THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

TEN LITTLE FINGERS.

Ten little fingers toying with a mine—
Bang! went the powder, and then there were nine.

Nine little fingers fixing rockets straight—
Zip! a kick backward, and then there were eight.

Eight little fingers pointing up to heaven—
Roman candle "busted," and then there were seven.

Seven little fingers, punk and powder mix—
Punk was ignited, and then there were six.

Six little fingers for a "sizzer" strive—
One went off with it, and then there were five.

Five little fingers loading for a roar—
Boom! went the cannon, and then there were four.

Four little fingers with a pack made free—
Crash! went a cracker, and then there were three.

Three little fingers found the fuse burned blue—
Bombshell too previous, and then there were two.

Two little fingers having lots of fun—
Pistol exploded, and then was one.

One little finger, fooling with a gun—
Didn't know 'twas loaded, and then there was none.

WHEN CUBA IS FREE.

DON'T touch it, Tom!"

"It would make a thundering report!"

"Never mind that—loading that gun was one of the last things father did before he left home."

"I know that," nodded Tom Wilson, looking pretty sober and solemn, "but it would make a thundering report!"

"You've said that twice."

"And I'd love to hear the old musket just once!"

"Maybe you will."

"To-morrow—the Fourth?"

"Who knows? Says father, when he rammed the last wad home in the old revolutionary relic, 'We'll fire that off when Cuba is free!'"

"She's just as good as that, isn't she?" challenged Tom.

"Never you mind—we're going to mind father."

Ned Wilson's word went, for he was the oldest, and there was no further demur.

Besides that, duty engrossed the two boys the rest of that day.

Other fellows had nothing more arduous to do than prepare for "the biggest Fourth since the Centennial."

The Wilson lads, however, were "helping mother," and, mere novices at labor, they had not learned the ropes yet.

A FAMILIAR NAME IN THE GLARING HEADLINES.

Things had gone from bad to worse with honest John Wilson for several years back.

He had a glorious civil war record behind him—was one of the gallant Cumberland's crew, that fated ship that went down in a blaze of patriotic glory that set fire to a nation's hopes and ardor.

A long spell of illness had caused his getting behind in his payments on the neat cottage home.

"Tell you what, Nance," he had said to his wife along in the early days of May, "I've an idea."

"Tell it, John," encouraged his wife.

"I'm going to see my step-brother, Tracy."

"Down East?"

"Down East."

"Why not write?"

"I've done that and it did no good. No, I'll risk the powers of persuasion. He has thousands. But for a slip of the pen he would have been compelled to share them with me, and he knows it. I'll try and get him to take up the mortgage here, and ease us along till we can get the boys on their feet, earning and helping."

"And if he refuses, John?" suggested Mrs. Wilson anxiously.

"Why, then I suppose I'm sort of stranded."

"All your money gone, and away from home!"

"Well, maybe work is readier there than here. Never fear, Nance, I'll find a place somewhere."

Mrs. Wilson gave her husband a quick look.

There had come into his eye a certain stern, yet proud, sparkle she used to see, when, fresh from the war, he was wont to tell how he turned the tide of a naval battle off the Carolinas by "pulling the gun string just at the right minute."

She said nothing, however. She heard nothing more from him after his departure until about the first of June.

Then he sent the merest line: "I am looking for work in New York City."

Mrs. Wilson was uneasy. Wars and rumors of wars had set John restless for months before his departure.

His last word had been "Cuba." The solicitous wife trembled, prayed, waited.

Meantime, like deserving scions of a man with a heart of oak, her two sons, Ned and Tom, "pitched in."

They found the larder growing slim, and set at work to repair it.

They ran errands, sold garden truck, peddled papers, and this latter was no mean field of commercial venture during the prevailing war excitement in the village.

"Better have a quiet Fourth of July, boys," suggested their mother gently, the day before.

"All right," nodded thoughtful Ned cheerfully. "With father away, I suppose it's best."

"Yes'm," assented Tom vaguely, "but what a thundering report that old musket would make!"

Ned attended to the morning papers that arrived from the city.

Tom took in the "extras" that came in through the day.

The former was eating supper with his mother, the latter absorbed in reflections of the absent, almost the missing one, now.

Suddenly there was a terrific hullabaloo, comprised of shouts, firecrackers, hurrahings.

Ned ran to the window.

"For mercy's sake!" he ejaculated.

"What is it, Ned?" rather startled, and tremulously inquired Mrs. Wilson, arising more slowly.

"It's Tom!"

"He isn't—hurt, or——"

"Acts as if he was crazy!"

Tom did. In full view, he was coming down the dusty road.

Trooping after him were a dozen or more vociferous youngsters with whom he had ever been a favorite.

They were making the welkin ring, and many a lad was burning his fingers in his ardor to help swell the commotion, and was using up the prized ammunition of the morrow.

Tom burst into the room, drenched with perspiration, panting for breath, but with eyes aflame with emotion and vitality.

"See here!" challenged Ned.

"No—look there!"

Tom flung his bundle of extras upon the table.

His mother nearly fainted. Even a casual glance showed at the top of the glaring headlines a name familiar.

"John Wilson,"—"hero"—"daring deed."—oh, it was news from the absent one, but was it news of glory, but also of death?

"Father!" she choked.

"Is all right!" piped Tom. "Read here, Ned—read here! Father was 'looking for work'—say, mother! he found it!"

"Where? Where?" faltered the suspense-crocked wife and mother.

"Battleship—you know what a boss gunner he is! Met the enemy, pulled another 'gun string in another nick of time' and——"

Coherent consideration of the news the paper gave proved that Tom had not exaggerated.

Skill and opportunity had combined to give John Wilson a chance to "knock out" a Spanish ironclad "at the right minute."

He had concededly turned the tide of favor leading up to the capture of a richly freighted consort.

"'Prize money'—why, he can pay off the mortgage!" cried the exuberant Ned.

"Promotion—it will glorify his later days!" murmured Mrs. Wilson thankfully.

"Where's the gun?" demanded irrepressible Tom.

"Hold on! What gun?" interfered Ned.

"Father's old musket."

"Why——"

"We're going to celebrate!"

"No—he left orders—'fire it off when Cuba is free!'"

"Free!" fairly yelled the sanguine and excited Tom. "With such men as him peppering the foe, she's practically free already!"

"Well, I suppose——" began Ned, in faint demur.

Above all other reports that boomed in the morning of July Fourth, 1898, that fired by proud, patriotic Tom Wilson seemed to him the loudest ever was.

"Wonder if they heard that in Cuba?" he gloated.

"They're hearing some other reports from its owner, I reckon," smiled Ned.

"Say!" declared the ardent Tom, "didn't it make a thundering report?"

A Famous Flag.

A famous flag of 1776 was the blue ensign of South Carolina, marked only by a white crescent in the upper corner or sometimes bearing in addition the word "Liberty" in white letters. Under this fought the men who drove the British fleet from Charleston harbor, and this was the flag which during the defense of Sullivan's island brave Sergeant Jasper sprang upon the earthworks to replace in the spot from which a cannon ball had carried it a moment before. Its earliest appearance is dated back to Sept. 13, 1775, when Col. Moultrie led a body of patriots to attack and capture Fort Jackson.

The Aftermath.

Alas, when the day has gone by
How heavy and heartfelt the sigh
As the bills all come in
For the fireworks and din,
And we find the fun costs mighty high!

And the boy, as with pain he is tossed
O'er his pillow, then reckons the cost
Which the day's sport imposed
In his both optics closed
And the finger or two he has lost.

Two Kinds of Crackers.

It is no great wonder that people, old and young, make mistakes when the same word stands for so many different things.

It was the Fourth of July. A little miss was told to take her afternoon nap, and then she should get up and watch the boys put off their firecrackers.

Pretty soon a heavy thunder shower came on, and Aunt Mary went up to see if Miss Rachel was frightened. Evidently she was, for she called out at once: "Aunt Mary, I don't want to hear any more water-crackers."—Babyland.

The Glorious Fourth.

"I tell you," said the enthusiast, "all this patriotic demonstration is enough to set any man's heart on fire."

"Yes," replied the nervous man, "and his woodshed, too."—Washington Star.

GRAND OLD FASHIONED WAY.

Get ready, boys, to make a noise
On Independence day,
For we're about to have it out
In grand old fashioned way.

At dawn we'll raise our flag ablaze
And watch it proudly fly,
Its blue and stars and crimson bars
Reflected on the sky.

Then while bells clang and anvils bang
And cannon thunders roar
We'll give the cheer that slaves may hear
Upon the old world's shore.

We'll yell and screech and make a speech
About our glorious nation
And brag that we on land or sea
Can wallop all creation.

AS AN OBJECT LESSON.

The Real Meaning of the Noise and Fun of the Fourth.

We confess to a large degree of sympathy with the irrepressible impulse of the American small boy—to say nothing of boys of larger growth—to fire off Chinese crackers and other din-producing explosives on the Fourth of July. Not that we particularly enjoy the noise. It is not always easy to keep one's temper on even keel through the "long, long weary day," of ceaseless turmoil of patriotic powder-burning and the smell of "villainous saltpetre." Yet less and less, as the years go by, are we disposed to object to this outward and visible sign of the inward grace of patriotic ardor. Undirected, it is true, this impulse to effervescent racket on the part of boys and men, on the one unrestricted day of the year, may mean nothing to them but license to make a noise; but, wisely used, this differentiation of the day may be made the means of inculcating patriotic sentiment in a more impressive way than would otherwise, perhaps, be possible. The mass of mankind still learn great lessons best through the medium of symbols. In this respect, we have not advanced very far beyond "them of old time." The heap of stones taken from the bed of Jordan spoke not more truly to the children of Israel of the great things wrought for them there than does "Independence day" to us of our fathers' mighty deeds; and so, instead of flouting at the noisy demonstrations of our boys on this day, let us utilize its observance to teach them the real meaning which lies back of their noisy fun, and thus lead their minds up to a broader conception of the truths for which the celebration of the Fourth of July stands.—New York Examiner.

Fourth of July Poem.

A pistol toy
Gave much joy,
To small boy—
Bang!

He'll no more fire—
Went up higher,
And the choir—
Sang.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Old Glory.

To the true lovers of our country the American flag is the most beautiful emblem of a nation's glory that floats to the breeze. To its defenders in the past it means more than mere glory, as it symbolizes a union of States and hearts, purchased by blood and treasure freely given, for the country's welfare. Its contemplation brings to our memory the scenes of strife on land and sea, where Old Glory was ever in the van.

After the Crisis.

Brown—I'd like to get my little boy's life insured.

Manager—Come around after the Fourth and I'll talk with you about it.—New York World.

'Tis the star spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

UNCLE SAM'S FOURTH OF JULY INCUBUS.

OUR STORY TELLER

CREED AND CROCUSES.

Rev. Wetherby Smiles was rector at St. James' and occupied a rose-embowered cottage not far from the church. The cottage, with its attendant garden, was a dainty, pretty spot, which looked as though a woman's hand had planted and cared for it.

But no woman had anything to do with the rectory. Rev. Smiles' only servant was a doddering old man; the rector prepared his own meals, except when he was invited to tea by some old lady who pitied his lonely, indigestion-breeding existence.

Not that Rev. Wetherby Smiles was a woman-hater, but Mr. Smiles was very high church indeed. Unfortunately, St. James' and the parish people were extremely low.

The rector felt that the clergy, to be able to give their whole time and thought to their work, should live lives of celibacy. He had felt at times a strong drawing towards some ecclesiastical order in which such vows would be necessary. Then he would wear some outward sign of his vows, and the young women of his parish would not fall in love with him.

The rector was young and good-looking; he had been in his present pastorate less than a year, and he had already had an experience.

Rev. Wetherby Smiles, from study window, could look across his garden plot and see the brown earth warming in the spring sunshine and the trees and bushes slowly bursting into life.

He looked across his garden, I say, and across the garden, beyond the low hedge, was another garden when in summer was full of color. He had noticed the brilliant-hued beds the year before, but now the only bit of color was a pale blue morning robe that flitted about the inclosure.

To tell the truth, the rector had seldom noticed that morning gown or the little woman inside it before. But it pleased his fancy now to look across the hedge and watch his neighbor.

He recalled that his old major domo had told him the cottage next the parsonage was occupied by a widowed lady—a lonely creature who had taken up her abode there but shortly before Rev. Smiles was settled over St. James'. He remembered the little figure in black in one of the side pews, pointed out to him by the clerk as "Mrs. Scorritch," and probably had not given her a thought or glance afterward.

However, he saw so much of the pale blue gown that first warm week in spring that he looked for the little widow in her pew the next Sabbath. She had laid aside her weeds and was dressed in some clinging, fawn-colored material that made her look like a very demure little moth. And she had the sweetest face in the world—at least the sweetest face in Rev. Wetherby Smiles' world.

On Monday morning the clerical black appeared in the rectory garden about as soon as the pretty morning robe appeared over the hedge. The demure little face dimpled and smiled under its garden hat at the rector's approach, and the widow nodded brightly.

"You are early at your gardening this morning, Mrs. Scorritch," he said.

"Yes, but it's so warm," she replied in defense. "I am expecting my crocuses to appear any day now."

"I'm afraid we'll see some frost yet, Mrs. Scorritch," said the rector.

"Now, don't talk that way, I beg!" cried the little woman, clasping her hands, inclosed in long-wristed and particularly well-fitting gauntlets. "Just suppose my crocuses should come up and be frost-bitten? Oh, the thought is too awful."

"I sincerely hope you will not be disappointed, but the climate is uncertain."

Many were the conferences held across the hedge regarding the proper pruning of rose trees, the planting of hardy seeds, and the preparation of the beds of earth. The rector had never suspected there was so much detail in the business of gardening.

One morning, just after a warm night

CONFERENCES HELD ACROSS THE HEDGE

rain, Rev. Smiles was called to the hedge by a little cry from his neighbor.

"They are coming!" she cried in delight. "See! Here is the dearest little blade of green pushing up through the mold—and there is another—and another! Just look at them!"

The rector found it necessary to leap the hedge (he had been something of an athlete at the university, and certainly this spring weather was sending the blood coursing through his veins quite like old times) and look at the crocus bed near to.

"They are such lovely ones," she said earnestly. "I don't believe you noticed them at all last spring" (he pronounced maledictions upon himself for having been so blind as to miss so much beauty the previous season), "but they will be even better this year—if we don't have that horrid frost you have been prophesying."

But when he had returned to his own lonely domain and entered his study he stopped and thought seriously for a minute. Then he cast his flat-crowned ministerial hat upon the floor with great emphasis and exclaimed:

"It's my creed, I tell you, that a man in orders should not marry!"

Now, there was no one visible to argue the question, and yet there seemed to be argument in his own mind, for Rev. Wetherby Smiles smote his palm with his clenched fist angrily and kicked the flat-crowned hat to the other end of the room.

For two days the rector of St. James' rigidly stifled his interest in crocuses; his interest in creeds, however, was not entirely satisfying. On Sunday, after vespers, he overtook on his way home a little figure in a fawn-colored gown.

"You must see my crocuses, Mr. Smiles," she said. "The buds will be open before next Sunday."

The rector glanced gloomily at the darkening sky, and thought that probably there would be a frost that night. But he could not long think of frost and other unpleasant possibilities under the skillful manipulation of his charming little neighbor.

He hesitated at her gate, and again crocuses triumphed over creed. The crocuses were flourishing finely; the creeds took a back seat—indeed a very unobtrusive seat in the rector's memory.

His interest in the crocuses continued that evening to so late an hour that his old servitor really thought he was not coming to supper and cleared away the repast.

"Never mind," said the rector, kindly, "I am not hungry," and when the old man had doddered off to bed he sat down before the open window of his chamber and stared out into the still night.

He sat there for an hour. A light burned behind the curtain at one of his neighbor's windows. That was her light, he knew. Finally it disappeared, but he sat on, his arms folded upon the sill, his eyes glaring fixed into the darkness. Creed was making a strong fight for life.

It grew rapidly colder, and suddenly Rev. Wetherby Smiles awoke to the discomforts of the outer man. He

HE STARTED AT THIS APPARITION.

shivered and drew away from the window. There was no breeze and no clouds, but an increasing chill made him close the casement.

Then he slipped on a smoking jacket and went to the door. There was a light haze upon the river and a shimmer of frost in the air.

"A bad night for the farmers and fruit growers," he thought. Then his mind reverted to those crocuses. "They will be black by morning," he said. "Too bad, and the little woman thinks so much of them."

He hesitated a moment and then went in again, reappearing shortly with an old mackintosh.

"Just the thing to spread before the bed to defend them from the frost," he muttered, and with long strides he crossed the rectory garden and leaped the hedge.

Feeling a good deal like a night prowler who had no business in the place he crept through his little neighbor's garden and approached the crocus bed. He started at the slightest sound and glanced about fearfully. Supposing somebody should see him—one of his parishioners—even his major domo!

Suddenly just as he spread the covering over the crocus bed and was turning hastily to flee, he heard a sound upon the porch. He started, and his eyes became fixed upon the vision before him. A figure, all in white, and motionless, stood upon the lower step.

Rev. Wetherby Smiles was startled, but he was not superstitious. For some seconds, however, he stared at the apparition before he recognized it. Then he stepped quickly forward and began to make excuses in a low voice.

"Mrs. Scorritch—Lydia—I beg your pardon, but I thought——"

He got no further in his faltering remarks. With a shuddering little cry the figure tottered and would have fallen to the ground had he not caught her in his arms.

"Good Lord!" muttered Rev. Smiles, the perspiration starting from his brow. "What a situation!" He was tempted to lay her down upon the porch and run. Instead he stooped down and—lifted her and carried his burden into the house.

There was a couch in the reception-room. He laid her down and lighted the gas. She opened her eyes languidly and saw him.

"I have frightened you, Lydia," he said. "Really, I had no intention, you know. I only remembered the crocuses——"

"I thought you were a burglar," she admitted. "And when I heard your voice——"

"Didn't you recognize it?" he asked.

"You—you had never spoken in just that way before, and——"

He took her hands. "I was only thinking of the crocuses, Lydia," he said, which was very true. He had quite forgotten the "creed."—Utica Globe.

Value of Good Fruit.

Ripe apples are especially healthful, and children may eat them without danger. Some doctors say that an apple at bedtime produces sleep, says Central States Fruit Grower. Pears are more savory than apples, but not so healthful, unless cooked, however. Apricots are also more healthful cooked than raw. Peaches are very healthful. The most healthful of all fruit, however, are grapes. Consumption has been cured by grapes when every other remedy has failed. Cherries may be eaten, as they frequently restore health and strength to the weak. Strawberries, though a cold fruit, have a virtue of healing rheumatism. Gooseberries and currants are best cooked. Figs are also excellent. They were in great favor with ancient Roman ladies. Pineapples are said to be the best cure for dyspepsia yet known. Nuts of all kinds are indigestible. Oranges are also excellent as a cure for dyspepsia. Lemons produce cheerfulness and prolong life.

Marriage by Telephone.

Out in Missouri a marriage ceremony has just been performed by telephone. The bride stood at one end of the wire in one town, and the groom at the other end in another town. A clergyman and witnesses surrounded each of the contracting parties and "central" attended to it that no time was wasted.

Islands.

Lake Huron contains 3,000 islands; Loch Erne, in Ireland, has 365; the Lake of the Thousand Isles, in the St. Lawrence River, has 1,700.

Every mother of a pretty girl is a board of strategy.

You Need It

And because of that need it is your duty to take Hood's Sarsaparilla in order that you may enjoy the good health it will give. If you are troubled with any disease that is caused or promoted by impure blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure you. It has a record of wonderful cures unequaled by any other medicine. Try a bottle now and realize its great toning and strengthening power.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Safes in Bulgaria.

As yet attempts have only been made in Plevna to produce safes. A trial order for a few safes induced the government to order 85 safes. However, the firm in question will be unable to compete with Germany and England. The annual imports amounted in 1897 to 160,000 francs, of which 60,000 francs fell to England, 50,000 to Germany and 40,000 to Austria-Hungary. All the Levantine countries offer good markets for safes.

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.

Patriotism Awheel.

The patriotic cycler has a new way of showing his colors; since his poor legs haven't the burden of his body to bear he has decided they shall stand for his patriotism. Therefore, he draws over these unoffending members blue black stockings with tops which riot in red and white stripes, the center stripe being of blue, dotted with a thriving (if not life size) row of white stars. All of which goes to show that patriotism, like love, will find a way.

WAGONS IMPROVED.

The new improved Stoughton wagons stand the racket. Two car loads have just arrived. It pays to have the best. Write for free catalogue. JOHN POOLE, sole agent, foot of Morrison street, Portland, Or.

Dish Washing Apparatus.

Dishes can be quickly washed and rinsed by a new apparatus which has a rack to hold the dishes in a revolving pan, which has a perforated bottom to drain the water into a pump cylinder, when it is forced to the top of the cover and discharged against the dishes repeatedly.

My doctor said I would die, but Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me.—Amos Kelner, Cherry Valley, Ills., Nov. 23, '95.

The great barrier reef along the coast of Australia is about 1,500 miles long, the work of coral insects.

Seals Newspaper Edges.

The free edges of newspapers are sealed to prevent resale or reading without buying, by a new machine which has a paste receptacle, which feeds onto a roller mounted on levers in such a manner that it is brought in contact with the edge of a partially folded paper, after which the last fold is made and the edges pressed together.

Clamps for Bicycle Saddles.

Bicycle saddles are rigidly held in place by a new clamp which can be instantly released by touching a lever under the seat, two piano-convex wedges being formed of the saddle post and a piece of steel, the latter being mounted on the lever, with its greatest width at the bottom, so that the greater the pressure on the saddle-post the tighter it grips the tubing.

The peach was originally a poisoned almond. Transplantation and cultivation have not only removed its poisonous qualities but turned it into the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

Robert Taylor, the postmaster of Scarvoa, county Down, Ireland, who has just reached the age of 114 years, has received from Queen Victoria a beautifully framed portrait of herself.

A recent landslide in China revealed a pile of money equaling in value 7,000,000 coppers. The coins were made about the middle of the eleventh century.

A German resident of Havana now at Key West says that the strength of the insurgent army in Cuba has been monstrously overestimated.

The manufacture of some of the finest French tapestry is so slow that an artist cannot produce more than a square yard in a year.

RELIEF FROM PAIN.

Women Everywhere Express their Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. T. A. WALDEN, Gibson, Ga., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before taking your medicine, life was a burden to me. I never saw a well day. At my monthly period I suffered untold misery, and a great deal of the time I was troubled with a severe pain in my side. Before finishing the first bottle of your Vegetable Compound I could tell it was doing me good. I continued its use, also used the Liver Pills and Sanative Wash, and have been greatly helped. I would like to have you use my letter for the benefit of others."

Mrs. FLORENCE A. WOLFE, 513 Mulberry St., Lancaster, Ohio, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years I was troubled with what the local physicians told me was inflammation of the womb. Every month I suffered terribly. I had taken enough medicine from the doctors to cure anyone, but obtained relief for a short time only. At last I concluded to write to you in regard to my case, and can say that by following your advice I am now pefectly well."

Mrs. W. R. BATES, Mansfield, La., writes:

"Before writing to you I suffered dreadfully from painful menstruation, leucorrhœa and sore feeling in the lower part of the bowels. Now my friends want to know what makes me look so well. I do not hesitate one minute in telling them what has brought about this great change. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. It is the greatest remedy of the age."

WHEAT Make money by successful speculation in Chicago. We buy and sell wheat on margins. 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. Send for our free reference book. DOWNING, HOPKINS & Co., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland, Oregon and Seattle, Wash.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

Ensign Willard's Luck.

Ensign Arthur L. Willard earned one hundred dollars when he planted the Stars and Strips over a shattered blockhouse at Diana Cay, Cuba. William R. Gratz wrote to the New York Herald on April 23 inclosing a check for $100, which he said was for the man who first placed an American flag on Cuban soil. He said that he sent the money as the nucleus for a fund, for he thought such a patriotic action should be well rewarded.

While the Winslow, the Wilmington and the Hudson were firing on the batteries at Cardenas the Machias was making a wreck of the barracks at Diana Bay. Whne the Spaniards had scampered away Ensign Willard and three men went ashore and planted the American flag upon the ruins.

Ensign Wlilard is from Missouri. He was made a cadet in 1893. He was formerly on the Monterey.

PROPOSED ALLIANCE WITH ENGLAND.

If the United States and England should form an alliance, the combined strength would be so great that there would be little chance for enemies to overcome us. In a like manner, when men and women keep up their bodily strength with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, there is little chance of attacks from disease. The old time remedy enriches the blood, builds up the muscles, steadies the nerves and increases the appetite. Try it.

MRS. SUSAN A. GLENN, widow of a soldier and mother of a volunteer, resigned her position in the postoffice department at Washington to go to the front with her son. She is the first woman to be appointed matron of a regiment.

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.

In Japan every workman wears on his cap an inscription stating his business and his employer's name.

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.

UNION PACIFIC OVERLAND WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

THROUGH TICKETS —TO THE— East and Southeast —VIA THE—

UNION PACIFIC R. R.

THE THROUGH CAR LINE.

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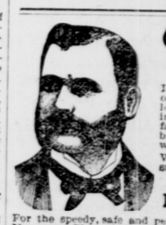

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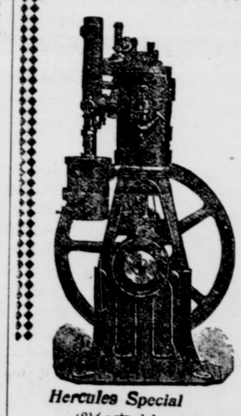

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