Uncle Sam Says: This is **America's Greatest Medicine.** It will Sharpen Your Appetite, Purify and Vitalize Your Blood, Overcome That Tired Feeling. Get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and begin to take it TODAY, and realize the great good it is sure to do you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is America's Greatest Medicine. All druggists.

Warehouse Fired by a Meteor.

An extraordinary accident is reported from Austria. Some extensive warehouses were destroyed by fire lately at Flume, the result, as was believed, of a stroke of lightning. It is now reported that in clearing the debris a great meteoric stone, weighing four tons, was discovered imbedded in a deep pit among the ruins, and the experts have decided that the premises were set on fire by the glowing stone.

A New York man recently went to an undertaker's, chose a coffin, bargained for its lowest price, purchased it, then returned home and committed suicide.

OUR AMERICAN POLICY.

The policy of this country regarding foreign complications seems likely to remain conservative. The Monroe doctrine, according to the declaration of our leading politicians, will be sustained, but patience and prudence in official quarters will restrain the exuberance of public opinion. The wisest and most prudent course for the rheumatic and the malarious is to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also cures kidney complaint and dyspepsia.

It is estimated that 400,000 larks are sold yearly for food at the Leadenhall market, London.

JOHN POOLE IS CONSTANTLY REceiving large invoices of the celebrated Stoughton wagons. These are superior to any ever put upon this market. Before buying a wagon call and examine, or write for catalogue. Address foot of Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.

There are several varieties of fish that cannot swim. In every instance they are deep sea dwellers, and crawl about the rocks, using their tails and fins as legs.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills. C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, '95.

The elephant does not smell with his trunk. His olfactory nerves are contained in a single nostril, which is in the roof of the mouth, near the front.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
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, County 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. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The barking of a dog on the earth can be distinctly heard by a ballonist at an elevation of four miles.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous, and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Ten thousand testimonials of cures. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

The prefix "O" before so many of the names of Irish families is an abbreviation of the word "ogha," meaning grandchild.

$ $

in your pocket, if you buy *Schilling's Best* baking powder, and use only one heaping teaspoonful to a quart of flour. 614

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FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

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Direct line to Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition held in Omaha, Nebraska, June to November.

Write undersigned for rates, time tables and other information pertaining to Union Pacific R. R.

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135 Third St., Portland, Oregon.

YOUR LIVER Is It Wrong? Get It Right. Keep it Right.

Moore's Revealed Remedy will do it. Three doses will make you feel better. Get it from your druggist or any wholesale drug house, or from Stewart & Holmes Drug Co., Seattle.

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

THERE are nearly half a million soldiers' graves in the cemeteries of the United States. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the nation's heroes are on each 30th of May honored by a loyal and loving people. On that date, from the time the sun rises over the hills of Maine until it sinks to rest beyond the mountains of California the vast extent of our land echoes with the bugle call and the booming of cannon. The youth of the nation get their best lesson in patriotism when they lay a wreath of flowers on the stone that marks a soldier's grave.

It is impossible to state the exact number of soldiers' graves, as no record has been made of them for several years. When the last record was made there were about 300,000 sleeping in the national cemeteries and probably 75,000 scattered in little graveyards all over the country. The accompanying map gives the figures of the last record made. Of course, the number of graves has increased since then. The veterans have become fewer and fewer. They have not fallen as rapidly as they were mowed down before the death-dealing fire of Gettysburg, nor as they fell in the awful charges of Bull Run, but their ranks have been thinned by the grim reaper, and for each one that passed away there has arisen another mound to be decorated.

National cemeteries, as is, perhaps, well known, are burying places maintained at the expense of the United States Government, and wherein only soldiers are buried. Many of these are near some military post, but by far the larger ones are located in the vicinity of the big battlefields. Some of the heroes were buried near the spot where they gave up their lives for their country, and numbers were taken to as near their homes as possible. In the national cemeteries near the battlefields most of the graves are unnamed. Only a number and a tiny stone tell where a hero lies sleeping. When shells and shot mowed men down by the thousand it frequently happened that there were none left to identify the bodies. In most cases it was known to what company certain men had belonged, although each could not be identified individually, and in such cases all are buried in groups and the names of all the men who were missing after the battle are inscribed on a single shaft.

There are in all about ninety national cemeteries in the United States and so scattered that each presents an entirely different appearance. Could pictures of them be viewed one after another they would present a panorama of our country. There would be cemeteries far out on sandy wastes where the sun beats down mercilessly and the dry desert wind carries the hot sand in blinding clouds over the shiny stones that mark the graves. There would be cemeteries in mountain wilds and on boundless western prairies. There would be peaceful little spots sheltered 'neath church towers, and vast stretches of beautiful park where thousands lie buried. Millions of people visit these cemeteries on Memorial Day and when night comes each is a perfect bank of flowers.

The most easterly of the national cemeteries is the one known as Cypress Hills. It is located not far out of the city of Brooklyn, and is a typical Eastern burying place that contains some of the finest monuments that are placed over soldiers' graves in the country. The natural aspect of the country at Cypress Hills is somewhat flat, but the cemetery has received so much attention and art has done so much for it that the flatness is not noticeable. It is a most beautiful spot, where 5,000 heroes are buried. Woodlawn is the name of the national cemetery of New York State. It is a magnificent burying place on slightly rolling ground, well kept and planted to all sorts of flowers and evergreens. Over 3,000 are buried here. A little further to the south the national cemeteries are very close together. At Philadelphia there is a beautiful burying place, where about 2,500 sleep, and just to the northeast of town is pretty Beverly. Only 164 are buried here, but it is one of the most beautiful cemeteries in the country—certainly the most beautiful of its size. In the immediate vicinity there is the Gettysburg cemetery, Antietam, Balls Bluff, Grafton and Winchester. All these are much alike in general appearance. About 14,000 are buried in all of them.

The shores of the Chesapeake in Virginia are fairly lined with national cemeteries. About 50,000 are buried in this vicinity, and the graveyards are almost exactly alike in appearance. They are not as well kept as some further north, but nature has done so much in the way of luxuriant vegetation that this is hardly noticeable. The most important of these cemeteries are Fredericksburg, Arlington, Culpepper, Richmond, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Yorktown and Annapolis. Most of them have streams of water running through them that greatly add to their natural beauty. In North Carolina the most important national cemetery is Salisbury. Nearly 13,000 are buried here. This cemetery is located in a spur of a mountain range and is a most beautiful spot. In general appearance it is entirely different from any other national cemetery in the country. From almost any part of it a view extending over miles and miles of country that in war time was the scene of many important battles can be obtained. It is a most impressive place to visit at any time of the year. The other cemeteries in North Carolina are Raleigh, New Berne and Wilmington. About 7,000 are buried in these three.

Almost at the southern tip of South Carolina is the most beautiful national cemetery in the country. It is known as Beaufort and about 10,000 are buried there. Although it is in South Carolina, Beaufort might be said to belong to Savannah, Ga. The perfect city of the South is just a few miles away, across the river that divides the two States, and it is from there that the crowds of people come who decorate its graves. Hundreds of the sons of Savannah are buried in Beaufort. For picturesqueness the national cemetery at St. Augustine, Fla., takes first rank. It is on the site of an old Spanish burying place, and many are the quaint graves and tombstones to be seen there. Surrounded by a very old stone wall, within sound of the breakers and filled with tropical plants and dreamy lagoons, it is at once beautiful and interesting. About 1,500 are buried here, and the Decoration Day ceremonies are always of a most impressive nature. The national cemetery of Chalmette, near New Orleans, is one of the best-known burying places in the country. Thirteen thousand are buried here. Chalmette is located on the shore of a bayou and presents somewhat the appearance of a swamp with driveways through it. There are several lakes in it, and in many instances the graves are very close to the water. Decoration Day is always extensively observed here, but for one reason or another the graves are decorated with flowers and evergreens the greater part of the year.

The largest national cemetery in the country is at Vicksburg, Miss. About 17,000 are interred here, but the place has rather a depressing effect on one who visits it for the first time, it is so vast and so suggestive of the horrors of death. There is a melancholy aspect to it that it is impossible to shake off. Near by is the cemetery at Natchez, where 3,200 are buried. In the immediate vicinity are the cemeteries of Port Hudson, Baton Rouge and Alexandria. All through this part of the country Decoration Day is most extensively observed. In nearly every graveyard there are several soldiers buried, and the sentimental nature of the people causes much attention to be given to the ceremonies. From Andersonville, Ga., and following a sort of curve to Little Rock, Ark., there is a line of cemeteries where nearly 100,000 soldiers are buried. These are all very much alike in appearance and are not as well cared for as those in other parts of the country. The principal ones of this group are Memphis, Nashville, Chattanooga and Marietta.

There is a little group of cemeteries in Kentucky where about 8,000 are buried, but the observances of the day here are always very sad. More old people are seen at these ceremonies than in any other cemetery in the country. They still remember their lost ones, and even at this late day old, white-haired negroes are frequently seen weeping and crying for "young marsa."

A national cemetery that is very little known is Jefferson Barracks, located about eighteen miles below St. Louis, Mo. Over 11,800 are buried here, and the cemetery is one of the grandest sites in the world. It is about 300 feet above the Mississippi, on the west bank, and commands a view in all directions over the bottom lands. This cemetery is remarkably well kept, although it does not contain as many trees as one feels ought to be there.

The national cemeteries of the West are sad places. Most of them are absolutely barren and are distressing in the extreme. The one at San Antonio, Tex., is of this character, although of late years an attempt has been made to improve it. Nearly all the Western cemeteries are small. The national cemetery on the Custer battlefield in Dakota is perhaps the strangest burying place in all the world. It is a most barren spot, containing an enormous marble shaft, with 414 graves grouped around it. The strange thing about this cemetery is that all those sleeping there were killed on the same day. The national cemetery of San Francisco is located at the Presidio. About 350 are interred here. It is not generally known, but the United States maintains a national cemetery at the City of Mexico. Of course the 6,184 buried there are the victims of the Mexican war.

THE OLD KNAPSACK.

FOR over thirty years it had hung from the rafters grim and dusty, up in the old garret where spider webs floated and where little mice peeped out their bright eyes from nooks behind chimneys and gloomy corners.

The old violin hanging upon a nail near one of the queer, old-fashioned windows, tells a beautiful tale when the wind sweeps across its two remaining strings. The mice quit their feast among the popcorn and the spiders even cease to watch for prey when the old violin begins to tell its sweet story.

Near the old knapsack hangs a grotesque hat with bell crown and wide brim. The two are great friends, and they frequently exchange opinions concerning the ways of the world as viewed from their point of observation.

"You see," said the old hat one day after the violin had told its story, "folks to-day are different. They ride on cars run by condensed lightning; such a thing was never dreamed of in my day."

"There wasn't much said about it in my day, either," uttered the knapsack. "I notice one strange thing; when Memorial Day comes around most of the folks seem to forget that there ever was a war——"

"Yes, you are right; now the war of 1812——"

"Pshaw! That's a long time ago. I mean the great civil war, the greatest war of history. I was through that war and know something about it. Now what do you suppose all that uproar over in yonder field means?"

"Celebrating the civil war, I suppose," said the old hat; then added questioningly, "but what is that rusty looking spot on your side?"

"A few drops of blood spattered upon me at the battle of Big Bethel, June 14, 1861. Never mind that, though, it is an incident I do not like to recall. What I want to talk about is the present; over in yonder field the sons of men are observing Memorial Day in their fashion."

"Yes; but they do not celebrate for my war, 1812, you know."

"But that was a long time ago. The war I had a hand in was only——"

"And one of your buckles is gone. I've often noticed that, but didn't want to ask about it."

"That buckle saved the life of a bright young fellow who carried me through the battle of Manassas Junction, July 21, 1861. But do not bother about such things. Those chaps over in the field are celebrating things. They are having a baseball game and some twenty-odd thousand people are gathered there. It is strange, isn't it?"

"Very strange," came the response from the old hat. The breeze came through the quaint little window and ruffled the hat's nap. "So what you fought for has been forgotten."

"Humph! They have turned what was intended to be a sacred day into a day of sport, recreation, frolic, fun, games. Perhaps it is best so; I do not know, and perhaps I am too old to learn." The knapsack shook its battered sides as it ceased speaking.

"Been through the greatest war history tells of and now you are forgotten. You've got a hole in your side; where did you get that?" asked the veteran of 1812, bent upon questioning.

"Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861."

"Fits nicely with 'play ball,' May 31, 1898, eh?"

"Don't ask pointed questions, old fellow. I hate questions anyhow. At Cedar Mountain, August 5, 1862, I lost my best friend. Shot through the heart, poor boy! I was taken from his person, and after that I drifted from place to place. I saw blood then, enough to float a ship. The battle of Chantilly, September 1, 1862, was a horrible, frightful carnage. The worst battle I ever took part in was the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Oh! the horrors of that battle! A veil of crimson comes before me now when I think about it. After that battle I got lost, and was found by a curious fellow among a pile of broken swords, battered canteens and shivered guns. Inside of me he found the picture of a pretty lady with name and address upon it. Then I was sent here, where I have hung upon a peg ever since. A beautiful woman used to come up here sometimes and lean her soft, white cheek lovingly against me. She used to cry and shudder when her fingers wandered over me with soft, caressing touches; and she used to murmur sadly the name 'Jamie'—but that was years and years ago. Now her children's children come up here to play on rainy days. Once the children, when they were very small, asked her what I was. 'Hush! dearies; an old war relic; that's all,' she said. Ah! but I could tell her a story if she would but listen to me. If she could have seen the loving kisses that 'Jamie' covered her picture with when he was alone in the darkness; if she could have heard the loving words he whispered to her picture; but I must not tell her of that, for she has other things to think about now. Someone will put flowers upon 'Jamie's' grave, though he sleeps beneath the sod of the sunny South; perhaps some will recall his bright, honest face to-day—some of his companions who marched with him."

The knapsack was silent, but shivered slightly as a shout came from the field of sport, black with crowding, yelling humanity.

And then a slight breeze swept across the strings of the old violin; the gloomy garret was filled with a sweet melody, a soothing, tender requiem befitting the place—the home of the battered old knapsack, whose memorial day was brightened by the exquisite strains that finally died away like the echo of a sob.

HEAR THE DRUMS MARCH BY.

SARAH, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums march by!
This is Decoration Day;—hurry and be spry!
Wheel me to the window, girl; fling it open high!
Crippled of the body now, and blinded of the eye,
Sarah, let me listen while the drums march by.

Hear 'em; how they roll! I can feel 'em in my soul.
Hear the beat—beat—o' the boots on the street;
Hear the sweet fife cut the air like a knife;
Hear the tones grand of the words of command;
Hear the walls nigh shout back their reply!
Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums dance by!

Blind as a bat, I can see 'em, for all that;
Old Colonel J., stately an' gray,
Riding slow and solemn at the head of the column;
There's Major L., sober now and well;
Old Lengthy Bragg, still a-bearing of the flag;
There's old Strong, that I tented with so long;
There's the whole crowd, hearty and proud.
Hey! boys, say! can't you glance up this way?
Here's an old comrade, crippled now, an' gray!
This is too much. Girl, throw me my crutch!
I can see—I can walk—I can march—I could fly!
No, I won't sit still an' see the boys march by!

Oh!—I fall and I flinch; I can't go an inch!
No use to flutter, no use to try.
Where's my strength? Hunt down at the front;
There's where I left it. No need to sigh;
All the milk's split; there's no use to cry.
Plague o' these tears, and the moans in my ears!
Part of a war is to suffer and to die.
I must sit still, and let the drums march by.

Part of a war is to suffer and to die—
Suffer and to die—suffer and to—Why,
Of all the crowd I just yelled at so loud,
There's hardly a one but is killed, dead and gone!
All the old regiment, excepting only I,
March out of sight in the country of the night.
That was a specter band marched past so grand.
All the boys are a-tenting in the sky.
Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums moan by!

—Will Carleton.

The First Celebrations.

The date of the first celebration of Memorial Day in the various States is as follows: Alabama, April 26, 1866; Arkansas, May 30, 1865; California, May 30, 1880; Colorado, May 30, 1877; Connecticut, May 30, 1876; Delaware, May 30, 1867; Florida, April 26, 1870; Georgia, April 26, 1866; Illinois, May 30, 1873; Indiana, May 30, 1867; Iowa, May 30, 1868; Kansas, May 30, 1866; Kentucky (Confederate), May 10, 1867; Kentucky (Union), May 30, 1868; Louisiana (Confederate), April 6, 1875; Louisiana (Union), April 8, 1878; Maine, May 30, 1867; Maryland (Confederate), June 7, 1866; Maryland (Union), June 5, 1866; Massachusetts, May 30, 1881; Minnesota (at Minneapolis), May 30, 1869; Minnesota (regular), May 30, 1870; Mississippi, May 1, 1867; Missouri, May 30, 1868; Nebraska, May 30, 1868; Nevada, May 30, 1869; New Hampshire, May 30, 1868; New Jersey, May 30, 1868; New York, May 30, 1868; North Carolina (Greensboro), May 5, 1866; North Carolina (Raleigh), May 10, 1866; Ohio, May 30, 1868; Oregon, May 30, 1875; Pennsylvania, May 30, 1868; Rhode Island, May 30, 1868; South Carolina, July 3, 1866; Tennessee, May 30, 1868; Texas, May 30, 1871; Vermont, May 30, 1869; Virginia (Union), May 31, 1866; Virginia (Confederate), June 11, 1866; West Virginia, May 30, 1878; Wisconsin, May 30, 1873.

The largest bridge ever built is the famous one crossing the Firth of Forth.

As far as calculations can decide the temperature of comets is believed to be 2,000 times fiercer than that of redhot iron.

Among the Phoenicians the wearing of earrings was a badge of servitude, the same custom obtaining with the Hebrews.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark.

I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look Carefully at the wrapper and see that it is *the kind you have always bought*, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

If the weight of the body be divided into 11 parts eight of these parts will be pure pater.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The time required for Niagara to cut its gorge has been variously estimated at 7,000 to 35,000 years.

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is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life.

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"I have been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some time during the change of life and it has been a saviour of life unto me. I can cheerfully recommend it to all women, and I know it will give permanent relief. I would be glad to relate my experience to any sufferer."

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NERVOUS DEBILITY and all its attending ailments, of YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN. The awful effects of neglected or improperly treated cases, causing drains, weakness of body and brain, dizziness, failing memory, lack of energy and confidence, pains in back, loins and kidneys, and many other distressing symptoms, unfitting one for study, business or enjoyment of life. Dr Ratcliffe can cure you, no matter who or what has failed.

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E. M. RATCLIFFE, 703 First Ave., SEATTLE, WASH

N. P. N. U. No. 22, '98.

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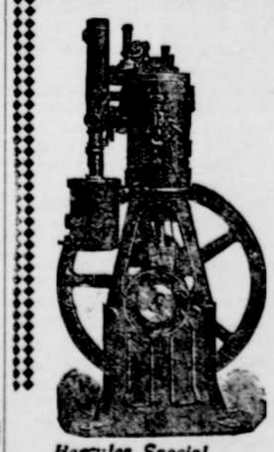

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