Dainty, blue anemone, Hiding by the mountain way, Gazing upward modestly Like a nun about to pray.

Foundling of the sun and dew.
Child of mist and purple morn,
Lifting eyes of sweetest blue
From the bed where you were born.

Lift to me your tender face, Liftle nun of azure eyes, —/ Grant me just the fleeting grace That within them deeply lies.

Satin, gray and flimy mist, Wrap this maiden tenderly. When the mountain dew has kissed. Dainty, blue anemone. -Charles F. Kingaley, in Chicago Rec Horald.

Belle of Bear City & & & & By WM. PERRY BROWN.

STIWO YEARS without sight of a woman? What a life! If one could have two years without sight of a man, now..."

She glanced at Sterling meditatively from the hammock, as he swung one long leg over the arm of his chair and twiddled a raw gold nugget doing dublous duty as a watch charm.
"Could you imagine such a horsor?"

"It would be heavenly. Men grow wearisome when they fancy themselves in love. "All of them-O, most sweet sati-

ety?"
"M-m-tell me about your life up there," she said, briskly. "Of course the cold must have been terrific, and

"No anything desirable, you might add, except the 'grub,' the fires, the gold dust and yes, there was one thing else which became to me, at least, more satisfactory than all the rest of our meager comforts."

This last with a steady, admiring stare that caused Miss Lamar to slow y droop her eyelids, as if the long lashes might well the faint blush tha seemed to ripple beneath the white down of the rounded cheeks below. 'And what was this eminently desir-

able thing?" she continued, imperiously, "We called her the Belle of Bear City. Fun!" he chuckled to himself. "You would have thought it dissily abery morning and make our bows. We even reserved our amartest small talk | leady skeptical. for her seemed as if she could hear,

Why not, unless she was 'dizzily' So the most desirable thing turns out to be feminine after all. I might have guessed it, if there was a What was she some Esquiman?" This last as a sort of debative

"Not on your life. Neither was she a Siwash, Chileat nor any other Alas-kan monstressity. Ah! how we did adore that girl!"
"Well, really!" Here Miss Lamar

evinced sundry dignified symptoms of rising. "How do you reconcile this with your staying two years in that horrid hole without seeing a woman?"
"It is a solemn, lugubrious fact," he

gravely asserted, "that we did."
"Wit is one thing, Mr. Sterling," said she, adding hauteur to dignity. dacity is quite another. Even actress es are supposed to know that."

She rose, darting at him a final glance, neither meditative nor debative. Had he not seen her look that "Hearts Are Trumps," her latest stage success? Was she really going? Ap-palled lest be had offended, yet thrilled indefinably that anything he might say could be of more than rephyrlike importance to move her. Sterling timidly put out a detaining hand.

"Please don't go." he ventured. "I had no idea of of you see, it was only a picture, after all." Miss Lamar paused tentatively, with her hand on his chair back.

"You seem overburdened with conur drums to-day," she commented. "Why not solve them yourself?"
"But, do you not understand?"

"I am a poor hand at guessing. Be-sides, it is too much trouble." This with a sort of dry weariness which, however, seemed to impel her to forget her previous intention and sink languidly back in the hammock. Sterling grasped his opportunity by

linking his hands together around one drawn-up knee and gazing sleepily into looking newspaper print, framed in vacancy, as if still measurerized by the Sterling's script beneath, on which magic memory of the clusive Belle of Miss Lamar studiously fixed her

In one large cabin that winter. Most cheeks deepened into a delicate of us, being college bred, we herded glow. together-birds of a feather, you know. It was a dreary time. No sun at all she read aloud. "God bless her! for three months, the mercury 50 degrees below or worse, with an ever When their eyes met again, Ster-bellowing surf grinding the mush ice ling realized that she had guessed along shore, and not a scrap of news, the other half of his riddle.

been a hundred snowed in under the Tundra Bluffs, and every mather's son feelings," returned Sterling. "Listen He grinned feehly. "Always except-" she began again, whon his eyes caused her to relent.

"Don't," he pleaded. "You queens of the stage have your trials, of course, but they are apt to be those resulting from satiety rather than starvation. We seven got so that we hated the sight of each other only a degree less than we abhorred the average Bear Cityite eached in the other cabins. Fling a dozen society swells into a pig sty and they will hard together; not be-

cause they weary of each other less, but to avoid the pigs."

"No wonder she was popular." Satirical emphasis—feminine emphasis on the personal pronoun. "How and when did she arrive." did she arrive?"

Increase was on the front page, photogravured to the life. Eare and radiant she looked to us poor devils socially starving under the north star. A Thomas work squaw from St. Michaels with her hair done units.

upon us as a Bottleelli Madonna is said to permeate your very being if you

only look at it long enough. At least that was the way I came to feel." "Yes?" Miss Lamar's lip curled; for little as she professed to care for man in the abstract it did not seem right that man as an individual should waste his adoration on a picture, while the real article abounded in other parts of

the globe.
"Yes," he blandly continued, "I was the seventh man, you know. That is, I came into our mess as number seven, which, being considered a lucky numeral-I say!" he suddenly sat bolt upright. "Are you at all supersti-

"Of course, I am." She shuddered No. 13 now-"

day."
"Ahai" with a chilling accent, as if to show that her interest in the Belle of Bear City would relapse into indifference if that aggravating photogravure stage of existence.
"I kept on saying it all winter."

continued Sterling, abstractedly. "Later on, when we struck it rich and the others forgot, I would go up the boys would satirically intimate that our belle had made at least one permanent mash."

As Sterling enthused binnelf over his words, Miss Lamar became iron-"This is good enough for a play.

We must consult Fitch." Fitch was her manager. "But when luck evinced itself in a more solid way by making you suddenly rich, I suppose her ladyship had to take a gallery seat.

"On the contrary, she became my bright particular' more than ever I had named my claim 'Bear City Belle's, No. 7.' How the boys did laugh. But when I began to sluice out ten dollars to the pan, they said No. 7 was all right, and that the Belle was no flirt-"

Here Sterling, with a side glance at the actress, meditatively added: "I have often wondered if they were right."

"I suppose you found that out long ago, if there was an original to that photo or was it a newspaper? They print anyone's picture nowadays; literally anyone's. It is rather a distinction to be let alone. Mine, you ask? Look on the news stands. Buch caricatures!"

"Such divinities!" he interrupted, way at the unsuccessful suitor in eagerly. "I loved your picture long before I saw you over the footlights. Then I made myself known-" "By persecuting poor Fitch until

he had to do something to rid himself of you."

"And now-am I not your slave? Dear Gertrude, if I may call you so; have you not guessed my riddle? Where are your intuitions? You know I love you deeply, devotedly "Alas! Poor Helle of Bear City!" She raised her arms in a mock trag-te gesture. "Has the magic seven failed her, who brought luck to you? Oh, faithless swain!"

He saw that she was not displeased, though it seemed likely that she had guessed but half his riddle. Rising, he made a sudden dash through the open window of a room near where they sat on the summer hotel plazza, but returning almost instantly, holding out a batteredcoatly abony, with an inscription, in "There were seven of us fellows cared eyes, while the faint rose tint on her

"The Original Belle of Bear City."

nor a woman nexter than Nome City. "Where shall I find her?" he echoed. "I want to tell her I am not "Always excepting the mysterious faithless, but faithful always."

Helle of Bear City," she interpolated, "Here," said Miss Lamar, adding suppressing a strictly artificial yawn. to her blush an even more convin-"Poor thing! Alone among all those ing smile, as she resigned both men-what did you say was the popu- hands to his eager clasp.

"Foolish boy! "I did not say, but there must have told me weeks ago." to the Persian sage:

"Those whom with love we worship is love we also fear."

greatest of the world's railroads. Over 8,000 miles long; employing 35,000 men; reaching 1,300 towns and cities in the eleven states traversed by its lines; having through car arrangements which extend more than half way across the continent and earnestly striving to give its patrons absolutely unequaled service, it is the line YOU should select, next time you go east.

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A. C. SHELDON, General Agent, Cor. Third and Stark Sta., Portland, Ore.



she looked to us poor devils socially starving under the north star. A Thomosk squaw from St. Michaels with her hair done up in heads and fish oil would have soothed our cyssight. Imagine the effect this ravishing vision produced upon our exthetic sensibilities, as we tacked her up on the wail and worth acked her up on the wail acked her prescription. It is it a complicated case? Thousands of such cases have been cured by "Favorite Prescription." Is it a complicated case? Thousands of such acked her up of such acked her up of such acked her up of such acked her acked he

ree years ago," writes Mrs. John Grah Plumb Street (Prankford) Philadel

frown.

July be torrid. December coid.

He guara the say for the sum and oid.

He guara the say for the young and oid.

He guara the way for the sum and oid.

A watch far the labourd. Outbound train.

He signals the passage of each through the torrid to be inbound. Outbound train.

He signals the passage of each through the torrid. December coid.

A watch far the labourd. Outbound train.

He signals the passage of each through the torrid. December coid.

He guara the way for the young and oid.

A watch far the labourd. Outbound train.

He signals the passage of each through the torrid. December coid.

A watch far the passage of each through the signals the passage of each through the torrid. December coid.

A watch far the passage of each through the signals the passage o sympathetically. "If you had been Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs, "I think I should have given up tion. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a goarantee man, I said to myself: I will find the original of this picture some fine Price 25c. and 50c.

This question arises in the family very day. Let us answer it to-day. creature pushed herself beyond the Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors :- Lemon, Orange, Rasberry and Strawberry. to her ladyship, after a wash and Get a package at your grocers to day brush-up, and repeat my vow. Then 10 cls.

Apropos of the recent train robberies in old story told on Maximilian is realled: When Maximilian was emperor d Mexico he broke up train robberles a trick. He disguised three hunt soldiers as peasant women and bed them on a train. A gang of dits stopped the engine, when the hundred disguised soldiers rose ad fired a volley that killed one hunleed robbers. After that the trains were not molested.



Nobility Recommends Nervine.

The above portrait is that of Countess Mogelstud, of Chicago, Ill., whose gratitude for the benefit received from the use of Dr. Miles' Nervine prompted her to make this statement:

"It affords me great pleasure to add merits of Lir. Miles' Nervine. Although I am past 80 years of age I find it soothes the tired brain, quiets the irritated nerves and insures restful aleep. I never feel contented without a bottle of it in the bouse." Gratefully your, CHRISTIANA MARIA, Countess Mogeistud.

Miles Nervine is a nerve tonic and strength-

builder that starts right in restoring health immediately. Sold by all Druggists. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

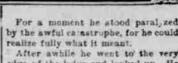
NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT. Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of the County | the reward. Court of the State of Oregon for Jose-phine County, made on the 5th day of February, 1992, Monday the 19th day of March, 1902, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, at the Court House in the city of Grants Pass. Oregon, has been fixed by said court as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account of the undersigned, Harry T. Kessler, executor of the property of the extent sessier, executor of the estate of Joseph Kessler, deceased, and all persons hav-ing interest in said estate shall present their objections to the final account of the undersigned, which was fired in said court on the 5th day of February 1902, on or before said 10th day of HARRY T. KESSLER Executor of the estate of Joseph Kresler, deceased.

Notice to Contribute.

To J. R Reeves : Notice is hereby given by the under signed, your co owner in the placer min-ing claims situated in the Silver creek mining district, Josephine county, and known as claims No. 2 and No. 3, located by A. J. Cobel Thos. Crotts and J. B. Reeves on the 20th day of April, 1897, the notice of which is recorded at pages 463 and 464, Vel. 10, of the mining records of Josephine county, Oregon; that unless you contribute and pay to the said undersigned co-owner within ninety days from the date of the first publication of this notice, the sum for Two Hundred and Sixty-Six Dollars (\$200.00) the same being your portion of the cost of annual labor done on said claims in order to protect the title there claims in order to protect the title there claims in order to protect the title there. sing district, Josephine county, and a ball of fire, beneath the waves of of the cost of annual labor done on said points in order to protect the title there its during the years 1898, 1899, 1900 and him, for after a brisk descent he claims will be forfeited to your co-owner.

Quick delivery-The Weekly Oregonian.





dge of the ledge and looked up. He ould not catch a glimpse of a dangchannel dashed against the foot of His aituation was terrible.

"If this is your work, Sid Sloper, may Heaven forgive you!" exclaimed the young egg-hunter. "I've caught you following me before now, for you don't want anybody to make a few shillings but yourself." As far as his vision could reach,

tumbling white caps of the ocean. The sun had gone down, and the surface of the water was fast losing its brilliant bucs in the shadows of descending night.

to the boy on the narrow rock and filled his heart with terror. A few The Weekly Oregonian and the late gulls whirled before his eyes, as if to mack his fleeting hopes, and Counter both for one year for \$2 in addarkness came down over the scene. The young agg-hunter of Cornwall was terribly imprisoned.

It was some time before he ven-tured to investigate the hole in the cliff. The loss of his rope had taken At the ratirond crossing the gatemar his mind from everything else. When he did turn into the dark place and struck a match along the rough wall, a most astonishing discovery rewarded him. He seemed to have been suddenly transported into a veritable smugglers' paradisc.

On every side were the fruits of and contraband merchandise of every

everywhere in profusion.

If the Cornish boy had found the would have rejoiced, but he was in prisoned where his life was in imminent danger.

A return of the smugglers, luckily for the young hunter at that time absent, would pretty soon put an end those
Whose path must cross the enticer's
track,
Some gate a tinkle might interpose.
And hold from disgrace the weak ones to his career of cliff-climbing, and the little home behind the waters would never know his fate.

Brant Burton had no doubt that he had discovered the cave of the very men for whose detection the government had offered a large reward. person had dreamed that it had exated in that vicinity, and the interior of the cavern in the cliff told the boy that it had been used for evil pur-

lvered the rolling waves of the channel. Its light fell against the foot of the cliff, and showed the boy at intervals the scant pathway between the sea and the rock.

he had found among the smugglers goods, he leaned over the ledge and tried to measure the distance between him and the water. It was uncertain work in the moonlight, but he did the best he could.

and that lay along the foot of the cliff, which was slippery and washed by the tide. The Cornish boy dropped the rope

row road toward him, and paused and saw it reach the rocks below, at last a few feet away to watch him sion of his heart. "Mending your rope, are you?" sud-The boy looked up and for the first

He fastened the other and of the rope to an iron staple in the cavern, and thrust into his bosom a piece of peculiar face which he took fro of the boxes. He remembered havstrands," answered the ropemaker. "The sharp rocks cut, you know, and ing heard a coast guardsman say that a certain kind of lace was being smuggled into Cornwall, and he believed he had found it.

"There's something better than eggunting in the wind just now," said had never before tested. "They've just posted a reward for The following

information that will lead to the de- swinging between the cliff and the tection of the smugglers. Three hun- sea, going down hand over hand to dred pounds ain't to be picked up ev- ward the surging tide. ery day, boy, and it's better than go-When he touched the rocks beneath,

ing down over the cliffs after gulls' he was forced to hug the wall, for the waves were at his very feet. The Cornish youth, who was acounted the most successful egg-hunt- he would have to follow the narrow er along the coast, made no raply, path for more than a mile before but dropped his eyes to his work and there was a break in the cliffs, but did not look up again for a few mo- he nerved himself for the task and started off. When he raised his eyes, Sid Sloper

was gone, and he thought he saw the fourney of his life. All the way he ragged man's retreating figure van- was compelled to hug the wall of ish down the road, but was not sure. rock, with the roaring surf leaping "Egg-hunting is profitable enough at him. More than once he for me," thought the boy, "but I caught, and barely saved himself by would not mind earning the £300 clinging to rocks that cut like knives. Sid Sloper's word is to be taken with At last Brant Burton reached the a good deal of allowance, though the break in the Cornish wall. It was to east guard is very auxious to catch him a gate of safety.

the amuggiers, and the reward may Springing forward, after a brief The village mentioned by Sloper, his story to the constable of the coast the vagabondish Cornishman, was sit- guard. It was hard to believe, but stated a good mile from the coast. It his hands and the lace were proof was farther away than the home of enough.

Brant Burton, the young egg-honter, and as the boy had not been there down over the cliff to the snugglers' for some days, he did not altogether cave, and when the thieves came back disbelieve the man's statement about with more booty, every one fell into

The sun was hanging very low in Sid Sloper had no idea when he cut the west, when, provided with a bas- the Cornish boy's rope that he was en ket and a rope, he set out for the riching Brant with £300, and when Cornish cliffs. He had discovered a he found that his young rival had escaped, he left the country before the law could deal with him, and the and the number of birds that whirled village is not sorry that he has never returned.—Golden Days.

over the cliffs, leaving the poor birdnester in a terrible predicament, Brant Barton, the gull-hunter, had chase for that cupresolved to investigate the opening n the cliff about sundown when there was not so much danger of his being seen; and when he reached the edge of the wall the sun was disappearing,

hole right above a narrow ledge of

rock which promised good results,

about the place tempted the boy as he had not been tempted before of

usy. They would watch one another

stood on a scanty ledge of rock with

the darkening sky far above and the wild waters below. The hole in the cliff was large It is delicious and nourishing and takes nough to admit a man, though it had the place of coffee. The more Grain O

by the awful ca astrophe, for he could After awhile he went to the very ling cord of any kind, and a hundred feet below the white waves of the

PARAFFINE

THE GATEMAN.

Turning the crank in his faithful hands.

a safeguard be built for unwary feet,

"Stand back for your life, while the gates

are down!"
--Marcia M. Selman, in Youth's Compan-

The Hole in

the Cliff & &

By T. C. HARBAUGH.

N THE warm summer sunshine that

brightened a very humble-looking

senish home a ruddy-faced boy of

is sat overhausing a bird-hunter's

ope. So intent was he with his work

that he did not notice the ill-dressed

time saw the evil-looking speaker.

"Yes, Sid, I'm strengthening a few

me wants everything safe when he

Sid Sloper, the ragged fellow.

"What is it?"

with a pair of jealous eyes.

denly asked the man.

July be torrid. December cold,

100

Don't tie the top of your

the wall.

Brant Burton saw nothing but the

many a night's foray along the coast -boxes containing si ks and laces,

The cave was provided with natural shelves, which were stored with goods, and costly furniture existed

smugglers' cave with his good rope waiting for him over the cliff, he

poses a long time.

After awhile the moon came up and

Armed with a coil of rope which

There was but one hope of escape,

A thrill of exultation took posses

When all was ready, the young gullhunter again trusted his fortunes to a swaying rope-this time to one he

He shuddered when he thought that It proved to be the most perilor

rest, he ran to the village and told

the hands of the law.

A German Possibility.

There existed among the egg-hunt- liam will compete for the America cup ers of Cornwall a most intense joal- and enter the next race with a sori of German Shaurock. It like paid spies, and some even went inspiring spectacle, thinks the Chicago so far as to cut the ropes hanging Tribune, to see a magnificent yacht bearing the name of Dus Kuiserliche Koenigliche Gruene Kleeblatt in full



- What do the Children Drink? Ison't give them coffee. Have you aried the new food drink called Grain-O? not looked so from his point of observation. To the Cornish boy it yes distribute through their system, No ture, No Pay. No. nor looked so from his point of observation. To the Cornish boy it seemed more than a more renderous for gulia.

All at once something fell past the choice grades of cifes but costs about boy, and the next moment to his hor-ror he discovered that his rope had and 25c.

All grocers sell it. 15c.

The Cornish boy it seemed more than a more renderous for gulia.

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A. E. Voorhies can supply you with anything needed in the photograph line either smaller or professional supplies.

A. E. Voorhies can supply you with a finere being but thirteen per cent of anything needed and closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the closed the transaction.



NERVOU

When a woman is nervous she is generally

sleepless. If there is anything a nervous

woman dreads it is the night which ought to

be so welcome as the bringer of rest and

refreshing. Her very dread increases her

nervousness, and the fear of sleeplessness helps to

make her sleepless. Sometimes a woman by the

exercise of will-power tries to lie still and straight through

the night. When her eyes are closed she seems conscious of some perilous presence in the room. When she lies

with wide open eyes the gloom seems peopled with shad-

owy phantoms, that grow and melt away before her affrighted gaze. Then, perhaps, she springs from the bed

and lights the gas or a lamp, feeling that she must have the

companionship of light. And ever, from time to time, she

rises to see what hour it is, and wonders to find it is but

fifteen minutes instead of an hour since she last looked at

One of the remarkable features about such a condition is

that so few women connect it with its common cause-

womanly disease. They try all kinds of sedatives for their

nerves. They take "sleeping powders" and headache pow-

ders and all sorts of drugs which at the best can only numb

the nerves and stupify the brain for a time. The real need

of nervous, sleepless women is a cure of womanly diseases.

Then with quited nerves natural, refreshing sleep will come

Nervous and sleepless women bear glad and grateful

witness to the wonderful cures effected by the use of Dr.

Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Even when the nervous con-

dition had reached the most distressing stage, and all other

medicines and means of cure had failed, Dr. Pierce's Favorite

"It is with pleasure that I write to let you know the great benefit I have received from your medicines, and by following your advice regarding self-treatment at home," writes Mrs. Selma Erickson, of 496 Rice Street, St. Paul, Minn. "You kindly advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets.' When I first wrote you I had been to three different doctors, and two of them said I would never get better without going to the hospital for an operation. I just sat down and cried, and said, 'If I die, I will die at home with my two dear little ones.' I had a mishap in May last and was weak all summer. Was notable to do anything. If I would get up and walk to the kitchen and back

I had a mishap in May last and was weak all summer. Was notable to do anything. If I would get up and walk to the kitchen and back I would have to lie in bed for a day or sometimes two days. Last August I picked up one of Dr. Pierce's pamplets and read of his wonderful work. I wrote to him for information and received an answer within five days from the day I wrote, advising me to try his medicines. Now I have used six bottles of his 'Favorite Prescription' and six of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the result is just wonderful. I did not tell the doctors what I was taking. I have not been to any physician since the day I received the first letter from Dr. Pierce, and I feel as good as I ever did before I had the mishap. I was so nervous I had to have some one by my side all the time again to the same in the same and the same in t

received the first letter from Dr. Pierce, and I feel as good as I ever did before I had the mishap. I was so nervous I had to have some one by my side all the time, even in day-time, and I could hardly eat anything. I took treatment from a doctor twice a week, and every time I would go there I felt so sick, but since I quit all the doctors and began taking your medicine I gained right along. I have gained forty pounds within the last four months. I weighed 125 when I began taking your medicines (in August), and now I am up to my usual weight—165. I cannot thank you enough for your wonderful medicines, and I wish you every success in the treatment of other cases as you have had in mine. When I think what I suffered last summer it seems now like a dream, for to-day I am as well and feel as good as ever."

"My wife was sick for over eight years," writes Albert H. Pulte, Paq., of Altamont,

Grundy Co., Tenn. "She had uterine disease and was treated by two physicians and got no relief. At last I read in one of your Memorandum Books which you sent me, about Dr. Pierce's medicines, and we decided to try his 'Favorite Prescription.' I sent to the drug store and got one bottle, and the first dose gave ease and sleep. She had not slept any for three nights. Being sure that it would care her, I sent for five more bottles, and when she had taken the sixth bottle she was sound and well."

These are not exceptional cures. These letters are but two out of thousands

written by women who found health through the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite

Prescription. This great medicine for women establishes regularity, dries debili-

tating drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It

cures nervousness, sleeplessness, backache, headache, and other consequences of

womanly disease. "Favorite Prescription" is purely a vegetable preparation

containing no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. It can-

Mrs. Erickson, in her letter printed above, refers gratefully to correspondence

with Dr. Pierce and advice received from him. Dr. Pierce invites sick and

alling women to consult him by letter, free. All correspondence is held in

sacred secrecy and the written confidences of women are guarded by strict

ABSOLUTELY FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense

pages and over 700 illustrations, is sent FREE on receipt of stamps to pay

expense of mailing ONLY. This great work is a complete guide to health and

a common sense "doctor book." Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-

professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers.

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again.

well and feel as good as ever."

not disagree with the weakest constitution.

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