## 8

## "An Oasis in the Desert"

may be all right if you are in the desert and find it there. There are others. The Blue Ribbon Beer is an oasis in the popu-larity of selected beveragees that is ap-preciated by thousands who know, but for the benefit of those who don't know it is



not only an exhibirating drink, but con-tains medicinal properties. Promotes di-gestion, cheerfulness and rest and you can't afford to be without it. Try a case and be convinced.



**A BIG HIT** 



THE reason I have my picture here is to let my friends know that I am located at the 183

TELEPHONE 254.



Dr. Whitney's Nerve and Flesh Builder is not alone intended for those who are sick, but also for those who appear well and hearty, but cannot acquire sufficient flesh to round out the form. In dyspepsia, indigestion, all stomach troubles, debility and nervous diseases no remedy is so prompt and powerful. In order to demonstrate the wonderful merits of Dr. Whitney's Nerve and Flesh Builder every person who will address the C O. Jones Co., Elmira, N. Y., will receive a large trial package in plain sealed wrapper absolutely free.

Remington Typewriter Record AT Paris Expositions : 1878 Gold Medal 1889 Gold Medal 1900 A Grand Prix Highest Form of Award, Outranking All Medals,

## THE ILLUSTRATED BEE. She Crossed Siberia

Mrs. William Mitchell Bunker of San Francisco is the only person of her sex who has made the journey of 6,600 miles from Vladivostock to Cronstadt on the Finnish gulf. She made the trip at the instance of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce to study the effect of the Trans-Siberian railway upon the Pacific coast trade. She arrived at New York the other day on her way home, having accomplished what she set out to do, having only her husband for company.

"It was on Decoration day, 1899, that we left Vladivostock for Khabarovsk, a garrison town near the junction of the Ussuri and Amur rivers," said Mrs. Bunker. "The narrow table in the dining car was decorated with the most beautiful wild flowers. Our lily of the valley is the national wild flower of Siberia. No home in Siberia is too humble to be without exquisite wild flowers, of which I bought home forty-two specimens.

"It was a twenty-nine hours' ride to Khabarovsk, where we stayed eight days in the leading hotel, whose windows were

CITY STEAM LAUNDRY hustling for business. Call me up and I'll see that you get the BEST. Wilbur L. Maynard. In the leading hotel, whose window a scalar stuffed with red shirts. There were no ac-commodations whatever for washing. "I had prepared for my journey across Siberia by donning knickerbockers, men's shoes, a suit of black woolen tights, a short serge dress, a man's cap and a corduroy coat. Our outfit consisted of a mattress of hay, hay pillows, half a dozen sofa pillows, tin pitcher, tin basin, plated knife, fork and spoon and tinned goods.

"From Khabarovsk a sidewheel steamer with narrow benches for berths took us 570 miles up the Amur to Biagovestchensk, a city of 35,000. There we took a stern-wheeler on the Shilka river for Stretyinsk We passed through a hodgepodge of civilization. There were half Siberians, half Manchurians, Goldies and Buriats, the men wearing close-fitting coats with long skirts, round caps and long Russian boots. Their hair was braided in two plaits and curled behind the ears, with long gilt pins sticking through the curls. I went for six weeks without sleeping in a bed from Khabarovsk to Irkutsk, the present eastern terminus of the Trans-Siberian railroad.

"The Amur was unexpectedly interesting. On each side were forests running down to the banks, and the shores were picturesque. Twice a day the boat lands for wood and the Cossacks, who squat on the deck while the boat moves, go ashore and load on the wood for their passage. The temperature was between 90 and 100 degrees. I lost eighteen pounds in weight during my trip to the Finnish gulf.

"At Stretyinsk we embarked on a still smaller steamer for Metrefarro, seventyfive miles away, but when within twenty miles of the place the river fell so rapidly that the captain turned back fifteen miles to Nertchinsk, which is 350 years old, the oldest town in Siberia. Here we took a tarantass with a troika team. The tarantass is sluag on wooden springs. It is seven feet long, four feet wide and equipped with a buggy hood, visor, tarpaulin boot and is padded. A Tomsk horse trots in a dignified way between the shafts under an arch of three musical bells, while on each side frantically gallops a Baikal pony with a long forelock.

"At Chita, in the center of the trans-Baikal region, we bought a light tarantass for \$125 and lived in it five days and nights to Veskhneoudinsk, 108 miles from Missoya, on the east bank of Lake Baikal.

"We ate and slept in the tarantass while the vehicle was rattling along over the post road. On account of the Russian convicts, who occasionally attack tarantasses, we slept in watches, my husband guarding

"My' but this is a brilliant reception."

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All the Ladies Eat **Gold Medal** 

December 30, 1900.



