

Beautiful Women
Should have beauty and vigor of health. A strong stomach is the first essential to beauty. Nine-tenths of the sickness comes from weak digestion. Thousands of people have tried Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and regained their health. There is nothing like it. See that a private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

During the hearing of a case in Paris arising out of a disputed milliner's bill, it was stated that the defendant expended £500 a year on her hats.

"He is Wise Who Talks But Little."

This is only a half truth. If wise men had held their tongues, we should know nothing about the circulation of the blood. If it were not for this advertisement you might never know that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

In Northern China many of the natives are dressed in dogskin.

A dental authority declares that it is not uncommon at the present time to find infants with decayed teeth and girls of 14 or 16 wearing artificial teeth.

The great merit of the disarmament scheme is that all the nations will be obliged to maintain armies with which to compel other nations to disarm.

The czar has decided to stop the exile of political offenders to Siberia. That is a peace measure of very great moment which he needs no other nation's help to carry out.

A new periodical, The Philippine Monthly Magazine, has just made its appearance in Manila. It contains numerous illustrations of local subjects, and its stories relate to native historical events, superstitions and customs.

The prince of Wales takes great interest in the churches around Sandringham. When he first acquired the estate there was only one church in decent repair; but, one after another, the others have been restored, the prince having liberally contributed towards defraying the cost. He has spent more than £5,000 in this way.

On the docket of the criminal court of Atlanta are the names of 27 uncaught murderers.

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

The first electric railway in the world was built in Ireland, from Bushmills to Giant's Causeway.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fit or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Sent for F. H. K. & Co. trial bottle and treatise, Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 520 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Forty-two million pounds of India rubber were imported to North America last year.

Epileptic FITS CAN BE CURED.

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Spasms, Spells, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus' Dance, &c., have children, relatives, friends or neighbors that do so, or know people that are afflicted, my New Discovery, Epileptic Cure, will give immediate relief and PERMANENTLY CURE them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a FREE BOTTLE and try it. It has cured thousands where everything else failed. My 90-page illustrated Book, "Epilepsy Permanently Cured," FREE.

When writing please mention reading this in this paper, and give name, AGE and full address. All correspondence professionally confidential.

WM. MAY, M. D.,
May Laboratory, 94 Fine St., New York City.

PORTLAND DIRECTORY.

Fence and Wire Works.

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

Machinery and Supplies.

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

MACHINERY, ALL KINDS

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

JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, OREGON, can give you the best bargains in general machinery, engines, boilers, tanks, pumps, plows, belts and windmills. The new steel I. X. L. windmill, sold by him, is unequalled.

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

Wholesale Druggists and Photographic Supplies.

BLEUHAUER-FRANK DRUG CO. 144 AND 146 Fourth Street, Portland, Oregon.

Rupture

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

C. H. WOODWARD & CO., 108 Second St., Portland, Or.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CONSUMPTION

SOME OTHER DAY.

There are wonderful things we are going to do,

Some other day;

And harbors we hope to drift into

Some other day.

With folded hands the ears that trail,

To fill the folds of an idle sail

Some other day.

We know we must toil if ever we win

Some other day,

But we say to ourselves there's time to begin

Some other day;

And so, deferring, we loiter on,

Until at last we find withdrawn

The strength of the hope we leaned upon

Some other day.

And when we are old and our race is run,

Some other day,

We fret for the things that might have been done

Some other day.

We trace the path that leads us where

The beckoning hand of grim despair

Leads us yonder out of the here,

Some other day.

Two Points of View.

STIFF and cold to the bones after his long ride on the outside of a bus from Fleet street to Chelsea, Sydney Egerton took out his keys with feelings of satisfaction and anticipation. Another ten seconds and he would be standing in the grateful glow of his own fireside, with a couple of loving arms flung round his neck, and the dearest little wife in the world would brush away all the day's worries with an affectionate kiss.

"Most haste, less speed," he told himself, as he fumbled with his latchkey in the lock. At length he opened the door and was surprised to find the place in darkness.

"Monica," he called. "Monica."

There was no reply.

It was certainly very unusual for his wife to be out at that hour, and he hastily lit the gas to see if there was anything to explain her absence. Yes, there on his writing table lay a letter addressed, rather curiously, he thought, to himself as Sydney Egerton, Esq. Without pausing to consider the unnecessary formality of the suffix, he tore open the envelope and glanced through the letter.

"What's this?" he gasped.

His face was pale as death and he clutched the table for support, while the letter fluttered unheeded to the floor. After the first shock he grew a little calmer, and picking up the letter he read it through again, more carefully than before. He stood thinking for a minute or two, then thrusting the letter into his pocket he laughed unasily.

"How absurd!" he muttered. "What a jealous little woman she is, to be sure. What's to be done? I'm sure I don't know. I'll go round and see Blair."

He rushed round to the next street, and by good luck found his friend at home, luxuriously stretched in front of a good fire with a pipe and a novel.

"Hallo, old man! What's up?" cried Blair. "You look scared."

"Scared, indeed! Read this," Blair took up the letter, which ran as follows:

"To My Husband: I call you husband, but you are now my husband in name. You have basely and cruelly deceived me, and I hope never to set eyes on you again, or to hold any communication with you. If your conscience does not tell you, you will find the cause of my flight in the bundle of letters lying in your desk. I saw them when I came to dust this morning. My eyes are opened now, and I feel that all your love has been but a sham and a mockery. Farewell! Your miserable and broken-hearted wife."

"MONICA EGERTON."

"H'm! Very awkward. Very awkward, indeed," said Blair, glancing over the top of the letter at his friend and stroking his chin meditatively.

"Awkward! Dence take you! What do you mean?" cried Egerton, angrily.

"Don't get excited," replied Blair, calmly, as he laid down his pipe and put his back to the fire. "The letters, of course—"

"You don't mean to say— Man alive, you know me better than that, I hope. You know that my wife is dearer to me than anything else in the world."

"Yes; but the letters?"

"Easily explained. They belong to a friend of mine whose Christian name is also Sydney, and they tell the story of an episode in his search for an ideal. With a cynical lack of feeling in the matter he offered them to me with the remark that as I was a bit of a writing man I might be interested in them as a human document."

"But didn't your wife know this?"

"No; unfortunately."

"Well, the only thing to do is to let her know."

"But how?"

Blair answered with a shrug.

"Look here, Egerton, don't worry yourself. Why, you're all of a tremble."

"Yes, my wife is such a sensitive, highly strung little creature that I feel afraid something may happen to her."

"Nonsense, old man, nonsense. In a day or two you will both be laughing over this little comedy of errors."

But, unfortunately, Blair's prophecy did not come true.

Egerton went home, but he did not sleep a wink all night, and early next morning he commenced making inquiries in all directions, but not the slightest straw of information could be found. He consulted the police. He put notices in the "agony columns" of the newspapers. Blair and he did every-

thing in their power to find the missing one, but at length they came to the conclusion that she was in hiding somewhere in the vast wilderness of London, and reluctantly the sorrowing husband gave up the search, trusting that she would one day return to him, or that chance would give him a clew as to her whereabouts. But for Blair's optimistic assurances that all would come right in the end he would have given way utterly to despondency.

Week succeeded week, and month succeeded month, and still Egerton heard no news of his wife. His health and his work both suffered, and at Blair's suggestion he gave up his flat, warehoused the furniture, and went to live with his bachelor friend, whose naturally buoyant spirits and cheering sympathy helped somewhat to lighten his dark days of despair.

Blair was "in Somerset house," a phrase which described his occupation as definitely as was ever found necessary, and his salary was comfortably beyond the point at which the government performs a little sum in subtraction—income minus income-tax—before handing its servants their checks. He possessed some talent, a lack of ambition, and a cultivated gift of taking things easy. But when he saw the pale face and the anxious expression of his friend he forgot his natural disinclination to take trouble, and he spared no effort in his endeavors to help Egerton discover the whereabouts of his wife. His theory was that as it was certain she was not staying with friends, she must be earning her own living, and he believed she was doing this by journalism.

"What is more likely, now, Egerton?" he asked. "Thrown on her own resources, she would naturally turn to an occupation of which she knew something. With her gifts and the knowledge of the inner working of the newspaper world which she must have picked up from you, she would have no great difficulty in finding employment."

This was only a theory, however, and difficult to put to any practical test.

One afternoon as Egerton sat at his desk busy with the proofs of an article he had written for the Strand Gazette, the door was suddenly flung open and Blair rushed in, exclaiming, "What is your wife's maiden name?"

"Carter. But—" replied Egerton.

Egerton had hidden his own story under the veil of fiction, but he was sure that if his wife read it she would realize the truth. As he felt he wrote, and all he asked was that she should read what he had written.

The days of waiting which followed were maddening in the way they dragged their slow length along, and Egerton felt that he would give anything to know the fate of his story. Publishing day arrived at last. He was overjoyed to find that he had been successful, but it was not for the sake of seeing himself in print, for that is a joy which soon palls. Now he hoped that his wife would at last learn the truth.

He was too excited to work and he felt almost afraid to go home by himself. He called on Blair and they went home together. Blair made a hearty dinner, but Egerton was in too nervous a state to eat a mouthful, and kept rushing to the window at every footstep. The suspense began to tell on him, and he grew almost hysterical.

"Ah, there's a telegraph boy," he cried, pulling the curtains aside. "By Jove, he's coming here!"

A heavy knock sounded at the front door. He rushed out and met the servant coming upstairs.

"A telegram for you, Mr. Egerton."

He tore open the envelope with trembling fingers. The message was brevity itself, but it spoke volumes to the happy man.

It said: "Can you forgive me! Monica."—Lloyd's Weekly.

HARD-WON BET.

The Trick Wasn't Nearly So Easy as It Looked.

"The hardest-won bet I ever made," remarked the traveling man, as he shook the ashes off his cigar, "was to carry four bricks half a mile. That sounds like a simple thing to do, doesn't it? Well, you try it and you will find out whether it is or not. Of course, the manner of carrying the bricks is important. A man bet me that I couldn't carry two bricks in each hand from where we were back to the hotel and put them up on the bar. The bricks were to be put side by side and grasped, two in each hand, between the thumb and fingers, the fingers pointing down. It was not allowable to stop and rest, nor to put the bricks down. Well, thought I, that's \$2 easily earned, so I took the bet and started. For a quarter of the distance it was easy, and I already felt those two silver dollars in my pocket. But then my fingers began to grow tired. The muscles between my forefingers and thumbs were soon aching terribly. My arms began to pain me and to throb like mad. I found myself setting my teeth together and the cords in my neck were in a high state of tension. When I came within a hundred yards of the hotel there was scarcely an inch in my whole body that was not aching as if I had been stung full of pins. I don't know how I managed to go that last little distance. I could no longer stand erect, and I was trembling like a leaf and yet the other fellow was alongside laughing as if to spite his sides. And when I got into the bar-room it was all I could do to raise first one hand and then the other, and put the bricks on the counter. I know that I couldn't have gone fifty feet further. I got the \$2, but the next day I could scarcely move, and I didn't get over the soreness for a week. It looks easy, but just you try it."

Galveston's Cotton Exports.

During the first five months of the present season Galveston has exported 1,684,341 bales of cotton, an increase of more than 500,000 bales over the movement of the same period last season.

"Of course you have her real address, then?"

The old woman looked at him and then at Egerton somewhat suspiciously. She shook her head slowly.

"No, sir; she calls for her letters or else sends some one."

Blair put down a half-crown on the counter, and bending over confidentially he said:

"Come, now. You can tell us her address if you like, I'm sure."

The woman's eyes glistened, but she still shook her head.

"When was she here last?" asked Egerton.

"Let me see," she replied. "Was it yesterday or the day before? Oh, yes, it was yesterday."

Blair turned to his friend.

"Well, we can't do anything more tonight. You might write a note and leave it."

Egerton wrote a hasty letter to his wife and promised the shopkeeper a half sovereign if she telegraphed to him immediately Miss Cartwright called for her letters.

He passed a fearfully anxious week, but no telegram came. He went over again to Islington, but his letter was still waiting in the shop, and he returned to Chelsea in despair. He was utterly dejected, but Blair did his best to cheer him and help him to keep up his courage.

"There's no need to be so down in the mouth," he argued. "At any rate, you know that your wife is living, and you may hear from her at any moment."

They discussed the matter from all points of view, and Blair made numerous suggestions. All at once a brilliant idea struck him, and Egerton seized on it at once. He suggested that Egerton should write a tale for the Free Lance, telling the same story that his wife had done, but from the man's point of view. They spent the rest of the evening in talking over the story and making notes. Egerton devoted the whole of the next day to it, and in the evening, after Blair had given his approval, he posted it to the Free Lance.

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EDGERTON WAS UTTERLY DEJECTED.

springing to his feet in astonishment.

"Carter! Ha! ha! Found at last!" cried Blair, triumphantly, as he danced about the room waving a copy of the Free Lance in his hand. "Read this."

He thrust the paper into his friend's hands and pointed to the prize short story. It was entitled, "The Living Past," and the name of the author was given as Miss Mary Cartwright, with an address in Islington.

Egerton gazed blankly at the paper and then at his friend.

"Don't you see, man?" cried Blair, excitedly. "Mary Cartwright—Monica Carter—same initials. But read the story."

Egerton took up the paper and raced through the story with feverish eagerness. It was his story—their story—there could be no doubt about it. It was from the woman's point of view, an utterly mistaken one, but one which nevertheless explained a great deal to him in what he had been tempted to look upon as an act of mad and unreasoning jealousy. He saw and for the first time realized the struggle in her mind between love and injured pride—the pride of a highly sensitive soul which will brook no compromise, whatever suffering may ensue. Reading between the lines, he could feel something of the agonies she had endured, of the struggle with herself. It was a cry from the heart and it went to his heart like a knife. At length he put down the paper with a deep sigh.

"Poor little woman!" he murmured. "What hideous suffering to lay her soul bare for the world's pleasure."

Blair stood by the fire in silence for some time. Finally he turned to Egerton, who was sitting at his desk with his head buried in his hands.

"Come," he said, laying his hand gently on the other's shoulder. "Put on your coat and follow me."

He obeyed mechanically and without question. Outside Blair called a cab and Egerton got in as though in a dream. As they sped along King's road he suddenly asked:

"Where are we going, Blair?"

"To Islington, of course."

After what seemed to the impatient Egerton an interminable drive, the cab drew up at the corner of a shabby little street. The two men sprang out, telling the cabman to wait. Surely they had made a mistake. No; it was the address given in the Free Lance. They stared in surprise. It was one of those miscellaneous little shops where confectionery, mineral waters, and newspapers are sold. They went inside, Blair taking the lead.

"Does Miss Cartwright live here?" he asked the old woman who was serving behind the counter.

"No, sir! but she has her letters addressed here."

HOITT'S SCHOOL.

Menlo Park, San Mateo Co., Cal., accredited to the Universities. Location, climate, and careful attention to Mental, Moral and Physical training, places Hoitt's among the foremost Schools for Boys on the Coast.—S. F. Chronicle. Will re-open in the new building August 15th, (9th year.) Ira G. Hoitt, Pa. D., Principal.

Keeping a Close Watch.

Tom—Elna and May appear to be inseparable.

Carrie—Yes; each is afraid to trust the other out of her sight.—Town Topics.

Hail to Reina Mercedes!

It is a strange name for a ship of the American navy, but we are getting highly cosmopolitan in these days.

Courts in Philadelphia and in Allegheny and Schuylkill counties, Pa.

hold sessions from tea to 3 o'clock, with no recess at the lunch hour.

It is said that one pound of butter

gives a working force equal to that of five pounds of beef, nine pounds of potatoes or 12 pounds of milk.

Mataafa is beginning to labor under

a well-developed suspicion that the Anglo-Saxons propose to dominate the Samoan as well as the Latin race.

An electric company of New Jersey

is to manufacture an automatic hair clipper, in which the blades are to be reciprocated by a small motor set in the casing forming the handle of the clipper.

Since the China-Japanese war,

which took place in 1894, the Chinese population of Shanghai has grown from 100,000 to 700,000. The increase is due to the establishment of many new industries.

An organization of women and teachers

in Akron, Ohio, has decided to break up kissing. This ought to give employment to an army of detectives; but even with their help the dreadful practice will increase and multiply.

Free Russia, published in London,

says that a Nihilist paper called Rabotschaya Myssil (The Laboring Mind) has existed in St. Petersburg for a year without the police having succeeded in discovering the place where it is printed, although from 500 to 3,000 copies of each issue have been distributed.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That

Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It is the only Catarrh Cure that is sold in this country. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The owners of plantations in Cuba

refuse to employ Spanish laborers.

Perfect System Cleaners.

Keep clean inside as well as outside and you'll be nearer godliness. Cascarets Candy Cathartic cleans and purify your body inside. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

There can be no doubt that the most

obliging postmaster in the state of Missouri lives at Bethel. He recently put a telephone in his office and announced that for the benefit of those out-of-town patrons who are connected by wire and who may desire it he will open their letters and will read them over the 'phone.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures swollen feet, blisters and callous spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, smarting, hot, itching feet. We have 30,000 testimonials. All druggists and shoe stores advise it. 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Fine silk was produced 1,000 years ago in 25 provinces in Japan.

For lung and chest diseases, Pilo's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Winsor, Ont., Canada.

It is computed that there is £80,000,000 in gold and jewels at the bottom of the sea on the route between England and India.

Remember that you can buy Jesse Moore A. A. Whiskey for the same price that is paid for ordinary whiskey. For sale by all first-class dealers and druggists.

Mrs. Eliza Lynds, of Peacham, Vt., has a cake of maple sugar that was made in 1834. The sugar is well preserved yet.

HEADACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."

CHAS. STEPHENS, Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c.

CURE CONSTIPATION. 317 Sterling Rowdy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York.

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by