

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly sickness at the stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

G. G. GREEN Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.



STARTLING FACTS!

The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks, and the following facts from the best medical authorities of the world, show that when this is the case, the result is a most distressing and dangerous condition. Dr. J. H. Miller's Great Restorative Nervine cures all cases of nervousness, indigestion, and all other ailments of the stomach, liver, and bowels. It is a most powerful and reliable remedy, and is sold in every drug store. Dr. J. H. Miller's Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind. TRIAL BOTTLE FREE. Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.



The Last Drop
Is as good as the first. No drops. All pure and wholesome. The most popular drink of the day.

Hires' Root Beer.
A perfect thirst quencher.

Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is as good as the genuine Hires'.

MANY MEN SUFFER FROM THE EFFECTS OF YOUTH AND DO NOT KNOW THEIR TRUE CONDITION. DO YOU? IT COSTS NOTHING TO FIND OUT WHY THEN DON'T YOU LEARN AND BE A MAN? SEND POSTAL CARD AND LEARN OUR METHOD OF DIAGNOSING CASES FREE! COSMOPOLITAN DISPENSARY, 100 N. 3rd St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

MOTIVE HERCULES Gas and Gasoline ENGINES
Have fewer parts, and are less likely to get out of order than any other gas or gasoline engine now made. They run like a clock, and are the most reliable and economical of all.

For Simplicity It Beats the World. It Starts Itself Automatically. No Batteries or Electric Sparks. It Runs with a Charge Grade of Gasoline than any other engine.
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Columbia Poultry Yards, J. M. BRENTS, Manager.
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S. C. White Leghorns, S. C. Brown Leghorns, White Plymouth Rocks, Barred Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Black Langshans, Light Brahmans, Buff Orpingtons, Partridge Cochins, Turkeys.
Send for Circular and Price List.

THEIR SCHEMES WORKED WELL.

The United Her Voice, He Rained a Row and Both Rained Some Money.

It was a demure looking little woman that walked into the ladies' cabin of a Pennsylvania ferryboat a few evenings ago and took a seat in the cabin that fast filled up. A respectable looking man who followed the woman, took a seat beside her, and unfolding a newspaper was to all appearances quickly engrossed in reading.

The jingle bell had sounded and the ferryboat had just cleared the slip when the woman commenced singing in a rather melodious voice. The passengers ceased talking and those who were reading dropped their papers and all eyes centered on the demure little woman, who evidently intended making an appeal to the charitable feelings of the passengers.

The man who came into the cabin behind the woman dropped his paper and eyed the singer sharply for an instant. She paid no attention to him, and at last, in a voice clearly heard by the passengers near about, she asked the woman to stop singing, as she was disturbing the passengers and him in particular.

The request, or rather command, attracted the attention of those who heard it and they looked upon the man with expressions of disgust. But the woman paid no heed to the insolent remark and continued with the little song. The man left his seat and went to the forward deck. He reappeared with a deck hand, who assisted the man in getting through the crowd and to where the little woman still sat singing. "I want you to make this woman stop her noise," said the man, now apparently aroused. "It's against the rules. She's evidently going to ask for alms." The woman had stopped singing and was now looking innocently at the man and the deck hand.

From two or three passengers came the cry of "Shame!" but the man whose nerves were so shaken by the woman's voice and who wanted the ladies enforced, seemed to pay no attention to the remarks until the woman addressed him.

"I'm sorry to have disturbed you, sir," she said rather loudly, "but I thought I might be able to gather a little money, which I need." "Your singing did annoy me exceedingly, but if you are needy I'm sorry I stood in the way of your obtaining money and I'll help you," he said, taking off his hat and dropping a dollar bill in it. Then he started around the passengers, and one after another dropped silver pieces in the hat until a considerable fund had quickly grown. This the man transferred to the woman, and reseated himself and buried his face behind his paper.

The ferryboat had reached her destination and the passengers left the boat. Five minutes later the man and woman stood on the corner of Liberty and Church streets.

"How much did we get?" the man asked.

"Nearly \$5," she replied.

OUR JIMS.

Story of Two Miners who Parted in Anger and How Peace Came at Last.

We always spoke of them as "Our Jims." They were two of the best men in camp, and "best" meant a good deal in those days. When the Orange Gulch men came over to jump our claims it was Our Jims who rallied us to drive them off, leaving six dead men to be buried in the evening. When the toughs and rangers of Old Man's Hill laid claim to our diggings and appeared two to one to drive us off it was Our Jims again who led the van and enabled us to win the victory.

Jim who? Jim what? I do not know. No one but themselves knew. Now and then some miner gave his full name, but we had no use for it. We were Jim and Bill and Pete to each other, and that alone.

Our Jims were not quarrelsome men. Big men and brave men never are. They tented together and went "pards," and how it came about that they fell out none of us ever learned. One morning, when they had been tentmates for many months, one Jim packed up and left camp. He had nothing to say—nothing beyond the statement that "Me and Jim is out."

The Jim who remained made no statement whatever. Among ourselves we said there had been a hot word dropped and picked up just when both men were out of sorts. It was hard work, that hunting for gold. We worked like slaves and lived far worse, and tentmates quarreled very often.

In a day or two we saw that the Jim who remained was troubled in his mind. He had been too proud to hold out his hand and ask the other Jim to stay, but now it was hurting him. He grew sullen and morose, and now and then he paused in his work and looked up the trail with a longing look in his eyes—longing to see the other Jim returning to camp. Five or six days had passed when a Chinaman came into camp with a blackened stick on a piece of brown paper and read:

"It's a case of smallpox and I won't put you to come. It's just to say I'm sorry we fell out, and to bid you goodbye."

It took three or four of us half an hour to make out the badly written and misspelled message, and when we had finished Our Jim walked away to his tent and began to pack up. The snowclouds were banking up in the west and it was plain that a bad storm was at hand. The other Jim was twenty-eight miles away, sick and alone in a rude cabin at the abandoned diggings of Crazy Woman creek. The trail led over the mountain and through valleys thick with scrub and rough with boulders, and the Chinaman was completely broken down when he reached us.

"You won't start with that storm coming on?" we said to Jim, as he came out of his tent with a pack on his back.

JUVENILE BUT PRECOCIOUS.

The "school car" goes down town on all the different lines about twenty minutes to 9 o'clock each morning. At that time the Polytechnic and Pacific pupils, as well as many who attend other private schools on the Pacific, leave their homes which bear them schoolward. They assume the ownership of the cars at this hour, and although a started business man may look out from behind his paper to inquire into the label of tongues, he is completely ignored by the lads and lasses that fill the car and hang on by the straps from door to door.

The schoolgirl of ten years used to wear her hair in a braid down her back, and a white frilled apron, and she used to carry her books neatly strapped to a satchel on her arm, but the modern Pacific girl is an overwhelming creature, be she thirteen or twenty, and as for the Polytechnic boy, he buys a paper and has his boots shined on the corner each morning before he gets on the car—Brooklyn Cor. New York Herald.

When Traveling Was Tedious.

During the first quarter of the present century the westward trend of civilization was very slow. Up to 1825 canals had not been thought of west of New York. The average time required to make a trip from Cincinnati to New Orleans and back was six months. The craft made use of were necessarily small, and the cargoes proportionately light, and when they arrived in New Orleans in flatboats, which could not be taken back, the boats were abandoned and the hands returned by land. Under such disadvantages the commerce of the country was nominal.

The farmer had no motive to increase the produce of his fields beyond the wants of his family and of newcomers who might settle in his neighborhood. Corn and oats rarely commanded more than 10 or 12 cents a bushel, and wheat from 30 to 40 cents. The average price of good beef was \$1.50 per 100, and pork from \$1 to \$2 per 100, according to quality.—Edward Rosewater's Omaha Address.

A Gold Brick.

In a room of the assay office is displayed a metal brick which once cost a buyer a pretty penny, but which now goes begging. It was bought for a couple of thousand dollars by a man with that trusting faith in plausible strangers which makes life easy for the people who would rather scheme than toil. He took it to the assay office to get the official figures on his profits in the transaction, and there he learned that his purchase was an alloy. It might be almost anything else, but gold it certainly was not.

After that revelation not even a junkman could be persuaded to buy the bar. One to whom an appeal was made declined on the ground that he couldn't pay the current rate for old metal until he could find out what metal he was buying. And so the man who had been victimized went away sadly, leaving the yellow brick at the assay office. It is there yet, for nobody has offered to carry it off.—New York Times.

Long Island's Wonderful Fresh Eggs.

AUDITING BOOKS AT NIGHT.

One Feature of Expert Accounting That Is Found in Every Office.

"I will venture the estimate," said a well known public accountant recently, "that not one-half of the number of defalcations and thefts from commercial and financial institutions and business houses in the city are never made public."

"Business men," he continued, "are loath to admit that they have been victimized. They go on the theory that publicity in such matters might injure their credit. Consequently, unless the amount is large, every effort is made to keep the matter out of court, even though it entails some loss."

"The public have an idea that the principal work of an expert accountant comes in play in settling estates, examining the books of corporations, making investigations for capitalists who are about to invest money in business ventures, opening up new books and going over the books of institutions that have been robbed."

"That is, however, but a small portion of the work. What we call the auditing feature of the business has developed largely of late. This conclusion of this reveals much that is startling in a criminal way, and leads me to the assertion that not one-half of the defalcations committed are ever made public."

When asked for a more complete explanation of the auditing feature the accountant said: "I will illustrate with a case that I have just concluded."

"The books of a large wholesale house were balanced by the office force at the end of the year. They showed the profits to be far less than was expected. The partners had an idea of forming a stock company of their business. They did not question the integrity of their cashier, who had been with them many years. At the same time they were anxious to find out if everything was going properly in their office."

"They explained the circumstances to me, and I proposed auditing their books and outlining the work. It amounts to nothing more nor less than this: Every night after the office was closed the junior partner of the firm met two of my men who were specially detailed for the purpose. Together they proceeded to the office, opened the safe and worked until 3 o'clock in the morning."

"Every individual transaction of the day was taken up and entered on sheets of paper as though we were the clerical force of the house. We never made an entry on the books or attempted to check back from them. For a month we continued the work without the knowledge of the cashier or his assistants."

THE NEW YORK RACKET STORE.

Receives goods every week from headquarters. This week a lot of Flemings, White and Black, Ladies Long Sleeve and Sleeveless Vests, Velvets, Window Shades, Men's and Boy's Outing Cloth, and Black Sateen Shirts, Prints, Ginghams, Drills, Cambrics, Heavy Ticking, Muslin Bleached and Brown, Hosiery for Men, Women and Children, and Shoes of all kinds. Hats of all kinds, all to be sold at Racket Prices. All that examine find them low.

It was Sunday morning. The Boston young woman who was on a visit to her western relatives spoke to her aunt in a subdued Boston voice appropriate to the day.

"Aunt Rachel," she said, "have you a volume of Emerson in your library?"

"I am sorry to say, Waldonia," responded Aunt Rachel, "that we have not."

"Then I will read a few chapters from the writings of Solomon," said the young woman, taking down the family Bible with a sigh of mild disappointment.—Chicago Tribune.

As a Substitute.

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"I am sorry to say, Waldonia," responded Aunt Rachel, "that we have not."

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as a superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria in their easy reach." CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., Late Pastor Westminster Reformed Church.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARSONS, M. D., "The Winthrop," 15th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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Warm Meals at All Hours of the Day.

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—VIA—

Southern Pacific Route

Shasta Line

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South.	North.
7:00 p.m. Lv. Portland Ar. 7:30 a.m. S. F.	7:30 a.m. Lv. S. F. Ar. 7:00 p.m. Portland
8:15 p.m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:45 a.m. S. F.	8:45 a.m. Lv. S. F. Ar. 8:15 p.m. Portland
9:30 p.m. Lv. Portland Ar. 10:00 a.m. S. F.	10:00 a.m. Lv. S. F. Ar. 9:30 p.m. Portland

Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg, East Portland, Tualatin, Clatskanie, Astoria, Junction City, Irving and Eugene.

ROSEBURG DAILY TRAINS.

South.	North.
6:00 a.m. Lv. Portland Ar. 6:30 a.m. S. F.	6:30 a.m. Lv. S. F. Ar. 6:00 a.m. Portland
7:15 a.m. Lv. Portland Ar. 7:45 a.m. S. F.	7:45 a.m. Lv. S. F. Ar. 7:15 a.m. Portland
8:30 a.m. Lv. Portland Ar. 9:00 a.m. S. F.	9:00 a.m. Lv. S. F. Ar. 8:30 a.m. Portland

Albany Local, Daily Except Sunday.

6:00 a.m. Lv. Portland Ar. 6:30 a.m. Albany

7:15 a.m. Lv. Portland Ar. 7:45 a.m. Albany

8:30 a.m. Lv. Portland Ar. 9:00 a.m. Albany

FULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS. Second Class Sleeping Cars. For accommodation of passengers holding second class tickets attached to express trains.

West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis.

DAILY—(EXCEPT SUNDAY).

South.	North.
7:30 a.m. Lv. Portland Ar. 7:00 p.m. Corvallis	7:00 p.m. Lv. Corvallis Ar. 7:30 a.m. Portland
8:45 a.m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:15 p.m. Corvallis	8:15 p.m. Lv. Corvallis Ar. 8:45 a.m. Portland

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAINS—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY).

South.	North.
6:00 p.m. Lv. Portland Ar. 6:30 a.m. S. F.	6:30 a.m. Lv. S. F. Ar. 6:00 p.m. Portland
7:15 p.m. Lv. Portland Ar. 7:45 a.m. S. F.	7:45 a.m. Lv. S. F. Ar. 7:15 p.m. Portland

Through Tickets

—To all points—

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For tickets and full information regarding rates, maps, etc., apply to the Company's agents at Portland, Ore., or to E. F. ROBERTS, Asst. G. F. and Pass. Agt., at Corvallis, Ore.

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Composed of dining cars, Pullman's drawing room sleepers and Pullman's baggage cars.

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SHAW & DOWNING, Agents.

THE YAUQUINA ROUTE.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development Company's

development line, as well as other lines, first class through passenger and freight lines from Portland and San Francisco to the Willamette valley and to San Francisco.

THE SCHEDULE (except Sundays and holidays).

Leave Albany	Arrive Albany
6:00 a.m.	6:30 a.m.
7:15 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
8:30 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
9:45 a.m.	10:15 a.m.
11:00 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
12:15 p.m.	12:45 p.m.
1:30 p.m.	2:00 p.m.
2:45 p.m.	3:15 p.m.
4:00 p.m.	4:30 p.m.
5:15 p.m.	5:45 p.m.
6:30 p.m.	7:00 p.m.
7:45 p.m.	8:15 p.m.
9:00 p.m.	9:30 p.m.
10:15 p.m.	10:45 p.m.
11:30 p.m.	12:00 a.m.

The above trains connect at YAUQUINA with the Oregon Development Co. Line, connecting between Yauquina and San Francisco.

S. F. Passengers from Portland and all other points can make close connection with the trains of the YAUQUINA ROUTE at Albany or Corvallis, and if desired to go to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yauquina the evening before date of sailing.

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