A RACE WITH DEATH

Translated from the French by Giselle D'Unger.

"YOU are a dead man!" said the doctor, regarding Anatole fixedly.

Anatole was staggered by this announcement. He had come to pass the evening with his old friend, Dr. Bardais, the illustrious scholar, recognized by all the world as an authority on poisonous substances. But Anatole had learned to appreciate, more than all, the nobility of heart and fatherly kindness of the good old doctor, and now, without consideration or regard for his feelings he heard from his own lips this terrible prognostication.

"Unfortunate child!" continued the doctor, "what have you been doing?"

"Nothing that I know," stammered Anatole, deeply troubled.

"Think! try to remember! Tell me what you have eaten, drank or inhaled?"

This last word proved a ray of light for Anatole. The same morning he had received a letter from one of his friends who was touring in India. In the letter he found a flower gathered from the bank of the Ganges by the voyager, a red flower of fantastic shape, and the odor, he recalled now, was peculiarly penetrating. Anatole searched in his pocketbook and found the letter and the flower, which he showed to the learned man.

"Without doubt!" cried the doctor. "It is the Pyramenensis Indica, the death flower, the flower of the blood!"

"You believe this truly?"

"I am positive of it."

"But it is not possible! I am but 25 years of age. I am full of life and health!"

"At what hour did you open this fatal letter?"

"At nine o'clock this morning."

"Ah, well! At the same hour tomorrow morning, at the same minute, in full health, as I say, you will experience certain palpitation in the heart, and all will be over."

"And you know of no remedy?"

"Not one!" returned the doctor, hiding his head in his hands, and he fell upon the sofa, overcome with grief and despair.

Seeing the emotion of his old friend, Anatole realized that he was condemned to die. He became like one insane.

All night, in a fever of agitation, his brain topsy-turvy, Anatole darted up and down the boulevard, unconscious of his surroundings and that the streets were gradually becoming deserted. For a long while he ran thus until he fell exhausted on a bench.

The rest was beneficial. He had been like a man who had received a blow on the head. The stupefaction was leaving now and he commenced to collect his ideas which had been so overthrown.

"My situation," thought he, "is that I am condemned to die! I must accept this without hope, but with grace. How much time have I to live?"

He looked at his watch.

"Three o'clock a. m. It is time to go to bed. I rest? Should I sleep these last few hours? No. I have certainly much to do—but what? Parbleu! My will to make."

A restaurant was near that remained open all night. He entered.

"Waiter! A bottle of champagne and a bottle of ink."

He drank a glass of Cliquot and then looked at the paper dreamily.

"To whom shall I leave this legacy of 6,000 francs a year? I have neither father nor mother. It is fortunate for them. Among all whom I count as friends, I know not one—ah! Nicette."

The last wishes were quickly written and all was bequeathed to Nicette.

It was done. Anatole drank a second glass of champagne.

"Poor Nicette!" thought he. "She was very sad the last time that I saw her. Her guardian, who knows naught of the world except those musicians, those brass blowers at the Conservatoire—was not prudent in promising her hand to one so brutal whom she detests. Indeed, she detests him as much as she loves another, if I am at all learned in those plain avowals of reticence and embarrassment. Who is the happy mortal? I am ignorant, but it is certainly true that she is well worthy of the one whom she has chosen. Good, sweet, beautiful, loving Nicette merits an ideal husband. Ah! she is just the wife I should have if—. It is infamous to force, to degrade the life of such a treasure with such a brute. Why should I not be the chevalier of Nicette? It is said that to-morrow morning—to-morrow it will be too late. I must act now. It is a little unseasonable to call, but when I am told that I will die in five hours I care little for such conventionalities. Come! My life for Nicette!"

It was four a. m. when Anatole rang the bell at the door of the guardian of Nicette. M. Bouvard himself came to the door in his night cap, and very much frightened.

"Am I right in supposing you have caused me this inconvenience to communicate something of importance to me?"

"Very important, M. Bouvard. It is that I wish you to renounce the marriage of my little cousin Nicette to M. Capdenac."

"Never! monsieur. Never!"

"It is not necessary to say never nor always."

"Monsieur, my resolution is made; the marriage will take place."

"It will not!"

"We shall see! And now that you have my answer, I will not detain you."

"This is a little more amiable. I am right if a little tenacious. I am not offended at your actions and I remain."

"Remain if you wish. I consider you as having gone, and I speak no more." And M. Bouvard turned away grumbling.

All at once M. Bouvard leaped for his bed.

Anatole had secured the professor's trombone, upon which he blew a violent blast, loud and deafening. It sounded as if the inferno had broken loose.

"My trombone of honor presented by my pupils! Put down the instrument, monsieur!"

"Monsieur, you consider me as one gone. I consider you as one absent and I am amusing myself until you return. Hein! a fine note!"

"You will have me put out. My landlord will not tolerate the trombone for a minute!"

"M. Capdenac is a terrible man! If I insult him thus, he will kill me!"

"Is this the only reason?"

"It is the reason above all others."

"In that case leave it to me; swear to me that if I obtain the consent of M. Capdenac my cousin shall be free."

"Yes, monsieur, she shall be free."

"Bravo! I have your word of honor. You will permit me to retire. Apropos, where does M. Capdenac live?"

"One hundred Rue des Deux-Epees."

"I run at once. Au revoir."

"Bah! You run to throw yourself into the mouth of the lion and you will receive the lesson you merit."

Meanwhile, Anatole ran to the address given him. When he arrived it was six o'clock a. m.

"Who comes?" said a deep voice.

"Open. A communication of importance from M. Bouvard."

The walls of the antechamber appeared to vanish under the numerous accouterments. In the little room where Capdenac received his visitor nothing but arms was seen; Turkish swords or yataganș, poisoned arrows, sabers, swords for one and two hands, pistols, etc. A veritable arsenal. It was enough to cause a timid soul much dismay.

"Bah!" thought Anatole. "What is it that I risk? there are but 2½ hours left now!"

"Monsieur," said Anatole, "you wish to marry Mlle. Nicette?"

"Oui, monsieur!"

"Monsieur, you cannot marry her!"

"Ah, young man!" he said, finally. "You have the good luck to find me in a pleasant mood. Profit by it. Do you know that I have fought 20 times, and that I have had the misfortune to kill five of my adversaries and to wound 15 others? Go! I pity your youth. Once more, go!"

"I know," said Anatole, "of your reputation and that you are an adversary worthy of me, and my desire is to measure swords with so redoubtable an adversary. Will you take the two swords from the mantle? or the two naval hatchets? or the cavalry sabers? or the cuirassiers weapons? What do you say to these curved yatagans? You have not decided? What will you do?

"I like your bravery. Do you wish me to acknowledge something?"

"Speak."

"For some time I have wished to give up this marriage, but I did not know how it would be understood. I consent, then, very willingly, to your wish, but I wish you to understand that I have not been intimidated by your menaces."

"Will you write and sign your decision?"

"I have such admiration for you that I can refuse you nothing."

Supplied with the precious paper, Anatole ran to the house of M. Bouvard. He arrived at the door at eight a. m.

"Who is there?"

"Anatole."

M. Bouvard opened it. Anatole delivered the paper to him, and cried as he ran to the door:

"Cousin, rise and dress quickly and come here!"

Almost instantly Nicette appeared as fresh as Aurora.

"What is it?"

"It is that your cousin is mad!" said M. Bouvard.

"Mad!" cried Anatole, "but, remember, Nicette, that my madness is for good to you. This night, my little cousin, I have obtained two things: M. Capdenac has renounced your hand and your excellent guardian consents that you shall marry the one you love."

"Truly? My guardian, you wish that I marry Anatole?"

"Hein?" said Anatole, in amazement. "It is you I love, my cousin."

At this moment Anatole felt his heart palpitate violently. Was it the pleasure caused by this unexpected avowal of Nicette? Was it the anguish predicted by the doctor? Was it death?

Taking feverishly the hands of Nicette, he told her all; the letter he received, the flower he inhaled, the prognostication of his old friend, the will he wrote, the measures taken and the success obtained.

"And now that I have perfected all, I must die!"

"But it is not possible!" said Nicette. "The physician is deceived. Who is he?"

"A man who is never deceived, Nicette. Dr. Bardais."

"Bardais! Bardais!" cried Bouvard, suddenly, beginning to laugh. "Listen while I read my journal: 'The learned Dr. Bardais has unexpectedly become afflicted with a mental malady. The madness is an attack of scientific character. All know the doctor was occupied especially with diseases relative to venomous substances and the effect of poisons. He believed finally that all whom he met were poisoned and tried to persuade them to this belief. He has been transported this night to the maison du docteur Blanche or home for the insane.'"

The two young people embraced each other ardently.—Radford Review.

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.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

CASEINE INDUSTRY.

New Use for Buttermilk Has Been Lately Discovered.

Transformed Into Buttons and Glue—A Branch of Business That Is of Great Benefit to the Farmer.

In the last ten years the caseine industry of this country has developed into one of the best investments for both the farmer and the manufacturer. It is not so long ago that buttermilk was such a drug on the market that it was regarded as a food for pigs or as a waste substance to be thrown away. This has been changed, and, where formerly the dairyman obtained nothing for the liquid, he now converts it into caseine, either in his own dairy or in a factory owned by the caseine trust. Caseine is an albumenose substance, best known to the average citizen in the form of cheese. It contains as much nitrogen as meat, more than eggs, and much more than fish. Its food value is therefore very high. Thus far this feature has not been utilized in the United States, all our own caseine being used for other industries, but vast quantities go to France and Germany, where they are transferred into artificial foods. The manufacture is now up in the millions of pounds, and is increasing annually. Some is converted into buttons. This is done by mixing the caseine with fine clay and other inorganic materials made into a paste, rolled, stamped and baked. It makes a light, glossy and handsome button, and is much stronger than the one made of chinaware alone. In the matter of small buttons and studs, it can be made iridescent or colored to suit the public fancy, says the New York Post.

Thus far in our own land caseine has been put to low utilitarian purposes. By chemical treatment, it is changed into a very strong glue, which is used in making veneers. Several great cooperages out west now make barrel-heads of these veneers, and save one or two pounds of weight, and at the same time get a stronger and handsomer barrel head. These veneers are also employed for chair-seats, car-seats, sounding-boards, and piano-cases. A second use is as a constituent of water pulp. Caseine is snow white, and, when mixed with wood pulp, straw pulp, and similar bodies gives a whiter and clearer product, and also one that is less brittle and more durable. This mixed pulp is made into paper for newspapers, writing-paper, wall-paper, and paper boxes. The white boxes which the more enterprising shoe dealers and department stores now affect are the results of this industry.

Caseine mingled with lime makes a liquid covering, intermediate between whitewash and paint, which possesses a handsome gloss, and is very much cheaper than the latter. The lime reacts upon it and makes it both waterproof and, to a certain extent, fireproof. As a finish for fine leather goods, it is now employed in at least 50 of the leading works of the country. It is particularly adapted for fine kids, goat-skins, dog-skins, calf and sheepskins. It is also used as a finish for the outside of lead pencils, penholders and other wooden wares.

RAISIN SEEDING.

New Occupation for New York Women and How the Work Is Done.

The public belief that raisin seeds produce appendicitis has created an unusually large demand for seeded raisins. Nearly every grocer now carries a large stock, and several houses make this their exclusive business. Outside of the houses the work is done on an extensive scale by poor women of the East side. Most of them receive the raisins from grocers, seed and return them, receiving a small amount per pound. Those who can afford it use the ingenious little mechanisms which have been invented for the purpose, while the others rely upon a sharp knife, a steel fork, and their own muscular fingers. A few intelligent toilers employ clumsy inventions of their own, a favorite one being a screen of wires through which they force the seeds, says the New York Post.

The work is done in tenement-houses, and very often in the cellars. Nothing is allowed to go to waste; the seeds and the little pulp which is lost with the latter is put aside until the amount is five or ten pounds in weight. They are then placed in barrels, covered with water, and fermented. The fermentation changes the fluid into the popular raisin wine so common on the East side. This time of the year is the harvest season of the trade. The demand is but moderate in October, is large in November, and attains the maximum just before and during the Christmas holidays. The raisins themselves are usually classified according to their size, quality, and the purpose for which they are intended. The best go to the table, where they form a dessert dainty. The second quality is used for wedding-cakes, Christmas and New Year's cakes, and the macedoines popular among our foreign citizens. The third and poorest class is used for pies, puddings, cheap cakes, poultry stuffing and the making of sauces.

TELEGRAPHING TIME

Eleven Thousand Miles of Wire Monopolized by the Operator.

Every Beat of the Arteries of Commerce Suspended While He Manipulates the Keys—An Impressive Performance.

"How We Set Our Watches by a Star" is told by W. S. Harwood in St. Nicholas, who says:

"It is three minutes to nine o'clock at night. The official in charge of a great observatory, the Goodsell observatory, Northfield, Minn., is preparing to send out the time to the people living in his section of America. For 60 seconds he rattles away on a telegraph-instrument at his desk, spelling out the word 'time, time, time;' then he waits an instant. Then he turns to his telegraph-key again. Eleven thousands of miles of wire are open to him; he is ruler of them all. Every telegraph-instrument in all the vast territory of which the Goodsell observatory is the center is silent; every operator has taken his hand from his key; throughout the whole length of these thousands of miles there is a strange silence.

"The seconds are slowly ticking away. Above the head of the observer there is a great observatory clock. At precisely two minutes to nine, after the telegraphers all along the miles of wire have been notified and have withdrawn their hands from the keys, the wires are switched into a connection with the very clock itself, and all along the eleven thousands of miles there is no sound but the tick, tick, tick of the observatory clock. Every beat of the great arteries of commerce is stopped; every throb of the news of all lands going out night by night over these wires from the great heart of the world ceases; even the sad messages of death and suffering, as well as the gay ones that tell of little babies born and young folks married and reunions of friends promised—all these must wait while the great clock on the wall makes itself understood in the language of time and eternity over these many thousands of miles.

"Something strangely solemn is in one's thoughts as he stands beside the observer amid the silent seconds while the clock ticks on. Whoever is listening at the wire along its course, waiting to set his watch, whether he be a railroad employe or some man in a large jeweler's establishment where the people go to get their timepieces regulated, knows the system, and knows that there is a sudden pause just before the exact stroke of nine o'clock—a broken beat in the ticking. Then all carefully note their timepieces as the clock in the observatory ticks the nine-o'clock second. Thus they can tell to the second whether their watches are fast or slow or precisely right.

"Attached to the clock is a simple device—a wheel with teeth in it—located behind the second-hand, which breaks the current at each even second. Thus the clock is ticking the time over the whole stretch of wire covering the thousands of miles of territory in the field of this particular observatory."

SCIENTIFIC BARBERS.

Turned Out by the Barbers' Colleges Possess an Unusual Assortment of Useful Talents.

JOHN SMITH,
Barber, Dentist, Dermatologist.

If the new methods of scientific teaching instituted by the barber schools prove a success such signs as the above may become a common sight in our large cities. It is the intention, reports the Chicago Tribune, to unite the barbers' profession with that of dentistry, and also to imbue the pupil with a knowledge of the physician's art sufficient to enable him to treat all kinds of skin diseases and to care for the face so as to keep it in a healthy condition.

In the future a barber shop will be rated according to the college diplomas it can display. Without leaving his chair it will be possible for a man to have his whiskers amputated, his face washed and all facial blemishes cured and removed, his teeth cleaned and a tough molar pulled. It is proposed to have a tonsorial chair added to all the leading dental colleges and to prefix the title of "Dr." to all graduate barbers.

"If a dentist has the privilege to call himself doctor," said one of the barber professors the other day, "why hasn't a barber who has graduated from a reputable college the same right? Any barber with ordinary intellect can learn to fill teeth and pull them in a couple of months, and there is more skill required in a barber's profession than in that of a dentist."

Dentists laugh at the new departure of the professional barbers and say they are laboring under a hallucination when they try to unite the two crafts.

Already the science of massaging the face has been introduced into many up-to-date shops, and compressed air and a number of the latest mechanical and scientific discoveries are brought into use. A barber who is not a dermatologist has no place in the scientific shops of the cities to-day. It is the custom to ask for the diploma of a barber who is in search of a position among the large shops, and a master barber hesitates to give an applicant a trial if he is lacking in this respect. The classes in the barber schools are divided into various departments and recite lessons and receive demonstrations from a regular corps of competent men. They practice what has been gained in the lecture hall at the poor houses and on the tramps, who receive free treatment. According to the circulars of one of the schools, "they never kick," as they know that it costs them nothing and it is one of the conditions that no protest be lodged if their eyelashes, instead of their beard, are separated from their anatomies, or the face is shaved clean of skin and hair with the same operation.

The mixture of hair tonics, dyes, face creams and remedies to remove pimples, blackheads and the like is thoroughly taught and the system as a whole is said to be so complete that at a glance the up-to-date barber can tell if a bald head results from a short bed or sickness; can tell if a man is single by the way he has his mustache trimmed, learns to know what nationality his girl is from the kind of toilet water preferred, and how well off financially he is by the number of extras he uses.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

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 names as witnesses: Clark Gaines, of Larwood, Oregon, M. N. Yeoman, 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 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 we Bare free a beautiful Nickel Saving's bank, also full particulars regarding the new three volume 1902 International Encyclopedic Dictionary which is now being furnished to readers of this paper for only 5cents a day.

IS 144 AND STILL WORKS.

That Is the Account Given by Her Neighbors of Martina Celada, a Peruvian Woman.

Here is a case of longevity vouched for by El Morro, of Arica, a city in one of the Peruvian provinces held for ransom by Chili:

In the valley of Codpa, in the same province, it says that there is a woman named Martina Celada, who is 144 years old and to this day works in the fields. According to her many relatives living in Arica she was born in 1757, and has seen most of the noted men of the South American wars of independence.

This old woman has seen three centuries, the eighteenth, the nineteenth and the dawn of the twentieth. She was twice married, the first time at the age of 40, and the second when she was 60. Her sons and daughters are all dead; some of her grandchildren are living, and she has great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren. Two of the last generation are of marriageable age, so the old lady may yet live to see her fifth generation.

The old woman has some means, but she does not want to enjoy them, because she says it is not yet time. She wants to live as she does in order to entertain all that come to her house.

Dona Martina is somewhat blind, for something like a film of flesh covers her eyes; she has completely lost her hearing; and her power to think went shortly after her sight. But she can still walk very well through the fields she cultivates, and as late as 1899 she was known to climb up a fig tree to gather the fruit.

It may be said in passing that such stories of great old age are not very uncommon in Peru, where the facility for gaining a living and the equable climate seem to conduce to longevity. It is a very common thing to see Indians (cholos) who are said to be as old as 100 years or more, doing their daily work with the ease of a young man and carrying their years as lightly as in the days of their youth.

Strangest Baptism on Record.

An extraordinary ceremony was performed in Cape Town a few weeks ago. A lion tamer had been giving an exhibition for several days, and one evening he informed the audience that he had just become a father and he intended to baptize the infant on the following day in the lions' cage. Those who heard him thought he was joking, but when they reached the exhibition hall the next evening they found that he was in dead earnest.

In the cage he stood, surrounded by his assistants, and near him were seated three women—his wife, one of her friends and the godmother of the infant. To the left of them stood the clergyman, holding the baby in his arms, and behind him was a gigantic African named Leo, who was to act as godfather on the occasion. Facing this fearless group were two huge lions, whose every action showed that they were immeasureably surprised at the intrusion of so many strangers into their domicile. Moreover, their surprise was the greater since, in honor of the event, their cage was wreathed with flowers and splendidly illumintaed with electric lights.

The ceremony was duly performed, and while it lasted the lions behaved with "perfect propriety," much to the satisfaction and surprise of the immense crowd which thronged the hall.

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

W. E. COMAN,
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Portland, Oregon

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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.

It can't help but do you good

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago
The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

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THE SOUTH'S LITERARY WEEKLY

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The SUNNY SOUTH is the Great Literary Weekly of the South. It is devoted to Literature, Romance, Fact and Fiction, and gives the best of all that is current in its field. Among its contributors the most noted southern writers appear: Joel Chandler Harris, Harry Stillwell Edwards and others of growing fame. Serial stories from Anthony Hope, Maurice Thompson, Sidney R. Crockett, Mrs. George Corbett and Arthur W. Marchmont have appeared, and others are in waiting from the pen of authors of national note. A short story contest brought out nearly five hundred splendid short stories, all worthy a place in The SUNNY SOUTH'S readable columns. Other contests are contemplated that will successfully exploit the ripening field of talent that only needs such fostering to illustrate the wealth that is shy to assert itself.

The SUNNY SOUTH teems with the life of the great south. The genial sunshine warms everything into activity, and the season is never cold enough to check the hand of industry. The paper comes fragrant with the breath of the magnolia and pine, and gives out the very air of the orange, palm and bay. The beauty and pathos, the romance and mystery of the land where the corn stores up the golden sunshine and the cotton whitens in the moonlight, will be given in the well-filled columns of this fascinating weekly.

The subscription price is Only Fifty Cents a year, alike to all persons, agents, newspapers, postmasters and every one else. Clubs of five, accompanied by the full $2.50, entitle the club raiser to the paper one year gratis.

Send on a Postal Card the names of six of your neighbors who would appreciate the opportunity to read a copy of The Sunny South, and one sample will be mailed free. You can get your club of five out of these very people.

The SUNNY SOUTH enters over 50,000 American homes now; and during 1902 is sure to be welcomed in fully as many more homes, as the great weekly feast of good things, the Southern Literary Weekly, whose columns for 1902 will be the most readable of all the papers that come to you.

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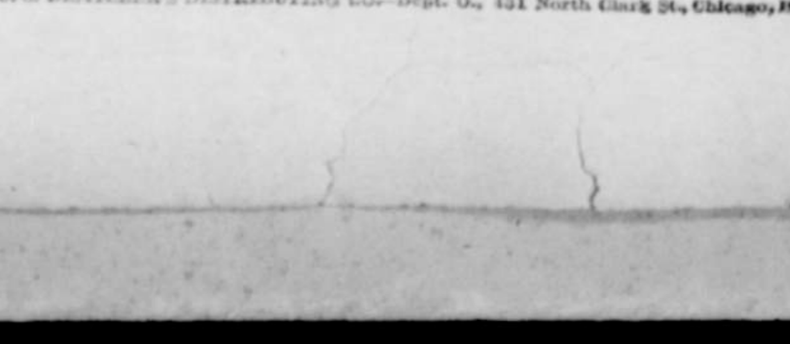

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