THE WINDS AT PLAY.

These many days the winds have been at play,
And they have swept the sky
Clear of all clouds that barred their boisterous way
And marred their revelry!
With wild delight they yell as on they sweep
Across the trembling deep.

They lash the sleeping ocean into foam,
They strip the tossing trees,
They rudely drive belated wanderers home.
They tear across the leas.
No rest for them—from dawn to evensong
Their mirth is loud and long!

In ruined woods high carnival they hold;
The dry leaves pirouette,
A giddy whirl of scarlet and of gold!
Whilst down the rivulet,
Full to the brim, the russet spoils and red
Are to the ocean sped.

The golden elms to one another bend,
The revels wax apace,
The forest seems to dance from end to end,
The beeches interlace!
And for the orchestra to this mad crowd
The winds are piping loud.
—F. B. Doveton, in Westminster Gazette.

Hodge's Roof Garden Rhapsody

By JOHN H. RAFTERY.

J. Dillingham Hodge's mind was made up. Mm. Lunetta, the clairvoyant, had told him that he would make his fortune through Cupid, and therefore he buckled down to the business of winning his way. He had reached that age when his complexion worried him. Nature had not done much for him, and therefore he began to heed those arts which are supposed to make the old young and the young mature. He had begun to shave, but the hirsute results were as yet hardly tangible. Then there were those disfiguring pimples! Nothing seemed to quite reache them. He spent a good part of his salary buying hair growers and dermatological cure-alls, hoping against hope that soon the day would come when he would saily forth with waxed mustachios and an incomparable complexion to win the heiress.

No matter how gayly he attired his gangling form, the girls, or at least the desirable, well-groomed, knowing ones, never gave him a second glance. He followed the fashions as closely as an $18-a-week clerk can follow them, but it was no go. He couldn't "win" anybody on his looks. The big bows in his low-quarter shoes and the drop-stitch socks of vocal designs didn't help him at all. He began to think that he was foreordained to failure and that, being doomed to a loveless life. He must be a genius. Then he began to write "poems" about the moon and let his hair grow down over his raglan.

He was well launched on this phase of his decline when he met her. He was coming uptown on a Cottage Grove avenue car when he noticed standing on the back platform the one girl. She wore a maroon automobile, a Gainsborough hat, a diaphanous veil so palely blue that it glorified the wonderful beauty of her face, white gloves and a lot of other things that J. Dillingham couldn't name, but which exhaled a wondrous perfume and fluttered in the evening breeze like an angel's wings.

As he looked at her she seemed to regard him with a lingering interest.

"Aha," though J. Dillingham. "At last I am discovered! Now, indeed, I know what love at first sight is."

He began to hope that the train would collide with something so that he could rescue her. He speculated upon the possible conduct of her rich father when they should arrive at the mansion, whether he might offer a mere pecuniary reward and how he, J. Dillingham Hodge, having deposited a fainting girl upon the $400 divan, would spurn her father's gold and demand his daughter's hand. When she signaled the conductor to stop J. Dillingham sprang to his feet and beat her to the car step. He wanted to make sure that nobody jostled her, but the best he could do was to glare at a cab driver whose vehicle came rattling along a hundred feet away.

Then, like some errant knight of old, he determined to follow her like a guardian spirit, unseen but ever present, ready at a moment's warning to rush to her rescue. She seemed to flit along the sidewalk, so nimble was her graceful stride, and before Hodge realized that he had followed her two blocks he found himself close at her dainty, military heels as she fluttered into the elevator of the Masonic Temple and coyly gurgled: "Top floor, please."

"Joy, joy," murmured J. Dillingham, fumbling the $6 that lay in his trousers pocket. "Oh, joy! At least I can sit and watch her divine face till the show is over."

But he was destined to yet greater happiness. She had no sooner reached the roof garden door than she began to fumble in her purse. A pretty frown fretted her beautiful brow; she stamped her little foot fiercely on the tiles, bit her lip and snapped:

"Left it at home! How stupid!"

She was talking to herself, but Mr. Hodge heard her, and, with a recklessness that brought his heart bumping against his wisdom teeth, he accosted her with:

"I beg your pardon, madame, but I see you have forgotten your ticket and perhaps your money. May I have the honor of getting one for you?"

It was an audacious move, but the ardent Hodge's narrow chest heaved with conscious pride as he saw the demure smile of appreciation and even admiration that spread beneath her veil like a halo of warm light.

"Oh, thank you," she cooed, reading his card while he bought tickets for two.

For J. Dillingham Hodge there never was and perhaps never will be such a show as that which followed. It was the apotheosis of all that is grand and glorious in the traditions and achievements of the stage. He didn't even think of asking the name of his divinity till the intermission, and then, with unspeakable rapture he heard it. "Miss Grace," she whispered, "that will do for the present."

Never mind what Hodge said. He said everything he could think of, and therefore was silent, except for his speaking eyes and blushing ears.

Would she not like a little luncheon? he managed to ask her as he helped her out of the elevator with one hand and counted his remaining dollar with the other.

"So kind of you, Mr. Hodge," she tittered. "Yes, just a bite. It's perfectly dreadful for me to be out so late with a perfect stranger, but you've been so perfectly kind and, er—natural, he, he, he, ha-a, I was going to say 'just like an old shoe,' but you know what I mean. Feel like I'd known you for years."

"Oh, I don't know!" thought Hodge. "I guess I must be a poor hand at picking a winner."

He escorted the fair Grace to a fashionable cafe, and when she had discussed her "bite" and the bill was paid J. Dillingham had two dimes left. He gave them to the waiter with the grandest air he could command and then began to screw up his courage to the ordeal of hiring a cab "on credit." Of course he meant to take Miss Grace home, but when they reached the sidewalk she put an end to his glorified agony thus:

"Now, you must leave me, Mr. Hodge," smiling radiantly at him. "You know I live at the Auditorium and I couldn't think of your coming there with me at this hour."

Then the desperate J. Dillingham waxed eloquent indeed. He begged her to permit him to at least accompany her part of the way. She yielded on condition that he rest content to part a block from the hotel. Then he besought her for her full name, and with wondrous importunity asked that he might have the honor of visiting her.

"You may write to me," she said, after a pause in which he felt as if some splendid sibyl were about to pronounce his fate. "And now, good-night."

Her thrilling voice fell to a perfumed whisper as she added:

"Grace Miller. Write to me. Good-night."

She was gone. Hodge trod on air for two days after that. He wrote a letter to Miss Miller the next day and stayed at home the second so he'd get the answer the moment it came. It didn't come, but he was not to be denied. He wrote again and again. For five days he poured forth his callow soul in words so eloquent and periods so sonorous that all his former efforts at poesy seemed tame and trite. Then he began to "blow himself" for gayer and more costly raiment. He hinted to his fellow clerks that he was tired of the life of a bachelor and meant to marry very soon.

"Who is she?" grinned Schwartz, the woman hater.

"Oh, never you mind," sneered Hodge. "She's not in your set in society. Lives at the Auditorium, that's all. Millionaire father and an only child."

And the magnificence of J. Dillingham's new garments seemed to give verisimilitude and certainly color to his boasts.

Yet he waxed thin waiting for the letter that never came. He felt that his Grace had been already strangely gracious and began to suspect that she was now trying to discipline her impulsive heart while at the same time checking his too ready ardor. But after two weeks' waiting he could stand the suspense no longer.

Arrayed in all his sartorial glory, his hair parted into football tufts, alum in his pimples and a nosegay in his lapel, he braved the majesty of the hotel clerk, and extending a new, engraved card, asked that it be sent to Miss Grace Miller.

The clerk smiled as he summoned "Buttons."

The boy grinned as he darted toward the elevator.

J. Dillingham Hodge fumed and wondered at the impertinence as he impatiently paced the lobby.

"This way, Mr. Hodge," said the bellboy, touching his arm. And then the ardent lover followed that boy through the dark and devious hallways, up queer and misleading stairs and around food-smelling regions of the hotel.

"See here, boy," at last yelled the panting Hodge, "where is Miss Miller? Did she say she'd see me in her apartments or in the parlor?"

"She ain't got no say about it," snapped the lad. "She'll see yer in th' laundry 'r she won't see yer a tall. See?"

"Look here, my boy," gasped Hodge, slipping a quarter into the hand of the surprised Buttons, "stop. Tell me. Who is Miss Grace Miller?"

The boy stared a second at the quarter before he answered.

"Grace is de head laundress. Go t' de end o' dis hall an'—"

But J. Dillingham saw an open door that led into the alley and thither he fled.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Two Points of View.

"Do you believe in heredity, Mrs. Simpson?"

"Indeed I do. Every mean trait Bobby has I can trace right back to his father."

"Does his father believe in heredity, too?"

"Yes; he traces Bobby's faults all back to me."—Tit-Bits.

The Best Prescription for Malaria

Chills and fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

The news of both hemispheres—in The Weekly Oregonian.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

WASTE OF FORESTS.

Annual Penalty Resulting from Destruction of Trees.

Natural Impediments to River Floods in Ohio Recklessly Removed Leave Rich Lands Exposed to the Raging Waters.

The people along the Ohio river and its tributaries are now paying their annual penalty for nearly a century of forest waste. In and about Pittsburgh 50,000 men are idle because of the stoppage of factories by late floods. The losses of the railways alone will exceed $1,000,000. The damage to buildings, by delay of orders, by direct loss of wages, and in a dozen indirect waks, will foot up many millions more. All down the valley the destruction continues. At Cincinnati the flood has already reached the danger line, and may rise as high as the record-breaking mark of 1884, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Most people dismiss the ravages of flooded rivers as unavoidable accidents. But why did the Ohio in 1884 reach at Cincinnati the highest point on record? It is not reasonable to suppose that the rainfall that year was heavier than it had been on several previous occasions. The great damage wrought by the flood of 1884, and likely to be repeated this year, was due to the abnormal rapidity with which the water came down the river. More water did not fall, but it came faster. Why?

Because the hills of Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky had for years been stripped recklessly of their timber covering. Not only had the large and ripe trees been taken, but forest fires had swept away the undergrowth. The natural impediments which formerly held back the water were gone, and it descended all at once into the valleys. Hence these disastrous floods.

About the middle of the nineteenth century it began to be noticed that the Ohio ran lower in drought and higher in flood than formerly. The federal government was appealed to and sought to equalize the flow by the construction of dams. But these measures were only palliative and did not go to the root of the evil. All the dams that can be built will not regulate the waters as the natural growths upon the soil once did.

Of course these natural growths cannot wholly be restored, but something can be done in that direction. Much of the land about the Ohio's headwaters is more useful for growing trees than for any other purposes. That forest lands, intelligently managed, will yield a crop as regular as a wheat field's has been demonstrated. Scientific reforestation, under public control, will prove profitable both in the production of timber and in the prevention of floods.

The Ohio valley states now pay a heavy penalty in flood damages for the ignorance and recklessness of former generations. Until systematic effort is made to reforest the hills from which the Ohio draws its waters navigation will continue irregular, and disastrous floods will be of frequent occurrence. Probably it would take at least a century to restore something like natural conditions, but the time and effort would be amply repaid by the public benefit.

TOO BIG FOR THE TURRET.

An Amusing Anecdote Related by "Fighting Bob" Evans About a New Gunner.

Rear Admiral Robley D. ("Fighting Bob") Evans was one of the speakers at a banquet given in Boston the other night, and in concluding his speech told the following anecdote to illustrate a point he made, says the Chicago Chronicle.

"We were lying at Cienfuegos when I received a draft of 36 men. I had 600, but thought that possibly some of them might get killed and then they would have to give me some more. Among that draft there was one very fine, large fellow from Detroit. Before we got a chance to drill them we got the men on board. At two o'clock in the afternoon we stationed them, did what we call giving them the billet. That same evening before we got a chance to drill them we got the alarm: 'Torpedo-boats coming out!'

"When I passed to get on the bridge I felt a tug at my sleeve. It was the big fellow from Detroit. The electric light was near us.

"'Well, my man,' I said, being a little in a hurry, 'what is it?'

"'Well,' said he, 'I came down here to fight, and I want to fight, but I don't know where to go.'

"'Where are you stationed?' I asked.

"He pulled his billet out of his pocket, and, after reading it, said:

"'I am stationed in the port of that eight-inch turret.'

"I said: 'Here it is, right here.'

"'Well,' he replied, 'how in the blazes do you get into it?'"

Deaths of Royalty.

The lingering death of the late dowager empress of Germany has had few counterparts in English royal history. Twenty-five per cent. of the number that has reigned there since the Conquest met violent deaths. Two, Henry VII. and Edward VI., died of consumption. Old age, with its complication of physical troubles, helped to carry off Victoria, George III., Elizabeth, Henry VI., William VI., Edward III. and Henry III. Three died young, Edward V., at 14; Edward VI., at 16, and Henry VI., at 33. Queen Anne died comparatively young of apoplexy. Mary's death is said to have been due to sorrow over the loss of English territory in France. Henry VI.'s and George III.'s last days were clouded with dementia, and George II.'s demise was occasioned by the bursting of a blood vessel.—Philadelphia Times.

PEARY'S DISCOVERIES

Beneficial Results of the Explorer's Labors in the Arctics.

Detailed Account of His Trips Into the Frozen North and His Great Service to Arctic Exploration.

The greatest credit is due to that indomitable explorer, Lieut. Peary, for his latest work in defining the geography of the arctic regions. Although he has not yet succeeded in reaching the north pole, or, indeed, in traveling as far north as did Nansen and Abruzzi, he has made a contribution to our knowledge of the arctic regions which, in extent and usefulness, compares favorably with the work of any previous explorers, and may be regarded as an ample return for the risks and labors of his long season of exploration, says the Scientific American. As a result of his work around the northern coast of Greenland, the geographical boundaries of the great island of the northern hemisphere are now defined with scientific accuracy. The only break in the coast line consists of a short length of unsurveyed land between Independence bay—so named by Peary at the time of its discovery, nine years ago—and Cape Bismarck, on the east coast of Greenland. Thus the explorations of Greenland, which have been in progress now for a thousand years past, are practically completed by Peary's arduous labors and thoroughly scientific methods. His work, stated in detail, consists of surveying that portion of the coast line of Melville bay on the west of Greenland; a survey of the entire northwestern, north and northeastern coast as far south as Independence bay; and the accurate mapping out of the channel which extends through Smith's sound to the Arctic ocean on the north coast of Greenland. Peary has also traveled 2,400 miles on the great inland ice cap, and has located its extreme northern limits; twice he has crossed Grinnell Land, and he has also given us an accurate location of its western shore to a point considerably south of existing surveys. It is true that other explorers have traveled further north than he; but their work, although of great scientific interest, and carrying perhaps more of the elements of the spectacular, has not given to the world such a considerable increase in its geographical knowledge as results from Peary's latest travels.

Peary has also done great service to arctic exploration by proving that his theories as to the best method of traveling are correct. He set out on this last trip with the conviction that, if the north pole is ever to be reached, it must be done with the cooperation of the natives and with the extensive use of dogs and sledges. In his recent work he has given practical proof of the soundness of his theories. Early in the next spring it is his purpose to make a final "dash for the north pole" which, if successful, will add greatly to his well-earned fame. Should he succeed in reaching it, he will confer a double benefit upon arctic exploration, since he will at once settle a greatly overrated, but much considered question, and by so doing will divert the energy of subsequent explorers to the more useful work of mapping out the undiscovered regions within the arctic circle and rounding out to completeness our geographical knowledge of the northern hemisphere.

They Knew Him.

"Here's another story about 'the oldest inhabitant,'" he remarked, looking up from his paper.

"Who is he?" she asked, although without displaying much interest.

"I know," broke in the bright little girl.

"So do I," asserted the smart little boy.

"You know who the oldest inhabitant is," repeated the father in surprise. "Well, who is it, Ethel?"

"It's the man who dies so often," answered the bright little girl. "You're always reading about him in the paper."

"Huh!" ejaculated the smart little boy, scornfully, "I guess you don't know what you're talking about. It's the fellow that's always remembering about cold winters and hot summers when the weather's bad."—Chicago Post.

COW SPORTED FALSE TAIL.

And the Artificial Appendage Was the Cause of a Prolonged Law Suit.

A cow with a false tail figured the other day in a suit for damages before Alderman William A. Means, and because the tail was bogus the suit was withdrawn and the costs were paid by the prosecutor, reports the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Charles Campbell, of Mohler street, entered suit against Henry Meller, of Wheeler street, for damages alleged to have been caused by the ravages in Campbell's garden by a cow, which was said by neighbors to belong to Meller. It was Campbell's own cow, but he did not recognize it without the tail. The case was to have come to a hearing one morning, but at the appointed hour Campbell appeared, withdrew the suit and paid the costs. He then explained the reason to Alderman Means.

Early in the week Campbell bought a cow from John McGuire, who, he said, lives in Frankstown road. He brought the cow home and turned her loose in his garden, but was astonished the other mornigg to find what appeared to be a strange cow in his patch. The animal had no tail. He was told by some neighbors that the animal belonged to Meller, and the same morning he entered suit before Alderman Means. He also chased the cow out. When he returned to figure up the extent of damage done in his garden he found a cow's tail with bits of rawhide sticking to it. This and other information convinced Campbell that the cow was the one he had bought and which had switched off her tail. For this reason he withdrew the suit.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office,
Oregon City, Oregon, June 9, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Ada L. Simpson, of Albany, county of Linn, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 5777, for the purchase of the N. W. ¼ of sec. No. 25, in Tp. No. 10 S, Range No. 4 E, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the county clerk of Linn county, at Albany, Oregon, on Monday, the 25th day of August, 1902.

She names as witnesses: John T. Simpson and L. M. Crowder of Albany, Oregon, L. T. Henness, of Gates Oregon, and J. E. Welch, of Minto, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 25th day of August, 1902.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land office,
Oregon City, Oregon, June 10, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Ella T. Noble, of Portland, county of Multnomah, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 5779, for the purchase of the S. ½ S. W. ¼ & S. ½ S. E. ¼ of Sec. 8 in Tp. No. 11, S., Range No. 2 E., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for Agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 2nd day of September, 1902.

She nrmes as witnesses: Clark Gaines, of Larwood, Oregon, M. N. Yoeman, of Lacomb, oregon, Ralph Hardenbrook, of Portland, oregon, and John Helvie, of Mulino, oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 2nd day of September 1902.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon.
May 31, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at Oregon City, Oregon, on July 21, 1902 viz: Augustus E. Watson; H. E. 11678 for the Lots 9, 10, 15 and 16 of Sec. 18, T. 10 S., R. 4 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

T. S. Hensley, of Gates, Oregon, and W. D. Mohney, Elmer white and William W. Hepburn, all of Salem, Oregon.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

NOTICE.

Scio, Oregon, May 16, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that the Bank of Scio, a corporation has sold its one half interest in the Scio Roller Mills to Henry Miller and the partnership existing between the Bank of Scio and G. W. Phillips is now dissolved.

Also, that on the 20th day of January, 1902, its bank building and personal property was sold to T. J. Munkers, and and its other assets to J. F. Gaines, and that its business is now closed and the corperation dissolved.

BANK OF SCIO.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has this day filed in the county court of Linn county, Oregon, her final account as administratrix of the estate of Hannah Brenner, late of said county, deceased, and that said court has fixed Saturday, the 9th day of August, 1902, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., as the time for hearing objections to said account and the settlement thereof.

Dated July 9th, 1902.

ELIZABETH BILYEU,
Administratrix.

Hewitt & Sox,
Attorneys for Administratrix.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the county court of Linn county, Oregon, their final account as administrators with the will annexed of the estate of W. W. Richardson, late of said county, deceased, and that said court has fixed Saturday, August 9th, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. as the time for hearing objections to said account and the settlement thereof.

MARY E RICHARDSON
M. N. RICHARDSON,
Administrators.

Hewitt & Sox,
Attorneys for Administrators.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as administrator of the estate of Peter S. Brenner, deceased, has filed his final account in said estate matter with the County Clerk of Linn county, Oregon, and the County Court has fixed Saturday, the 9th day of August, 1902, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day for the hearing of said account and the final settlement of said estate. Any and all persons having objections thereto are hereby notified to be present and present the same.

Dated this 9th day of July, 1902.

Wm. BRENNER,
Administrator.

J. N. Duncan,
Attorney for Administrator.

SAVING'S BANK FREE

SEND YOUR ADDRESS TO THE Pacific Newspaper Union, 927 Market St., San Francisco, and secure free a beautiful Nickel Saving's bank, also full particulars regarding the new three volume 1902 International Encyclopaedic Dictionary which is now being furnished to readers of this paper for only 5 cents a day.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

GREAT DIAMOND FINISHED.

One of the Greatest Kimberley Gems Has Been Cut and Sold in This Country.

For six days a week since June, a workman had been engaged in cutting and polishing the largest diamond ever brought to this country. One day lately it was finished, says a New York exchange. The final bit of polishing was done in a workshop at No. 142 West Fourteenth street, and the diamond was ready for the market. Like all large diamonds, this one has a name. It is called the Ernestine, and as such is destined to become famous.

The Ernestine has a history. In the days when Baden-Powell and his small band of men were besieged by the Boers in Kimberley, the Kaffirs were kept busy in the mines. In what might be termed the height of the siege the big diamond was found. For a day work was suspended, and the soldiers left the trenches to get a look at the great stone in the rough.

When the siege was raised the first shipment from the mines was the stone found while the siege was going on. It was taken to London, and there attracted the attention of an American. Others wished it, but the buyer of uncut stones from this country said nothing was too good for America, and the stone was sold to him. It generally was supposed that the cutting of the great gem would be intrusted to some European firm, but the purchaser preferred to have it done under his own supervision in his own shop.

In the rough the stone weighed 326 karats. The cutting has reduced this, but it was estimated that the Ernestine when finished would be worth more than $40,000.

The owner said the other day that the diamond had been sold and had left his hands. The name of the purchaser he refused to reveal, but intimated that it would be made public in a short time. It is understood that a dealer in stones has purchased it, and that the final owner will be a woman of wealth, who has been after the Ernestine ever since it was brought to this country.

The Shasta Route.

In going over the famous "Shasta Route" of the Southern Pacific Co., the traveler ever finds something new to excite his admiration and interest. Starting at Portland one traverses the whole length of the Willamette Valley, the gem of the Northwest. Mt. Hood, Mt. Jefferson, and the Three Sisters and other snow-capped peaks are kept in sight for hours. The prunes, peaches, apples and other fruits are a delight in themselves. The crossing of the great mountain barrier between Oregon and California reveals the grandest mountain scenery in the United States. The wonderful array of towering mountains, and gorges into which we gaze from dizzy heights, forest clad mountain slopes streching up to the line of perpetual snow, and the foaming mountain streams dashing fiercely down deep canons, now and then stopping for a short rest in some quiet pool. After a days enjoyment of old Mt. Shasta, the finest peak on the continent, we drop rapidly down the canon of the Sacramento to the broad plains of the Sacramento Valley in California, and thence through vineyards and orchards to San Francisco.

For maps and descriptive literature address

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Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It is unequalled for all stomach troubles.

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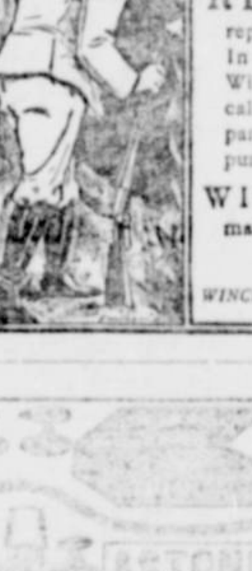

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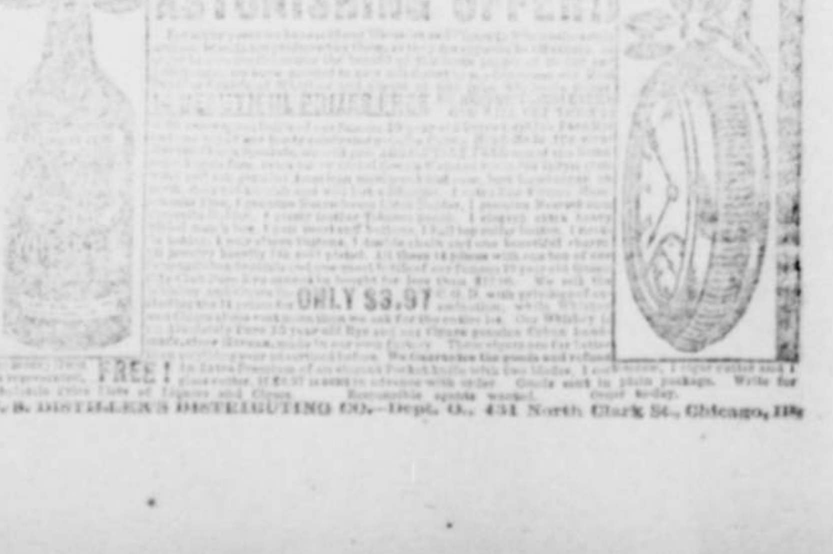

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