# FOR MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN.

**Two Letters from Women Helped Through the "Change of Life" by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I first wrote to you I was in a very bad condition. I was passing through the change of life, and the doctors said I had bladder and liver trouble. I had suffered for nine years. Doctors failed to do me any good. Since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health has improved very much. I will gladly recommend your medicine to others and am sure that it will prove as great a blessing to them as it has to me."—MRS. GEO. H. JUNE, 901 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Relief Came Promptly

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I had been under treatment with the doctors for four years, and seemed to get no better, I thought I would try your medicine. My trouble was change of life, and I must say that I never had anything help me so much as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Relief came almost immediately. I have better health now than I ever had. I feel like a new woman, perfectly strong. I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound all the credit, and would not do without her medicine for anything. I have recommended it to several of my friends. There is no need of women suffering so much for Mrs. Pinkham's remedies are a sure cure."—MAHALA BUTLER, Bridgewater, Ill.

### Another Woman Helped

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during change of life and derived great benefit from its use."—MARY E. JAMES, 136 Coydon St., Bradford, Pa.

**Help Wanted.**

Mistress—How did you happen to let the fire go out?

New Girl—I'm sure I don't know, ma'am, unless you happened to forget to tell me to put coal on.—Chicago Evening News.

**SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES**

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Crisis.**

Affairs can easily reach a crisis, but they are never permitted to stop there.—Chicago Democrat.

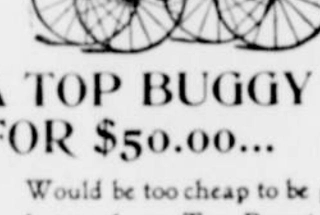
**$100 REWARD $100.**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

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

Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Clouds that move in a contrary direction to that of the surface current indicate a change of weather, because they prove the existence of two air currents, one warm and the other cold, and the mingling of these frequently cause rain.



## A TOP BUGGY FOR $50.00...

Would be too cheap to be good, but we have Top Buggies for for $65 Cash that we guarantee for one year from date of purchase. They have good strong wheels, guaranteed hickory spokes, tires 5-16 thick, round edge and projecting over the felloe, to protect same. We have others at $70, $75, $80, $85 and up.

Road Wagons at $40 and up. Mitchell Farm Spring Wagons and Harness.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

**MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAVER CO.,**
FIRST AND TAYLOR STREETS,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

Buy reliable goods of a reliable concern is good policy.

**CALL ON OUR AGENT.**
**McCormick All Steel Hay Rakes, the Best in the World.**

King of the Meadow. Both Hand Self-Dump. 8 feet, 20 or 26 teeth; 12 feet, 32 or 40 teeth; 14 feet, 36 or 32 teeth.

For catalogue, address A. H. BOYLAN, 321 Hawthorne Avenue, Portland, Or.

TAKE PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER Tested and True.

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

## SOLDIER OF '98 JOINS THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

Since the close of the war with Spain Memorial day has assumed a new significance. The dead of two wars are honored, and the real meaning of the day is brought home to the later generation as it never has been before. The business that time gives to memories of those who have gone to their last resting place is brushed aside and the real import of the day stands out with more distinctness. One day in the year may well be given over entirely to honoring our soldier dead. It is not too much. They gave up their lives some to hold the country undivided and some to relieve a down-trodden people at the threshold of our republic. We owe them a debt of gratitude that we never can repay, whether they fought in the civil war or the war with Spain. Their devotion and their courage entitle them to the grateful remembrance we show, and the recent additions to their number make the real significance of the exercises more distinct.

### DECORATION DAY.

Wal', now, it don't seem like a year hev gone—a holl roun' year—
Sence we was fallin' into line to celebrate this here.
It don't seem possible, yit that's the trick time allus plays,
N' every year'll git more short 'twixt Decoration days.

N' every year the roll-call 'll be gittin' shorter, too;
We're missin' lots o' faces that we didn't use to do.
The names is droppin' off—no tellin' which one of us may
Be counted out at muster on next Decoration Day.

It's gittin' kinder funny, too, to see the o' gray heads—
Fer blame if every one of us ain't showin' silver threads.
Ol' fellers! yes, the youngest ain't got nothin' else to say;
It war'n't so ten years ago on Decoration Day.

Why, we was on'y boys—mere boys—ten years ago; but then
We'd somehow got the notion up to think ourselves ol' men;
'N' so, p'r'aps ten years from now, if any of us stay,
We'll think that we was on'y boys this Decoration Day.

Then close in, veter'ns, close in, men; ol' comrades, git in line,
Touch elbows once again—that's right—it warms you up like wine.
Pr'aps 'tain't often more we'll meet—brace up 'n' step out gay;
We might be angels touchin' wings next Decoration Day.

So close in, veter'ns, close in, men; ol' comrades, git in step;
Play up the tunes we used to march—we'll keep the time we kep'.
We ain't too ol' fer three times three; God save the flag, hurray!
Shake hands all roun' 'n' fall in, boys, fer Decoration Day.
—Madeline S. Bridges.

### ON THE ROLL OF HONOR.

HE always knew when Mike was coming; the manner of his entrance never left room for doubt. There was always the confused murmur of a wordy dispute with the elevator boy downstairs who refused to operate his machine for newsboys, the quick rush of bare feet up the stairs to the shrill accompaniment of "Mah Coal Black Lady," or "Mr. Johnson, Turn Me Loose," the door would fly open with a crash and Mike would be in the center of the room shouting "Ev'nen Journal! Lat'st war news!" from a golden imagination yellowing the already very yellow news of his paper in a manner that must have won him an editorship could the proprietor of the sheet have heard him. This particular May afternoon the method of his entrance differed in no way from the usual routine, save that the door flew open a little more suddenly and swung to again with a little louder crash if possible. But once inside it was evident that Mike was unduly excited. The papers which he usually held out in front at arm's length to display to the best advantage their half-page scare heads were tucked securely under one arm; his big black eyes danced jubilantly and he entirely forgot business and the startling news of his papers in the vastly greater importance of his own news.

"Say, wot yer tink! De ol' man's 'listed fer a soger; he's go'n t'war! Ain't he a bird?" he shouted.

"Whose old man?" I inquired.

"Mine! Me dad! Whose'd yer suppose? Git de wool out o' yer t'inker!" he replied scornfully.

"But, Mike, who is going to support the family?" I inquired, remembering a vivid description Mike had once given me of six little Murphys of whom he was the eldest and only "'leven" at that.

"De fam'ly's all right. Dad says dat if he goes off to de scrap de folks wot stays home is boun' to take care uv his fam'ly. Say, yer ought to see 'im. He's all right, ye bet! De reg'ment marches to-morrer."

It was the first time I had ever heard Mike speak of his father with anything like respect. I knew him to be a drunken ne'er-do-well, who abused his wife and children and contributed little to their support. The days wore on. Regiment after regiment passed through the city en route for the South and Mike was joyously full of excitement. Every afternoon he blew into the office and every day his stories of the news grew bigger and more yellow. He followed every move of the army and his imagination ran riot with the possibilities of the world-changing drama being enacted. Every scrap of news in regard to his father's regiment was on his tongue's end, and I soon found that with the donning of his blue coat his father had become a hero. As for Mike himself he was the same impudent, sharp-eyed, dirty, ragged little gamin as of yore, one of the most successful newsboys on the street, an inveterate scrapper and gambler, and on his own confession, rarely at night having more than half his day's earnings to take home. When I remonstrated with him and pointed out that he should take his father's place, he was always ready with an answer, falling back on the old argument that if his father fought for his country it was his country's place to look after his family.

The summer wore on. The Fourth of July dawned hot and sultry. The temperature rose with the sun; at 10 o'clock it was 80; at 11 o'clock 90 and at noon it registered 96 in the shade. The glare from the asphalt streets blinded the eyes. Men panted for breath and now and then one fell. The water front and the parks were thronged with women and children seeking relief. Those who succumbed were taken to the hospitals, but no one minded them. Down before Santiago 16,000 men in dingy brown canvas blue trimmed uniforms in the blistering heat of a tropical climate were fighting against overwhelming odds. On the day before had come the news of a disastrous defeat, and the night had closed down in gloom. To-day the defeat had been turned into a victory and the cable had flashed home the details of a great naval victory besides. The great city sweltered and sweated and waited for confirmation and for the list of dead.

That afternoon business called me to the office. For an hour I worked and then fell to thinking of the great tragedy being enacted. Suddenly I became aware that someone was standing by my desk. "Ev'nen Journal, sir? List uv dead and wounded."

It was Mike, but I hardly recognized the voice. All the impudence, the old-time braggadocio was gone, and he had come in so quietly. "Why, Mike——" I began. Then I noticed the trace of tears furrowed through the dirt on the two grimy cheeks. There was an unwonted seriousness in the deep black eyes and an unmistakable quiver in the voice as he repeated, "Ev'nen Journal, sir? Extra, jes' out. 'Plete list uv dead an' wounded."

I snatched the paper eagerly and tossed Mike a nickel. "Never mind the change," I said, and plunged into the details of the fight. When I glanced up Mike was still there.

"If yer please, sir," he began, standing on one leg and uneasily rubbing it with the dirty brown foot of the other. "If yer please, sir, could I count yer reg'lar fer a poiper every night? Oi—Oi got ter s'port de fam'ly now 'cause Oi'm th' head uv it. He—he's dere, sir," he finished with a dry sob, pointing to the open page before me. Glancing down the column in heavy black, bold-faced type, I saw the name of Private Dennis A. Murphy on the roll of honor with the brief, explanatory line, "Shot through the head."

Mike drew a step nearer. "Say," he said, with just a touch of his old-time eagerness, "he's a hero now, ain't he?"

Mike has several regular customers in the office now, but he no longer blows in like a miniature hurricane. He comes and goes quickly but quietly. He is full of business, and although his former impudence now and then flashes out it is in a guarded way that will lose him no customers. He is always ready for a scrap when anyone intrudes upon his rights, but he has given up fighting for the fun of the thing, and he no longer pitches pennies and gambles away his hard-earned money. "Yer see, Oi'm de head uv de fam'ly now, an' have ter help me mither," he explains.

The other day he came into the office with the old-time rush. "They've got me father's body, an' it's ter be buried here," he cried. Then after a moment's thought he inquired wistfully, "Say, do yer s'pose de sogers'll march ter his grave an' put a flag an' flowers on it 'Morial day?"—Thornton N. Burgess, in Orange Judd Farmer.

**Their Tents of Green.**

Marching steadily, loyal and true,
Come the survivors clad in blue.

While the Old Flag floating overhead,
Greets the living, honors the dead.

Worthy of honor as king or queen,
Silent 'neath their tents of green.

With sleeping lilies dipp'd in dew,
Youth and beauty their graves shall strew.

To memories grim, of bygone years,
We tribute pay—in falling tears.

There's many a grave we cannot place,
That hides an unforgotten face.

May orioles sing their sweetest lay,
O'er mounded earth of blue or gray.

For those that sleep 'neath the ocean's blue
Our hearts are throbbing ever true.

Beyond the sunset's beautiful gate,
Are gleaming tents where angels wait,

To guide the swinging columns through
The golden streets beyond the blue.
—American Cultivator.

The British government makes no examination to determine the validity of a device for which a patent is asked, but takes it for granted that every invention is new and grants a patent to every applicant, leaving his claim, if contested, to be subsequently determined by the courts.

Lisley's "The Flood," which was sold by the artist in 1876 for $8, was recently sold in Paris for $8,600.

Nature begins fools, and women finish them.

# ON THITHER COAST.

**New Gold Fields on the Siberian Shore Will Be Opened to American Miners.**

New gold fields rivaling in richness the deposits of Cape Nome will be opened to American miners, if the expectations of the members of the Russian expedition, which arrived in New York on the Campania, on its way to Northeastern Siberia, are fulfilled.

Vladimir Wonlarlarsky, a colonel of the Russian Imperial Guard, obtained the concession of the Siberian tract which the expedition is to examine. There were more than 40 applicants for the grant, which had been sought with eagerness since the discovery of gold on the American side of Behring sea. By means of court influence, Wonlarlarsky carried off the prize. He formed a company in Russia, which planned the present expedition, headed by A. Bogdanovitch, a Russian engineer. It is understood that a subsidary company has been formed in England in connection with the concession, but secrecy is maintained in regard to the English and American interests.

Miners who have visited the Siberian coast by stealth have reported that it is practically the same as the Nome coast, consisting of a strip of beach, behind which lies a tundra, or belt of gold-bearing sand. Many companies have been formed to work dredges and pumps off the coast of Cape Nome, in order to draw up the precious sand where it reaches the beach. It is expected that the operation of these appliances will be prevented by the beach miners, and that apparatus in which large capital has been invested will be idle, unless new fields are opened to it. If the expedition to Siberia finds what it expects, the company will invite pumps and dredges to cross to the Siberian shore and operate there upon payment of a royalty.

Hooley, the English promoter, has nothing to do with the plan. George D. Roberts, who is a veteran California miner, will be a member of the exploring party. Mr. Roberts has made a study of gold deposits in sea sands, and has a plan for extracting the gold from the frozen tundra. The expedition will sail from San Francisco about June 1, after the Russians have conferred with the Russian minister at Washington. It will return about November 1, and expects then to make a complete report of the possibilities of the region.

Mr. Roberts said today that, from information he had received, the deposit of gold on the Siberian coast promised to be the most valuable ever discovered. No attempt will be made to work the tundra this year, but the party hopes to be able to make some contracts with American owners of pumps and dredges.

**Northwest Notes.**

The Oregon Hopgrowers' Association last week sold 670 bales of hops.

A telephone exchange with 20 subscribers is to be established in Canyon City, Or.

The Umatilla Indians have invited the Nez Perces, of Idaho, to join them in a Fourth of July celebration that will last about a week.

The Shamokawa, Wash., creamery is now turning out 175 pounds of gilt edge butter daily. It finds a ready market in Portland at top-notch prices.

The new creamery located at Norway, Or., has commenced operations. The plant is complete in every respect and is in charge of a competent manager.

Camas Prairie, southeast from Heppner, Or., is a great dairy region, and 800 cows are being milked there. The creameries pay 62 to 82 cents per 100 pounds for milk.

The original townsite of Prairie City, Or., was 80 acres. A land company has just platted additions to the extent of 364 acres, providing liberally for depot grounds, repair shops, etc.

Asotin, Wash., will soon have a bank, arrangements having been made to establish such an enterprise there by E. J. and W. L. Thompson, recently of Wisconsin. The bank will be organized under the state banking laws and will begin with a paid in capital of $25,000.

The Anti-Saloon League, at Colfax, Wash., has a membership of about 80 persons, who are antagonistic to the saloon, and more especially to such as may violate the liquor selling laws. Active work is to be begun by the organization against the liquor traffic in the near future.

Grant county offered a reward of $450 for the recapture of Al Keeton, held for murder, and William Wallace, charged with horse stealing, and it was divided equally between William Byram and Ray Short, of Canyon City; Ed Luce and Hamp Officer, of John Day, and W. C. Gibbs, of Susanville.

G. W. Kiger has a contract from the government to furnish 2,000 tons of rock to be placed behind the spur dikes recently constructed in Tillamook bay. As it is seen that the dikes are doing the work for which they were intended, the rock is for the purpose of making them permanent. Mr. Kiger will receive $1 a ton for the rock.

Failing to get all the saw timber needed into the river last winter, because of lack of snow, William Codd, the Colfax sawmill owner, has determined to haul the necessary logs to water on wheels. An outfit of 10 or 12 big teams was sent into the woods on the upper Palouse river for this purpose. The necessary feed and supplies were taken from Colfax. This will be a rather costly method of floating sawlogs, but the lumber demand is good and it is found necessary in order to meet the calls.

A hardware man of Independence, Or., sold nine incubators and nine brooders recently, and the inference is drawn that chickens will be numerous in that market this year.

John S. Herrin, who owns one of the finest bands of sheep in the Rogue river valley, numbering 2,500 head of the French merino breed, is engaged in shearing, having a force of six men. He has introduced a sheep shearing machine, run by footpower, the three clippers being the first in this section. They take off more wool than the old shears and do a humane job.

### BRADSTREET'S REPORT.

**Inactive Demand and Weaker Prices Are the Features.**

Bradstreet's says: The trade situation this week may be summed up in the phrase, inactive demand and weaker prices. While in many respects the industrial situation is easier than it was, the unsettlement in the building trades continues marked, the reflex action being exhibited in the unsettled demand for building material and weaker prices for lumber and for many products used in the building industry.

Iron and steel buyers are still holding off, most of the business done being for small lots for immediate consumption.

Relatively good reports come from the retail trade at most centers, notwithstanding the backward spring, but as yet the volume of reorder business from wholesalers and jobbers has proved disappointing. Finished cotton and woolen goods remain steady.

Wool is weaker, owing to the restricted demand from manufacturers and in sympathy with lower prices set at many grades at the London wool sales.

Relatively a good report comes from the distribution trade in shoes, but manufacturers are hanging back in their purchases of leather, and hides are rather weaker.

Relatively the best trade reports still come from the Pacific coast markets, but better weather conditions at the South have tended to brighten trade reports from that section.

Wheat, including flour, shipments for the week aggregate 3,480,704 bushels, against 5,537,022 last week.

Business failures in the United States for the week number 174, as compared with 153 last week.

### PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

**Seattle Markets.**

Onions, $9.
Lettuce, hot house, 40@45c doz.
Potatoes, $16@17; $17@18.
Beets, per sack, 50@60c.
Turnips, per sack, 40@60c.
Carrots, per sack, 75@85c.
Parsnips, per sack, 50@75c.
Cauliflower, California 85@90c.
Strawberries—$2.00per case.
Celery—40@60c per doz.
Cabbage, native and California, $1.00@1.25 per 100 pounds.
Apples, $2.00@2.75; $3.00@3.50.
Prunes, 60c per box.
Butter—Creamery, 22c; Eastern 22c; dairy, 17@22c; ranch, 15@17c pound.
Eggs—17c.
Cheese—14@15c.
Poultry—14c; dressed, 14@15c; spring, $5.
Hay—Puget Sound timothy, $11.00 @12.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, $18.00@19.00
Corn—Whole, $23.00; cracked, $23; feed meal, $23.
Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, $20.
Flour—Patent, per barrel, $3.25; blended straights, $3.00; California, $3.25; buckwheat flour, $6.00; graham, per barrel, $3.00; whole wheat flour, $3.00; rye flour, $3.80@4.00.
Millstuffs—Bran, per ton, $13.00; shorts, per ton, $14.00.
Feed—Chopped feed, $19.00 per ton; middlings, per ton, $20; oil cake meal, per ton, $30.00.
Fresh Meats—Choice dressed beef steers, price 8c; cows, 7c; mutton 8c; pork, 8c; trimmed, 9c; veal, 8½@10c.
Hams—Large, 13c; small, 13¼; breakfast bacon, 12½c; dry salt sides, 8c.

**Portland Market.**

Wheat — Walla Walla, 51@52c Valley, 52c; Bluestem, 54c per bushel.
Flour—Best grades, $3.00; graham, $2.50; superfine, $2.10 per barrel.
Oats—Choice white, 36c; choice gray, 33c per bushel.
Barley—Feed barley, $14@14.50; brewing, $16.00@16.50 per ton.
Millstuffs—Bran, $13 per ton; middlings, $19; shorts, $15; chop, $14 per ton.
Hay—Timothy, $9@11; clover, $7@7.50; Oregon wild hay, $6@7 per ton.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 30@35c; seconds, 45c; dairy, 25@30c; store, 22½@25c.
Eggs—13c per dozen.
Cheese—Oregon full cream, 13c; Young America, 14c; new cheese 10c per pound.
Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $4.00@4.50 per dozen; hens, $5.00; springs, $2.50@3.50; geese, $6.50@8.00 for old; $4.50@6.50; ducks, $6.00@7.00 per dozen; turkeys, live, 14@15c per pound.
Potatoes—40@65c per sack; sweets, 2@2¼c per pound.
Vegetables—Beets, $1; turnips, 75c; per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cabbage, 1¼c per pound; parsnips, 75; onions, 8c per pound; carrots, 50c.
Hops—2@8c per pound
Wool—Valley, 12@13c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10@15c; mohair, 27@30c per pound.
Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 3¾c; dressed mutton, 7@7½c per pound; lambs, 5½c.
Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, $5.00; light and feeders, $4.50; dressed, $5.00@6.50 per 100 pounds.
Beef—Gross, top steers, $4.00@4.50; cows, $3.50@4.00; dressed beef, 6½@7¾c per pound.
Veal—Large, 6½@7½c; small, 8@8½c per pound.
Tallow—5@5½c; No. 2 and grease, 3½@4c per pound.

**San Francisco Market.**

Wool—Spring—Nevada, 14@16c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 12@16c; Valley, 20@22c; Northern, 10@12c.
Hops—1899 crop, 11@13c per pound.
Butter—Fancy creamery 17@17½c; do seconds, 16@16½c; fancy dairy, 16c; do seconds, 14@15c per pound.
Eggs—Store, 15c; fancy ranch, 17c.
Millstuffs — Middlings, $17.00 @ 20.00; bran, $12.50@13.50.
Hay—Wheat $6.50@9.50; wheat and oat $6.00@9.00; best barley $5.00@7.00; alfalfa, $5.00@6.50 per ton; straw, 25@40c per bale.
Potatoes—Early Rose, 60@65c; Oregon Burbanks, 70c@$1.00; river Burbanks, 40@75c; Salinas Burbanks, 80c@1.10 per sack.
Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, $2.75@3.25; Mexican limes, $4.00@5.00; California lemons 75c@$1.50; do choice $1.75@2.00 per box.
Tropical Fruits—Bananas, $1.50@2.50 per bunch; pineapples, nominal; Persian dates, 6@6½c per pound.

**To Be the Highest Bridge.**

The Buffalo branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which will run through Bradford from Wilcox, Pa., across the ridges, by way of Lafayette, McKean county, will cross a deep and mountainous george in the latter vicinity with a steel viaduct nearly 500 feet high. The bridge, says the Philadelphia Ledger, will be over 3,000 feet in length, and its construction will be one of the greatest engineering feats on record. It will be the highest bridge in the world.

**Curiosity Saves Life.**

A package marked quinine was secretly sent to a bright woman, but being curious she took it to a druggist who said it was not quinine but arsenic. A like inquiry into some of the medicines offered will certainly detect the false from the true. For half a century Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been curing indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles and has never once failed. Try it if you feel weak and tired.

**Had a Sense of Humor.**

A sense of humor is a great thing in helping a man over a hard place, and the Biddeford Record thinks one of that city's rumsellers must be possessed of the aid of this cheerfulness. It was just after the big seizure of liquors the other day that a man who didn't know of the raid stepped up to the dismantled bar and asked for a drink. The proprietor looked at the man for a second and then spreading his arms out on the bar, said, as pleasantly as he could under the circumstances: "I'm very sorry, but I have just let the last of my stock of beer go."

### PARIS IN 1900.

For the benefit of those who intend visiting Paris during the exposition, the Rio Grande Western railway has gotten out an attractive folder illustrative and descriptive of the main features of the exposition. It contains some valuable hints for intending visitors and descriptive articles upon Place de La Concorde, Arc de Triumphs, the Madeleine, the Column of July, the Trocadero, Hotel de Ville, Column Vendome, the Louvre, the Grand opera house, the Bourse and the tomb of Napoleon, in addition to a bird's eye view of the exposition grounds. The folder, or pamphlet, is gotten out in handy form, and is written in a pleasant and attractive style. It, in fact, gives in little space everything one going to the exposition would like to know before starting on his journey.

For copies of the Paris exposition folder and other advertising matter descriptive of the Rocky mountains' famous scenery, tributary to the Rio Grande Western railway and its connections, write

J. D. MANSFIELD, Gen'l Agent,
253 Washington St., Portland, Ore.

**The Automobile in South America.**

In the enterprising cities of Buenos Ayres automobile carriages are no uncommon sight, in the form both of private vehicles and of delivery wagons. Cycle roads now radiate from Buenos Ayres to distances of 60 and 70 miles in the surrounding country, and under the care of the Argentine Touring Club these roads are reserved for the use of bicycles and automobiles.—Youth's Companion.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—MRS. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

**Uncompromising.**

Small Boy—Wanter buy a dog, mister?

Mr. Dignefide—Not that kind of a dog. Why, he looks as if he had fleas!

"He has got 'em, but yer got ter giv' dat dog credit fer wun t'ing."

"And what's that?"

"He don't like 'em."—Ohio State Journal.

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

**The Acme of Bliss.**

Cholly—My bwother is in luck. He's got a place as floor walkah in a dry goods store. He is there 16 hours a day.

Awther—I cawn't see the luck.

Cholly—You cawn't? Why, his pwants can nevah bag at the knees.—N. Y. Weekly.

**Food for the Caribs.**

Cassava and fish form the chief articles of food of the Caribs, of Guatemala, and the former is cultivated only in sufficient quantities for their daily needs, as a vegetable to eat with their fish and to make their strange bread.

**Stones as Diet.**

Crocodiles, like ostriches, swallow pebbles and small stones, which serve the purpose of grinding their food. The natives assert that it is possible to tell the age of a crocodile by the number of stones in its stomach, for they swallow one each year. In point of fact fifteen stones have been found in the stomach of a crocodile twelve feet long, whereas the average number for younger ones vary between four and eight. So says Mr. Voltkow, who has been studying this matter for several years.

**A London Railway Station.**

Waterloo station, in London, boasts one of the largest signal boxes in the world. To control the number of trains which pass in and out of the station, 18,000 distinct lever motions and 20,000 electrical signals are required. The shuntings alone in the course of four hours number 173, the actual cause and time of each shunt being duly reported.

Men never have much respect for a unpecked man.

## Morning Tiredness

Is a serious complaint. It's a warning that should be heeded. It is different from an honest tired feeling. It is a sure sign of poor blood. You can cure it by making your blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla. That is what other people do—thousands of them. Take a few bottles of this good medicine now and you will not only get rid of that weak, languid, exhausted feeling, but it will make you feel well all through the summer.

**Tired Feeling**—"I had that tired feeling and did not have life or ambition to accomplish my usual amount of household work. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief and also cured a scrofula tendency." MRS. R. MERRITT, Dowagiac, Mich.

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# DR. HARTMAN'S ADVICE.

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Mrs. F. W. Goulder 1306 Fourth ave., Rock Island, Ill., writes: "I was afflicted for five or six years with catarrhal difficulties and was growing worse all the time. I began taking your Peruna with a marked improvement from the first. Independent of curing that, the Peruna has greatly improved my general health."

"Every bottle of Peruna is worth its weight in gold; especially to me, for I owe my present good health to Peruna."

All over the country there are women who have been invalids for many years, suffering with female derangements which the family doctor cannot cure.

***What a boon to such women is Dr. Hartman's free advice! So famous has his skill made him that hardly a hamlet or town in the country but knows his name. He cures tens of thousands, and he offers to every woman who will write to him her symptoms and a history of her trouble, free advice and treatment.***

The medicines he prescribes can be obtained at any drug store, and the cost is within the reach of any woman. He describes minutely and carefully just what she shall do and get to make a healthy, robust woman of herself.

The doctor has written a book especially for this class of women, entitled "Health and Beauty." This book contains many facts of interest to women, and will be sent free to any address by ***Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.***

Immediately after the outbreak of the war in South Africa, 221 French officers resigned their commissions and enlisted with the Boers.

Japanese school boys are taken into the forests by their teachers, one day in the autumn, to engage in rabbit hunting.

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