"In Union There is Strength."

True strength consists in the union, the harmonious working together, of every part of the human organism. This strength can never be obtained if the blood is impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the standard prescription for purifying the blood.



The Right Hon. James Bryce, author of the "American Common-wealth," has been elected president of the Alpine Club.

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

In Japan fashion compels married women to blacken their teeth, not as an ornament, but to make them ugly and save them from temptation.

Beware of Fraud!

Every success breeds imitators and counter-feiters. Look out for substitutes when you ask for Cascarets Candy Cathartic. All druggists, loc, 25c, 50c

The year 47 B. C. was the longest year on record, as it had, by order of Julius Caesar, 445 days.

Tested and true. Oregon Blood Purifier.

Eight of the olive trees in the historical Garden of Olives, in Jerusalem, are known to be over one thousand vears old.

There was a young man from Lenore, Who boldly went off to the war; The "beef" made him sick, He recovered quite quick By the prompt use of old Jesse Moore.

Ten per cent of the cage canary birds drift into consumption, and they communicate the disease to those who keep

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousnes after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 930 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Newsboys' Union of Louisville, Ky., has decided to assess its members five cents per week to maintain a home for indigent members.

Among the Egyptians embalming ceased about 700 A. D.



An Excellent Combination.

effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and sub-stance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package. CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, RY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

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PORTLAND WIRE & IRON WORKS; WIRE and iron fencing; office railing, etc. 334 Alder. Machinery and Supplies.

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PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Ernest Barton, specialty, diseases of the Skin and Rectal Surgery. 131 3rd St., Portland.



NO PLACE LIKE THE FARM.

I used to kind o' think I'd sort o' like to settle down

An' mebbe quit this farmin' an' enjoy a

An' clean furgit the atmosphere of worry an' of toil That seems to wettle 'roun' you when you're till'a' of the soil.

I've tried it an' I'm satisfied. I'm goin' home ag'in. Compared to all them snow drifts country

mud is slick an' thin. An' when the fuel's gettin' low 'twill do

my feelin's good To know the ax is handy fur to chop a load o' wood.

I'm goin' home ag'in; out where there isn't any law To keep a man from sittin' down and

waitin' for a thaw, I used to think 'twas hard to spade the ground; but I dunno;

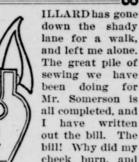
It's easier diggin' garden than it is to shovel snow.

I'm goin' back to where the pantry's allus full o' pie, An' the bacon from the rafter is a-hangin'

not too high. Where all you've got to do is lift your rations from the peg,

An' the hens don't want a nickel every time they lay an egg. -Washington Star.

From My Diary.



bill! Why did my cheek burn, and my hand tremble over the task, as if it were a disgrace to ask for the money we have honestly earned? Perhaps it is because it is something new for Mildred and me to work for our daily

bread. Only two years ago we could pay others for the stitches put into our years ago! Then small-pox took our very much to say to you" father, and brought me to the confines of the grave. When the funeral was over, and friends examined our father's affairs, they found every dollar was claimed by creditors, and we were left poor, as well as orphaned.

Some of the friends, who pitied us, saved enough to buy a wee cottage on Long Island, and when I could take up the burden of life again. I was allowed to select furniture from our old house for the new one. All through this dreadful time Mildred was at the White Mountains with Aunt Janet, and we were glad she was spared. My beauty was never very marvelous, so when the small-pox scarred it, and left my skin a deep, unsightly red, I could not grieve as I should have done if The pleasant method and beneficial Mildred's exquisite loveliness had been so swept away.

She came home after all danger of contagion was over, to our little cottage. Aunt Janet had given her a complete outfit of mourning, made in the latest fashions-for Aunt Janet would consult a fashion-plate for her shroud, if she knew she was dying-and she looked fairer than ever in the somber garments.

Poor Mildred! She is only twenty now, and she never knew what work meant till father died. How can I blame her when she smiles upon Mr. Somerson, and lets his great, noble heart trust in a love she only feigns for him. He does love her! What else can his constant visits mean?

True, he is nearly fifty, and Mildred seems only a petted, careless child yet, though she is only five years younger than I am.

Poor Mildred! Whein I spoke of Mr. Somerson to-day, in spite of her careless voice and the pretty toss of her head, I could see a silent pain in her soft, violet eyes. She will marry him, while I am sure, oh! so bitetrly sure. she will never forget Rodney. Rodney, who sailed over the seas when Mildred was supposed to be a rich man's child, and carried her heart with him, only to crush it under his long silence when sorrow came.

I never understood it. I would have have been so sure of Rodney's loyalty. He seemed to me the very personification of frank truth, of tender love, yet for two years he has never written of Mildred, who loved him, who loves him

still. It is seven months since Mr. Somerson came here, bringing a letter from friend of her own and our mother's, recently returned from California and very rich. I wonder why I fancy he loved our mother? No one ever told me so! But he looks at me with such tender, yearning eyes sometimes, as if I reminded him of some one loved and lost, and I am like my mother. She was dark and small, not like Mildred, who is a blonde, tall and slender. Spite of my scarred face I am like the portrait of our mother, who died when Mildred was a baby. I have her large, dark eyes and heavy black hair, and

I am small, too. Mr. Somerson purchased a splendid in your esteem, if not in your love!" country-seat not far from our tiny cottage, and put in a small army of workmen to modernize and improve it. When he had finished it to his liking, he sent to New York for upholsterers and gardeners to make it perfect inside and out. And all the time he kept Mildren and me busy over the sewing, and paid us well. Such piles of tablelinen and bed linen, most daintily made

sewing, Mr. Somerson ordered em- face, for I was folded in a close embroidered initials on every piece of brace, and heard, "God bless you, my linen.

But in all these seven months Mr. Somerson has come often to our little called him. He is very careful not to come in the evening, or give any occasion for unkind gossip, yet how much he has brightened our lives. How many books he has brought for our leisure time, how much new music lies upon the piano, our one luxury, how often rare fruit has been upon our simple table.

And when he talks of his home he consults our tastes in such words, with such hints, that I am sure he hopes Mildred will preside over it. Why else do her favorite colors reign in one entire suite of rooms? Why was the library fitted up exactly like one that took my fancy in a book I read, and a home as an insult? of which I spoke?

Sometimes I fancy my brother-inlaw to be will offer me a home also in his splendid house, but I cannot live there, when they are married.

My hand trembles over those words, when I have known for many long weeks what was to be the end! It is because I am sorry for both, where all the love is on one side, only a weary heart-sick submission on the other.

Oh, the pity of it, the true, tender heart unanswered! Better, far better, to toil on alone, bearing the burden of poverty and sorrow, than to buy rest at the price of truth, to promise love and honor, when love has died.

I had written so far when a shadow ILLARD has gone fell upon my paper, and looking up I saw Herbert Somerson standing standlane for a walk, ing between me and the window. His tall, erect figure, the very personifica-The great pile of | tion of strength and manliness cut off sewing we have the light from my page, but his good, been doing for noble face was full of kindness, as his Mr. Somerson is eyes smiled upon me. I thought what all completed, and a good brother he meant to be to his I have written ugly little sister, and then I was sorry out the bill. The for his wasted love.

"Are you very busy? he asked. "No, see, our great pile of sewing is quite ready for your servant to come neatly folded linen on the table.

"Never mind the work just now," he answered, very gently; yet I fancied I saw a shadow of annovance in his eyes. "Can you walk out with me for own dainty clothing. Ah, me! Two a little while? I have something I wish

> It was coming. He wanted the grave him if he might hope to win her. My heavy pulsations. Suppose he were to ask me if Mildred could be won to grand double wedding. love him! How could I be true to my sister and not do a bitter wrong to him?

I put on my hat and shawl, and we went out. The cool September winds were already whirling about the early falling leaves, and the trees were putting on crimson and gold foliage. To my surprise, Mr. Somerson did not turn into the shady lane that leads to all the pleasant walks hereabout, but crossed the road, and after a short walk opened his own garden gate. He had not yet gone to live in his new ome, but I had heard that every detail was complete.

"I want you to see my house," he said, as he led me up the broad steps. "and tell me if your taste can suggest any further improvements."

"Mildred's taste he means." thought, "only he did not like to ask her directly."

He led me from room to room. through the great, lofty drawingrooms, the library, cosy sitting-rooms dining-room, pointing out where my taste or suggestion had been followed

in furnishing or decoration. One full suite of rooms, finished in blue satin and cool, gray reps, he opened for my inspection, saying: "Do you think this fills Mildred's

idea?" "Perfectly," I answered.

"Her pure, blonde beauty will shine here," he answered, "if I can win the dearest wish of my heart."

I could not answer. I had known that it was coming, coming soon, and yet my tongue seemed to cling to the roof of my mouth, and my eyes were suddenly dim and useless. Very gently Mr. Somerson led me down stairs to the conservatory, where a tiny fountain tinkled in a marble basin, and rare flowers made the air heavy with fra-

"Do you like my home?" Mr. Som-

erson asked. "It is perfect," I forced myself to

say. "Will you come, then, and share it with me?" he asked, taking my hands. I knew he would ask me. Mildred's sister would be his sister, too. I must Annt Janet, who claims him as an old refuse, though, and yet it seemed so ungracious.

"Mildred!" I said, and then I choked, and could not finish my speech.

"Of course Mildred will be welcome here," he said; "have you not seen her rooms. When you tell me you love me, when you say you will be my wife, preside over my home, I will invite Mildred to come, too. But I am waiting to hear if you can love me. I know I am old enough to be your father, that I am a grave, silent man, but little fitted to win the pure young heart I covet. But I love you, and I have dared to think I had won a place

In my esteem, I had battled it down, I had never dared whisper the truth to my own heart, but I knew long, long ago, that I loved him. How could I dream it was n.y ugly face, not Mildred's bright young beauty, that drew him to our cottage? It was hard to realize the truth, even yet, though the sweet, wooing words came so tenderly to my ears. I dared look up at last, as we have completed, would delight to meet the pleading gaze of the deep any housekeeper. Finding Mildred brown eyes, and then my long-guarded churches among them that are entirely liked embroidery better than plain secret must have been betrayed in my self-supporting.

own, my darling!" So we came back again in the glow of the autumn sunset, talking of our cottage, when no necessity of work future-his and mine. I forgot Mildred, till I saw her standing at the gate of our little garden.

Is it the daze of my own happiness, I wonder, or is Mildred's face lighted as I have never seen it since our father died? Ever thoughtful, Herbert, my Herbert, said:

"You will want to be alone with your sister. I will come this evening to see tle, was sold for \$2.00. you again."

Then, bowing to Mildred, he left me, I went in at the gate my sister held open, with a new pain. Would she blow to her own hope of ease and acid, 2 pounds of gelatine. wealth? Would she resent my offer of

She put her arm about my waist and led me to the little parlor. Then she a man who would infuse into French polimade me sit upon the sofa, and knelt so that her face was very near mine to whisper:

"Rodney has come home!"

The very joyousness of her tone told me the rest, even before she spoke again. I kissed her as our mother might have done, too glad, too grateful to speak.

"He has written again and again," Mildred said; "but his mother held the letters back. She did not want a sew ing girl for her son's wife!"

"But she is dead! We saw her death in the papers," I said.

"And Rodney came home because of her death. All his letters wer in her desk, and as soon as he could, he went to Aunt Janet for news of me. She sent him here, and I met him on his way from the boat. He loves me! Oh, tell me you are glad, for my heart seems to be breaking with happiness!" I said all she wished, and when we had talked a little longer, I told her my news. She burst into ringing, merry laughter.

"You dear old goose," she said, "and you loved him all the time! I wondered why you defended him so sayfor it," I said, pointing to the heap of agely when I would call him old or stupid."

"He is neither!" I cried.

"Of course not. Only," and the rosy blushes came to the fair, round cheek, "he is not Rodney."

Aunt Janet wrote to us the next week. Now that we were to make good matches, from her worldly point elder sister to influence Mildred, to tell of view, she could afford to be gracious. So we sold our little cottage heart seemed to suffocate me with its and went to visit our aunt, who gave us a splendid trousseau apiece, and a

> "Though," she told us frankly, "I never imagined that Herbert Somerson would fall in love with that little, ugly Helen while my beautiful Mildred was unmarried!"

But I cannot think, in my deep happiness, looking at the perfect content in my husband's noble face, that Mildred would have made him any happier than he is.

We hear from my sister, traveling in Europe, very often, and we call the blue suite of rooms Mildred's rooms; but when she returns, it will be to her own home, with the husband she loves. -New York Ledger.

Essily Regulated. A New York man of wealth and leisure, who has tried many obesity cures without result, has succeeded in reduc ing his too solid flesh in a very simple way. His usual diet is not modified; but everything taken into the mouth is masticated till it slides down the throat without the voluntary action of the person eating. Nothing is forcibly swallowed. This may seem impossible at the first thought, but a single trial will convince anyone of its practicability. Not only solid food is chewed in this way, but liquids of all kinds, tea, coffee, milk, beer, and so on. From the standpoint of economy this new method of eating is very satisfactory. because in following it one cannot take more than half the amount of food consumed in the ordinary way. When the food is thoroughly masticated, hunger is soon satisfied; and physicians have said for a long time that people eat very much more food than is necessary to keep them in health and strength. In the instance cited, at the end of twelve weeks the patient had reduced

his weight fifty pounds.

Parnell's Superstitions. Parnell had some pet superstitions, according to his biographer, Barry O'Brien. "He would not pass anoth er person on the stairs. He was horror-stricken to find himself sitting with three lighted candles; the fall of a picture in the room made him dejected for the entire afternoon; and he would have nothing to do with an important bill drawn up by a colleague because it happened to contain thirteen clauses. He also thought green a most unlucky color-a strange and inconvenient feeling for a Nationalist leader-and the sight of green banners at the political meetings he addressed often unnerved him."

New Story of Mark Twain.

Here is a new story of Mark Twain. whose after-diamer speeches are unique. At a recent dinner to which he was invited his name was associated with the toast of "Literature" by an orator, who referred with great eloquence to Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, and—Mark Twain. In response, ton, and-Mark Twain. In response, the humorist thanked the speaker for his kindly references, and excused himself from making a longer speech by saying: "Homer is dead. Shakspeare and Milton are no more, and I-I don't feel very well myself!"

Japanese Churches. Of the 6,000 Japanese on the Pacific coast 800 are Christians, and there are a number of regularly organized

How Good Tokay Wine Is Made. A recent law case at New York

throws some light on Hungarian winemaking. One of the litigants is an importer of Hungarian wines, and the other was in the habit of furnishing the wine man with a special brand of tokay. The latter is now sning the former, and he alleges that for five years past he had manufactured a particular brand of tokay, which the importer sold for medicinal purposes.

According to the evidence, the profits of the seller were large, for tokay, which actually costs but 6 cents a bot-

Here's the sworn formula: Sixteen gallons of acohol, 540 gallons of water, 560 pounds farina sugar, 40 pounds of honey, 2 pounds of tokay essence, 2 grieve over my happiness, as the death pounds lemon acid, 20 ounces salicylic

> France's New President. The new president of France is calm

sane and a trifle bourgeois. He looks like tics as much vigor as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will into the run-down system of anyone who uses it. It is an absolute cure for all stomach disorders.

Suits to millions of dollars' worth of property in the heart of Sioux City, Iowa, were decided adversely to the claimants.

To yourself you owe the duty, purify your system by Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.

Rats are unknown in the town of

Deblois, Me. SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES. Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen smarting 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-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for chilblains, sweating, damp, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 10,000 testimonials of cures. 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.

The first equestrian statue erected in Great Britain was that of Charles I, at Charing Cross, London, facing Parliament street.

\$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 it stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraiernity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. iraternity. 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, 78c. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Pullman Palace Car Company is said to have nearly 5,000 men on its pay rolls, against 1,200 when the strike of 1894 occurred.

Glasgow, Scotland, numbers among its population a man who is making a manuscript copy of the Bible. He expects to finish it in two years.

TWO GRATEFUL WOMEN

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Can Do My Own Work."

Mrs. PATRICK DANEHY,

West Winsted, Conn., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-It is with cleasure that I write to you of the benefit I have derived from using your wonderful Vegetable Compound. I was

very ill, suffered with female weakness and displacement of the womb. "I could not sleep at night, had to walk the floor, I suffered so with pain in my side and small of my back. Was troubled with bloating, and at times would faint away; had a terrible pain in my heart, a bad taste in my mouth all the time and would vomit; but now, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound, I feel well and sleep well, can do my work without feeling tired; do not bloat or have any trouble

whatever. "I sincerely thank you for the good advice you gave me and for what your medicine has done for me."

"Cannot Praise It Enough."

Miss GERTIE DUNKIN,

Franklin, Neb., writes: "I suffered for some time with painful and irregular menstruation, falling

of the womb and pain in the back. I tried physicians, but found no relief. "I was at last persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and cannot praise it enough for what it has done for me. I feel like a new person, and would not part with your medicine. I have recommended it to

several of my friends."

Doctor-I would advise you to take walk every morning before breakfast. Sappy-But, doctor, I-ah-never get up until after bweakfast, y'know.

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KIDNEY DISEASE,

Caused by Internal Catarrh, Promptly Cured by Pe-ru-na.

Hon. J. H. Caldwell, a prominent member of the Louisiana State Legislature, says the following in regard to Pe-ru-na for catarrh:



"I have used Pe-1u-na for a number of years with the very best results for

catarrhal diseases. I shall never be without it. I never fail to recommend it when an opportunty presents itself." -J. H. Caldwell, Robeline, La. Gilbert Hofer, Grays, Ky., says in letter dated March 7th, 1894: have used four bottles of Pe-ru na and

I am well of my catarrh, and it cured

my Bright's disease. I had been troubled for two years. I weigh twenty pounds more than I did before I was

taken sick. I shall never be without Pe-ru-na." Send for free catarrh book. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

It is a fad among Parisian actresses to have themselves swathed as mummies, and thus photographed in their

My doctor said I would die, but Piso't Cure for Consumption cured me,—Amor Kelner, Cherry Valley, Ill., Nov. 23, 1895

The work of surveying the line of the

Kow Loon-Canton railway in China

has been started. Barking dogs are rarely heard at night in Japan. When an uneasy dog disturbs a neighbor and prevents slumber the owner is fined and im-

Schillings Best

Japan

English Ereakfast Ideal Blend Oolong

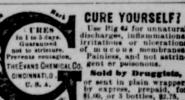
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