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If you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and dressiest manner, take them to the
SALEM STEAM LAUNDRY
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3 1/2 DAYS TO CHICAGO
72 Hours Quicker to St. Paul,
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PULLMAN and TOURIST SLEEPERS FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS, DINING CARS.
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EAST AND SOUTH VIA Southern Pacific Route Shasta Line
CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN—RUN DAILY BETWEEN PORTLAND AND S. F.
South. North.
7:30 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 7:30 a. m. S. F.
8:15 p. m. Lv. Salem Ar. 8:15 a. m. S. F.
8:15 p. m. Lv. Albany Ar. 8:15 a. m. S. F.
Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg: East Portland, Tangent, Shedd, Bailey, Harney, Junction City, Irving and Eugene.
ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY.
6:30 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 6:30 p. m. S. F.
11:17 a. m. Lv. Salem Ar. 1:40 p. m. S. F.
6:50 p. m. Lv. Albany Ar. 7:00 a. m. S. F.
Albany Local, Daily Except Sunday.
6:00 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 10:30 a. m. S. F.
7:25 p. m. Lv. Salem Ar. 7:30 a. m. S. F.
8:20 p. m. Lv. Albany Ar. 8:30 a. m. S. F.
PULLMAN 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.
7:30 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:30 p. m. Corvallis
12:10 p. m. Ar. Corvallis Lv. 1:55 p. m. Portland
At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.
EXPRESSION TRAIN—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY
6:40 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:30 a. m. S. F.
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THE WILLAMETTE, SALEM, OREGON.
Rates, \$2.50 to \$5.00 per Day
The best hotel between Portland and San Francisco. First-class in all its appointments. Its tables are served with the **Choicest Fruits** Growed in the Willamette Valley.
A. I. WAGNER, Prop.

Two, Three.
Fashionable methods do not always commend themselves to the common sense of everyday people, who are apt to think more of comfort than of more esthetic considerations. At an "at home" of a country gentleman's wife, says an exchange, the footman was called upon to do duty as butler.
He was much taken aback by the extreme thinness of the slices of bread and butter with which he had to serve the guests. Finally, as he was passing the plate to an old dowager for the third time, he remarked in a very audible whisper:
"If you slap three or four pieces together, mums, maybe you can get a bite."—Youth's Companion.

Conclusive.
He—You said you would listen to me when I could bring you proof of his insanity. Look there! Ha-ha! Look there!
She—Say no more, Iago. Duffy; I am yours.—Life.

What She Did Do.
One of the finest distinctions possible was once drawn by an estimable woman who belonged to the army of restlessly busy American housewives, whose god is their work. She bearded sadly the time spent in enforced idleness on Sunday. Her conscience did not permit her usual round of work, yet her hands refused to lie contentedly in her lap. "I never saw on Sunday," she said, and sighed; "never, of course. But I admit"—she lowered her voice—"I sometimes look myself up in my room and baste a little!"—Argonaut.

A Poser.
"There is no position in life, however great, however noble," shouted the orator, "to which the humblest citizen of this great republic, if he but put forth an effort, may not attain!"
"How about the presidency of a fat man's club?" asked a little lean man in the midst of the audience, standing on his chair that he might be better seen whereat the vast concourse of listening humanity was so affected that the major portion actually shed tears.—Indianapolis Journal.

Different Altogether.
She—How dare you ask to kiss me when you have only known me two weeks?
He—I beg your pardon, but Jack Hurdlow said the night he called he had only known you a week.
She—True. But mother was not in the next room that night.—New York Herald.

The queen of the Belgians is among the latest recruits to photography, and pursues her studies with the utmost diligence. A Brussels photographer goes down to Ciergon twice a week to give her lessons.

Tutt's Pills
will save the dyspeptic from many days of misery, and enable him to eat whatever he wishes. They prevent Sick Headache, cause the food to assimilate and nourish the body, give keen appetite, and Develop Flesh and solid muscle. Elegantly sugar coated. Price, 25 cents per box.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE.
Bottle of 50 Cents.
Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Sick and Nervous Headache, Backache, Dizziness, Hot Flashes, Hot Flashes, Nervous Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Confusion, Hysteria, St. Vitus' Dance, Epilepsy, Habit, Drunkenness, etc., are cured by Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. It does not contain opiates, morphine, cocaine, or any other dangerous drug. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is sold by Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind. Free at drug stores. Dr. Miles' Nervine and Liver Pills, 50 cents for 25 cents are the best remedy for Biliousness, Torpid Liver, etc. Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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With speechless agony, Pat gave one quick glance at his master, and then began the death struggle, for, without thought of loosening his hold to save his life, Pat meant to kill it dearly.
He twisted and turned his lithe body, and the knife inflicted but a flesh wound. The unequal conflict could have had but one issue had not a flying bullet lodged in the heart of the Afghan, who fell, dragging Pat down with him and crushing his paw by the fall.

All this passed in a moment. Jem, with a sick heart, turned from his prospector and hurried on.
Why not? He would have turned and left his brother at the stern call of duty. What Scotchman would not? He felt his strength ebbing fast, the moment of his own fall was drawing near, and the flag must fall upon the ground. The poor fellow staggered on with the desperate effort of a dying man, and reached his colonel's side before darkness fell upon his eyes.

He thought Pat dead, and had time to regret his poor friend during the night of suffering which succeeded the battle. But at dawn Pat had crawled to his bedside, and unable to reach the hands he longed to caress, had lain down upon Jem's garments and given vent to his affectionate heart in moans and tears.

How the dog had wrenched himself free and made his painful way upon three legs, and how he had found his master, no one could tell. Jem wound up the tale of his devotion by reiteration of the statement that it was Pat who had saved the flag; and said the brave fellow: "It is himself shall share the V. C. you are all talking about if I ever get back to England to hold it. For four and twenty hours he shall wear it through Edinburgh streets in the ring of his collar there."

And in fact so he did. There are plenty of witnesses who saw this strange sight.—Kate V. Thompson in Youth's Companion.

When Papa Comes.
A certain lawyer of this city, who is distinguished not only in his profession, but as a man of affairs, owns a delightful summer home in Vermont. His neighbors there tell this story about his youngest child, a girl not more than ten years of age: After much coaxing this little girl had prevailed upon her father to buy her a donkey and a cart. The first day of the donkey's arrival he was permitted to browse on the lawn. The child followed the little animal about, and thinking that his countenance wore an uncommonly sad expression she cautiously approached him, and stroking his nose gently with her soft little hand cooed in his ear: "Poor donkey, you feel lonesome, don't you? But never mind, papa will be here tomorrow, and then you will have company."—New York Times.

MASTER AND EX-SLAVE.
The Kind Hearted Negro Tells Why He Is Today a Poor Man.
One of those picturesque incidents which count for much was the meeting, for the first time since reconstruction days, of a Mississippi negro with his white master of old times. Master and ex-slave were equally prompt in their recognition of each other. The former has been living in the north for twenty years; the latter has stuck by the old plantation, a part of which has fallen into his hands as proprietor.

Both were overjoyed at the meeting and went over to a quiet corner to talk about old times. Every friend the negro met on the way had to be stopped and introduced to "my young Mars' F—," that I learned to ride when he was a little chap an owned me. There was no false shame about the freedman because of his past; he bore his master's surname—the only one him or his ancestors in America had ever known, and his references to "our family" were made with an air of conscious superiority to some of the "trash" around him who "hadn't never been owned by nobody in particular."

The southern aristocrat, who has had his many ups and downs since he came north, was curious to learn how his old body servant had fared in the interval.
"Well, Mars' F—, I've done 'emulated a right smart property, sah, but I ain't held onto it. Dat's de worst."

"Been gambling and drinking, Jim, I'm afraid," said Mr. F— reproachfully.
"No, sah, not er bit of it. But, you see, dar was young Joe Spencer (naming a scion of one of the noble lines in their old neighborhood) you mus' member his farder, Mars' F—? Well, young Joe got inter trouble, an I signed fer 'em—poor feller! He done los' his grip, an all I had in de worl went down wiv 'im. So I ain't got much mo' now den de clo's you see on mer back an der cabin 't home where d'ol woman an der chillun is."

"But that was very imprudent of you, Jim. You ought not to have got in so deep."
"Why, Mars' F—?" and the negro's expression was one of amazement at a rebuke from such a source. "Dem Spencers was 'mong de bes' families roun d'ol place. Day was great friends of our family, Mars' F—, an it warn't fer me to star by an see young Joe git inter trouble 'bout 't'out 'im all d' help I could!" —Alo Keron in Kate Field's Washington.

Notice of Final Settlement.
In the matter of the estate of G. G. Glyn, deceased.
Notice is hereby given to whom it may concern: That the administrator of said estate has this day filed his final account in the County Court of Marion County, State of Oregon, with said estate and the said account of the Honorable W. C. Hubbard, Judge of said Court, the 14th day of November, 1902, has been appointed as the day for hearing any objections to said final account, and that he will be at the said Court on that day, and for the settlement of said estate.
Dated October 4, 1902.
H. W. COX, Administrator of the estate of G. G. Glyn, deceased.

arms were to maintain their power in Asia.
It was at the close of a long day's weary fight before Candahar. The cannon had ceased, and the night had fallen at last—the blessed night, welcome alike to victor and vanquished, which covers the many horrors of a battlefield. The weary soldiers reentered the city, now secure in holding it, and worn with the toll of the day sank down to rest.

Out on the plains before the walls lay many a stalwart form, clad in the Mackenzie turtan, then the distinctive dress of the Seventy-second Highlanders. It is a beautiful blue and green plaid, crossed with fine white lines, which become conspicuous when it is killed.

"When the boys are moving," said an old Highlander, "they seem to be passing heedless through a light snowfall." Heedless of danger, they had pressed on to the front; and that is why so many lay out under the stars.

And where was Pat? The question was going round among those who had seen McPherson carried off the field after braving death again and again to keep the colors flying. An Afghan's knife had pierced his right arm and a bullet had torn his right hand cruelly; yet he had held the flag in the wounded hand with the viselike strength of desperation, and cut his way through the ranks of the enemy with his left hand till the colors were safe.

Many had seen him fall at the head of the line, faint from the loss of blood and agony. The colonel himself, it is said, had gone to his bedside, had expressed his anxiety for his life and muttered something of "in the dispatches." McPherson, if he lived, might hope for the V. C.
To be sure he had given his right hand to his country; it would never be useful again. But no one said much of that just then.

After this story had been told briefly and without comment, as becomes a soldier's tale, the question was repeated concerning Pat. He had been seen at intervals through the day up to the time his master was first wounded. Then all trace of him was lost.

"He must have been trampled to death, the poor wee beast," they said. The night passed. The morning came, and when the surgeon went upon his early round he found by the side of the brave color sergeant's bed a small bundle of muddy white substance, emitting low moans. He stooped to examine it, when Jem called out eagerly in a shaken voice: "It is Pat, sir. He is badly hurt, I think. Be good enough to look at him first. I would not lose him for my other hand. But for him I'd be out yonder on the ground. Don't let him suffer, sir—'twas he saved the flag. I'll tell you just the way of it when you've time to stop a bit."

Meanwhile the skillful doctor had found the broken bones, and, sternly bidding McPherson not to speak again, set and splinted poor Pat's broken paw in short order, while the faithful animal bore it as heroically as only a dog can, licking the ministering hands gratefully and fervently at the close.

There was also a wound in the side—an ugly cut, clotting and stiff; this also the humane surgeon hastily dressed.

Pat recovered fast. He was soon limping about, and was fully well, and probably had forgotten his part in the great day before his story was told to his fellow heroes. And this was the story:

Jem, bearing the colors in his left hand, and with his bayonet well advanced in his right, was struck by a ball which tore off two of his fingers and compelled him to drop his weapon. Quick as thought he forced the staff of colors upon the wounded stump and seized the sword of a fallen enemy in his left hand.

He was not quick enough, however. An immense Afghan, seeing his defenseless condition, had leaped upon him and lifted his terrible knife for the fatal blow, when Pat's teeth closed decisively upon the calf of the Asiatic leg.

The sudden, sharp pain so unnerved the man that he missed his aim, and the swinging blade fell only upon Jem's upturned arm, not upon his head. Jem rose slowly and with difficulty, while the enraged Afghan turned upon his smaller enemy, who hung upon his flesh with the double devotion of a pug to his master and a bulldog to his prey, and bent to deal the dog a mortal blow.

through simple military drill.
In the early part of 1878 there was trouble between England and Afghanistan, and the British forces in that part of the world were increased. Among the regiments sent to India was the Seventy-second Highlanders.

When you think of the difficulties and dangers attending a journey to Afghanistan, you will wonder that Pat did not hesitate and desert. The matter was fully explained to him by the color sergeant, Jem McPherson, the night before the troops marched out, but the dog only winked in a knowing way and wagged his brief tail with emphasis, as if to say, "I accept the situation and mean to do my part." He kept the promise to the letter.

Pat grew in favor constantly during this Afghan war. He was present at diplomatic meetings, assisted in planning the details of the campaign when the days of diplomacy were over, shared the discomforts of the underground huts and prepared to march upon Candahar when a hostile advance upon that city had become inevitable.

Meantime, a tide in the affairs of Pat had borne him on to fortune, for he had become attached to the fates and fortunes of a good master. He was no longer an adventurer, a canine Bohemian, but the rightful property of the color sergeant, his good friend, who had once tried to dissuade him from entering the field of glory.

It happened this way: McPherson was taken ill with a low fever, and Pat was left on guard in his tent to warn thieving natives off the premises. He performed this duty fully, and the lonely, homesick man, during his days of convalescence turned to his dumb nurse for comfort.

With dogs and men of noble type the process is much the same; they rise into love through the needs of the people about them. "Those who trust us educate us" in all the essentials of life.

When McPherson could once more walk out in the sun, the dog's joy was unbounded. He leaped and ran round the sick man like a dog distraught, giving the short, quick yelp of ecstasy which denotes a full heart quite as musically as do human sob and gasps.

Part of this joy may have been upon his own account, you say? Be that as it may, it touched the rough soldier's heart to the quick, and drawing his coat sleeve across his eyes, "to keep out the sun," McPherson registered a silent vow to take Pat under his protection.

With no more ado was Pat adopted, and had a collar with his name upon it before the camp broke up. It was a broad metal band with a ring in it for the attachment of a chain. Who could have dreamed what other thing this ring would hold?

And now events were hurrying on, and the Highlanders were hurried on by them to Candahar. What it all meant to Pat, and how far he approved the march to that city, no one knew; but it is a matter of his story that he was present at that battle of Candahar, and that as a result of his behavior there he wore the "V. C."

The Victoria cross is the reward given by the queen herself for great valor in battle. When a soldier has risked his life to save a comrade, or done any other heroic deed, he receives, at the queen's own hand, the little bronze cross, worth a shilling possibly, which is the highest reward and most to be desired from this very fact, that it has no vulgar money value.

It is an honor open alike to officer and private, and when a man has won it he has the letters V. C. placed after his name. There has been but one dog in the British empire who might have claimed this distinction.

The wonderful march from Cabul to Candahar was over. More than 300 miles had been accomplished in fifteen days, without loss or delay, through the heart of an enemy's country and the fierce heat. The climate of this region is peculiarly trying; but so well had the troops been managed that they marched into Candahar in good condition after a single day's rest.

A small body of English troops held the city, and the Afghan army lay before it, growing stronger each day. It was plain that this Afghan army must be dispersed if English

A COUNTRY BOY IN TOWN.

Come, no your happy self, you little rogue, You cannot hide your honest country birth, You join a city gamin for a day, The hard stone pavement is not yielding soil, And your uncertain, shifting feet tell tales of canines over pasture fields. That coat shows less of tailor's art than mother's care—Front homogenous literally cut, with room For healthy growth, and hard worn, knotted seams That would defy the hottest, heaviest goose To tame them to your form. Those unburned cheeks, Those sturdy arms, those ever wondering eyes, And stoutest, strangest, rarest proof of all, These rough cut locks that wait a drizzle of rain, Has won your heart. Come, turn your pockets out, And with long hoarded pennies buy a feast To dream and talk of till you come again. Hood neither smiles nor jeers, but munch at ease, And many a wealthy, erstwhile, busy slave Will envy you your simple, full delight. —P. McArthur in Youth's Companion.

PAT WORE THE V. C.

If ever you should go to Edinburgh, undoubtedly you will climb a long, steep street to the castle, and there you may see a very interesting thing which is not mentioned in the guidebooks.

As you stand upon the king's bastion, looking down over the beautiful city, drop your eyes upon a little triangular bit of the great rock just outside the wall you are leaning on. You will be surprised to find a tiny garden upon this narrow coign of vantage.

It is full of bright flowers, yet it is not all a garden, for behind the flowers stands a row of modest gravestones, brown and gray, with an inscription upon each.

The stones are far too small to record human virtues, and you see at once that they must be put there in honor of a race which cannot speak for itself. So they are; they mark the resting place of good dogs once living in garrison here, and each is the memorial of a faithful life.

There are eight or ten of these stones, and each one has its story; but read first the inscription on the stone in the right hand corner. It runs as follows:

In memory of PAT, who followed the 72nd Highlanders for 10 years in peace and war. DIED 9th March, 1902.

To this scanty record I shall add one chapter of a most stirring life. To begin at the beginning, I must own that Pat, like some other heroes, had no satisfactory family tree. Judging from his portrait in oil, which was to be seen at the naval and military exhibition in Edinburgh in 1899, I should say he came of many families. There is a dispute about his pedigree, but no one denies that he had a great deal of bulldog blood, and an equal part of pug. Though not wholly a "blueblood," he was allied to the aristocracy on both sides.

His early life is also wrapped in mystery; he was a full grown dog when he followed the boys in from parade one bright morning, and no subsequent inquiry ever unlocked the sealed book of his puppyhood.

That is almost a pity, for he must have been a winsome, affectionate puppy, full of tricks and wiles. His bright face shows this. I never saw a countenance, human or canine, more open or alert.

The soldiers christened him Pat directly, from a humorous twinkle in his eyes and a certain twist of his comical little mouth which they thought like the colonel's body servant, who bore his name. This man was always good natured, and consequently a great favorite with the rank and file.

Give a dog a good name and there is no telling to what heights he may attain. Pat the elder married a widow who tended bar in High street, and left the service soon after his namesake joined the Seventy-second. This circumstance heightened the value of Pat the younger. He became thus more highly prized from his fancied resemblance to the lost comrade.

Pat had at first no one master. He was a general favorite, and took up his quarters now with one friend, now with another, at his own caprice. In this way he studied men and life from various points of view. The soldiers in garrison devoted a part of their idle time to teaching Pat to fetch and carry, to salute and go

through simple military drill. In the early part of 1878 there was trouble between England and Afghanistan, and the British forces in that part of the world were increased. Among the regiments sent to India was the Seventy-second Highlanders.

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MEN! WHY ARE YOU WEAK?
DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY FOR WEAK MEN
WHO ARE DEBILITATED, AND SUFFERING FROM NERVOUS DEBILITY, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, LOSS OF VIGOR, IMPOTENCY, OR LOST MANHOOD, RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK, KIDNEY TROUBLES, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, POOR MEMORY & GENERAL ILL HEALTH.
The effects of abuses, excesses, worry and exposure. For such sufferers in our marvelous invention, which requires but a trial to convince the most skeptical, or by excesses, or exposure, you may have unduly drained your system of nerve force electricity—and thus caused your weakness or lack of force. If you replace late your drained, which are required for vigorous strength, you will remove the cause, and health. Send for our Illustrated Pamphlet, free; sent by mail, sealed.
Belt is no experiment, as we have restored thousands to robust health and vigor, failed, as can be shown by hundreds of cases throughout this State, who would gladly whom we have strong letters bearing testimony to their recovery after using our Belt.
A complete galvanic battery, made into a belt so as to be easily worn during work or at rest, and it gives soothing, prolonged currents which are instantly felt throughout all weak parts, or we forfeit \$5,000. It has an Improved Electric Suspensory, the strongest boon ever given weak men, and we warrant it to cure any of the above weakness, and to enlarge shrunken limbs, or parts, or remove Rheumatism. They are graded in strength to meet all stages of weakness in young, middle-aged or old men, and will cure the worst cases in two or three months. Address: SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 172 First St., PORTLAND, OREGON.