

MRS. MYRA A. WIGGINS TRAVELS

In the following article Mrs. Myra A. Wiggins tells of her travels in Paris, Scotland, and Ireland, and also of the return voyage on the steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II across the Atlantic. This is the last of the series. Mrs. Wiggins will arrive home in about ten days.

LETTER NO. 21.

Midland Hotel, Bradford, England, Wednesday, May 27, 8:30 p. m. We are spending the night here at Bradford where we arrived at 4:30 this afternoon. I came to see the Photographic Exhibition, as it was an important one, and we did not lose any time, for we had to leave London too late for the Melrose Abbey train of today. This city is only about half an hour from Leeds, where we left the main trunk and we will return there in the morning to take up our journey into Scotland and Ireland. We will reach Melrose early tomorrow afternoon and leave there at 6 for Edinburgh, then take that beautiful trip by coach and train reaching Glasgow at 4 o'clock Friday. From there we were undecided whether to take Ireland or not as it meant a day off of London sight seeing, but we both wanted to see Ireland, so while I decided to cross over to Belfast on Friday night by boat, then go by train to Dublin Saturday where we will spend the Sabbath and reach London on Monday afternoon. You can imagine that this took quite a little planning and all in an hour's time after we reached London this morning, for we had to leave there at 11:30 in order to do it, and they told us at Paris that it would be impossible, but when two women make up their minds to do a thing even the time tables are turned and we had such an obliging clerk at Cook's who helped us out; however, when he had finished with us he was trembling so that he could scarcely write. The American "rush" was too much for him.

All this time we were standing with our mail unopened in our hands, for Mrs. Park had gone to the office to check in on the tickets and I began by telling the man that we had to catch that 11:30 train and from that moment his natural breathing stopped. I really felt sorry for him but in the end we thanked him profusely and Mrs. Park said some nice words to him which acted as a restorative.

We did not see the scenery for the first 20 miles of our journey for we were hurried in those letters and I read all of Mrs. Park's and she read all of mine; we had a regular feast.

Let's see, the last letter I wrote you was at Paris, Sunday afternoon. Well I did nothing more that day but rest till Monday morning Mrs. Park took the Cook's drive with our two friends and as she was in such good company I concluded that I could safely leave her and go elsewhere. I had taken the same drive four years ago with papa. I first hunted up the "Photo Club de Paris" and there learned that the Photographic Salon was being held in the Petit Palais. When I reached there both the Petit and Grand Palaces were gay with streamers and posters with the word "Salon" in large letters, so I took the Grand Palace first and what was my surprise and delight to learn that the great yearly Salon (of paintings was on—had been open a few days only. Well I was there from 10 till 2 o'clock and just had a thoroughly good time and even then there was one full department I did not see and I simply walked through the great covered court where all the beautiful marbles were. After taking luncheon in the building where I sat watching the streams of people (it was a fete day) I crossed over to the Petit Palace, to the Photographic Salon and there I stayed until it closed at 6 o'clock. As I paid my franc and entered I picked up one of the catalogues which were for sale near the door and in my best French asked the girl if the American work was listed in it, she answered yes, so I bought one and started in. You can imagine my surprise when I found that two of my pictures were hung and by their French names at first but soon I found out "Still Life" and the other one, "The Edge of the Cliff," the girl found for me.

I think Mr. Sieglitz did not tell me, just for a surprise. The American work was splendid, ahead of everything, as usual, and it was the first real Photographic Salon I had ever had the pleasure of visiting. The American work I saw today I thought was even better.

Tuesday morning we four went to the Louvre where we had a guide just to show us the masterpieces of sculpture and painting. They were the same that I saw four years ago, of course, but they grow more beautiful to me every time I study them, especially the famous Venus de Milo and the Winged Victory. The galleries are always full of students copying and it was very noticeable that the Paris copies were not so good as those at Pasadena, California, (one of the two young ladies I mentioned) and I went to the Grand Opera. It was the initial performance of "The Son of a Star" and the place was Jerusalem, in Hadrian's time as nearly as we could make out the French, and when the stage was filled with Arabs, Jews, and even donkey boys, we could easily imagine that we were back in Jerusalem. The singing, of course, was fine and the opera beautiful. We decided to go in five minutes; went in our traveling clothes. Our hotel was only about four blocks from the opera house and we reached home after 12. I had not had my hat off since breakfast that morning. Yesterday afternoon we went shopping, or rather tried to, but we were so tired and there were such

crowds, that we did not buy anything but came home and packed and left right after supper for London. That Disper trip is always such a hard one and the boat was crowded last night, but I ran ahead and secured two good berths so we had a little rest. It is really a funny sight to see so many women sleeping on shelves one above another clear up to the ceiling almost. Mrs. Park gave me most heartfelt thanks for selecting a lower berth for her. We had an exceedingly smooth voyage and only a few were sick. One "cranky" woman had the maid get everything ready for her as she was sure she would be dead before morning and she went to sleep before the boat started, fairly groaning, but we heard no more of her and you may be sure the maid did not wake her till we had safely reached shore. One of our young lady friends, Miss Arbuckle of New York, sailed from Cherbourg today. Miss Loomis, the other one, will remain on the continent a month longer. We were sorry to part with them.

Thursday, May 28.—We are now spinning along on our way to Edinburgh and I will mail this letter when we reach the main line near Leeds. Leeds seems to be a very great manufacturing place—nothing but smokestacks and smoke. London as usual was foggy and smoky when we were there, but England in the country is as beautiful as any I have ever seen. The hawthorn hedges are all in blossom but it is too early yet for the red poppies.

LETTER NO. 22.

Hotel Balmoral, Glasgow, Friday evening, May 27.—We arrived here at 4:30, took an hour's drive about the city then had our supper and are now making ourselves at home in the pleasant little drawing room of the hotel until 10 o'clock, when we leave by train and then take the steamer about an hour later for Belfast, Ireland, where we arrive very early in the morning; but we will not have to leave the steamer until we take the train for Dublin about 8 o'clock so we will have an unbroken rest. There is one thing very remarkable about this hotel; it has really good paintings and pictures on its walls. I think the proprietor must be a retired art collector. Our tea was doubly enjoyed because a fine marine view hung opposite us on the wall. When out driving we saw the municipal buildings, the grounds where the great Exposition was held years ago and the fine college so splendidly situated. But Edinburgh, where we stopped over last night, is certainly the most beautiful city we have yet entered and we were so high in our wonder, what is it and from the hotel. Sir Walter Scott's monument there, is really fine, and what is so uncommon it has the right setting with plenty of space around it.

Before we reached Edinburgh we stopped off at Melrose and were out at the Abbey nearly three hours. What a fine old ruin it is! No wonder that Sir Walter Scott was inspired by it! We saw his favorite seat, a heap of stones in the middle of the Abbey. It began to rain while we were there, so we spent the last hour just outside the Abbey gate in the custodian's little shop, where we bought some Scotch souvenirs. I found there a beautiful book of old Scotch songs with the music, something that I have long wanted, so I bought it; it is bound in silk. "Gordon" said, "The book has only been out a short time. The nice old lady there gave us some purple heather in blossom and was so kind to us in many ways; in fact, we find that all the Scotch people have great kind hearts and we are both proud of our Scottish ancestors. The whole country looks so thrifty; nothing is ransomed. The Scotch broom is in blossom; we see it everywhere. I did not really see Scotland till we reached Aberfoyle at about 11 o'clock this morning, the most beautiful spring morning you can imagine! There we took a coach, mounted to the high seats by a ladder (safely and gracefully accomplished by Mrs. Park) and settled ourselves for a drive of eight miles over the Scottish hills covered with heather. We passed the "banks" and "braes" with the "craigs" on either side, and later following the little "burn" on the banks of which the black thorn grew. The "bracken" was just springing up all over the hillsides and the "bla(b)erry" bushes were such a beautiful green. The mountains were blue, with soft lights and shadows, and the birds (the Plover among them) were singing oh so sweetly. It was all very happy and beautiful that we were very happy in the enjoyment of it, but wished so much that those we loved could be with us and enjoy it also. We had the whole coach (seating twenty persons) and the driver, to ourselves and you may be sure we asked that good-natured Scotchman questions just as fast as we could think of them. In answer to my question if it had rained there the day before he answered yes, that there had been quite a "thunder pump"; this has been a favorite quotation between us ever since and it is so expressive that we are thinking of introducing it in Oregon as the latest slang. Another word which amused us very much a gentleman used in the following sentence: "Just over there is a bonnie place where the people go in the early spring when they have spring lets," meaning, as we say, "spring fever." At the end of that beautiful drive, enjoyed to the fullest extent and without a particle of dust, we disembarked on the bank of the beautiful "Loch Katrine" made so famous by Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" and took the steamer (named for that great poet). The ride was delightful and we remained up on deck all the way across. We passed the beau-

tiful "Ellen's Isle" and many other places made famous by Scott. At the other end of the lake we took another coach, still larger than the first one, with four horses. The driver and his guard (a young boy) were dressed in red coats and the coach was painted the same color. This was a beautiful drive also, very near the high mountains, some of them snow capped; but the first drive, I think, showed us more of the typical Scotch scenery for we saw so much heather and on the last drive we saw very little of it. The heather was just beginning to blossom. How I should love to see the hills all purple with it; it is a little early yet for that. We saw a great many sheep; they live all winter on the heather. At the end of our second drive on the border of Loch Lomond we took dinner at a hotel there, and such appetites! There are some beautiful falls just at the side of the hotel and as we had a little time to spare we went on the rocks below them and then climbed up to the bridge which was above them. Our second boat ride began at this place—have forgotten the name of it—where we crossed the beautiful Loch Lomond. We could not stay on deck this time for we were going against the wind but enjoyed it from the cabin. At the end of the lake we took the train for Glasgow and we felt that we had seen quite a bit of Scotland. Cook's man in the office at London told us to take this trip and we feel very grateful to him for suggesting it.

I have been writing the latter part of this in our room in the hotel at Bray, Ireland, a quiet little town where we came yesterday in order to spend the Sabbath here. It is right on the coast, just a half hour from Dublin. The sea was very smooth the night we crossed and we slept all the way. Just after breakfast on the boat we took the train for Dublin and reached there at 10:30 that morning. It looks just like any other large city, the people too, and we only saw a few "Pats" and "Bridges." We came down here to Bray hoping to see more of real Irish life, but we were disappointed again and so we are beginning to think that Ireland is only a myth and that we are still in England. The country, though, is very beautiful with the little white cottages and green hedges and just now the "furze" hedges are in blossom—a very bright yellow.

As we left Belfast we saw a strange sight, acres and acres of linen bleaching on the grass; it looked just like fields of snow except that it was all in long-shaped packages. The vehicles here in Ireland look so strange to us. Of course, the cabs are like any other carriages, but the Irish jaunting car is the most common of all; it is on two wheels with seats at the sides, no cover and nothing in front of the occupant. It is drawn by one horse. As yet I have not been able to persuade Mrs. Park to try one with me. Carriage hire is so reasonable everywhere that we take advantage of it frequently. I wonder why prices are so high in our country. People would use carriages instead of street cars if prices were the same as in Europe and the drivers would make more money, I am sure. We attended morning service at the little Methodist church here, and we heard a good sermon. Nearly all the hymns were familiar, too, which made me feel quite at home. A large poster was hung in the vestibule giving notice of a lecture in Dublin on Tuesday evening by Francis E. Clark, the father of the Christian Endeavor organization. We almost laughed out in church when the minister made the following announcement: "Dr. John Park will address the C. E. Society tomorrow evening on 'Life as Seen in America' during his sojourn there among friends in 1920." We should like very much to hear that lecture, just to know what others say about us.

Did I tell you that we had "sees" and tea at Melrose? We did not see a single Scotch Highlander costume until today and, of course, that was in Ireland. The great kindness and true politeness of the Scotch and Irish people are very noticeable especially among the hotel people. Even the French politeness cannot equal it. We are able to feel that we are conferring a favor every time we ask one. We will be sorry to say good-bye to them in the morning. Just one more letter before we sail and maybe not that for we will be exceedingly busy.

LETTER NO. 23.

Dampier Kaiser Wilhelm II, Monday.—Only one more day and we are due in New York! This part of our trip has passed so quickly, although a good share of it was spent in our berths. The second day out we missed two meals in the dining room but that is all; however, it has been a rough trip and we have felt better lying down, so by this time we have had a good rest and plenty of sleep. This is a fine boat, one of the largest, I believe, and we have a very nice room, about the center of the boat just above the dining room. The steward told me the other day that it was a \$500 room—think of paying \$500 for six days! It is an outside room. Some of the suites of rooms above us are \$2,000 and \$1,500. I do not know how low they run. All of the "Kurfersters" were entitled to first-class berths. Mrs. Park and I are alone this time and we are enjoying it. The last day we were in London it rained and I had all my shopping to do for I had simply run out of clothes. Mrs. Park intended to spend the day in sight-seeing but we went on a few errands in the morning and she got so wet and she had to return to the hotel, order a fire and go to bed while her clothes dried. I stayed in town all day till 5 o'clock, when I returned to the hotel and had tea then started out again at 6 o'clock to Cook's on busi-

ness, inquired again for mail, then I went on down town, gathered up my purchases that required altering, just as the stores were closing at 7 o'clock, returned to the hotel at 8:30, ate a late dinner and then packed. So that is about all that we saw of London, except a two hours' drive that we took early in the morning, stopping only to see Westminster Abbey, of course. I had seen some of London before, but was so sorry it rained, on Mrs. Park's account; however, nothing could have hired me to change my sailing date and I am sure Mrs. Park felt the same. That was only the second time that rain had interfered with our plans.

The next morning we were up early, for we had to leave the Waterloo station for Southampton at 9:25 on the special steamer train and we were a little anxious, as a cab strike was on, and sure enough our hotel man stood at the door and blew his whistle for nearly ten minutes before he had any response and then we were fortunate enough to get a double carriage and I tell you we and our baggage filled it; each had three pieces. As it was, we had no time to spare for we had to chase after the man who had the special tickets before we could get the reduced fare and then we had to check our luggage—yes, actually, they checked it, free, and we did not have to get it again till we reached our state room. However I looked it up at the dock to be sure that it was all there. It is to be hoped that the good work will spread on that continent. It was really quite a shock to find that our luggage was all there and free at that. When the porter told us "Cook" the luggage we simply stared in dumb astonishment and he went on to explain that he would give us a number and paste on our grip to match it. As we walked in a dazed condition and almost juggleless to our compartment we still thought that we were dreaming of the distant past.

In some of the districts of London not a carriage was to be had and some of the "Kurfersters" had to walk for blocks and carry their luggage in order to get a seat in a bus. You know what every seat is taken in a bus they will not let another person on. Persons are not allowed to stand as in our country; it is the same in Paris also. But we had a strange bit of London experience before we pulled out of the station. Although it was early in the morning it became as dark as night and all was confusion there till three large arc electric lights were turned on. And that is the condition in which we left London, in darkness. That reminds me that in Edinburgh at 10 o'clock at night it was so light that I could tell the time from a clock two blocks distant.

Yesterday, Sunday, was a busy day for us, for at the eleventh hour the Kurferst delegation decided to have morning services and Sunday school in the first cabin and a service at 4:30 in the second cabin dining room. Mrs. Park was Sunday school teacher, elected unanimously, and we had Sunday school in the children's dining room. There are about sixty "Kurfersters" on board and about half of them were in the class—the other half were sick. I sang a solo at both morning and afternoon church services and also a duet with a young lady, so that required practice, of course. Dr. Bell, of San Francisco, preached a splendid sermon in the morning and in the second cabin there were several good speakers and a song service.

Now, I think it is about time to tell you that I am seated at the dining table next to Mr. Johnson, my good doctor, and it was just a "happenstance" too. At the first meal Mrs. Park and I were seated among strangers but at its close we learned that the "Kurferst" was all together in a corner of the dining room so the steward kindly gave us new numbers at one of those tables and we had hardly taken our seats at dinner when along came Mr. Johnson and sat down beside me. We have three other nice gentlemen at our table and the four of them have kept us laughing and conversing if not very noticeably, especially when they saved their best stories for such occasions and Mr. Johnson, doctor-like, watched every symptom. Last evening we had a kind of a reception in our room. We filled the couch, the lower berth, the doorway and the floor. We all told our experiences at Jerusalem and other places and were unaware of the intensity of the hour until a neighbor came to the door and told us that a sick lady near me was especially enjoying our "hilarity"—she didn't just say that in so many words but I fear that word comes near expressing it.

Today we have been making out our "declaration" lists to give to the custom officials in New York, but it all depends upon the man we get. I know the one I had before considered all my brass as trash and I trust that I may again view just such an unappreciative individual, for my trunk is simply full of brass, copper, and green jugs. We will surely have an exhibition of our things for the benefit of our intimate friends, and let not Mr. Park hope for better things, for his wife has brass too (and really, come to think of it, I believe she has acquired some in another sense also, but not enough to cause alarm).

How good it did seem to have U. S. coin again—when the purser gave me in change a handful of quarters, dimes and nickels, for the first time in my life I took real delight in the mere sight of money and I just held it in my hand and looked at it. I smiled and the purser smiled too; he understood.

The captain's dinner this evening was a very grand affair. It is the custom, on some lines at least, to give a Captain's dinner the last night at sea, and the dinner this evening was certainly splendid. The dining room was decorated in wide heavy shades of red, white and blue moire silk and garlands of artificial autumn leaves; each table, too, was beautifully decorated with a centerpiece made of macaroons and filled with flags, bon-bons, etc. The dinner was similar to a dinner we had on the Kurferst until we came to the ice cream course when the lights were suddenly turned out. Just then the orchestra began to play a march and two large W's (for Kaiser Wilhelm) one at either side of the stairway, blazed forth in red electric lights and at the same time little miniature light-houses all over the dining room were illuminated.

Then came the procession of waiters, headed by the young boys in uniform and sashes, every waiter carrying a Japanese lantern, balloon-shaped and held high, except about every third one who carried a silver tray in the center of which was a white or pink hollow block of ice, with a candle inside and arranged around it were little Japanese ladies of ice-cream, carrying parasols. This course was called, of our menu card "transparent ice cream." The waiters marched around the dining room several times, about a hundred of them, I should guess, then separated for their tables. It was a very pretty sight. The evening wound up with a concert given by the orchestra assisted by a violinist and a reader from New York, and that was all very good. There was also another reader, who was so poor that she broke up the concert, for everybody left. She asked to be placed on the program, presenting photographs of herself also testimonials.

We expect to have only two more meals on this fine old ship; we have certainly enjoyed our voyage and it has seemed very short. We will soon reach the shores of our beloved country, never more dear, and then this, the most enjoyable trip of my life, will be all in the past.

Worst of All Experiences.

Can anything be worse than to feel that every minute will be your last? Such was the experience of Mrs. S. H. Newson, Decatur, Ala. "For three years," she writes, "I endured insufferable pain from indigestion, stomach and bowel trouble. Death seemed inevitable when doctors and all remedies failed. At length I was induced to try Electric Bitters and the result was miraculous. I improved at once and now I'm completely recovered." For Liver, Kidney, Stomach and Bowel troubles Electric Bitters is the only medicine. Only 50c. It's guaranteed by D. J. Fry, Druggist.

HAYESVILLE NOTES.

The ice cream social last Saturday evening held at Hayesville school house was a complete success. The entire evening was one continual round of pleasure, and one of the most enjoyable events of the season, and everyone left at a late hour declaring they had their share of pleasure and hoped they would all meet again in the near future and have another jolly good time.

Geo. W. Poyser, of Hayesville, is carrying on a successful business with his new brick machine he recently purchased in the East. Hayesville is a little neighborhood beautifully located three miles north of Salem, and a great many of its people are busily engaged in picking strawberries for the market. Hayesville, June 20, 1920.

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under the torment of neuralgia, when every nerve in face or limb throbs and jumps. Philosophy cannot endure this agony but Perry Davis Painkiller relieves it. Bathe the affected parts freely, keep them warm and do not expose yourself to cold and dampness. Medical science marches right along, but it has not found the equal of Painkiller in the treatment of neuralgia.

FLOODS OF ICE.

SEATTLE, Wash., June 17.—A Dawson special to the Post-Intelligencer says: Telegraphic advices from St. Michaels are that the ice moved out of the bay there today. The first fleet of steamers for Nome, carrying 3000 passengers, is probably safe at Nome. A number of vessels have been beating off shore for eleven days, waiting for the ice to clear.

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DEMANDS WILL BE MET.

TANGIER, June 17.—Mohammed El Torres, representative of the Sultan of Morocco, has caused the arrest of Sheikh Beniam and Sabner, as demanded by Raisuli. The amount of ransom demanded by the bandit chief for the release of Perdicaris and Varley is ready, and the answer is expected at the end of the week.

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GOL. MAYBERRY 36521

16 hands high, weight 1280 pounds. He has trotted a 2:16 gait. He was second in Klamath, 2:11, in show ring at State Fair, 1920, and winner over Lovelace 2:30, Viamont 2:31, Lord Klembo 2:28, Memo 2:23, Malbrino, Broadheart, Special Telegram and others. Will make the season of 1920 as follows:

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Wednesdays and Thursdays at Gervais.
Fridays and Saturdays at Silvertown.

TERMS:—Season \$15, payable July 1; Insurance \$20, payable when mare is known to be with foal, disposed of or taken out of country. Not responsible for accidents. For extended pedigree see posters or address

SULTAN, 1913 Dam of 3 in 2:30 class Nico, 2:28 1/4	THE MOORE, 870 SULTAN Dam of 8 in 2:30 class
ATLANTA Dam of 3 in 2:30 class Full sister to beautiful Belle, dam of ten and Chimes, 2:30	THE MOORE, 870 SULTAN Sire of Sultan
JARVIS, 1923 Total 2:20 as a 4 year old	MINNEHAHA Dam of 8 in 2:30 class
ODD FELLOW, 1925 Sire of Ode, 2:26 1/4 Riviera, 2:27 1/2	ECHO, 462 Sire of Ham TIGERS By Morgan Black Hawk, dam of Col. Hawkins, 2:29, sire of dam of Ketchum, 2:27 1/2
LITTLE SKIP Sire of Ode Old Fellow sire of Ode, 2:26 1/4 Riviera 2:27 1/2	ODD FELLOW, 1925
MT. VERNON, 1924 Record 2:15 1/4	KITTY CLYDE By G. M. P. Jr. II
MAY BELL VERNON Reg. Vol XIII A. T. S. dam of Col. Mayberry, who has shown 2:16 gait	BELLMONT, 64 Sire of 19, including 11 m 2:12 1/2, 2:13
MAY DAY Dam of Esbe, Crescenta, Rob Roy, Mary, all who have shown better than 2:30 speed	MISS RUSSELL Dam of 7 in 2:30
	DAISY Record 2:33
	BEAUTY By Old Doc.
	CAPT. WESSLER 1917, Record 2:30 1/2
	BELLMONT, William son, Sire of Venture, 2:27
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