

MOTHER'S HOUR.

A Time for Confidence and Counsel.

When the children's hour is a thing of the far away past, because there are no more little ones to have their evening frolic or bed-time story, the hour once devoted to them becomes the mother's hour. It is an hour in which the young woman takes her old place at her mother's knee as she was wont when she listened to the evening story. But now she tells the story to the mother; the story of her day, her fears, her hopes, her ideals. Happy is that daughter who can come to her mother as her best friend, as sure of her compassion as of her counsel.

It is often so very different. The mother does not invite the shy confidence of the growing girl. She comes to womanhood and between her and her



mother is a barrier of reserve. Just a word of advice or counsel might mean so much to a girl at a time so critical, but she shrinks from asking the question, and the mother refrains from opening the subject, though in the palid cheeks and dark rimmed eyes she reads the signs of woman's suffering.

THE NEED OF HELP.

There is a real need of help for the young woman. Neglect may pave the way for years of suffering. The dawn of womanhood is one of the crises of a woman's life, and every care should be taken to prevent or cure derangements which may have serious results in later life.

"A heart overflowing with gratitude as well as a sense of duty urges me to write to you and tell you of my wonderful recovery," says Miss Corinne C. Hook, Orangeburg, Orangeburg Co., S. Carolina, (care of J. H. Hook). "By the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I am entirely a new being compared to the poor miserable sufferer who wrote you four months ago. I remark to my parents almost every day that it seems almost an impossibility for medicine to do a person so much good. During the whole summer I could scarcely keep up to walk about the house, and yesterday I walked four miles and felt better from the exercise. I now weigh 125 pounds. I read in your book of testimonials where, lady said Dr. Pierce's medicines were a 'Thousand pounds of comfort,' please let me add one thousand pounds more to it. Mine was a case of complicated female disease in its worst form.

"My sincerest thanks for all you have done for me and a hearty 'God bless you.'"

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the most valuable and reliable put-up medicine ever offered for the cure of dis-

cases peculiarly feminine. It establishes regularity, dries the drains which weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. For young women it has advantages over any similar preparation, by reason of its promotion of a perfect condition of feminine health, and also because it is free from alcohol, and contains no opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. Backache, headache, and the many ailments resulting from womanly diseases are entirely cured by the use of "Favorite Prescription."

"I will drop you a few lines to-day to let you know that I am feeling well now," writes Miss Annie Stephens, of Belleville, Wood Co., W. Va. "I feel like a new woman. I took several bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have no headache now, no backache, and no more pain in my side. No bearing down pain any more. I think that there is no medicine like Dr. Pierce's medicine. I thank you very much for what you have done for me—your medicine has done me so much good."

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN.

Dr. Pierce invites sick and ailing women to consult him by letter free of charge. All correspondence is regarded as sacred and the written confidences of women are guarded by the same strict professional privacy observed in personal consultation with women at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., to which institution Dr. Pierce is chief consulting physician.

Women in general and young women in particular express their appreciation of the privilege offered by this free consultation by letter with Dr. Pierce, not only because his professional advice is supplemented by his wise fatherly counsel, but because it affords them a way of escape from the indelicate questions, the offensive examinations and obnoxious local treatments, which offend the delicate sensibilities of modest women.

Write without fear as without fee, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's offer of free consultation by letter is not to be classed with the spurious offers of free medical advice made by men or women who are not physicians and cannot legally practise medicine. Such advice is not only worthless, but may be dangerous.

In a little over thirty years, Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., assisted by his staff of nearly a score of physicians, has treated and cured hundreds of thousands of weak and sick women.

The offer of Dr. Pierce puts at the free service of women, not merely medical advice, but the advice of a successful specialist in the treatment and cure of diseases peculiar to women.

Sometimes a dealer tempted by the little more profit paid by less meritorious preparations, will offer a substitute for "Favorite Prescription" claiming it to be "just as good." It is not wise or safe to trifle with unknown medicines. Insist on "Favorite Prescription" the medicine which has won the confidence of women by its almost countless cures.

GIVEN TO YOUNG WOMEN.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, an invaluable guide to health, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only.

"I think that your 'Adviser' is a fine book," writes Miss Flora I. Greer, of 207 Howe St., Akron, Ohio, "and a book that every one should own. If more girls would read it instead of trashy novels there would be healthier women and children than there are to-day."

Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume or only 21 stamps for the book in paper-covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

FIRST FIGHT OF WAR

Missouri Claims the Very Earliest Battle

Corn Fed Beauties Came in Buggies to See the Mimic War—A Glorious Victory

It is customary for the teacher of United States history to inform her pupils that the first battle of the civil war occurred at Bull Run, on the 21st of July 1861, and yet it seems strange that in all these years no Missouri voice has been raised in protest against this false dictum.

At Fort Sumpter much good ammunition was shot away; but it seems that Major Anderson finally surrendered because he was not fond of a diet of pork. At Monroe City, almost two weeks before the battle of Bull Run, there was a bona fide battle which lasted two whole days and one man was killed!

At the spring convention the Union vote had outweighed the secessionist, and a compromise on a so-called neutrality was effected; but there was no neutrality in the heart of the governor; and the thorn in his side, the menace to his peace and plans, was the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, the road which had been built with Boston capital and was operated almost wholly by Germans, all of whom were loyal to the Union. When word reached John W. Brooks, the president of the road, that Caleb Jackson was going to tear up the Yankee railroad, he appealed to President Lincoln for military protection. In response to this appeal the president ordered Colonel R. F. Smith, with the Sixteenth Illinois Infantry, to cross the river and do sentinel duty along the railroad.

The strategic point of Northern Missouri was an almost impregnable position between the forks of Salt river, and here Colonel Tom Harris had been mustering his recruits and his camp was already about 600 strong. On the 7th of July General Lyon ordered Colonel Smith to march upon Harris and break up the camp.

A Flaw in His Plans.

The plans of the campaign were flawless, with one exception. The colonel neglected to order fair weather, and it rained. The soldiers did not mind the booming of the cloud guns. That seemed quite appropriate. It was the drizzling rain that rendered their spanking new uniforms all soggy, that somehow took the romance out of the situation and made them wish, as they crawled out of the box cars at Monroe, that they had remained at home.

Next morning the sun shown out clear and hot, and as soon as breakfast was over the momentous march was begun. As the soldiers were making their way through a narrow defile in the Swinkey hills an unseen foe opened fire on them at short range. A few took down their muskets and fired a counter salute into the ambuscade of thick timber and underbrush. There was a scuffling among the bushes, and Captain Grigsby's force of 50 guerrillas fled through the woods like a herd of frightened deer, for one of their number had been mortally wounded.

This little adventure served to warn Colonel Smith that he was marching into what he termed a "veritable death-trap," and he determined to get out before more damage was done. Not until then did it dawn upon the commander that he had left his train loaded of supplies and ammunition at Monroe, without so much as a police-

man to guard it. And the cloud of smoke that presently enveloped the heavens made plain the fact that there was something doing at Monroe. The loss to the federal cause through the destruction of the station train and supplies was about \$40,000, but the loss was really much greater than this, a loss that was not to be estimated in cold figures, the loss of pride, prestige, and—dinner. Colonel Smith had in him the making of a successful commander, and it required just such an experience as this to put him on his mettle.

Six Hundred Treed.

As soon as the scene of the recent "conflagration," as he fondly termed it, was reached, he set his men to work picking up bolts, pins and nuts from among the smoldering ruins of the train. This helped them to realize that they had "burned their fingers," and the scrap metal could be used instead of orthodox artillery ammunition. Then he took possession of the seminary building and put himself in position to endure a siege.

Soon the news was carried over the country that 600 Yankees were "treed up" at Monroe, and every able-bodied man, woman and child within a radius of a dozen miles turned out to see the fun. Colonel Harris, finding that Colonel Smith's little visit had been deferred, determined that the proposed meeting should take place, even if he had to change his role from host to guest. Accordingly, he summoned all his men and marched to Monroe, where he sat down in front of the seminary and waited for the Union commander to come out and "shake hands." By noon of Wednesday, the 9th of July, there were more than a thousand rebels on the prairie around the town, all eager to help poke the game out of the hole. Finally it was decided that a cannon would be required to compel the federals to surrender, and there were those among the besiegers who knew where one could be found. A fine nine-pounder, together with five balls, had been hid-

den under a haystack on Blair Todd's farm near Palmyra, and under a sham wood-pile near by was a six-pounder, with about 40 balls. The smaller cannon, however, was not mounted, and hence unfit for use. Cannon and balls had to be hauled 20 miles in a wagon, so it was 1 o'clock Thursday before the bombardment began.

Had a Regular Jubilee.

Never had there been such a jubilee in that section of the country. Ladies and children drove up in their carriages. Rustic lovers held parades over their sweethearts while they watched a sure-enough live battle. But the show was not without its drawbacks. There is an art in gunning as there is in most things, and the man who operated the rebel cannon was a sort of a caricature artist. Only three out of 34 balls struck anywhere near the seminary building. Indeed, some of the spectators asserted that the seminary was the only safe place for miles around. Yet the gunner was not wholly to blame. He was firing six-pound balls from a nine-pound cannon! It was fortunate that the size of the cannon and balls was not reversed, or the soldiers might have been set to work with their jack-knives to whittle the balls down to fit the gun. Meanwhile, the federal soldiers inside the building sent out an occasional volley of bolts and screws; but their position was anything but agreeable.

At 4:30 when Colonel Smith was considering the advisability of a surrender, there was a sudden commotion outside. A snorting engine came puffing down the track, bearing the troops that had been left at Hannibal, and as soon as it came within range a brass cannon on one of the flat cars opened its ominous mouth and saluted the pickickers. Language is inadequate to describe the effect of this untimely interference. In an instant the prairie was a chaos of flying horses and flying men. Soldiers threw away their guns and took refuge in the carriages with the ladies. Erewhile

constant lovers forsook their sweethearts and fled in dismay. To use the old Greek military term, Colonel Harris and his men "skedaddled."

That night word reached Washington that a desperate battle was in progress at Monroe, and that the Union forces were being annihilated. Colonel John M. Palmer, Colonel U. S. Grant, and a few other men of subsequent military celebrity were ordered to the rescue, and by Friday morning more than 2000 troops were on their way to the seat of hostilities.

And yet the seminary fight at Monroe City is not given as much as a mention among the decisive battles of the civil war!—Emelle R. De Shell, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

With the visit of Dr. Lorenz to this country the press woke up to the fact that America has in Osteopathy a most excellent system of bloodless surgery all its own.

• Drs. Schoettle, Barr & Barr, Osteopaths, Grand Opera House, Salem, Or.

WHAT TIME PROVES.

This thing of being sick and looking for a cure is a mighty serious business. People are not given to joking even at the first symptom of the approach of the grim destroyer. They do not want to be the subjects of experiment, but want medicine that has — the test of years behind it. A medicine that has been made and used for 20 years gives assurance of its worth, and can be taken with a faith that they have the very best cure the world affords. All this can be said about Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills as a remedy for sick-headache, dyspepsia and indigestion. It begins right at the source of the trouble and removes the cause. We will send a sample box of these pills free, or a full box on receipt of 25c. Sold by all druggists for 25c per box, or address Dr. Bosanko Co., Philadelphia, Pa. For sale at Dr. Stone's Drug Stores, 2

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