

## "Fride Goeth Before a Fall."

Some proud people think they are strong, ridicule the idea of disease, neglect health, let the blood run down, and stomach, kidneys and liver become deranged. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will prevent the fall and save your pride.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

**Blasted Hopes.**  
In moody silence, with lowering brow and folded arms, the young man stood before her.  
He was a returned soldier, a volunteer officer, honorably discharged from the service of his back, as he proposed, to make the dear girl happy who had long upon his neck when no bade her good-bye to go to the wars.  
But the dear girl had received him coldly.

A bustling commercial traveler had taken advantage of his absence and supplanted him in her affections. "No!" he said, at last. "You have no remorse for your faithlessness?" "None whatever," she replied. "You prefer that chap with the sample case to me, do you?" "Father!" He drew himself up stiffly. "Miss Grendelina Corkin," he said, "I leave this house forever. I leave it," he added, picking up his hat, "drummed out, but not drummed out!"

And as he marched out of the room with a military step the heartless girl called out: "Lafayette left!" after him.—Chicago Tribune.

## NERVOUS DEPRESSION.

**[A TALK WITH MRS. PINKHAM.]**  
A woman with the blues is a very uncomfortable person. She is listless, unhappy and frequently hysterical. The condition of the mind known as "the blues," nearly always with women, results from diseased organs of generation.

It is a source of wonder that in this age of advanced medical science, any person should still believe that nerve force of will and determination will overcome depressed spirits and nervousness in women. These troubles are indications of disease.

Every woman who doesn't understand her condition should write to LYNN, MASS., to Mrs. Pinkham for her advice. Her advice is thorough common sense, and is the counsel of a learned woman of great experience. Read the story of Mrs. F. S. BENNETT, Westphalia, Kansas, as told in the following letter:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have suffered for over two years with failing, enlargement and ulceration of the womb, and this spring, being in such a weakened condition, caused me to flow for nearly six months. Some time ago, urged by friends, I wrote to you for advice. After using the treatment which you advised for a short time, that terrible flow stopped.

"I am now gaining strength and flesh, and have better health than I have had for the past ten years. I wish to say to all distressed, suffering women, do not suffer longer, when there is one so kind and willing to aid you.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a woman's remedy for woman's ills. More than a million women have been benefited by it.

It's Quite the Fad Now.  
They were discussing the details of a projected county exhibition of fat stock, poultry and croquet work.

"I think," said the chairman, "that all the preliminaries have been attended to."  
An angular man in the back of the hall stood up.

"Have you invited Dewey?" he asked.  
Instantly all was confusion. It was a terrible oversight, but one man's foresight saved the day.—Chicago Post.

**Among His Impediments.**  
"You've got a lot of baggage," remarked the Washington friend who had accompanied him to the railway station.

"Yes," responded the retiring congressman, "but I carry something on my mind that weighs me down more than all this stuff put together."  
"What is it?" inquired the other.

"It's my 'ex'!" said the departing statesman, with a dry sob.—Chicago Tribune.

## Absolute Proof

Your name and address on a postal card will bring you absolute proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will cure you if you are afflicted with any disease of the blood or nerves. Mention the disorder with which you are suffering and we will send evidence that will convince and satisfy you that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will cure you.

These pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, partial paralysis and all forms of weakness either in men or women.

## You Big a Risk.

"Yes, I've made up my mind to have my life insured."  
"Any particular reason for it?"  
"Going to be married next week."  
"Let's see, you're one of these popular fellows, aren't you?"  
"Why, I fancy I'm pretty well known."  
"Well, we can't insure you until after the wedding is over."  
"Why not?"  
"Because there's no telling what your fool friends will do to you before you get out of town."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Matrimonial Meeting.**  
The average young man thinks he is in a position to marry if he has \$250 in the bank and a steady job. Hope is a great factor in a love affair. After the man is 40 he wonders how he ever did it, and when he eats pie at night and has the nightmare he always imagines that he is marrying again on \$250.—Archives Globe.

**The Power of Storm.**  
The Cayman Islands were nearly overwhelmed by the recent storm. Apparently secure things are not safe. Even if you have health be on your guard. Disease works stealthily. An occasional dose of Hood's Stomach Bitters will keep the bowels regular and disease at bay. If you have indigestion and constipation try it.

"So your people ran away, Miss Child?" "Yes, I'm very sorry now I didn't have a muff made out of him—as Jack wanted me to."—Puck.

There was a young man from Lenore, Who bodily went off to the war, He recovered quite quick, He recovered quite quick, By the prompt use of old Jesse Moore.

Use of some makes no one poorer.—Ram's Horn.

To yourself you owe the duty, purity your system by Flanders' Oregon Blood Purifier.

There's no denying the fact that Boston is one of the big-beans.

We will forfeit \$1000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. THE PISO CO., WARREN, PA.

Life is a big poker game in which everybody is bluffing the loser.

**FITS Permanently Cured.** No fits or nervousness. Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE BOOK, with notes and testimonials. DR. H. H. KLEIN, 124, 26 South Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Slander is like mud; it only sticks where it finds affinity.

**A Guaranteed Cure.** Most difficult to cure—Constipation. Yet Casson's Candy Cathartic are guaranteed to cure. No pain or money refunded. Living state. Philadelphia, Pa.

If delays are dangerous lawyers must be a brave lot.

**SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.** Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and blisters. It is the greatest comfort discoverer of the age. Allen's Foot-Powder makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for itching, sweating, damp, scaly and hot feet. It is the best of all. We have over 10,000 testimonials of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. It is made in the U.S.A. in a package FREE. Address Allen S. Oimsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The best is the cheapest, but the cheapest isn't always the best.

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

On account of some sort of a jar in the plan of organization the pottery trust has collapsed.

**\$100 REWARD \$100.** The readers of this paper will be pleased to hear that there is one disease that has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is the "Cure for the Only Positive Cure known to the medical fraternity. Casson's Candy Cathartic. It is a certain cure for itching, sweating, damp, scaly and hot feet. It is the best of all. We have over 10,000 testimonials of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. It is made in the U.S.A. in a package FREE. Address Allen S. Oimsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Hold by Allen S. Oimsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Few men can keep their good resolutions and a diary at the same time.

Tested and true. Oregon Blood Purifier.

The Dark Secret.  
"It's not dark enough yet," she whispered, as she peered eagerly up and down the street.

"There's no one in sight," he replied, after a careful survey.

"But some one may come round that corner at any minute and recognize us, and then I should want to die."

"Well, then, we'll wait a bit."  
"What dreadful deed did those two contemplate doing?"

He was about to give her her first lesson in riding a bicycle.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Edward, mother wants you to come in to dinner. How do you do, Tom?" and a young light-footed girl of fourteen ran out from the farm house opposite to which the two boys had frantically, and looked half-earnestly, half-laughingly, into the eyes of the young man, her neighbor, and her brother's inseparable companion, Thomas Hines.

"Tom has enlisted, Nellie. Now isn't it too bad that my folks won't let me enlist and go to the war?"  
"You've enlisted, Tom? Really?"  
"Yes, Nellie, and I wish Edward would, then we could be always together. Sleep in the same tent, march together and—"  
"Fight together?" said the girl, her eyes flashing.  
"Yes, Nellie, fight together!" the young man proudly added.

A tall woman with slightly gray hair, who had been standing at the side door of the long white porch of the farm house, now called:  
"Come to dinner, children, and you, too, Thomas Hines, come in and eat dinner with us."  
The boy would have hesitated, but a hand at either side holding each of his, there was nothing for the young volunteer to do but to accept.  
"Enlisted, eh?" said Captain Wilkinson in a gruff voice, as he came in from the field a minute later, where he had been planting, and took his seat at the head of the table.  
"Well, Thomas," he added after a moment's silence, "somebody's got to do it. I s'pose! But you're rather young yet, Tom!"  
"Can't Edward go with him, father?" at length asked, in pleading voice, the girl, breaking the silence.  
Edward Wilkinson looked up at his sister, a feeling of deep gratitude in his heart, and followed the attack with, "Yes, father, you said once that you'd give your consent, if anybody from right around here was willing that would look out for me."  
"But Tom is only a boy himself. I meant some older person."

## Double Significance of This Memorial Day.

MEMORIAL DAY has a double significance this year that will be given expression in every section of the country, and this very fact will tend to draw more closely together than ever before the blue and the gray.

From Maine and Mississippi, from far Oregon and Florida, from every State and Territory of the land, unselfish and valorous volunteers enlisted for the Spanish war. It was Freedom's own fight, and our nationality cut no figure, sectional prejudice had no part. The result is that a new bond of union is cemented, and in its freshness and truth deep meaning it is with us this Memorial Day.

There are many new graves to decorate, and the heroes of the Cuban campaign will not be forgotten. In many instances the son will sleep not far from the last resting place of his honored sire—in others, the surviving comrades of last year will this year have joined that vast army of patriots who will clasp hands and mingle tears with the widow of some strict, hardy old New-Englander, to whom liberty was dear wherever it was desired. In a common cause each fell.

The memories of the dead soldiers of the war of 1861-5 have come to be a solemn, sacred influence—those of any later deed will be more vivid, more poignant. Alike, they sleep, however, honored, regretted, martyr-crowned. Every fond flower strewn, while bedewed with the tears of sorrow, smiles up into the face of the giver a benison. Beneath the sod is one who helped to strike the shackles from groaning slavery and persecution!

Half a sigh, half a cheer, the soft, humid Cuban breeze waft westward the prayers and the praise of unnumbered devotees at places where some of our brave boys fell. To these, our new neighbors, as each Decoration Day comes around, although there appears to them the merest shadow of its general celebration in this country, the holy sentiment of sympathy cannot fail to exist and find expression.

There is an object lesson for the rising youth in the double presentation of this Decoration Day; the garlanded grave of the Union soldier and the garlanded grave of the hero of the Spanish war. We are not a nation of warriors, but we are patriots, steadfast and true, and as from the grand old stock of the days of Washington descended the brave, impetuous spirit of '61, so these noble souls seem to have left to their children and grandchildren the spark divine of courage and devotion, that responds magically quick to the call of distress and the clarion note of liberty the world over.

**MEMORIAL DAY.**  
"And do you want your only brother to go to the war, Nellie?" asked the girl's mother.

"Yes, as he wants to go himself, and besides when it's every one's duty to go who can," said the girl spiritedly. "Besides, too, when his best friend and chum, Tom Hines, is going!"  
The three young faces looked earnestly at the head of the table. As they did so a tall, thin-faced woman came and stood in the open door.

Invited in, Mrs. Hines would not take off her things, and said, all breathless, that she had come to know if they had made up their mind to let Edward enlist. She had given her consent to her own son feeling sure that his friend was going also.  
"No, Mrs. Hines," replied at length in slow, measured voice, Amos Wilkinson, "Edward has never been very well, and, besides, I must have his help this summer. We must both work out for the neighbors, by day work on their farms when we can get time to meet the bills that's due."  
"But did you hear about the town meeting this morning, what they did?"  
"No, what?"  
"I voted to give every man in the new company a bounty of two hundred dollars in advance."

At the words the face of the hard-featured farmer flushed. Looking at him his hand could be seen to tremble. He was not an avaricious, grasping man, but the sterile little rocky New-England farm he tilled made him think, in a practical way, in order that both ends should meet. This had been one of the weightiest reasons against his son's enlistment, but he had not mentioned it before. The other was the frailty of the young man. But now, as he sat there, he thought of the mortgage of two hundred dollars upon the little place, and a note coming due in the summer.

The color came and went to the man's face, but he would not sell his boy's life, or the risk of that life. Rising, as all sat and looked upon him in the silence, watching the struggle, he said, a determined look upon his face, and with flashing eyes, in a low tone:  
"Edward is not going to enlist, but I am, and I'll go myself."  
As a thunderbolt the words came upon the devoted family.

"Edward, you can take care of the farm," he said, and then turning to Mrs. Hines, "perhaps I can look out for your boy better at the front than another boy of the same age could."  
The next day the Allentown company, enlisted to its full complement of one hundred and one men, marched proudly down the street of the old town, and at its head, beneath the flag upon its staff on the town's green, the company halted. No captain that had ever stepped before a volunteer company looked better fitted for his place than did Amos Wilkinson, the old State militia captain, the company's choice.

**Which Shall Enlist?**  
WELL, Ed, I've enlisted!"  
"Yes, sir! I'm one of them!"  
"I declare, I wish I was, too!"  
"Folks won't let you!"  
"No."  
"There's only sixteen more wanted to fill up the company and I've just met three fellows that said they were going up to put their names down, and then Thomas Hines, eighteen years old, like-minded and fair-haired, enumerated to his chum of the same age, Edward Wilkinson, who "the fellows" were who said that they were going up to enlist.

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"But Tom is only a boy himself. I meant some older person."

A modest, retiring man, he had no thought of the place he had enlisted to fill, when the day before, he had elected.

So it was that the Allentown company reported at the State camp, and after, with its regiment, reported at the Heights of Alexandria, and in all the marches and battles of the Army of the Potomac, beneath Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania skies, the farmer, citizen, soldier of Allentown did his whole part in cheering on and leading his men. For, as captain, then secondly as major and again lieutenant colonel, he finally fell when, upon that awful June morning of 1861, in the fiery fatal loop of Lee, the division of Martindale fell as a living wall at Gold Harbor.

"I was to watch over you, Sergeant," he said, as, dying, his orderly, Sergeant Hines, bent over him—Col. Wilkinson, "Tell—tell—tell your—" but the death rattle sounded, the eyes put on a vacant stare, and another brave officer of the Army of the Potomac was no more.

The remains of Col. Wilkinson rest in his own village cemetery at Allentown. There, each year, as on Memorial day comes round, the widow of Captain Hines, he who died a year later from a gunshot wound received among the last fired before Richmond, and the daughter of the town's brave hero, Col. Wilkinson, with her little son, trim the flowers above those graves. And with them, too, another grave, for Edward Wilkinson, the trail youth, could not stand the work he tried to do at home, and died even before the war ended. But the bravery and determination of a father at the front strengthened and disciplined a regiment—The Honquet.

Remember the heroes who years ago fought for their country and ours. And cover the graves of those noble braves with fragrant, beautiful flowers.

## CATARRH OF THE PELVIC ORGANS.

The Reason Why So Many Women Are Sick.



Mrs. E. W. Wike, 28 Iron St., Akron, O.

Mrs. E. W. Wike says: "I would be in my grave now if it had not been for your God-sent remedy, Pe-r-u-na. Everybody says I am looking so much better. No doctor could help me as Pe-r-u-na did. I was a broken-down woman. It is now seven years past that I was cured."

Mrs. Sarah Gallitz, of Luton, Ia., also writes: "I was suffering with the change of life. I had spells of flowing every two or three weeks, which would leave me nearly dead. I had given up hope of being cured, when I heard of Dr. Hartman's remedy and began to use them. I am entirely cured, and give all the credit to Pe-r-u-na and Man-a-in."

A healthy woman is becoming more and more rare. But comparatively few women who are suffering with catarrh know that this is the case. Their trouble is called dyspepsia, heart trouble, female weakness, weak back will be sent free to any woman who addresses Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.  
The highest house in Paris has eight stories.

An Irishman is manager of a Chicago Chinese restaurant.

A Maine woman living near Belfast is the happy possessor of 18 coon cats.

Since 1847 the cultivated area of Ireland has dwindled from 4,000,000 acres to 2,030,000.

The expense of running an Atlantic steamer for three years exceeds the cost of its construction.

On German railways freight brings in 68 per cent of all receipts and costs only 32 per cent of all expenses.

A New York criminal, 65 years of age, was brought into court on a letter to receive his 18-months' sentence for manslaughter.

A Newfoundland dog was killed by lightning in Passaic, N. J., last week. The bolt came down the chimney, set the house on fire, passed on to the back yard, where it melted the steel chain by which the dog was fastened, and killed him.

It is estimated that England's stock of coal will last 200 years longer and North America's 600 years. It is not likely, however, that these supplies will ever be needed, as it is probable that before many decades have passed power will be gained in other ways.

The whale's nose is on the top of the head, at least his nostrils are situated there, through which he expels the columns of water known as "spouting." Whales only spout when they are feeding.

For 25 years Henry Zeigler has owned a farm of 300 acres in Pittston, Pa. He has always been a poor man. It has just been discovered that the land contains a rich deposit of coal, and is worth about \$1,800,000.

An old clock three feet high is one of the ornaments of a schoolroom in Warren, Ill. It lately stopped, and Miss Mary E. Glus, one of the instructors, tried to set it going. In the works she found a wad of greenbacks amounting to \$242.

A purse containing \$710 was lost by S. M. Griffith, in Kansas City, Mo. He advertised it and promised to the finder a reward of half of the contents. The purse was found by Miss Emma L. Elkington, and on returning it she received \$355.

Yenno.  
Mabel—Are you going to return the poor fellow's ring?

Florence (who has just broken her engagement)—I haven't decided. I suppose he'll propose to you now, and I thought I'd just hand it over to you to save bother.—Philadelphia North American.

## Biliousness

"I have used your valuable CASCARET and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to every one. Elkington, will never be without them in my family. EDW. A. MARK, Albany, N. Y."

**CASCARET**  
CATHARTIC  
REGULATE THE LIVER

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists.

**IF YOU ARE SICK**  
Moore's Revealed Remedy

One bottle makes the blood purer—brings relief. Thousands have been cured. It is per bottle at your druggist's.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

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**DENTISTS.**  
No pain, new process, fine gold work. DR. LANGRISH, N. W. cor. Third and Harrison.

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**DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED PILLS**  
ONE FOR A DOSE. Cure Sick Headaches, Colic, Stomach Troubles, Piles and Family Remedies. Sold by all druggists. Do not forget the name. DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED PILLS, Philadelphia, Pa.

**DR. MARTEL'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS**  
Relief at Last  
Prepared by thousands of satisfied ladies as well as by the French Government. It is a specific for all the ailments of women. It is a French preparation. It is a French preparation. It is a French preparation.

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

**SURE CURE FOR PILES**  
The cure for piles is a simple one. It is a French preparation. It is a French preparation. It is a French preparation.

**CURE YOURSELF!**  
It is a French preparation. It is a French preparation. It is a French preparation.

**YOUNG MEN!**  
It is a French preparation. It is a French preparation. It is a French preparation.

**RUPTURE CURED.**  
We guarantee to cure every case of hernia. It is a French preparation. It is a French preparation. It is a French preparation.

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