the same plane with horses, cattle, sheep and other domestic animals, but rather in the category of cats, monkeys, parrots, singing birds and similar animals kept for pleasure, curiosity or caprice. Unlike domestic animals, they are useful neither as beasts of burden, for draft, nor for food."

About twenty-two acres of land are necessary to support one man on flesh meat.



**SAFE CURE**

For the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause, whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by a deranged Kidney or Liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where

**Safe Cure**

has achieved its great reputation. It ACTS DIRECTLY UPON THE KIDNEYS AND LIVER and by placing them in a healthy condition, drives out disease and pain from the system.

Large bottle or new style smaller one, at your druggist. Its reputation—Twenty Years of experience—in four continents. Warner's Safe Cure Co., 105-107 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill., Toronto, Ontario.

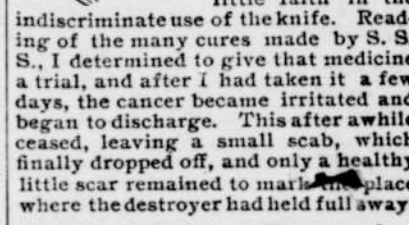
**Too Much Knife!**

The use of the surgeon's knife is becoming so general, resulting fatally in such a large number of cases, as to occasion general alarm.

Mr. William Walpole, of Walshtown, South Dakota, writes: "About three years ago, there came under my left eye a little blotch about the size of a small pea. It grew rapidly, and shooting pains ran in every direction. I became alarmed and consulted a good doctor, who pronounced it cancer, and said that it must be cut out. This I would not consent to, having little faith in the indiscriminate use of the knife. Reading of the many cures made by S. S. S., I determined to give that medicine a trial, and after I had taken it a few days, the cancer became irritated and began to discharge. This after while ceased, leaving a small scab, which finally dropped off, and only a healthy little scar remained to mark the place where the destroyer had held full sway.

**A Real Blood Remedy.**

Cancer is in the blood and it is folly to expect an operation to cure it. S. S. S. (a purely vegetable) is a real remedy for every disease of the blood. Books mailed free; address Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.



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How to Attain It.

A Wonderful New Medical Book, written for Men Only. One copy may be had free, sealed, in plain envelope, on application.

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65 Niagara St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**PHYSICAL MANHOOD**

This is the age of physical weakness. It is also the age of physical perfection. While one man seeks himself of every opportunity to develop and expand his manly vigor, another is passing his chances to improve his mind and body, and easily lets into the excesses which are always in his path, to the destruction of his vital powers.

Stated, Wash., November 20, 1896.

DR. A. T. SANDEN:

I was weaker before using your Belt. I was troubled with chronic dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, and pain in the kidneys, and I will say with all seriousness and truth that I am greatly benefited and entirely cured, and will say that all suffering from the above will find great relief in the use of the Sanden Electric Belt. Respectfully,  
Every man knows himself. He knows where he is weak. Knowing it, if he is just to himself, he will try to recover the vital power he has wasted.

"It is worth its weight in gold to me," says Robert Kittles, of East Sound, Wash. If you are in doubt,  
Read Dr. Sanden's Book  
"THREE CLASSES OF MEN"

It is free, sealed, by mail. A personal call may save you years of misery. If you cannot call, send for the book, with full particulars, free. Call or address:  
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Make money by successful speculation in wheat. Buy and sell wheat there on margin. Fortunes have been made on a small beginning by trading in futures. Write for full particulars. Best of reference given. Several years experience on the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the business. Downing, Hopkins & Co., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland, Oregon, Spokane and Seattle, Wash.

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