"Evil Dispositions Are Early Shown."

Just so evil in the blood comes out in shape of scrofula, pimples, etc., in children and young people. Taken in time it can be eradicated by using Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine. It vitalizes and enriches the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Passed in French.

Papa—So Emily stands at the head of her class in French?

Mamma—Yes. She and another girl were exactly even in the written examination, but it was decided that Emily shrugged her shoulders more correctly like the French.—London Tit-Bits.

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

The moon, according to the theories of astronomers, is not inhabited by living organisms similar to those on the earth.

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.

The highest point to which man can ascend without his health being very seriously affected is 16,500 feet.

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

The prizefighters of Chicago have organized a boxing trust—not to limit "production," but to raise prices. The members have agreed not to fight hereafter for purses of less than $75 each.

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 pneumatic tube between Paris and Berlin carries a letter from one city to the other in 35 minutes.

It takes a crocodile 80 seconds to turn completely round.

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial 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 substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

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, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

PORTLAND DIRECTORY.

DENTISTS.

No pain; new process; fine gold work. DR. LANGWORTHY, N.W. cor. Third and Morrison

Fence and Wire Works.

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

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CAWSTON & CO.: ENGINES, BOILERS, MACHINERY, supplies. 48-50 First St., Portland, Or.

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...TATUM & BOWEN...
29 to 35 First Street PORTLAND OR.

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EDWARD HUGHES; MACHINERY AND vehicles; send for catalogue. 188-194 Front St.

PHYSICIANS.

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

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

THE TWO OLD WOMEN.

Two gathering crones, antique and gray,
Together talked at close of day.

One said, with brow of wrinkled care,
"Life's cup at first was sweet and fair;

"On our young lips, with laughter gay,
Its cream of brimming nectar lay;

"But vapid then it grew, and stale
And tiresome as a twice-told tale;

"And here in weary age and pain
Its bitter dregs alone remain."

The other, with contented eye,
Laid down her work and made reply:

"Yes, life was bright as morning tide,
Yet, when the foam and sparkle died,

"More rich, methought, and purer, too,
Its well-concocted essence grew;

"E'en now, tho' low its spirit drains,
And little in the cup remains,

"There's sugar at the bottom still—
And we may take it if we will."
—New York Ledger.

Tom's Revolver.

THE parlor of the farm-house among the Maine mountains had enough touches of quiet good taste about it to make us wonder at sight of a common four-ounce glass bottle which occupied a conspicuous place on the corner what-not, further honored by a worsted mat under it and a small bouquet of dried grasses stuck into its mouth.

"Yes, that's mother's whim—she will have it there," said the eldest daughter, who was a teacher, now home for the long summer vacation, during which time two or three of us—city residents—were fortunate enough to find accommodation as boarders.

"She calls it Tom's revolver," remarked another member of the family; whereupon I set it down with a suddenness which made Tom laugh.

"Oh, there isn't anything about it now!" he said. "I've told mother lots of times I'd spend every cent I've got, and buy her the handsomest vase down to Pineville if she'd let me smash that old bottle against the stone wall, but she won't."

"Tell me what there has been about it," I urged. "There's a story, isn't there?"

Tom was a big boy—just as the "gawky age," his sister had confidentially informed me—but was neither uncouth nor ill-mannared. So, without more than a reasonable amount of coaxing and encouraging from others, and the modest disclaimers proper from a boy who figures as his own hero in his own story, Tom began:

"It was in early spring, and the doctor had been here and left prescriptions for something father had got to have just as quick as we could get 'em. And he thought—the doctor—that if we got them over to Pineville it would be better, for they didn't have very fresh drugs down here at the Corners.

"So I made up my mind I'd go over the hills—it saves nearly half the way, only four miles going and four back. I'd have to walk, but I didn't mind that, for I knew it would be about as hard to go round on horseback, for there'd been a thaw, and the lower roads were so slumpy folks could hardly get through at all.

"I hadn't got more than half-way over when I met Squire Plummer, hunting all round, and says he to me:

"'Tom, I've lost Old Blacky, sure's you live!'

"And says I:

"'I want to know, squire!'

"And says he:

"'Yes, indeed, Tom. She's been gone three days. She's the best cow I had—blooded stock—cost me a sight of money, and I'm offering three dollars to anyone 'll find her.'

"I told him I couldn't go out of my way on account of father, but I'd keep a sharp lookout wherever I'd go; and you'd better believe I did, for I'd a' been glad enough to get that much money for so little work. But I got into town without seeing anything of her. I sat down by the drug man's counter to rest a bit while he was putting up the stuff, thinking how I'd change my route going back, and perhaps I'd strike her yet.

"The man brought two bottles, and set one down while he was wrapping up the other. I took it up and took out the cork.

"'Take care, there,' he says; 'don't you smell that!'

"'Why not?' says I.

"'You'd be sorry if you did,' says he. 'It would knock you down quicker'n if you was shot.'

"He went on to tell me it was a most awful strong kind of ammonia that was used for drawing blisters. Would do it in less time than you'd take to tell about it most.

"Then I asked him if it was any kin to smelling salts, and told him how I'd got hold of mother's smelling salts in church, unbeknown to her, long ago, when I was a little shaver, and had taken the biggest kind of a sniff, because it was the first chance I'd ever had at it, and I thought it something good they'd been keeping from me. And how I'd kicked and screeched, and how mother 'd had to haul me out of church and use up no end of lemon drops and ginger cookies to bring me to.

"So the drug man laughed, and says the stuff in the bottle was something of the same sort, only they weren't to be mentioned in the same day for strongness—or, if you made any comparison at all, it would be to compare the smelling salts to the smallest mite of a baby, and that ammonia to its big Goliath of a great-great-grandfather.

"I didn't smell it, but started for home with Old Blacky and father on my mind—Old Blacky, to see if I couldn't find her and get that three dollars, and father, because I wanted to get back as quick as I could.

"It seemed rougher going back over the hills than it had coming—I suppose because I was a little tired. Sometimes the way was through pasture lots, but mostly it was over fallow ground, bushy and stumpy, and plenty of rocks, but not many trees. There wasn't any roadway.

"I hadn't got near to the summit when I saw something that made me stop short—something dark behind rocks and bushes, down in a kind of little hollow. There were no leaves on the bushes, you know; so I could see something through them that looked like black hair.

"I went a little nearer and looked a little harder, and then I off with my cap and swung it around, and sang out:

"'Hurrah for that three dollars of yours, Squire Plummer!' Then I called: 'Co' boss, co' boss, co' boss! Come, Blacky, come!'

"But the old thing wouldn't stir. I picked up some little stones and shied 'em at her to hurry her up. I didn't want to lose time, but I did want to drive her home with me for fear some one else might get ahead of me if I left her there and then came back. I called to her and kept on throwing, but still she wouldn't budge an inch.

"Then I thought I'd slide down the side of the hollow she was in, and get ahead of her and drive her out. I tried rolling down a lot of stones and gravel first, almost over her head, to see if that wouldn't start her; but it didn't. So I began sliding myself down.

"But just then I heard a growl—such a growl as no mortal cow ever made yet, I know. And there began such a scratching of gravel and such a scrabbling up that bank, mixed up with growls all the time, that I scrabbled myself up pretty lively, and started to run, I tell you.

"When I'd got a little piece off I looked back, and just getting to the top of the bank was Old Blacky; but it wasn't a black cow. It was a black bear, sure's you live!"

Tom paused a moment to enjoy the little ripple of astonishment and dismay which came in just here.

"You'd better believe I ran. But it was hard work—up hill, and rough, too. I tumbled over logs and I jumped through bushes, and he trotting after me all the time, mad, I suppose, with the stirring up I'd given him, growling like a young thunderstorm all the while.

"Soon I began to feel how tired my walk had made me, and to wonder how

"HE POKED HIS UGLY MUZZLE UP BETWEEN THE LOWER BRANCHES."

it would be with me if I got clear tired out before the bear did, as seemed very likely.

"When I knew I couldn't hold out much longer I made for a tree, and climbed up it quicker than I ever climbed a tree before or since.

"Then I tried to catch my breath and think a bit. I was glad to be out of reach of the bear; but I wondered how long he might keep me up that tree before any one came to look for me, and I thought of father wanting the medicine, and, if you'll believe me, I thought, too, about that blamed old cow and the three dollars I wasn't going to get for finding her.

"But it doesn't take long to think, you know, for I thought all that before the bear got to the foot of the tree, and it was a mighty short while, too; and when he did get there he walked around it, and smelled a little, and the first thing I knew he was clawing away at the bark, and climbing up after me.

"Then I began to think harder than ever. I'd read of a boy who was up a tree, with a bear after him, and he climbed out on some weak limbs, where the bear had sense enough to know he couldn't go, and he kept the poor little chap there, growling at him, till some one came and shot the bear.' But this wasn't that kind of a tree. The limbs were stubby, and I knew the bear could go almost as far as I could.

"I looked down to see what chance I'd have if I swung myself down, and got a new start of him; but the tree was a tall one, and it was all stony under the branch where I was. If I should get a sprain or a hurt, it would be all up with me. So my only chance was to keep out of his way the best I could. I put my hand into my pocket, to get out my knife, for I wasn't going to let him get the better of me without a tussle.

"Then what do you guess I felt? And what do you guess I thought? Why, I felt that bottle of ammonia, and I thought of that time in church. And, cracky! if I could help laughing right out, as I thought if I could only get it on that bear as I'd got it on myself long ago. If all that man said was true, perhaps it would send him kiting down as good as if he'd been shot.

"I poured a lot of it on my handkerchief, 'most all there was, looking out to keep a little back for father, till more could be sent for. I tried to keep from getting the smell of it myself, but the wind whiffed some of it into my face, and do the best I could it strangled me so I came mighty near dropping.

"I held the handkerchief tight in my hand, and reached it down just as the bear poked his ugly muzzle up between the lower branches. He gave a big sniff as he saw it coming, thinking, I suppose, he'd got me sure; and the next instant I was rubbing it like fury against his nose and into his eyes.

"He gave a most awful snort, and let go, and went crashing down on the stones and bushes. I thought for a moment he was dead, but he wasn't. He scrabbled himself up, and went snarling and tumbling over and over, down-hill like all possessed.

"I didn't wait to see how far he went, though, for I dropped out of that tree, and put out of that neighborhood almost as lively as the bear had. After a while I took it easier, for I reasoned he wouldn't be likely to track me, after the dose I'd given him. That's all."

"Wasn't it a good revolver now?" asked Tom's mother, regarding the bottle with affectionate interest.

"And you didn't find the cow after all?" I asked, after expressions of approval of his coolness had been exhausted.

"No; but"—Tom's eyes twinkled—"I told Sam Plummer, Squire Plummer's son, what I'd seen, and where I'd seen it, and he went after it with his gun, and finished what the ammonia had left; and Sam said it was no more than fair I should have a share of it, so he gave me the skin, and I sold it for twelve dollars. So it paid better than if it had been Old Blacky, you see."

LOW PRICES.

Theatrical Managers Have Still Some Ground for Congratulation.

The present tendency in all branches of trade is toward lower prices. Perhaps no business has felt this more than the theatrical, in which the drops have been so remarkable as to excite general comment. Yet the fact remains that longer entertainments by, some say, better performers, were at one time given for a lower price than that now charged for admission to a gallery. London led the world for low prices. At the famous Globe Theater, built on Bankside for Richard Burbage, and for which James I. granted a license to Shakspeare and others, the charge for the best boxes was at one time only 15 cents, of the lower places 4 cents, while in some places only 2 cents was charged. The twopenny gallery was frequently referred to by the dramatists of the Elizabethan era. For many years the general price of the boxes was 25 cents, and it was not until 1645 that we hear of $1.50 boxes. At that period the pit and galleries were 10 cents. It appears to have been the custom on the first night of a new play to raise the prices, and the same practice was adopted on the authors' nights, or on the representation of expensve plays. The hours of performance were then between 1 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, commencing at the former and terminating at the later hour. As years rolled on the hour for the raising of the curtain became later; and when, at last, the evening became recognized as the proper time for theatrical amusements prices began to be increased until, in London, Paris and New York, $5 is not an unusual charge

President Loubet and His Mother.

M. Loubet seems to be a kind of ingenu among rulers—with all the sweet simplicity and none of the arts. He visited the little town of Montelimar recently, and all the place was en fete. His old peasant mother, trembling with emotion, waited on a balcony specially arranged for her, where, when the procession was over, her son was to join her. But the President, as he was driving by, saw the old wrinkled face looking down at him, and in spite of the procession, which was in danger of being spoiled, and in spite of all the pomp and the ceremony he was expected to observe, he stopped his carriage, jumped out, and running up the balcony, caught the trembling little old lady in his arms, hugging and kissing her before all the world with boyish glee.

Somehow the story seems better than any fairy tale, and the new President twice over a better prince.—Harper's Bazar.

Trees Killed by Its Sting.

J. S. Boren exhibited in Cadiz, Ky., a most remarkable horned snake, which he plowed up in a field on his place. The snake has, near the end of his tail, a long, keen horn, which comes to a point as sharp as a needle. This is the first serpent of this variety ever seen in Kentucky.

The snake, when angered, takes the end of its tail in its mouth and rolls like a hoop toward the object of its wrath, but, just before reaching it, the serpent stands almost upon its head and thrusts this prong into whatever it would strike down. Mr. Boren declares that the horn of the snake is filled with poison, and that a blow from it is deadly. It is said that even a tree stung by this variety of reptile will, if the sap is up, die in a few hours.

It Solves the Question.

In a portion of Hanover, Germany, a local decree requires each farmer to deliver to the authorities twelve sparrows or sparrow heads between Oct. 1 and Dec. 1 or pay a fine.

It is always pitiful when you find a man who really has ambition, and no ability back of it.

There are 506,000 persons in Wales who cannot speak English. In Scotland there are 43,000 who only speak Gaelic, and in Ireland 2,000 who speak only Irish.

Sixty Miles an Hour.

A steam motor car, for use on the railroads, recently made a trial trip, going at the rate of sixty miles an hour. This will probably be as much of a record beater as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It cures indigestion, constipation, nervousness, liver and kidney trouble.

A good Arabian horse will canter in the desert for 24 hours in summer and 48 hours in winter without drinking.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Mifflinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, 1895.

Bright red spectacles accompanied by internal doses of calomel, form a new German specific against seasickness.

A Pure Vegetable Compound.

No mercurial or other mineral poisons in Cascarets Candy Cathartic, only vegetable substances, late medical discoveries. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

St. Petersburg has the largest bronze statue in existence—that of Peter the Great, which weighs 1,000 tons.

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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 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.

Appropriate.

Briggs—Von Kernel has been very successful in corn lately, hasn't he?

Griggs—I believe so. Why?

Briggs.—His wife told me he had presented her with a pair of cobs.—Brooklyn Life.

A LIVING WITNESS.

Mrs. Hoffman Describes How She Wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for Advice, and Is Now Well.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before using your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer. I have been sick for months, was troubled with severe pain in both sides of abdomen, sore feeling in lower part of bowels, also suffered with dizziness, headache, and could not sleep. I wrote you a letter describing my case and asking your advice. You replied telling me just what to do. I followed your directions, and cannot praise your medicine enough for what it has done for me. Many thanks to you for your advice. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me, and I will recommend it to my friends.—MRS. FLORENCE R. HOFFMAN, 512 Roland St., Canton, O.

The condition described by Mrs Hoffman will appeal to many women, yet lots of sick women struggle on with their daily tasks disregarding the urgent warnings until overtaken by actual collapse.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometimes past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

Rather the Opposite.

Indignant Mother—How dare you suffer him to kiss you, Marguerite?

Sweet Seventeen—Oh! there wasn't any suffering about it, ma, dear.—Tit-Bits.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior parter of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
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"So Alice has decided finally to marry an officer?"

"Yes; she captured him in what she positively declares to be her last engagement."

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"I have gone **14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels,** not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was rich I would give $100.00 for each movement; it is such a relief." AYLMER L. HUNT, 1689 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.

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THE WOMEN SAY

There Is No Remedy the Equal of Pe-ru-na in All Their Peculiar Ills.

MISS SUSAN WYMAR.

Miss Susan Wymar, teacher in the Richmond school, Chicago, Ill., writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman regarding Pe-ru-na. She says: "Only those who have suffered with sleeplessness from over-work in the schoolroom, such as I have, can know what a blessing it is to be able to find relief by spending a couple of dollars for some Pe-ru-na. This has been my experience. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and every bottle of Pe-ru-na I ever bought proved a good friend to me."—Susan Wymar.

Mrs. Margaretha Dauben, 1214 North Superior street, Racine City, Wis., writes: "I feel so well and good and happy now that pen cannot describe it. Pe-ru-na is everything to me. I feel healthy and well, but if I should be sick I will know what to take. I have taken several bottles of Pe-ru-na for female complaint. I am in the change of life and it does me good."

Send for a free book written by Dr. Hartman, entitled "Health and Beauty." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Gray horses are usually the longest lived. Creams are decidedly delicate, and are seriously affected by very warm weather.

Recent chemical experiments prove that all waters have action on copper; that "hard" water takes up little lead from lead pipes, but that "soft" water and carbonated water dissolve considerable quantities.

There have been fresh terrible examples of the explosiveness of flour dust in more than one accident that has occurred lately in America. A dusty mill is in reality as dangerous as any gunpowder factory

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ITCHING Piles produce moisture and cause itching. This form, as well as Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles are cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. Stops itching and bleeding. Absorbs tumors. 50c & $1 at druggists or sent by mail. Treatise free. Write me about your case. DR. BOSANKO, Philada., Pa.

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For Gonorrhœa and Gleet get Pabst's Okay Specific. It is the ONLY medicine which will cure each and every case. NO CASE known it has ever failed to cure, no matter how serious or of how long standing. Results from its use will astonish you. It is absolutely safe, prevents stricture, and can be taken without inconvenience and detention from business. PRICE, $1.00. For sale by all reliable druggists, or sent prepaid by express, plainly wrapped, on receipt of price, by PABST CHEMICAL CO., Chicago, Ill. Circular mailed on request.

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ONE FOR A DOSE. Cure Sick Headache and Dyspepsia, Remove Pimples and Purify the Blood, Aid Digestion and Prevent Biliousness. Do not Gripe or Sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 25c. DR. BOSANKO CO., Philada., Penna. Sold by Druggists.

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