

When the Hair Falls

Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It cannot do anything else. It's nature's way.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Gold for over sixty years."
Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
SARSAPARILLA,
PILLS,
CHERRY PECTORAL.

Edited Out.

"John," said Lorna Doone, "you ought not to come and meet me by stealth. It isn't right. My family wouldn't like it."
"All's fair in love or war, Lorna," chuckled John Ridd, "and this is both."
But Mr. Blackmore, fearing that this light play of the intellect was not suited to so heavy a man as Big John, omitted all mention of the incident in writing the story.

HOWARD E. BURTON—Assayer and Chemist. Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, silver, lead, \$1; tin, \$1.50; zinc, \$1.00; copper, \$1.00. Analytical tests. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Empire work collected. Reference: Carbonate and Sulfate Bank.

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Portland, Oregon.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and affords quick relief to every insect in dining room, sleeping room, and all places where flies are troublesome. Clear, clean, and will not soil or injure anything. Try them once and you will never be without them. First kept by druggists, now prepared by Geo. Harold Bennett, 249 DeKalb ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Prepares for Dramatic and Operatic Stage and playgoers. Graduates. Recognized by leading theatrical managers. Send for Catalogue and list of graduates and their success.

Egan Dramatic and Operatic School
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MULE TEAM BORAX

By Softening the Water makes the Skin Clear; Removes Pimples and Blackheads; Whitens the Hands; Frees the Scalp from Dandruff and makes Beautiful Hair.

Dr. C. Gee Wo
WONDERFUL HOME TREATMENT
This wonderful Chinese doctor is called great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of those herbarium remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidney, etc. has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blank and circulars. Head stamp. CONSULTATION FREE.

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CRAM REPARATORS—We guarantee the U. S. separator to be the best. Write for free catalog. Hestwood Co., FRB and Oak.
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When writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

OUR BABY.

We've in our home a treasure trove
That loving folk would joy to see:
A winsome, wee, bonnie sprite,
"Our baby," sweet, as sweet can be.

Her cheeks are tinted like a shell,
Her hair a ruddy gold in hue;
Her mouth a bit of coral cleft,
Her eyes like flax flowers wet with dew.

Her hands, like lilies in the sun,
Are lined with petals of the rose;
And dimples chase each other from
Her chin down to her rosy toes.

And we, her serfs, forget that life
On pulleys of the heart is run;
And thro' our wealth of lovingness
Declare our babe "the only one."

The only one; dear gift of God—
A trust to brighten faith grown dim—
She takes us with her innocence
Straight up the steeps which lead to him.

And as we pray that he "will keep
Our baby safe from every ill";
Old-time belief comes back again,
And old-time thoughts their truths disclose.

Our baby; tender women smile,
And men forget the ways of sin—
A little child links heart to heart,
"Our baby" makes the world akin.
—Chicago Tribune.

East, West, Home's Best.

THE spring boarders were beginning to come to the Trevose Cottage, and Will Pessler and Joe Clinton watched each new arrival with increased interest, for there was a fascination about their manners and dress that was very attractive.

The year before Arthur Geoffrey and Mason De Long, two of the boarders at the cottage, became quite intimate with the country boys, and had filled their minds with ideas that made Will and Joe very much dissatisfied with their life.

"I wish I was away from this," said Will one day to Joe, when he came over on an errand for his father. "I'm sick and tired of this kind of a life."
"So am I," replied Joe, "for it is getting more and more slavish. By the



SOME TO SPARE FOR OTHERS.

way, I got another letter from Mason, and he says I'm very foolish working my life out here for my folks for nothing when I could come to the city and work for some one who would pay me good wages."

"Arthur wrote to me, too," said Will, "and he says we could get good positions easily at good pay, and see something. He goes to the theater, or some other place of amusement every night, and here we stay and slave, and never see anything. I wish I was away, for I hate farm work worse and more every day."

"You don't hate it worse than I do," replied Joe.

One day the next week Joe heard some one calling, "Joe! Hello, Joe!" and he started up from behind a hedge where he had been, and hurriedly dropped a letter to the ground and put his foot upon it.

"Oh, is it you, Will, I thought—why, where are you going?" he asked, as he noted Will with a canvas-covered telescope in hand.

"Haven't time to explain now; just let me leave this here, and I'll be over after supper and explain," and he was gone.

That night as Joe was about finishing his supper he heard Will's whistle, and went to the door to greet his friend.

"Come in, Will," he said, cordially.

"No, thank you, Joe, I was passing and only ran in for a minute to see you."

"Come in awhile, Will; come, and have a cookie," urged Mrs. Clinton, hospitably, as she took a plate of tempting cakes from the table.

"Thank you, Mrs. Clinton, but I have just had supper, and I'm not a bit hungry," said Will. "Walk down to the road with me, Joe."

Joe and Will went out into the darkness, and when they had passed the barn Will stopped and said:

"I'm going to-morrow, Joe, and I have my clothes in that telescope, but I didn't want your folks to see it—"

"Going where?" gasped Joe, at the thought that was in his mind.

"I'm going to the city, for I can't stand this life any longer. My clothes are here. May I put them in the barn, and get them early to-morrow?"

"What will your folks say?" inquired Joe.

"I don't know, but I'll be gone, and I won't be back in a hurry, either," answered Will. "Good-night."

Joe was up earlier than usual and stole down stairs to see Will before he went, and met him coming out of the barn, telescope in hand.

"I'd go, too," said Joe, as they shook hands, "but I'll stay till I finish that hill-field of corn, and then I'll come." And he watched Will disappear down the lane.

Joe worked hard all that day to finish that hill-field; he urged his team to their utmost limit; he tramped miles as he made the journeys across and across the field, and when he had finished the sun had set and the day was gone. In the gathering gloom he trudged home weary, dissatisfied and hungry, and as he put away the team he said half aloud:

"I'm done with this slavish life after to-day."

"You are late, Joe, and you look tired," said his mother, "eat your supper, for you must be hungry."

"I am tired and hungry," said Joe, "and this life is so slavish."

"It's hard, and father was saying he would not know how to run the farm if you were not so strong and willing, doing the work of the best man he ever had. You are a good boy, Joe, and father appreciates it very much."

Joe winced somewhat at this open expression of appreciation, blushed and said:

"I know father with his lame back can't do much, but I'm—"

A knock on the side of the house at the open door interrupted him, and he turned and saw a ragged tramp outlined in the doorway.

"Could you help a feller to something to eat, and let me sleep somewhere?" asked a voice in the confidence of one accustomed to begging his way.

"Certainly!" quickly replied Mrs. Clinton. "Thank God, we always have enough for ourselves, and some to spare for others. Come in."

The tramp, not very old, but with all the marks of a wanderer upon him, boldly entered and took the place Mrs. Clinton set for him, and ate his supper. If appreciation of the merits of a cook, and confidence in the hospitality of the host, are in proportion to the amount one eats then the tramp fully demonstrated both, for he ate an astonishing amount of everything offered.

Joe finished his meal in silence. He did not again refer to his hard life, and when the tramp had eaten all he could hold Joe took him to the barn and gave him a bed in the harness-room.

"Thank you, young feller," said the tramp as Joe left him, "your mother's a dandy cook, and she don't stop offering till a feller's as full as a tick. You're in clover, here."

"Think so?" was Joe's non-committal reply as he closed the door and went to the house.

Joe went directly to his room, quickly packed his clothes, and then went down the back way and carried them to the barn. Long before day, after a sleepless night, he was up and quietly slipped out of the house for his clothes. As he was leaving the tramp said:

"Where are you goin', young feller?"

"That's my business," replied Joe, ungraciously.

"Look here, boy," and the tramp's voice was tender, "let's sit down a minute and talk this over," and he drew Joe into the harness-room. And somehow Joe told him all.

"I thought so, for I saw you bring that bundle here last night, and I knew by your actions what it meant. Don't do it, sonny; stick to your parents a little while longer," advised the tramp. "I ran away once, did just as you are doing now; went to sea in the navy, was gone three years, and when I got back my mother was dead and the home broken up, and I haven't had a home since. Don't go for a month, anyhow, not till you hear from your friend, Promise."

Somehow Joe promised, and went back to his room, and when he went to the barn to look after the stock the tramp was gone.

The very next Saturday night, a week, Will came back and hurried to find Joe.

"Don't go, Joe, the city isn't what those fellows said it was—at least I didn't find it so. I had a little back room where I could scarcely breathe; worked from 6 till 8 in a dark shop for \$4 a week, and it took more than that for my board and washing. Got the poorest kind of eating, not as good as we give to tramps, and—and—I got so homesick for mother's pies and doughnuts that I couldn't stand it. So I came right home, and I'm going to stay, too, for I found out that nobody cares as much for a fellow as his own folks."

"I'm going to stay, Will," answered Joe.

No one but Will and the tramp and God knew how near Joe came to running away, and he and God know he was often glad he hadn't.—Christian Advocate.

Two Kinds of Pelicans.

We have in America two kinds of pelicans, the white and the brown. Of the former, I can only say that it does not encourage the advances of the avian psychologist. Invasions of its strongholds on remote lake islets in Manitoba and in Nevada have resulted in their complete desertion by every white pelican old enough to spread a wing; and success here is doubtless not to be looked for so long as this snow-plumaged bird remains a shining mark for every roving rife-man.—Century.

Momentary Relapses.

"Mr. Spotsash," said the reformed sport, "we want to buy a thousand crullers for the waifs' picnic. Can you give us something?"

"Yes," answered the merchant. "Here's \$5."

"Thanks, Mr. Spotsash. I told the boys, by George, it was dollars to doughnuts you'd cough up liberal!"

FITS

St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 24-trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. King, Ltd., 531 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Well Up in the Classics.

The principal of one of Washington's high schools relates an incident in connection with the last commencement day of the institution mentioned. A clever girl had taken one of the principal prizes. At the close of the exercises her friends crowded about her to offer congratulations.

"Weren't you awfully afraid you wouldn't get it, Hattie," asked one, "when there were so many contestants?"

"Oh, no!" cheerily exclaimed Hattie. "Because I knew that when it came to English composition I had 'em all skinned alive!"—Harper's Weekly.

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

Where He'd Be.

Mrs. McSosh—I wish all the saloons in creation were in the bottom of the sea.

Mr. McSosh—Gee, you gotta mean disposition! Wanner get me down', eh?—Cleveland Leader.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Achievement.

Rich Uncle—Leonard, have you ever succeeded in carrying out one single purpose in all your life?

Spendthrift Nephew (deeply hurt)—Uncle, I have! Six years ago I formed a resolution that I would cut loose and have a good time, and to-day I owe \$13,000.

More Converts Every Year

Every day in every year that comes, more housewives are giving up their exorbitant priced Baking Powders and turning to K. C., the honest and reliable, which has stood as well the test of years. They are finding out that

K C BAKING POWDER

costs one-third the price of powder anywhere near K C quality, and makes better, purer, more healthful baking. 25 ounces for 25c.

JAQUES MFG. CO.
Chicago, Ill.

Defines the Court's Duty.

A. G. Jewett, lawyer, politician and man of sarcastic wit, was once trying a case in the supreme court in Belfast, Me., his home city. The judge presiding, before being called to the bench, had tried many cases against Jewett, who did not entertain a very high opinion of his ability.

In his closing argument, Jewett, in defiance of the rules of the court, started in to read some law to the jury. The court pounded on the bench and said: "Mr. Jewett, you must not read law to the jury in your closing argument." Jewett kept on reading, without so much as a glance at the court. The court in thunderous tones ordered him to stop.

Jewett, who had by this time read all he intended to read, turned calmly to the judge and said: "Did your honor address me?"

"I said," roared the judge, "you must not read law to the jury in your closing argument. I will give the law to the jury. What do you suppose the court is here for?"

"What is the court here for?" responded Jewett in high falsetto. "I suppose you know, sir, to keep order with the aid of the sheriff, sir, with all due respect to the sheriff, sir."—Boston Herald.

Anything but Friendly.

"You astonish me. Your engagement with Miss Wellogg is broken, is it? Are the relations between you still friendly?"

"I should say not! The relations between us are her relations, and they're my bitter enemies."

No Longer in the Limelight.

Then old Vesuvius checked his rage, And straightway called a truce.
"There's too much competition now," He muttered. "What's the use!"

HERITAGE OF CIVIL WAR.

Thousands of Soldiers Contracted Chronic Kidney Trouble While in the Service.

The experience of Capt. John L. Ely, of Co. E, 17th Ohio, now living at 500 East Second street, Newton, Kansas, will interest the thousands of veterans who came back from the Civil war suffering tortures with kidney complaint. Capt. Ely says: "I contracted kidney trouble during the Civil war, and the occasional attacks finally developed into a chronic case. At one time I had to use a crutch and cane to get about. My back was lame and weak, and besides the aching, there was a distressing retention of the kidney secretions. I was in a bad way when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills in 1901, but the remedy cured me, and I have been well ever since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

His Good Reason.

"Why does Smitty visit his wealthy aunt so often?"

"If he didn't he might have to visit his 'uncle.'"—Houston Post.

THE KING OF BLOOD PURIFIERS

No other remedy has given such perfect satisfaction as a blood purifier and tonic or is so reliable in the cure of blood diseases of every character as S. S. S. It is known as "The King of Blood Purifiers," and the secret of its success and its right to this title is because "IT CURES DISEASE." It is an honest medicine, made entirely of purifying, healing roots, herbs and barks, which are acknowledged to be specifics for diseases arising from an impure or poisoned condition of the blood and possessing tonic properties that act gently and admirably in the up-building of a run-down, weakened or disordered condition of the system.

One of the greatest points in favor of S. S. S. is that it is the only blood remedy on the market which does not contain a mineral ingredient of some kind to derange or damage the system. It is the one medicine that can be taken with absolute safety by the youngest child or the oldest member of the family, and persons who have allowed their systems to get in such condition that most medicines are repulsive to the stomach will find that S. S. S., while thorough, is gentle and pleasant in its action, and has none of the nauseating effects of the different mineral mixtures and concoctions offered as blood purifiers.

As every part of the body is dependent on the blood for nourishment and strength, it is necessary that this vital fluid be kept free from germs and poisons. So long as it remains uncontaminated we are fortified against disease, and health is assured; but any impurity, humor or poison acts injuriously on the system and affects the general health. Pustular eruptions, pimples, rashes and the different skin affections show that the blood is in a feverish and diseased condition as a result of too much acid or the presence of some irritating humor. Sores and Ulcers are the result of morbid, unhealthy matter in the blood, and Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison etc., are all deep-seated blood disorders that continue to grow worse as long as the poison remains.

But all blood diseases are not acquired; some persons are born with an hereditary taint in the blood and we see this great affliction manifested in many ways. The skin has a waxy, pallid appearance, the eyes are often weak, glands of the neck enlarged, and as the taint has been in the blood since birth the entire health is usually affected.

In all blood troubles S. S. S. has proved itself a perfect remedy and has well earned the title of "KING OF BLOOD PURIFIERS." It goes down into the circulation and removes all poisons, humors, waste or foreign matter, and makes this stream of life pure and health-sustaining. Nothing reaches inherited blood troubles like S. S. S.; it removes every particle of the taint, purifies and strengthens the weak, deteriorated blood, and supplies it with the healthful properties it needs and establishes the foundation for good health. As a tonic this great medicine has no equal, and it will be found especially bracing to weak, anaemic persons. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Sores and Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all other blood troubles are cured permanently by S. S. S., and so thorough is the cleansing of the blood that no trace of the disease is left to break out in future years or to be transmitted to offspring. If you are in need of a blood purifier get "THE KING" of them all, S. S. S.—and good results are assured. Book on the blood and any medical advice desired furnished without charge to all who write.

S.S.S. PURELY VEGETABLE

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