

# Salt Rheum

You may call it eczema, tetter or milk crust. But no matter what you call it, this skin disease which comes in patches that burn, itch, discharge a watery matter, dry and scale, owes its existence to the presence of humors in the system.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

It will continue to exist, annoy, and perhaps agonize, as long as these humors remain. It is always radically and permanently cured by

"You never seem to give even a thought of your ancestors."

"Oh, yes, I do; I often rejoice that, within public recollection, none of them ever got hanged."

# E. W. Brown

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

"I hear your husband is ill, Mrs. Jones."

"Yes, um."

"Nothing serious or critical, I hope?"

"Critical? I should say he were. He ain't satisfied with nothin' he ain't."

"Mandy," said Farmer Cornstossel, "I guess it would be just as well not to say so much about home cooking when you are talkin' up your summer board."

"Why not?"

"Cause some of these fellers act, to me, like that was what they was tryin' to get away from."

"I was up in the mill district today. Frightfully noisy up there."

"That's right. I've got a friend who lives up there. He can't hear himself talk in his house."

"My! Boiler shop next door?"

"No, He's dead and dumb."

"Isn't your new house taking longer to build than you expected?"

"Oh, no, I've only spent twice as much on it, so far, as I anticipated."

"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. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. 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.

Disproved.

"He can't be a good business man. Why, he is a college professor."

"But he has married the daughter of a millionaire."

Preferred Them at Rest.

"You want the pockets to run up and down, I suppose," said the tailor.

"No, sir," the irritable customer replied. "I prefer stationary pockets. You may make the slits perpendicular, however."

# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of **W. A. Stearns**

The Literal Mind.

"Tommy, how many wars has the United States been engaged in?"

"Five, sir."

"Enumerate them."

"One, two, three, four, five."

Why a Play is Like a Cigar.

Henry J. Byron, one of the wittiest of English playwrights of a score of years ago, remarked on one occasion:

"A play is like a cigar. If it's good, everybody wants a box. If it's bad, all the puffing in the world won't make it go."

# Mercury AND Potash

Everybody knows that Mercury is a dangerous medicine, and even when administered in very small doses, and few constitutions can stand it for any length of time.

Potash produces inflammation of the stomach and bowels, and a dangerous form of dyspepsia and often chronic diarrhoea follow its use.

Now, the doctors will tell you if you have Contagious Blood Poison you must take these minerals for two years or longer; first, a course of Mercury, and when your teeth get so sensitive and sore that you can't eat, and the gums have a spongy, unnatural appearance, you are told to stop and a change to Potash is made. When the stomach rebels you are put on Mercury and a change to Potash is made. When the stomach rebels you are put on Mercury and a change to Potash is made. When the stomach rebels you are put on Mercury and a change to Potash is made.

# His One Commission

"Does your artist friend have many commissions?"

"I believe he had one last year. His father-in-law asked him to paint the barn."

Successful Mind Reading.

"Reynolds," said the oldest member of the firm, "how do you spell 'which'?"

"W-h-i-c-h," responded the other.

"That's what I thought," rejoined the older member, covertly scratching a "w" out of the word he had written.

Still More Counterfeiting.

The Secret Service has unearthed another band of counterfeiters and secured a large quantity of bogus bills, which are so cleverly executed that the average person would never suspect them of being spurious.

Things of great value are always selected for imitation, notably Hosetter's Stomach Bitters, which has many imitators but no equal for disorders like indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness and general debility. Always go to reliable druggists who have the reputation of giving what you ask for.

Necessities Come First in Texas.

On account of a scarcity of bricks in a Texas town the congregation of the local church allowed their new edifice to remain unfinished while a saloon was being erected.

Wipe the Goggles and Wipe Off the Lead.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

A Straight Tip.

Gentleman (addressing a pretty little girl)—You little beauty! You shall be my wife when you are grown up. Will you?

"No, I don't want to get married, but aunty there would like to."

I do not believe Pilsa's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. W. F. ROVER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Eminence.

"She married a poet, didn't she? And he is successful?"

"Oh, yes, remarkably so. Why, his name is a household word on two continents, and last year his income was nearly \$300,000."

Mr. B's Supposition.

"Since Spiffins lost his teeth he can't speak distinctly nor eat proper food," remarked Mr. Bloomfield.

"I suppose he has begun to live on gum drops and speak gum Arabic," added Mr. Pellefield.

YOUR HOME AND FENCES.

No Man Can Conveniently Go Without Either of These Necessities.

You may as well talk about going without eating as going without fences. If you have a house and home you must have a fence around it. If you have a farm you must mark its boundaries by fences, and also shut in the stock with fences.

A fence is in many ways as important as a man's house. As a community grows the subject of fences assumes more and more prominence.

The success of the "Anchor" fence in the United States has been phenomenal for the chief reason that it combines economy, strength and beauty in a way that instantly appeals to everybody. In the Eastern states, where it has been known longer, the factories making it are pressed to full capacity. In this state, where it is comparatively new, its widespread adoption seems to be only a question of the agents getting around and showing their wares to the people.

There is ample reason for all the talk going on about the "anchor" fence, as it is solving the great fence problem satisfactorily. It is not only well adapted to ornamental work, but it is the biggest kind of a blessing to stock raisers and ranchmen generally.

It is made of heavy wire and the joints are held rivet-tight by the patent "anchor" clamps. It does not cost as much as the old-fashioned fences, yet it lasts practically forever. It is worth anyone's while to write to the manufacturers, The Portland Anchor Fence Co., 742, Nicolai Street, Portland, Oregon, for catalogue and pictures explaining their wonderful fence.

Alas for Aspirations!

Old Gentleman—So you think my daughter loves you, sir, and you wish to marry her?

Dudeleigh—That's what I called to see you about. Is there any insanity in your family?

"No, sir; and there's not going to be any."

# CHINESE OF PEKIN.

SOLDIER WRITES OF THEIR LIFE AND OCCUPATIONS.

They Are Industrious, Working Hard for Little Pay—Lack Tools for Cultivating the Land—Police of the City and Their Characteristics.

The subjoined extracts from a private letter from George L. DeForest of this city, who is a member of Company B in the Ninth Regiment, will be read with interest:

"So you would like to peep in this sacred city and see what my surroundings are? I think in one of my former letters I gave a short description of the city of Peking, and perhaps a little gossip in regard to the people who inhabit it may be acceptable. In the first place, the rich 'Chinks' wear costly silks, while the poor ones are glad to wear cotton. Numerically in this city the proportion of rich to poor is about one in a thousand, so you can see that cotton is king so far as the poor are concerned, and I am told that, although the soil is very productive, there is hardly enough cotton raised to supply the demand. This is due, in great measure, to the lack of tools in cultivating it and poorer machinery for cutting when harvested, as everything here is done by hand.

"The Chinese are the most industrious people I ever saw, especially the women. These latter are never idle. They are great gossipers, but do not neglect their work on that account, and it is a common thing to see them chatting in the narrow alleys between their houses, but always at work, either turning their reels or stitching shoe soles, which find a ready sale, for a Chinaman who went barefoot would be utterly disgraced. Why, even the beggars here wear shoes, although the rest of their apparel may be ever so wretched.

"Another thing worthy of mention is the fact that nothing is wasted in this land of the 'Chinks.' Grass and all kinds of roots are pulled up, washed and dried, and used for fuel. Scraps of paper and cloth are pasted together to make the soles of shoes, and bits of wood are glued together to build up either a post or a board. The women spinners and straw platters earn 2 cents a day. This may seem small pay, but not so when I tell you that I am informed that \$5 a year will clothe a Chinaman and his wife. Such a thing as underwear is not known by them, neither is a garment ever fitted, and a Utica dressmaker would starve to death here. The only measures that are taken are from the hip to the ground. Fashions never change. Take two or three yards of material, sew it together, run a tape through the top, and haul it together, and you have the dress made.

"The 'Chinks' are very economical, and I guess you will think that they have to be when I tell you that the unskilled laborers are only paid upon an average of 7 cents a day. Masons, carpenters and stonemasons are the king-pins here in labor circles, to be deceiving the munificent sum of 25 to 30 cents a day. The work day here begins at sunrise and lasts until dark, but notwithstanding all this the laborers seem contented and happy.

"So much in regard to the people, and now perhaps a few words in regard to the officials of the city, particularly the first place, a Chinese policeman is a wonderful creation; in fact, a cross between a circus clown and a football player. His breeches are always baggy and heavily padded; in fact, so clumsy that you wonder how in the world he ever gets around in them. He also wears a coat which is thick and clumsy and comes well below the knee. Dark blue is the general color, which is set off with facings and bands of light blue, red, green, maroon and brown, but no yellow is ever used, for that is the sacred royal color, and no one but those of high rank are allowed to wear it. Policemen are thicker than huckleberries in this city of Peking, there being, it is said, between 15,000 and 20,000 of them within the walled city.

"This walled city is two miles square and has two great gates in each wall base, about half a mile from the corners, and a mile from each other. The streets are broad and stretch straight from one to the other, making the space inside into a big nine-block. The police stations are scattered all along the nine squares. The head of the police has charge of all the city gates, they being nine in number. The policemen never carry any arms, not even a stick, but keep swords, spears, guns and cutlasses in racks at the station, and when a signal gun is fired make a rush for the station from which the sound comes and grab the first weapon in sight. When on parade or when they have a review, which is quite often, is the only time they are armed, especially if they expect any foreign devils to be present. The weapons are funny looking, particularly a savage looking three-hooked spear, which makes a terrible, jagged wound.

"Besides the 20,000 policemen within the wall, I am informed that Peking maintains 144,000 more to regulate matters in the outer city. All these men are under the command of one head officer. The officers and the men furnish their own uniforms, but each state furnishes their arms, and each gets a monthly allowance of rice in addition to his pay. The chief gets a good salary, but those under him get little pay, depending mostly for what they can squeeze out of the prisoners whom they pull in."—Utica Press.

WITH AMATEUR ADMIRALS.

Routine Duties of Cadets at the Annapolis Naval Academy.

One of the best conducted naval schools in the world is that at which the officers of the United States navy receive their training. It is thorough in every department, and the young man who graduates well in his class is fitted for almost any station on board a ship. The record of one day there is the record of all days—a strict observance of all the rules of discipline and thorough instruction in every detail of naval warfare.

The cadet is aroused from his slum-

bers at 6 o'clock each morning. He is not permitted to toss his bedclothes aside as happens to suit his fancy, but must roll back the bed covers in a certain way, placing the pillow on top, and be in readiness for the inspecting cadet in charge.

At 6:35 he falls in rank with his company for morning inspection, at which his clothes must be thoroughly brushed, shoes well blacked and his general appearance neat. Any neglect in this respect is immediately reported, when he soon finds himself on the "pap," receiving a number of demerits according to the gravity of the offense.

At 7:15 the "middles" march out of the great mess hall and repair to their rooms to put them in perfect order for the daily inspection of cadet quarters. When a cadet is ill he may report to the surgeon at sick quarters in answer to sick call, which is sounded on the bugle at 7:15 in the morning and 7 o'clock in the evening.

The bugle sounds the first call to recitation at 8 o'clock, when the cadets are mustered in sections and marched in a prescribed order to the various recitation-rooms. All during the day these sections or squads may be seen marching through the extensive grounds of the academy to and from the various buildings of instruction.

When the faithful bugler sounds general recall at 12:15 all cadets marching by sections return to main quarters, where they are allowed fifteen minutes to prepare for dinner. At dinner formation the drills for the afternoon are published, with any other orders requiring the attention of the battalion. Finishing with these and the necessary alignment, "the middles" are marched by companies into the mess hall. There they are allowed forty minutes for dinner, when, at the tap of the bell, they must rise and march out.

At precisely 9:55 "tattoo" rings out clear and distinct over the campus and tells the tired "middy" to get ready for bed. In five minutes he is just about crawling under the covers, and as soon as the last resounding note of "taps" is done by hand.

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# MISERY OF THE HALL BEDROOM.

A Stage in the Life of Many New Yorkers That Few Recall with Pleasure.

The woman who had arrived grew red and white. "I shall never forget my hall bedroom days, 180 in number," she said. "A good deal has been written about the hall bedroom of New York, but no pen can tell all its miseries. I came to New York fresh from the sun and a country home. I took a hall bedroom because it was the only room in the house I could afford. It had in it a cot, covered in day with an 'Oriental' tapestry; a washstand, a screen, a shelf curtained off with hooks beneath for clothes; a looking glass on the wall, with a little piece of furniture which was writing desk, bookcase and dressing case combined. When my trunk and my typewriter were added to these treasures I could turn around to utilize a part of the hall for the purpose.

"My typewriter knocked out the little stand in one round. Could it have stood still it would have stood the burden. But I had to move the stand whenever I wanted to dress, or to get at my trunk, and as I did not remove the typewriter, but simply dragged the stand around, the poor thing quickly collapsed. The landlady looked severe when I told her. When I got another stand I carefully lifted my typewriter off whenever I wanted to move the stand, which was a dozen times a day.

"My dresses were continually falling from the hooks without the slightest provocation, and I had always to move the screen, and then bring a chair to stand on to hang them up again. The only way I could get any light or air was to sit by the window; and as my trunk had a stand there, I had to perform to sit on the trunk; and a trunk can be improved upon as a place of continuous repose. I have sat upon it for hours, tailor fashion, mending my clothes, when my very soul loathed the needle.

"It was an acrobatic feat to dress in that room in the morning. I never shall forget some of my maddening struggles to get into my clothes in two square feet of space. For six months I never knew how my back hair looked, for it was too dark over by the glass to see. My destructive tendencies came out strong; for I pulled down first the curtains over my clothes, and then those at the window, pole and all. I had to keep a good many things in my trunk, and whenever I wanted to get at them I had to first remove a mass of books, papers and manuscript from the bed, or else open it and let them slide down behind. I had to sit on my trunk to play my typewriter, because neither of the chairs was high enough."

"And so you hate the hall bedroom?"

"Well, no; I don't know that I do. That hall bedroom witnessed my first triumph. I got my first check there; \$20, for a 2,000-word story. When I opened the envelope and saw that check I grew faint. It was the revision after six months of grim, heartrending determination. Then I laughed and cried and grew hysterical. Anyone with any experience could have told me that one swallow did not make summer, but to me it was the beginning of success. And so it proved. I have not lived in a hall bedroom since."

"And now?"

The woman who had arrived was silent, and looked straight ahead of her. Then she laughed and rose suddenly.

"I wish I could ever be as happy again as I was when I got that check," she said.—New York Sun.

# HOW HE WAS REDUCED.

By Circumstances Over Which He Had No Control.

"You must have played some great games of poker in your day," he said to the drummer who had been talking about luck at cards.

"Yes, I have," was the reply. "Yes, sir, I have had some great games."

"How large a bet did you ever make, may I ask?"

"One hundred thousand plunks."

"You don't mean it?"

"I certainly do. Yes, sir; I sat in a game in Denver once and bet \$100,000 on my hand and I had only one pair in it at that."

"What an awful bluff! The others laid down their hands, didn't they?"

"Oh, no! One of them called me. He had a full house and of course I was beaten."

"And you—you lost \$100,000?"

"I did. For the fraction of a second a feeling of faintness stole over me, and things looked wizzy wazy, but then I pulled myself together and reached down into my vest pocket and handed him the money, with a smile."

"Great Scott!" sighed the querist as he mopped his brow. "Think of losing that much money on a turn of the cards! I suppose that is why you were forced to take to the road?"

"Well, no. The winner said that such cheek as mine ought to be rewarded and he returned my money. I'd have been all right, only when I got back to Chicago I put \$900,000 with it and lost the whole pile on a horse race and bet by a nose. That reduced my fortune to less than \$4,000,000, and so I had to take up this business to eke out my income. Of course, it's a sad case and I feel my position keenly, but with perseverance and integrity I hope to pull through in time to be able to pay the cook her wages again. Have you a match, please?"

Nine Years to Walk Through London.

The largest city of the world is London, lying in four counties and having a population of 4,250,000, equalling the combined populations of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Rome. To walk through all the streets, avenues, lanes and alleys of the city, never traversing the same one twice, would require a ten-mile walk every day for nine years. The streets, placed in a row, would reach around the world, and leave a remnant that would stretch from London to San Francisco.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Lovers in Borneo.

All the suitors of a girl's hand in Borneo are expected to be generous in their presents to her. These presents are never returned; therefore the wily young lady defers as long as possible a positive selection of the happy man.

When a young man with money tells, lies, the people call it "enthusiasm."

# FARM MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES.



Ensilage Cutter. Best and only perfect cutter on the market. Mitchell, Lewis & Blizzards, Portland, Ore.

JOHN POOLE, Portland, Oregon, Foot of Morrison Street. Can give you the best bargains in Buggies, Plows, Boilers and Engines, Windmills and Pumps and General Machinery. See us before buying.

# Wholesale Boots and Shoes

KRAUSSE & PRINCE, 87 and 89 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

All Kinds Carried in Stock. Catalogue Furnished Upon Application.

# SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

OREGON. PORTLAND. St. Helen's School for Girls. Thirty-third year. Commodious building. Modern equipment. Academic and college preparatory courses. Special courses in music and art. Trained teachers.

MISS ELEANOR TEBBETS, Principal.

# HILL MILITARY ACADEMY.

A Private School. For boarding and day pupils. First new building. The principal has had twenty-five years' experience in Portland. Correspondence solicited. For catalogue address:

J. W. HILL, M. D., P. O. Drawer 17, Portland, Ore.

Repairs. He—How do you feel when I beat you at what?

She—Not quite so bad as you feel when your friend Jenkins beats you at poker.

The Best Prescription for Malaria. Chills and Fever is a lot of (Grover's) Standard Chills Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a palatable form. No Cure, No Pay. Price 50c.

Her Pride. "Sue had been married three times before she got her present husband, hadn't she?"

"Yes, and he is such a patriotic man she calls him her glorious Fourth."

Two-fold. Sniff—There is more sin in Chicago than in any other city on the face of the earth.

Snuffs—I beg to differ.

"I defy you to name another with more sin in it."

"Cincinnati."

The Joys of House Cleaning. Hubby—Ah, my dear, you see I have come home from the office an hour earlier than usual!

Wife—Oh, you dear, good man! I was just wondering who I could get to take up these carpets!

A Man of Courage. She—I didn't suppose you had the nerve to kiss me.

He—Oh, yes, I have got nerve enough to do anything.

# Summer Resolutions

TAKE **Keeley Cure** FOR THE BOWELS.

Relief from liquor, opium and tobacco habits. For particulars to Keeley Institute, Moved to 420 Williams Ave., East Side.

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# BEST FOR THE BOWELS



10c 25c 50c ALL DRUGGISTS.

CANDY CATHARTIC. Taste good. Eat them like candy. They remove any bad taste in the mouth, leaving the breath sweet and perfumed. It is a pleasure to take them, and they are liked especially by children.</