Beautiful Women

Should have beauty and vigor of health. A strong stomach is the first essential to beauty. Nine-tenths of the sickness comes from weak digestion. Thousands of people have tried Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and regained their health. There is nothing like it. See that a private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

During the hearing of a case in Paris arising out of a disputed milliner's bill, it was stated that the defendant expended £500 a year on her hats.

"He is Wise Who Talks But Little."

This is only a half truth. If wise men had held their tongues, we should know nothing about the circulation of the blood. If it were not for this advertisement you might never know that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

In Northern China many of the natives are dressed in dogskin.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The owners of plantations in Cuba refuse to employ Spanish laborers.

Perfect System Cleaners.

Keep clean inside as well as outside and you'll be nearer godliness. Cascarets Candy Cathartic cleanse and purify your body inside. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

On the docket of the criminal court of Atlanta are the names of 27 uncaught murderers

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

The first electric railway in the world was built in Ireland, from Bushmills to Giant's Causeway.

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.

Fotry-two million pounds of India rubber were imported to North America last year.

Epileptic FITS CAN BE CURED.

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Spasms, Spells, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus' Dance, &c., have children, relatives, friends or neighbors that do so, or know people that are afflicted, my New Discovery, Epilepticide, will give immediate relief and PERMANENTLY CURE them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a FREE BOTTLE and try it. It has cured thousands where everything else failed. My 90-page illustrated Book, "Epilepsy Permanently Cured," FREE.

When writing please mention reading this in this paper, and give name, AGE and full address. All correspondence professionally confidential.

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May Laboratory, 94 Pine St., New York City

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CAWSTON & CO.; ENGINES, BOILERS, MACHINERY, supplies. 48-50 First St., Portland, Or

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...TATUM & BOWEN...
29 to 35 First Street PORTLAND OR.

JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, OREGON, can give you the best bargains in general machinery, engines, boilers, tanks, pumps, plows, belts and windmills. The new steel 1 X L windmill, sold by him, is unequalled.

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Rupture treated scientifically and confidentially. Correspondence Solicited.
C. H. WOODARD & CO., 108 Second St., Portland

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CARTER'S INK
are the users. More users of it than any other. Why? THE BEST!
Costs YOU no more than the poorest!

BUY THE GENUINE
SYRUP OF FIGS
... MANUFACTURED BY ...
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
☞ NOTE THE NAME.

SUPPOSE YOU THINK
this over a little bit. The blood nourishes the system. When the blood becomes impure it is unable to furnish nourishment to all parts of the body and sickness in some part results. If you are sick purify your blood with
Moore's Revealed Remedy
Thousands of seemingly incurable cases have been cured—it never fails to give relief. Easy and pleasant to take. $1.00 per bottle at your druggist's.

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

SOME OTHER DAY.

There are wonderful things we are going to do,
Some other day;
And harbors we hope to drift into
Some other day.
With folded hands the oars that trail,
We watch and wait for a favoring gale
To fill the folds of an idle sail
Some other day.

We know we must toil if ever we win
Some other day,
But we say to ourselves there's time to begin
Some other day;
And so, deferring, we loiter on,
Until at last we find withdrawn
The strength of the hope we leaned upon
Some other day.

And when we are old and our race is run,
Some other day,
We fret for the things that might have been done
Some other day.
We trace the path that leads us where
The beckoning hand of grim despair
Leads us yonder out of the here,
Some other day.

Two Points of View.

STIFF and cold to the bones after his long ride on the outside of a 'bus from Fleet street to Chelsea, Sydney Egerton took out his keys with feelings of satisfaction and anticipation. Another ten seconds and he would be standing in the grateful glow of his own fireside, with a couple of loving arms flung round his neck, and the dearest little wife in the world would brush away all the day's worries with an affectionate kiss.

"Most haste, less speed," he told himself, as he fumbled with his latchkey in the lock. At length he opened the door and was surprised to find the place in darkness.

"Monica," he called. "Monica."

There was no reply.

It was certainly very unusual for his wife to be out at that hour, and he hastily lit the gas to see if there was anything to explain her absence. Yes, there on his writing table lay a letter addressed, rather curiously, he thought, to himself as Sydney Egerton, Esq. Without pausing to consider the unnecessary formality of the suffix, he tore open the envelope and glanced through the letter.

"What's this?" he gasped.

His face was pale as death and he clutched the table for support, while the letter fluttered unheeded to the floor. After the first shock he grew a little calmer, and picking up the letter he read it through again, more carefully than before. He stood thinking for a minute or two, then thrusting the letter into his pocket he laughed uneasily.

"How absurd!" he muttered. "What a jealous little woman she is, to be sure. What's to be done? I'm sure I don't know. I'll go round and see Blair."

He rushed round to the next street, and by good luck found his friend at home, luxuriously stretched in front of a good fire with a pipe and a novel.

"Hallo, old man! What's up?" cried Blair. "You look scared."

"Scared, indeed! Read this."

Blair took up the letter, which ran as follows:

"To My Husband: I call you husband, but you are now my husband only in name. You have basely and cruelly deceived me, and I hope never to set eyes on you again, or to hold any communication with you. If your conscience does not tell you, you will find the cause of my flight in the bundle of letters lying in your desk. I saw them when I came to dust this morning. My eyes are opened now, and I feel that all your love has been but a sham and a mockery. Farewell! Your miserable and broken-hearted wife.

"MONICA EGERTON."

"H'm! Very awkward. Very awkward, indeed," said Blair, glancing over the top of the letter at his friend and stroking his chin meditatively.

"Awkward! Deuce take you! What do you mean?" cried Egerton, angrily.

"Don't get excited," replied Blair, calmly, as he laid down his pipe and put his back to the fire. "The letters, of course——"

"You don't mean to say—— Man alive, you know me better than that, I hope. You know that my wife is dearer to me than anything else in the world."

"Yes; but the letters?"

"Easily explained. They belong to a friend of mine whose Christian name is also Sydney, and they tell the story of an episode in his search for an ideal. With a cynical lack of feeling in the matter he offered them to me with the remark that as I was a bit of a writing man I might be interested in them as a 'human document.'"

"But didn't your wife know this?"

"No; unfortunately."

"Well, the only thing to do is to let her know."

"But how?"

Blair answered with a shrug.

"Look here, Egerton, don't worry yourself. Why, you're all of a tremble."

"Yes, my wife is such a sensitive, highly strung little creature that I feel afraid something may happen to her."

"Nonsense, old man, nonsense. In a day or two you will both be laughing over this little comedy of errors."

But, unfortunately, Blair's prophecy did not come true.

Egerton went home, but he did not sleep a wink all night, and early next morning he commenced making inquiries in all directions, but not the slightest straw of information could he find. He consulted the police. He put notices in the "agony columns" of the newspapers. Blair and he did everything in their power to find the missing one, but at length they came to the conclusion that she was in hiding somewhere in the vast wilderness of London, and reluctantly the sorrowing husband gave up the search, trusting that she would one day return to him, or that chance would give him a clew as to her whereabouts. But for Blair's optimistic assurances that all would come right in the end he would have given way utterly to despondency.

Week succeeded week, and month succeeded month, and still Egerton heard no news of his wife. His health and his work both suffered, and at

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

Blair's suggestion he gave up his flat, warehoused the furniture, and went to live with his bachelor friend, whose naturally buoyant spirits and cheering sympathy helped somewhat to enliven his dark days of despair.

Blair was "in Somerset house," a phrase which described his occupation as definitely as was ever found necessary, and his salary was comfortably beyond the point at which the government performs a little sum in substraction—income minus income-tax—before handing its servants their checks. He possessed some talent, a lack of ambition, and a cultivated gift of taking things easy. But when he saw the pale face and the anxious expression of his friend he forgot his natural disinclination to take trouble, and he spared no effort in his endeavors to help Egerton discover the whereabouts of his wife. His theory was that as it was certain she was not staying with friends, she must be earning her own living, and he believed she was doing this by journalism.

"What is more likely, now, Egerton?" he asked. "Thrown on her own resources, she would naturally turn to an occupation of which she knew something. With her gifts and the knowledge of the inner working of the newspaper world which she must have picked up from you, she would have no great difficulty in finding employment."

This was only a theory, however, and difficult to put to any practical test.

One afternoon as Egerton sat at his desk busy with the proofs of an article he had written for the Strand Gazette, the door was suddenly flung open and Blair rushed in, exclaiming, "What is your wife's maiden name?"

"Carter. But——" replied Egerton, springing to his feet in astonishment.

"Carter! Ha! ha! Found at last!" cried Blair, triumphantly, as he danced about the room waving a copy of the Free Lance in his hand. "Read this."

He thrust the paper into his friend's hands and pointed to the prize short story. It was entitled, "The Living Past," and the name of the author was

EDGERTON WAS UTTERLY DEJECTED.

given as Miss Mary Carewright, with an address in Islington.

Egerton gazed blankly at the paper and then at his friend.

"Don't you see, man?" cried Blair, excitedly. "Mary Cartwright—Monica Carter—same initials. But read the story."

Egerton took up the paper and raced through the story with feverish eagerness. It was his story—their story—there could be no doubt about it. It was from the woman's point of view, an utterly mistaken one, but one which nevertheless explained a great deal to him in what he had been tempted to look upon as an act of mad and unreasoning jealousy. He saw and for the first time realized the struggle in her mind between love and injured pride—the pride of a highly sensitive soul which will brook no compromise, whatever suffering may ensue. Reading between the lines, he could feel something of the agonies she had endured, of the struggle with herself. It was a cry from the heart and it went to his heart like a knife. At length he put down the paper with a deep sigh.

"Poor little woman!" he murmured. "What hideous suffering to lay her soul bare for the world's pleasure."

Blair stood by the fire in silence for some time. Finally he turned to Egerton, who was sitting at his desk with his head buried in his hands.

"Come," he said, laying his hand gently on the other's shoulder. "Put on your coat and follow me."

He obeyed mechanically and without question. Outside Blair called a cab and Egerton got in as though in a dream. As they sped along King's road he suddenly asked:

"Where are we going, Blair?"

"To Islington, of course."

After what seemed to the impatient Egerton an interminable drive, the cab drew up at the corner of a shabby little street. The two men sprang out, telling the cabman to wait. Surely they had made a mistake. No; it was the address given in the Free Lance. They stared in surprise. It was one of those miscellaneous little shops where confectionery, mineral waters, and newspapers are sold. They went inside, Blair taking the lead.

"Does Miss Cartwright live here?" he asked the old woman who was serving behind the counter.

"No, sir! but she has her letters addressed here."

"Of course you have her real address then?"

The old woman looked at him and then at Egerton somewhat suspiciously. She shook her head slowly.

"No, sir; she calls for her letters or else sends some one."

Blair put down a half-crown on the counter, and bending over confidentially he said:

"Come, now. You can tell us her address if you like, I'm sure."

The woman's eyes glistened, but she still shook her head.

"When was she here last?" asked Egerton.

"Let me see," she replied. "Was it yesterday or the day before? Oh, yes, it was yesterday."

Blair turned to his friend.

"Well, we can't do anything more tonight. You might write a note and leave it."

Egerton wrote a hasty letter to his wife and promised the shopkeeper a half sovereign if she telegraphed to him immediately Miss Cartwright called for her letters.

He passed a fearfully anxious week, but no telegram came. He went over again to Islington, but his letter was still waiting in the shop, and he re-

creative in regard to their age? Are turned to Chelsea in despair. He was utterly dejected, but Blair did his best to cheer him and help him to keep up his courage.

"There's no need to be so down in the mouth," he argued. "At any rate, you know that your wife is living, and you may hear from her at any moment."

They discussed the matter from all points of view, and Blair made numerous suggestions. All at once a brilliant idea struck him, and Egerton seized on it at once. He suggested that Egerton should write a tale for the Free Lance, telling the same story that his wife had done, but from the man's point of view. They spent the rest of the evening in talking over the story and making notes. Egerton devoted the whole of the next day to it, and in the evening, after Blair had given his approval, he posted it to the Free Lance.

Egerton had hidden his own story under the veil of fiction, but he was sure that if his wife read it she would realize the truth. As he felt he wrote, and all he asked was that she should read what he had written.

The days of waiting which followed were maddening in the way they dragged their slow length along, and Egerton felt that he would give anything to know the fate of his story. Publishing day arrived at last. He was overjoyed to find that he had been successful, but it was not for the sake of seeing himself in print, for that is a joy which soon palls. Now he hoped that his wife would at last learn the truth.

He was too excited to work and he felt almost afraid to go home by himself. He called on Blair and they went home together. Blair made a hearty dinner, but Egerton was in too nervous a state to eat a mouthful, and kept rushing to the window at every footstep. The suspense began to tell on him, and he grew almost hysterical.

"Ah, there's a telegraph boy," he cried, pulling the curtains aside. "By Jove, he's coming here!"

A heavy knock sounded at the front door. He rushed out and met the servant coming upstairs.

"A telegram for you, Mr. Egerton."

He tore open the envelope with trembling fingers. The message was brevity itself, but it spoke volumes to the happy man.

It said: "Can you forgive me? Monica."—Lloyd's Weekly.

HARD-WON BET.

The Trick Wasn't Nearly So Easy as It Looked.

"The hardest-won bet I ever made," remarked the traveling man, as he shook the ashes off his cigar, "was to carry four bricks half a mile. That sounds like a simple thing to do, doesn't it? Well, you try it and you will find out whether it is or not. Of course, the manner of carrying the bricks is important. A man bet me that I couldn't carry two bricks in each hand from where we were back to the hotel and put them up on the bar. The bricks were to be put side by side and grasped, two in each hand, between the thumb and fingers, the fingers pointing down. It was not allowable to stop and rest, nor to put the bricks down. Well, thought I, that's $2 easily earned, so I took the bet and started. For a quarter of the distance it was easy, and I already felt those two silver dollars in my pocket. But then my fingers began to grow tired. The muscles between my forefingers and thumbs were soon aching terribly. My arms began to pain me and to throb like mad. I found myself setting my teeth together and the cords in my neck were in a high state of tension. When I came within a hundred yards of the hotel there was scarcely an inch in my whole body that was not aching as if I had been stuck full of pins. I don't know how I managed to go that last little distance. I could no longer stand erect, and I was trembling like a leaf, and yet the other fellow was alongside, laughing as if to split his sides. And when I got into the bar-room it was all I could do to raise first one hand and then the other, and put the bricks on the counter. I know that I couldn't have gone fifty feet further. I got the $2, but the next day I could scarcely move, and I didn't get over the soreness for a week. It looks easy, but just you try it."

TOM EDISON'S FIRST CHECK.

Didn't Know It Had to Be Indorsed, and Money Was Refused Him.

It is not everyone that understands the ordinary system of banking and the proper thing to do with a bank check. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was sorely puzzled over the huge check her publishers paid her for her royalties in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and her husband could not tell her how to get money on it. So, also, was it with Tom Edison when he got his first check. When he completed his model of the now famous "ticker" he submitted it to the president of a telegraph company, who asked him to leave it for examination. Edison was out of money and his landlady had warned him for the last time. He had decided to ask $5,000 for his invention, but when the president at the next interview asked his price his courage oozed away, and he faltered out that he would like the company to make an offer.

"How would $40,000 suit you?" said the president.

"What!" exclaimed the young wizard, "all in money?"

"Certainly; you can have it now."

"All right."

A check was drawn and handed over to Edison with these words: "That is a check for $40,000. Go to the bank around the corner and they will give you the money."

At the bank he got into the long line and worked up to the paying teller's window. Then he pushed the check over the sill. The teller saw that it was not indorsed and pushed it back with fitting remarks, which Edison did not understand, he being even then slightly deaf. He retired crestfallen and the thought dawned upon him that he had been swindled. He had another scene with his landlady that night and visited the telegraph president the next morning in sheer desperation. He told of his experience at the bank and begged for his money or his model. He was properly identified at the bank, indorsed the check and got his money in big bills.—New York Press.

Hay Crop in Fine Condition.

SALMON INDUSTRY.

Run Has Been Light Until the Past Week—Late Spring and Cold Water the Causes.

Complaints from fisherman all along the river have been abundant this season. They declare that there are not enough salmon running to amuse them, much less pay them for spreading their nets. They have continued to go out, however, early and late, in the hope that the run would soon get better, and there are indications the past few days that their hopes are to be realized.

"The salmon run has improved wonderfully this week," said P. J. McGowan, the veteran packer, in an interview in the Portland Telegram. "For a time it seemed as if both the fishermen and the canners were to be left out this season, but I think we will all get in yet.

"We think the light run of fish this season has been on account of the cold weather. There is a well-founded theory that when the weather and the water are cold, the fish stay in deep water, and I think this is true. The catch up the river has been better this year than it has below. Down there the water is so deep in many places and the current so strong, that it is impossible for fishermen to spread their nets, and the fish have not been going out into the shallow water where the men can fish.

"The warm days have had a tendency to thaw the fish out, and from now on I expect plenty of fish.

Prices Are Good.

"The fisherman is getting a good price for all he catches. In fact, a little more than the fish are worth. The packers are paying 5 cents, and the cold storage people from 5¼ to 6½. Of course the cold storage men want the pick of the catch, and for that reason must pay more. Some of them made us an offer of 5½ cents for 25-pounders up to 40, and 6¼ cents for those over 40 pounds. We prefer, however, to give as good as can be caught to our customers. Prices for the canned fish are fair, and there is a big demand for our goods. Eastern dealers are all anxious to make contracts and some of the packers have now contracted more than they can deliver. If the run continues good, we will be able to supply the demands made upon us. If it continues light, this demand will entirely exceed the supply, and as the supply on the market has been cleaned up, there would indeed be a lively rush for fish.

Territory Grows.

"For a long time the packers of the Columbia had a poor market for their product, but with the coming of the trans-continental roads came a greater demand for our fish. Now the demand is from all over the United States, and the territory is growing all the time. The big jobbers of the Middle West find it cheaper and better to buy their fish out here than to go to the Atlantic coast for them, and we are all finding a good market at Chicago, St. Louis and such centers.

"We have no complaint to make aside from the scarcity of fish, and I think that will soon be over with, and that there will be an average pack this season."

Wool Trade at Ontario.

The large wool receipts at Ontario, Or., this season have demonstrated the wisdom of the Oregon Forwarding Company, of that city, in largely increasing its capacity for storing and handling that commodity. Wool receipts to date show a total of 637,000 pounds, and it has but fairly commenced to come in. The upper Malheur and Stein's mountain countires are full of it, and it is conservatively estimated that a million pounds or more will yet arrive. Growers are selling at prevailing prices, and are not holding their wool as they did last year.

Big Race Meet.

Condon & Hughes are preparing to give a big fall race meet in Portland, in which the best horses on the coast will enter. The meet will begin about September 1, and probably will last from September 2 to 9. Horses from California, Oregon, Montana, Idaho, Washington and British Columbia, will enter, and the most successful meet held here in years is expected to result.

Will Call a Special Election.

The board of county commissioners of Dawson county, Mont., have called a special election for the purpose of rebonding the county for $50,000 to build a bridge across the Yellowstone river in place of the one destroyed this spring. The sentiment of the people to rebuild seems so strong that the bonding will meet with little or no opposition.

Northwest News Notes.

Seattle wants the Carson City mint, which is idle, removed to the Sound.

Many miners are going to Buffalo Hump.

A stray balloon passed over Spokane one day last week.

The Schroeder mine, near Yreka, has been sold for $100,000.

Southern Oregon mines are shipping ore to Spokane.

Haying is about over in Southern Oregon.

A witness in first trial of Dreyfus case is in Los Angeles.

Fort Spokane, Wash., will hereafter be known as Fort Wright.

Walla Walla is to have a female seminary.

Seattle's new water works are soon to be completed.

There are 367 men in Crook county in the livestock business.

In two days the cannery at Salem put up 200 cases of cherries.

Permanent harbor lines are being established by the government at Tacoma.

The Idaho authorities say they will first punish the leaders of the Wardner trouble.

The Pacific States Telephone Company is putting in an exchange at Spokane.

A tramp was held up, robbed and shot in a box car near Spokane a few days ago.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company sold 628,000 acres of land in Washington last year.

Curious Custom.

Cattle Shipments.

Spear Bros., of Sheridan, Northern Wyoming, last Monday, shipped from Salem three carloads of yearling cattle, numbering about 150 head. The cattle were purchased in Marion and Polk counties, and will be placed on the Wyoming range. The firm is purchasing cattle throughout the valley between the capital city and Eugene, and has arranged for the purchase of a sufficient number to constitute a grand shipment of 21 cars, averaging 50 head to the car.

A New Cannery to Be Built.

Coleman Bros. have purchased ground at Ashland upon which they will build their combined cannery and evaporator. They will put up a buidling 60x130 feet, and propose to equip their cannery for a capacity of 2,000 cans per day, and their evaporator for handling 16,000 pounds of green fruit per day. The cost of the building will be about $1,500.

Branch Bank Opened.

The agency of the Eastern Townships bank was opened last week at Grand Forks, B. C., and is already doing an extensive business. Handsome quarters have been fitted up, the fixtures and furniture being of artistic designs. J. W. McLaughlin is the local manager.

Montana Bonds Sold.

W. E. Bell, of Spokane, has purchased the $5,000 bonds of Utica, Mont., at a premium of about $145. These bonds draw 6 per cent interest, and are payable in 10 years. The issue was made for the purpose of constructing and maintaining a schoolhouse in that district.

Bond Issue Authorized.

The taxpayers of Salem voted to authorize the city council to negotiate a bond issue of about $80,000, representing 8 per cent warrant indebtedness of the city, with accrued interest.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Portland Market.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 58c; Valley, 59c; Bluestem, 61c per bushel.

Flour—Best grades, $3.20; graham, $2.65; superfine, $2.15 per barrel.

Oats—Choice white, 42c; choice gray, 40@41c per bushel.

Barley—Feed barley, $19@20; brewing, $21.00 per ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, $17 per ton; middlings, $22; shorts, $18; chop, $16.00 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, $8@9; clover, $7@8; Oregon wild hay, $6 per ton.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 35@40c; seconds, 27@30c; dairy, 25@27c store, 18@23c.

Cheese—Oregon full cream, 12c; Young America, 15c; new cheese, 10c per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $3@4 per dozen; hens, $4.00@5.00; springs, $1.25@3; geese, $6.00@7.00 for old, $4.50@5 for young; ducks, $5.00@5.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 15@16c per pound.

Potatoes—$1@1.10 per sack; sweets, 2c per pound.

Vegetables—Beets, $1; turnips, 90c per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cabbage, $1@1.25 per 100 pounds; cauliflower, 75c per dozen; parsnips, $1 per sack; beans, 3c per pound; celery, 70@75c per dozen; cucumbers, 50c per box; peas, 3@3½c per pound.

Onions—Oregon, 50@75c per sack.

Hops—11@13c; 1897 crop, 4@6c.

Wool—Valley, 12@13c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 6@10c; mohair, 27c per pound.

Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 4c; dressed mutton, 7½c; spring lambs, 7½c per lb.

Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, $4.50; light and feeders, $2.50@3.00; dressed, $5.00@6.00 per 100 pounds.

Beef—Gross, top steers, 4.00@4.25; cows, $2.50@3.00; dressed beef, 5@6½c per pound.

Veal—Large, 6@7c; small, 7½@8c per pound.

Seattle Markets.

Onions, 90c per 100 pounds.
Potatoes, new, 2½c per lb.
Beets, per sack, $1@1 25.
Turnips, per sack, 80@90c.
Carrots, per sack, $1.
Parsnips, per sack, $1.
Cauliflower, 75c per doz.
Cabbage, native and California $2.00 per 100 pounds.
Apples, $2.50@3.50 per box.
Pears, 50c@$1.50 per box.
Prunes, 50c per box.
Butter—Creamery, 18c per pound; dairy and ranch, 12@18c per pound.
Eggs, 21c.
Cheese—Native, 14c.
Poultry—Old hens, 16c per pound; spring chickens, 14c; turkeys, 16c.
Fresh meats—Choice dressed beef steers, prime, 9c; cows, prime 9c; mutton, 9c; pork, 7c; veal, 8@10c.
Wheat—Feed wheat, $20.
Oats—Choice, per ton, $27@28.
Hay—Puget Sound mixed, $6.00@8; choice Eastern Washington timothy, $12.00.
Corn—Whole, $23.50; cracked, $24; feed meal, $24.00.
Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, $25@26; whole, $23.
Flour—Patent, per barrel, $3.50; straights, $2.90; California brands, $3.25; buckwheat flour, $3.50; graham, per barrel, $3.60; whole wheat flour, $3.75; rye flour, $4.50.
Millstuffs—Bran, per ton, $15; shorts, per ton, $16.
Feed—Chopped feed, $21@22 per ton; middlings, per ton, $22; oil cake meal, per ton, $33.

San Francisco Market.

Wool—Spring—Nevada, 10@12c per pound; Oregon, Eastern, 8@12c; Valley, 15@17c; Northern, 8@10c.
Millstuffs—Middlings, $17.50@20; bran, $15.50@16.50 per ton.
Onions—Silverskin, 50@90c per sack.
Butter — Fancy creamery, 17@18c; do seconds, 16@17c; fancy dairy, 15c; do seconds, 14@14½c per pound.
Eggs — Store, 16@17c; fancy ranch, 18@19c.
Hops—1898 crop, 15c.
Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, $2@2.50; Mexican limes, $4.50@5; California lemons, 75c@$1.25; do choice, $2.50 per box.
Hay—Wheat, $13@15.50; wheat and oat, $13@16; oat, $14@16; best barley, $12@13; alfalfa, $11@12 per ton; straw, 40@70c per bale.
Potatoes—Early Rose, $1.50@1.75; Oregon Burbanks, $1.65@1.85; river Burbanks, 75c@$1; Salinas Burbanks, $1@1.10 per sack.
Tropical fruits—Bananas, $1.50@2.50 per bunch; pineapples, $2.50@4.50; Persian dates, 6@6½c per pound.

HOLT'S SCHOOL.

REGISTER OF TREASURY.

Hon. Judson W. Lyons, Register of the United States Treasury, in a letter from Washington, D. C., says:

Hon. Judson W. Lyons, Register of the Treasury.

April 23d, 1899.

Pe-ru-na Drug M'f'g Co., Columbus, O.:

Gentlemen—I find Pe-ru-na to be an excellent remedy for the catarrhal affections of spring and summer, and those who suffer from depression from the heat of the summer will find no remedy the equal of Pe-ru-na.

Judson W. Lyons.

No man is bettter known in the financial world than Judson W. Lyons.

His name on every piece of money of recent date, makes his signature one of the most familiar ones in the United States. Hon. Lyons address is Augusta, Ga. He is a member of the National Republican Committee, and is a prominent and influential politician. He is a particular friend of President McKinley.

Remember that cholera morbus, cholera infantum, summer complaint, bilious colic, diarrhoea and dysentery are each and all catarrh of the bowels. Catarrh is the only correct name for these affections. Pe-ru-na is an absolute specific for these ailments, which are so common in summer. Dr. Hartman, in a practice of over forty years, never lost a single case of cholera infantum, dysentary, diarrhoea, or cholera morbus, and his only remedy was Pe-ru-na. Those desiring further particulars should send for a free copy of "Summer Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

Keeping a Close Watch.

Tom—Edna and May appear to be inseparable.

Carrie—Yes; each is afraid to trust the other out of her sight.—Town Topics.

HEAD ACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."
CHAS. STEDFORD,
Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

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