

sinking sun in the evening. Now there is none to do it reverence except white tourists who come from western lands and gaze with awe and wonder upon the prone limbs, the stone lips, around which the donkey boys climb and play. The donkey have mused the great The donkey boys have named the great The donkey boys have named the great statue "Rameses asleep." His Egypt has awakened to the touch of modern life and hustle. He heeds it not. Along beside the tremendous granite effigy passs the common highway. Camel trains, the animals laden with fodder from the fields to be taken to Cairo, stride and jolt past him. The camels are strung together, the nose of one be-ing held by a small rope made fast to

them to Cairo.

Of Fire Commissioner Thomas Sturgis of New York a story has been re-cently circulating through the city hall. This story, which is not sworn to, is to the effect that Mr. Sturgis, a few days after his appointment, boarded a train and sat down beside a fat man in

and-puff-the match was out.



Jos. Nelson, Treasurer. A. H. Snow, Secretary. Rooms 200-206 above Mc-Gurrin's new bank opposite Z. C. M. I.

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