

**March,  
April, May**

There is a best time for doing everything—that is, a time when a thing can be done to the best advantage, most easily and most effectively. Now is the best time for purifying your blood. Why? Because your system is now trying to purify it—you know this by the pimples and other eruptions that have come on your face and body.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla  
and Pills**

Are the medicines to take—they do the work thoroughly and agreeably and never fail to do it.

Hood's are the medicines you have always heard recommended.

"I cannot recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla too highly as a spring medicine. When we take it in the spring we all feel better through the summer." *Mrs. S. B. Neale, McCray, Pa.*  
Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

**That Would Never Do.**

She—Why don't you go out occasionally, dearest, and enjoy yourself, say at the club?  
He—But I don't want to get into the habit of having a good time.—Life.

For bronchial troubles try Diso's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

**Ending the Dissertation.**

"Would you call a cat herbivorous or carnivorous?" asked the man who is learned but tedious.  
"Neither," answered the man who yawns, "merely voracious."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

**Home Discomforts.**

"No," grumbled the husband in a spasm of confidence to a friend, "I have no place at all for my books. The storage room is kept exclusively for my wife."  
"And what does she use it all for?"  
"Oh, she puts away the things that are a trifle too good to be destroyed, yet scarcely good enough to be of use."

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.**

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. *Hall's Catarrh Cure*, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying *Hall's Catarrh Cure* be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.  
Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. *Hall's Family Pills* are the best.

**The Influence.**

Jerry—How do good clothes make a man a gentleman?  
Joe—They make him feel as if he was expected to act like one. —Detroit Free Press.

**To Break in New Shoes.**

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures chills, damp, sweating, itching, swollen feet, Corns and Bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

**Back Talk.**

"I shall never marry," said Miss Ann Teek, with an air of determination.  
"Perhaps not," replied Miss Peri, "but everyone admits you have made a brave fight against the inevitable." —Brooklyn Life.

**LOOK OUT FOR  
CATARRH**

When the cold wave flag is up, freezing weather is on the way. Winter is here in earnest, and with it all the miserable symptoms of Catarrh return—blinding headaches and neuralgia, thick mucous discharges from the nose and throat, a hacking cough and pain in the chest, bad taste in the mouth, fetid breath, nausea and all that makes Catarrh the most sickening and disgusting of all complaints. It causes a feeling of personal defilement and mortification that keeps one nervous and anxious while in the company of others.

In spite of all efforts to prevent it, the filthy secretions and mucous matter find their way into the Stomach and are distributed by the blood to every nook and corner of the system; the Stomach and Kidneys, in fact every organ and part of the body, become infected with the catarrhal poison. This disease is rarely, if ever, seen in its earliest stages, a purely local disease or simple inflammation of the nose and throat, and this is why sprays, washes, powders and the various inhaling mixtures fail to cure. Heredity is sometimes back of it—parents have it and so do their children.

In the treatment of Catarrh, antiseptic and soothing washes are good for cleansing purposes or clearing the head and throat, but this is the extent of their usefulness. To cure Catarrh permanently, the blood must be purified and the system relieved of its load of foul secretions, and the remedy to accomplish this is *S. S. S.*, which has no equal as a blood purifier. It restores the blood to a natural, healthy state and the catarrhal poison and effete matter are carried out of the system through the proper channels. *S. S. S.* restores to the blood all its good qualities, and when rich, pure blood reaches the inflamed membrane and is carried through the circulation to all the Catarrh infected portions of the body, they soon heal, the mucous discharges cease and the patient is relieved of the most offensive and humiliating of all complaints.

*S. S. S.* is a vegetable remedy and contains nothing that could injure the most delicate constitution. It cures Catarrh in its most aggravated forms, and cases apparently incurable and hopeless. Write us if you have Catarrh, and our physicians will advise you without charge.

**THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

**OLD  
FAVORITES**

**Brightest and Best.**  
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Savior of all!

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?  
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;  
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

—Reginald Heber.

**Dixie's Land.**  
Away down South in de fields of cotton,  
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom;  
Look away, look away,  
Look away, look away.

Den 'way down South in de fields of cotton,  
Vinegar shoes and paper stockings;  
Look away, look away,  
Look away, look away.

Den I wish I was in Dixie's land,  
Oh—oh! Oh—oh!  
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,  
And live and die in Dixie's land,  
Away, away, away,  
Away down South in Dixie.

Pork and cabbage in de pot,  
It goes in cold and comes out hot;  
Look away, look away,  
Look away, look away.

Vinegar put right on red beet,  
It makes them always fit to eat;  
Look away, look away,  
Look away, look away.

Den I wish I was in Dixie's land,  
Oh—oh! Oh—oh!  
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,  
And live and die in Dixie's land,  
Away, away, away,  
Away down South in Dixie.

**WOMAN DOCTOR'S STORY.**

**Called Into a Tough Section in the Dead of Night.**

At a meeting of women physicians in Philadelphia not long ago the after-dinner speaking took the form of personal experiences. One physician told of her first and only fright. A rough-looking man had come for her to visit a patient in one of the worst quarters of the city. It was past midnight, and the doctor told the man that he need not wait; she would go as soon as possible, meaning to call a cab. But when the doctor reached her door the man was waiting for her outside, and insisted upon escorting her. I found it difficult to get rid of him, she said, and so walked on with him. I soon decided that it would be better not to offend my tough-looking escort by taking a cab and going alone, and I dared not ride with him; so I walked the whole way. I found my patient in a dangerous condition, and the squallid room where she lay was occupied by ten or more other persons. I said they must go out, and all left save one burly negro, who declared that he would not go out in the cold. I insisted, however, and the other lodgers forced him to leave. It was an hour or more before I was ready to take my departure, and then I planned to walk up to 8th street and take a car. My former escort offered to go with me, but I declined his offer and set off alone. I had not gone a block before I discovered that the big, surly negro, whom I had driven from the sick-room, was following me. I walked steadily on, but my heart beat faster than ever before in my life. I hadn't a doubt that he meant mischief. I missed the car I meant to take, and I knew that at that hour of the night it would be a long time before another would come along; so I hurried on, hearing those pursuing footsteps just behind me. At every shadowy place I expected an attack. In fancy I felt the man's breath on my face and the grasp of his ugly hand on my shoulder. How I longed to see a policeman, but no one was in sight. So I walked on and on to my own door, and when I was within its shelter I was too overcome to stand. The next morning I went back to see my patient, and was received like a princess. It then came out that the negro had followed me to see that I reached home in safety; and it further transpired that two men physicians had refused to go to the patient the night before because of the dangerous character of the neighborhood. A murder had been committed there the previous week.

**BREAKFAST FOR ONE.**

There is no Accounting for the Wisdom of the Woodchuck.

That keen observer of nature, John Muir, tells in "Our National Parks" a pretty story of a woodchuck. In the spring of 1875 he was exploring the

peaks and glaciers about the head of the middle fork of the San Joaquin, and when passing round a frozen lake where the snow was ten feet deep, was surprised to find the fresh track of a woodchuck.

What could the animal be thinking of to come out so early while all the ground was snow-buried? The steady direction of his track showed he had a definite aim, and fortunately it was toward a mountain thirteen thousand feet high that I meant to climb. So I followed to see if I could find out what he was up to.

From the base of the mountain the track pointed straight up, and I knew by the melting snow that I was not far behind him. I lost the track on a crumbling ridge partly projecting through the snow, but soon discovered it again.

Toward the summit of the mountain, in an open spot on the south side, nearly enclosed by disintegrating pinnacles among which the sun heat reverberated, making a isolated patch of warm climate, I found a fine garden, full of rock cress, phlox, silene, draba, and a few grasses; and in this garden I overtook the wanderer, enjoying a fine fresh meal, perhaps the first of the season.

How did he know the way to this one garden spot, so high and so far off, and what told him that it was in bloom while yet the snow was ten feet deep over his den? He must have had more botanical, topographical and climatological knowledge than most mountaineers possess.

**CREDULITY OF THE HINDU.**

**Sample of the Delusions Which He Occasionally Harbors.**  
Here is a remarkable instance of the credulity of the Hindu, and the wild kind of delusions which he occasionally harbors. The writer is described as a Hindu gentleman of standing and reputation, and this extract is taken from a letter written to a gentleman in England:

"We are having awfully serious news circulated in the papers here. Extracts purported to be from the Morning Leader, of London, and La Bon Guonidia of Spain, impress us that the emperor on the coronation day was dangerously ill, and was never really crowned, for the ministers caused him to be personated by a beggar of White-chapel. We are really very concerned to hear it, and we firmly believe the news to be a false creation, but wonder why the government is still inactive as regard to taking any steps to punish the author of so foul a calumny."

The gentleman who sends me the above extract gives some other quaint examples of the amusing fictions which gain currency among the natives of India, says a writer in London Truth. The bigger and the more preposterous the lie, he says, the more readily it is believed. When the Jubilee bridge over the Hooghly was being built, the story got about that the government required a thousand heads of natives for the foundations of the bridge, and had given orders that all natives walking over the maiden after dark were to be seized, and taken to the "Shaitan Khan"—the native name for the Masonic lodge—where their heads were to be cut off for use in this uncanny engineering operation. The natives, it is said, were afraid to walk in that direction after dark for this reason. Again, at the time of the last Indian frontier war, a fat Babu clerk disappeared from one of the government offices and could not be found. It was finally believed, says my correspondent, by his fellow-clerks and neighbors, that he had been seized by order of the government, to be made into ointment for the benefit of the wounded soldiers. Happily, the fat Babu turned up again safe and sound; so no serious consequences resulted from this delusion. If an idea like this can be seriously accepted, as my informant says it was, by the class of natives who pass examinations and hold public appointments, nothing that may find acceptance with the "lower orders" can be wondered at.

**No Sisterly.**  
"Did he really and truly say that he loved you?"  
"Well, I should think he did. He swore it in four different languages."  
"Dear me, can he swear in four languages? He talks so dreadfully in one. Well, I'm glad to know it."

"What do you mean by that?"  
"Why, I was just telling Mame McGeehey that I didn't believe he had a talent of any kind. And it remained for you to discover his only one. How proud you must be."

"Of course, you only say that because you didn't catch him. But he saw through your tricks."  
"He couldn't see through anything. He isn't bright enough."

"You're a mix!"  
"You're a lady!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Mr. Spurgeon's Compliment.**  
"Do you know, dear," the late Mr. Spurgeon once said to his wife, between the puffs of his cigar, "I sometimes wish I had never married you."  
"Why do you wish that?" Mrs. Spurgeon asked, in alarm.

"Because, my dear," came the flattering answer, "it would be so nice to have the courting days over again."

**Not that Kind of a Boy.**  
"Little boy, do you read these cheap and demoralizing works of fiction?"  
"Me, ma'am? Assuredly not. Just now I'm reading Emerson and Spencer, ma'am. If I ever have any of those cheap stories, ma'am, I always give 'em to me little brother."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Pumps Blood Fast.**  
All the blood in a man's body passes through his heart once in every two minutes.

**Asthma**  
"One of my daughters had a terrible case of asthma. We tried almost everything, but without relief. We then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and three and one-half bottles cured her."—Emma Jauce Entsminger, Langsville, O.  
**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**  
certainly cures many cases of asthma.  
And it cures bronchitis, hoarseness, weak lungs, whooping-cough, croup, winter coughs, night coughs, and hard colds.  
Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.  
Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.  
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TRIAL BOTTLE 10 CENTS.

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The Great Conditioner and Stock Fattener. HORSES do More Work on Less Feed. COWS give More and Richer Milk. PIGS Fatten Quicker if given this Food.  
Package, 50c and \$1.00.  
MAKES PIGS GROW—GOOD FOR STUNTED CALVES.  
PRUSSIAN REMEDY CO., St. Paul, Minn.  
GENTLEMEN:—I have been feeding your PRUSSIAN STOCK FOOD to my thoroughbred swine. It gives them an appetite, and makes the pigs grow. I also tried it on stunted calves with satisfactory results.  
P. W. GROOMS, Blair, Neb.  
PORTLAND SEED CO., Portland, Oregon, Coast Agents.

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