

Women's Pains

"I was a total wreck," writes Mrs. Beulah Rowley, of Champoeg, Oregon, "from pains I had suffered, for 4 years, every month. Sometimes I would be unconscious for 12 hours at a stretch. I did not know that anything could stop the pain entirely, but Wine of Cardui did. I advise all women suffering with painful periods to use Cardui and be relieved."

It does this by regulating the functions and toning up all the Internal female organs to health. It is a pure, specific, reliable, female remedy, with a record of 70 years of success. It has benefited a million others. Why not you? Try it.

FREE ADVICE

Write us a letter describing all your symptoms, and we will send you Free Advice, in plain sealed envelope. Address: Ladies' Advisory Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sold by Every Druggist in \$1.00 Bottles.

WINE OF **CARDUI**

THE LABOR SITUATION

Building Trades Actively Employed.

Send to the New York Herald and other Eastern journals which are sending dispatches from this city effect that there is a glut in our supply the official reports of the building trades' unions, which appeared on 18, column 4 of the Chronicle on 17th. From those and similar reports which we publish from week to week it is evident that all the building trades are most actively employed, and some are reporting more work than can be handled. The supply of laborers in connection with the building trades is said to be temporarily sufficient, owing to the fact that many skilled workmen connected with industries whose building and repair work is not yet ready, are doing their work. It is also true that many of these skilled mechanics are temporarily working at the carpenter and other building trades for the time being. They are fitted by their all-round mechanical skill. As the industries to which these workers belong re-establish themselves they of course cease to work on buildings, and their places must be filled from somewhere if the work is to be done. Considering the enormous quantity of building to be done during the next two years we can see where the men to do it are coming from. In the face of the statement of the unions, it is evident that those who are telegraphing that skilled workers should stay away from San Francisco are unauthorized and inspired by some bad motive. In this we are, of course, referring to the building trades, but it is satisfactory to note that other industrial workers are one after another reporting themselves fully employed. Of course, this is not the case with all unions. The beer wagon drivers and bartenders have little to do in a city, nor are the prospects for the employment of all the men of these unions. This is the case in every city in the world just now for

retail clerks to find employment. There are other unions whose members will be slow to find employment in their regular callings, and yet it is a fact that every industry ever established here is rehabilitating itself as fast as money can do it and many thousands of their workers have gone away. The workmen now in this city in all trades are entitled to, and will receive, preference in employment in their regular callings, and employers in these industries can be relied on to let it be known when the local supply of labor runs short. But in the building trades the situation is plain. The workmen were fully employed before the fire. There is in sight ten times as much work as there was before the disaster and not nearly so many to do it. Obviously workmen in the building trades can come here with no danger whatever of displacing any of our own people, which nobody in San Francisco would willingly see done.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Nowhere in the world can you see such handsome men and women as are to be met in the United States. They all use Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Dr. Stone's drug store.

Gasoline.

A soap that will save time and require no boiling. To use old-fashioned soaps means drudgery, backache. Gasoline makes washing easy. See display at J. W. Harritt's grocery, 410 State street. 6-21-3t

Summer School.

Miss Annie Biesen will open a summer school for grammar grade pupils at the East school on Monday, June 25th. Hours 8 to 12m. Tuition \$5 per month. 2t

Pendleton business men want damages for the flood. Three firms have united to bring suit against the city, alleging that the mill race through the city was the greatest cause for the damage.

A LONG CHASE TO GET A DIVORCE

"I'll follow him to the end of the earth!"

The lawyers smiled. The indignant little woman stamped her foot. She was all pluck, all determination. Her lips turned up disdainfully at the men who were trying to convince her that it was absolutely impossible to do what she demanded.

"It isn't," protested Mrs. Fanny Bonicke. "I will find my husband—I will. Did you hear me say it? This is a small world. The telegraph and the mail go everywhere. I don't care where he is I shall hunt him down. I will spare no expense. I will wait and wait, and always wait. Justice must be done if it takes a lifetime."

Her bright eyes were snapping; her bosom was heaving with the intensity of her motion. But pluck and persistence won. Mrs. Bonicke chased her husband to the very corners of the earth. The globe was raked, as it were, with a fine-toothed comb to locate Rudolph Bonicke.

And he has been found. Mrs. Bonicke is free.

Even the unemotional lawyers will tell you that Bonicke vs. Bonicke is a case unique. Never was there such a chase for a recalcitrant husband in all the history of divorce. It was a world-wide hunt to land the man. Persistence was only rewarded after a two-year search of all the earth.

Mr. and Mrs. Bonicke were married ten years ago. Both were well-to-do then, and Bonicke prospered as the years went by. A little girl was born—the idol of her doting mother's heart. Everybody remarked what a happy marriage was the Bonicke's, and how lucky Mrs. Bonicke was to have such a good husband and such a handsome home.

Had they but known the real truth! Mrs. Bonicke's smiles were only for the outside world, hardly had the honeymoon ended. True, there was every outward evidence of luxury and happiness. In reality, no wife ever suffered more cruelly than did the handsome young matron whom Bonicke such a short time before had sworn to love, honor and cherish.

There was more one family skeleton in the closet at No. 399 Summit avenue, Hoboken, though not a soul guessed it. It began first with a blow because a meal didn't please the exacting husband. The wife bore her humiliation bravely; not a soul was allowed to guess.

One blow led to another. The next time the man lost his temper. This time it left a great bruise across the wife's face. Rather confess to her indignity Mrs. Bonicke pleaded illness and stayed in her room until the black and blue bruises across her face disappeared entirely.

He thought he had his wife terrified, so when next things didn't suit him he beat her. Once more the wife suffered in silence, all for the sake of her little girl. And at length Bonicke decided that even a beating wouldn't satisfy his rage at some trifles, so he tried to shoot his wife.

They were in their room. He was drunk. He upbraided his wife for some imaginary error; she protested that she had done nothing to arouse his anger.

For an answer Bonicke rushed out of the room. When he returned a moment later he carried a loaded rifle in his hands. Taking deliberate aim at the screaming woman, he fired. Dr. Rick had made his hand unsteady. The rifle shook a bit and the bullet grazed her cheek, doing no harm save to send a crimson stain of blood down Mrs. Bonicke's face.

That was too much, and the wife left him. That was in 1899.

Bonicke seemed to realize what he had done when he sobered up. He led such an exemplary life for a time that within a few months Mrs. Bonicke forgave her husband and went back to live with him.

But Bonicke was not long on his good behavior. The very next year he got into another ungovernable rage over nothing and again tried to shoot his wife. His aim was even poorer than it was the first time—he missed his mark and Mrs. Bonicke got away before the infuriated man could load again.

There was a second reconciliation, with Bonicke in tears—real crocodile tears—begging his wife's forgiveness and he would never, never do it again. She believed, just as most women believe men when they really weep.

Well, Bonicke was good for just another year. This time he gave his wife such a beating that she had to have him arrested for assault. He was convicted, too, and served a term in the Hudson county jail. As soon as he

got his release Mrs. Bonicke started her suit for divorce.

She thought it would be easy enough to serve the man, never dreaming for a moment that he would not remain in Hoboken. To her chagrin and dismay the man fled from America on the first steamship, and from that day to this Mrs. Bonicke has not set her eyes upon him, nor has he put foot upon the shores of America again.

It was then that she told the lawyers. They told her that it would be practically impossible to find the man. Even then, they said, it would be almost out of the question to get a legal service in the divorce papers.

Then began the search that has just been concluded, after more than two years. A detective, directed by her counsel, finally traced the man to Bremen, and success seemed assured almost at the start. The necessary papers were drawn up and with them in his pocket the detective started right after Bonicke. He was just too late—the bird had flown.

He picked up the trail soon, however, and followed it to London, where Bonicke had taken lodgings. But he was again just a bit too late—the sleuth—and off hurried Bonicke to Paris. With the detective once more on his heels the man fled to Holland and there took ship for Dutch Guiana. When the detective got to South America on the next ship Bonicke had left for some corner of the globe that could not be found.

"Fools!" admitted the detective, reporting to Mrs. Bonicke after this long chase. "It's no use; you'll never find him now."

"Yes, I will," retorted Mrs. Bonicke, "even if you did fail."

"You're just like a woman," laughed the detective, "but you won't get him."

"Well," remarked Mrs. Bonicke, "I'm glad I'm not like a man, because apparently a man would have given it up long ago."

But she knew a thing or two. There were a few tricks up her sleeve still. She would have the globe watched by the American counsel everywhere. No sooner thought of than done.

She had a photograph of her husband—a very good likeness. So from this she had thousands of copies made. Then a very careful accurate description of the man was put together, and thousands of copies printed. A photograph and description of Bonicke was sent to every American counsel on the globe, with a request to keep a sharp lookout for the man and to notify Mrs. Bonicke and her counsel at once should he turn up anywhere.

The months rolled by, not a single word of Bonicke. Even the hopeful Mrs. Bonicke began to lose confidence in the ultimate success of her long fight for her freedom. Her counsel had abandoned any expectation of finding Bonicke, and serving the papers, when one day there came a cable from Japan. A message from the American consul at Nagasaki, 10,000 miles away.

"Bonicke here. Rush papers."

The papers were rushed all right. They were forwarded to a duly accredited notary and served on the consulate grounds, thereby making it a legal service. Here in this country the machinery of the law was set moving and at length the now celebrated case of Bonicke vs. Bonicke came up before Chancellor Magie of New Jersey.

It was duly proved by affidavit that the husband had been properly served with summons and complaint. He put in no defense to his wife's charges and Mrs. Bonicke in due season got her decree by default.

It Is Up to the Doctor.

A lady wrote us from Winchester, Va., that she had been under a doctor's care for four years for dyspepsia, the pain appeared to center under the left shoulder blade, and was so severe at times that she could neither eat nor sleep. She had lost faith in her home doctor, and asked us to send her sample of Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills which had been recommended to her. We sent her two pills, and in a few days she sent for a box. Now she writes that the pain under her shoulder blade has left her entirely, she enjoys her meals and never sleeps less than eight hours every night, and this has all come about in two weeks, and cost her 50 cents for two boxes of pills. Says the doctor charged her \$50, and that she told him he had better take the \$50 and invest it all in Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills and build up his practice. Sold by druggists for \$25c per box. Any one having dyspepsia, bilious spells or sick headache can get a speedy cure by the use of these pills.

SPECIAL SALE

ON THE FOLLOWING

20c and 25c lawns and dimities assortment of colors, special, 15¢ a yd
35c fancy colored waistings, special price 25¢ a yd
20c white waistings, sale price 12½¢ a yd
Heavy twilled shirting 10¢ a yd
Challie's pretty patterns 5¢ a yd
5 inches wide, Pillow Lace, special 5¢ a yd
25c sunbonnets sale, price 15¢
\$3.00 and \$3.50 silk umbrellas, all colors, sale price \$2.00
\$10.00 swell wool corset cloth pony jackets,

Sale Price \$7.50

EMBROIDERIES

LARGE ASSORTMENT JUST RECEIVED.

40c corset cover emby, special 25¢ a yd
25c wide embroideries, special 15¢ a yd
18c and 20c wide embroideries, special 10¢ a yd
Large lines at 3½¢, 5¢, 7¢, 10¢, 12¢, 15¢, 18¢, 20¢ and 25¢

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Old Nos. 298 and 300 Commercial St.

Salem

Famous Retorts in Congress.

During the famous deadlock fight in the house over the civil rights bill, Gen. Benjamin Butler favored a Sunday session.

"Bad as I am I have some respect for God's day," replied Sam Randall of Pennsylvania.

"Don't the bible say that it is lawful to pull your ox or ass out of a pit on the Sabbath?" asked Butler.

"You have thirty-seven asses on your side of the House and I want to get them out of this ditch tomorrow. I think I am engaged in holy work."

"Don't do it," replied Randall. "I expect some day to see you in a better world."

"You'll be there, as you are here, a member of the lower house," flashed back the general with telling effect.

During the bitter fight against "Reed rules," the House was thrown into convulsions by Gen. Spinola, who pointing to the painting of the "Siege of Yorktown," hanging in the hall, gravely accused Speaker Reed of counting the Hessians in the background of the picture in order to make up a quorum. The general always wore a tremendously high collar, so high in fact, that Representative Tim Campbell tapped it one day with the ferrule of his cane, and inquired, to the amusement of the House, "Is Gen. Spinola within?"

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Will treat you with Oriental herbs and cure any disease without operation or pain.

Dr. Kum is known everywhere in Salem, and has cured many prominent people here. He has lived in Salem for 20 years, and can be trusted. He uses many medicines unknown to white doctors, and with them can cure catarrh, asthma, lung troubles, rheumatism, stomach, liver, and kidney diseases.

Dr. Kum makes a specialty of dropsy and female troubles. His remedies cure private diseases when everything else fails. He has hundreds of testimonials, and gives consultation free. Persons in the country can write for blank. Send stamp.

If you want extra fine tea, get it from us.

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MARKET QUOTATIONS TODAY

"Make Salem a Good Home Market"

Poultry—At Steiner's Market.
Eggs—Per dozen, 18c.
Chickens—10¢@11c.
Fryers—13c.
Ducks—10c.

Poultry, Eggs, Etc.
Eggs—Per dozen, 18c.
Butter—Retail—Country, 20c, creamery, 25c.
Hens—11c.
Fryers—13c.
Geese—6¢@7c.
Ducks—9c.

Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.

Potatoes—15¢@20c
Onions—2c

Tropical Fruits.
Bananas—5½¢ per pound.
Oranges—4¢@4.50.
Lemons—45¢@5.50.

Live Stock Market.

Steers—3¢@3½¢.
Cows—2½¢.
Sheep—3c.
Dressed Veal—5c.
Stock Hogs—6c.
Fat Hogs—6½¢.

Grain and Feed.

Baled Clover—\$7.
Cheat—\$7.00.
Timothy—40¢@41¢.
Oats—45c.
Bran—41¢@50¢.
Shorts—42¢@50¢.

Salem Flouring Mill.

Wheat—63c.
Flour—\$3.60.

Portland Market.

Wheat—Club, 72¢@73c.
Valley—72c.
Bluestem—74¢@75c.
Oats—Choice white, \$31.00@32.
Millstuffs—Bran—\$17.
Hay—Timothy, \$12¢@13¢; Alfalfa, \$13.

Potatoes—50¢@60c.
Poultry—Average old hens 13¢@13½¢ mixed chickens, 12¢@12½¢; young roosters, 9½¢; chickens, 13¢@14c; turkeys, live, 17¢@17½¢; geese, live, 10¢@11c; geese, dressed, per pound, 10c; ducks, 11¢@12c; pigeons, \$1¢@2¢; squabs \$2¢@3¢.

Pork—Dressed, 7¢@8c.
Beef—Dressed, 4½¢@5½¢.
Mutton—Dressed, 5¢@6c.
Hops—Oregon—1905, 9½¢@12c.
Wool—Valley, coarse to medium, 22¢@23½¢; Eastern Oregon, 18¢@23½¢.
Butter—Fancy Creamery—17¢@20c; store, 14¢@14½¢.
Molasses—28¢@30c.

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20 MULE TEAM BORAX

20-Mule-Team Pure Borax also cleans without injury the finest china, brightens silver, pewter and glassware. In fact is an economical and labor saving aid to the household.

For sale at all dealers. If your dealer hasn't 20-MULE-TEAM BORAX don't take a substitute and don't buy bulk borax, which is often adulterated; write us giving dealer's name and five cents, and we will send you a 1/2-lb. package, and include new booklet, "Borax in the Home."

Address: Pacific Coast Borax Co., San Francisco, Cal.

"20-Mule-Team" Borax Soap
Saves Hands, Clothes and Labor. All Grocers.

Free Sample for Top from 1 lb. 20-Mule-Team Borax Package.

NEW ADDRESS: BACON BUILDING, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

ceives the card she writes her signa-