

The Twentieth Century.
The twentieth century began January 1st, 1901, and will end with 2000. People did not begin to reckon time from A. D., but waited until about the 350 year of the Christian era. People who begin to take the great health restorative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, immediately after the first outbreak of dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism, constipation, nervousness, or kidney trouble will date their cure immediately from then.

Why Men Fail.
Duty very often lingers and permits curiosity to get there ahead of it.—Chicago Daily News.

Spring Cleaning
You are made aware of the necessity for cleansing your blood in the spring by humors, eruptions and other outward signs of impurity.
Or that dull headache, bilious, nervous, nervous condition and that tired feeling are due to the same cause—weak, thin, impure, tired blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
It is Peculiar to Itself.

American Commission at Paris.
The cost of the American commission at the Paris exposition was nearly \$1,000,000.

Good Subject Makes Good Talker.
McCarthy—Old Brown declares you are the most entertaining talker in the club. What do you usually talk about in his company?
McCommick—Old Brown—Harlem Life.

It Wouldn't Do.
Baron Munchausen had just written a letter to a friend, "yours truly," and signed his name.
Then, with a melancholy smile, he erased the word "truly."
"It would only move him to derisive laughter," he said.—Chicago Tribune.

Head the Red Flag of Danger!
Red pimples, blotches, boils, sores are danger signals of torpid liver, poisoned blood. Cascarets Candy Cathartic will save you. All druggists sell, 25c, 50c.

Amusing Shakespeare.
His Escort—Just awful found ob music, specially dance music.
Miss Snowflake—So's I. Doan's day say dat music am de food ob lub?
"It am de very chicking an' watah-million of lub."—Puck.

Not Completed.
Mrs. Darling—You told me before we were married that you had an income of \$4,000 a year. What has become of it?
Mr. Darling—Can't tell you until I get an itemized bill from your dressmaker.—Denver News.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING
When you take Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic, because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. See For Keeps.

For Keeps.
Ascum—So you've got a political situation? Do you expect to keep it?
Rafferty—Faith, I do, so, an' what's more, I expect it to kape me.—Philadelphia Press.

Mother's Will Find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Serum for Diphtheria.
During a recent epidemic of diphtheria in a town on the Hudson, 205 cases were treated with serum, and among these there were only two deaths.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fit or convulsion after this.
Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists sell. Price 25c. See For Keeps.

The Meaning in a Squeak.
Gas de Smith—These new boots of yours squeak awfully; perhaps they ain't paid for yet?
Johnny—That's all nonsense. If there is anything in that, why don't my coat, and vest, and my trousers, and my hat squeak, too?—Exchange.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists sell. Price 25c. See For Keeps.

Restoring a Medieval Castle.
At Hohokinsburg, in Alsace, the remains of an early medieval castle is to be restored by the Kaiser after the manner in which Pierrefonds was rebuilt by the architect Viollet le Duc for the Empress Eugenie.

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER
Composition of Sweetbreads.
Elsie (aged 3)—Mamma, I want to ask you a serious question.
Mamma—Well, what is it, dear?
Elsie—Are the sweetbreads made of loaf sugar?

The Best Prescription for Malaria
Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic. It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25c.

Little Alice's Description.
Little 3-year-old Alice stood watching her mother baking pancakes. After a few moments silent observation she said: "Put on back, turn over on stomach, then eat."

W. N. SMITH & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

MODERN BOOKS AND PLAYS.
Their Titles Are Picturesque and Suggestive, if Nothing More.
"Have you seen 'When Poached Eggs Were on Toast'?"
"No—I've read the book. Have you seen 'Under Two Breads'?"
"Not yet. I've read the book. I shouldn't think it would make nearly so good a play as 'Unleavened Flax'."
"I didn't read 'Unleavened Flax,' but if it was as poor a book as it was a play it wasn't worth reading. Still, you can't always tell. You've seen 'In the Palace of Harem,' of course."
"Oh, yes, indeed—I wasn't half through the book when I saw that."
"I didn't read the book. I was afraid they'd put the last chapter first as they did when they dramatized 'David Meredith,' you know. I don't believe in this dramatizing a novel by mixing it up until you can't recognize it."
"Oh, I do. It's ever so much more exciting all mixed up. I like the kind of dramatized novel where you can't tell which novel it is until the third act at least."
"To Share and to Scold ought to make a good play—don't you think so?"
"Oh, yes, indeed; much better than 'Carrie Jewel' did. By the way, did you ever hear of a play by the name of 'Hamlet'?"
"Hamlet? Why, I don't remember any novel of that name. Really? You don't mean it? Oh, if that's the case I shouldn't care to see it. Have you read Huxley's 'Life and Letters'?"
"No, there's not the slightest chance of its being dramatized. I'm told, I'm reading 'When the Soup Grows Cold'—the advertisement says it's sure to be dramatized."—New York Evening Sun.

Balsac's Convenient Trousers.
In a little village in the heart of Touraine lives a small, brown old man, says the London Onlooker, whose great pride it is that he once had the honor of making a pair of trousers for Balsac. The old tailor delights to tell of his meeting with the distinguished Frenchman.
When I got to the chateau where Monsieur Balsac was staying, I found him in the garden writing a novel. He was so busy that I waited a bit. Many sheets of paper, covered with fine writing, lay around him. He would write a spell then stare wildly about, and then go to it again as if he knew that a world was waiting for his words.
After standing near and watching him a while I had to interrupt him to get his measure for the trousers. Monsieur Balsac was very good-natured. He smiled while I measured him, but he spoke but once.
"No feet," he said, as I finished, and returned at once to his work.
I didn't know at all what he meant, but some way I didn't have courage to interrupt him again to ask, but I met a servant and inquired of him what his master meant by "No feet."
"Oh," says he, "Monsieur Balsac wants his trousers made without any openings at the bottom, so that he can sit and write without having to put on slippers."

Satisfied with His Job.
One of Cleveland's leading business concerns hired a new man the other day, and a little later, when the superintendent passed by, he noticed that the new man was smoking a pipe. The rule against smoking on the premises is a rigid one.
"See here, my man," cried the official, "you can't smoke here."
The new man looked up and nodded and the superintendent passed along. A half hour later he was back again, and lo! the new man was still enjoying his pipe.
"Say," the official cried, "didn't I tell you that smoking was not permitted here?"
"You did," replied the new man. "Didn't you understand me?"
"I did."
"See here, perhaps you don't know who I am?"
"That's a true word."
"Well, I'm the superintendent."
The new man looked up at the official with an expression of deep interest.
"Are you, sure?" he cried. "Superintendent, eh? Well, it's a fine job—take care of it."
And he calmly returned to his work.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Patriotism Versus Pounds.
Uncle Silas Pennwell had never seen Boston Harbor before. "This is the place, I suppose," he said, gazing over its blue waters, crowded with shipping, "where our Revolution forefathers threw that tea overboard."
"Yes," responded his city nephew, his eye kindling. "I don't wonder it stirs you to the depths to look at the scene of that historic event. It marked an epoch in the world's history which no patriotic American can recall without a thrill of pride."
"Yes," replied Uncle Silas, musingly. "I wonder how much the fellows lost who owned that tea."
"You have a fine pedigree," said the American multi-millionaire to the nobleman.
"Yes," was the nonchalant answer. "And I want to tell you, I appreciate such things. If there is anything I take an interest in it is a pedigree. Why, when I was younger I could go to the races and name over the ancestry of every horse at the track."—Washington Star.

Appreciative.
The answer was:
"Miss Ours, the Misses Ippi and Sara Gosse."
Pet.
The Princess' tame tiger eat
The brave Prince, her suitor, and yet
She gave it out cold—
Or so it is told—
That the Prince went away in a pet.—Detroit Journal.

It comes as natural for a girl to like her school teacher as for a boy to dislike his.

We will all have to face the music—the funeral march—some day.

Mrs. Watson's Message.
She tells all suffering women how she was cured of Ovarian Inflammation by

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—When I wrote to you a few months ago I had been suffering from inflammation of the ovaries and womb for over eighteen months. I had a continual pain and soreness in my back and side. I believe my troubles were caused by overwork and lifting some years ago. Life was a drag to me and I felt like giving up. I had several doctors, but they did me little good. I began to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound four months ago and am in better health to-day than I have been for years. All my pains are gone. Your Vegetable Compound has made me well. I recommend it to all suffering women."—Mrs. S. J. WATSON, Hampton, Va.

When there is one remedy that is sure, and hundreds of thousands of women know from experience its reliability, is it wise to experiment with untried and comparatively unknown medicines?
\$5000 REWARD
We have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lyran, Ohio, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letter is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

The Key to the Situation.
First Detective—How did you manage to discover the scandal in their family closet?
Second Detective—Well, you see, I had a skeleton key.—Smart Set.

WAS TORTURED
An Indianapolis Woman's Sworn Statement of the Way in Which She Was Saved From Death.
From the Indianapolis News.
Mrs. Mary K. Burns, of 505 Hiawatha street, Indianapolis, Ind., is living evidence of the wonderful powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the remedy that cures where all others fail. For years she endured all the tortures of indigestion, nervousness and female weakness, a complication of troubles that five physicians confessed their inability to cure. Her story is well worth the attention of every woman. She says:
"My illness commenced after my first child was born. I was so weak and nervous that it seemed I would never get strong. For twelve years I doctored for female trouble, complicated with nervousness and indigestion. My stomach was so weak that for days at a time I could eat nothing but bread and milk. I was also troubled with palpitation of the heart and was often so miserable that I could not lie down. Five doctors prescribed for me, and I took many kinds of medicine without being benefited. One day I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised in the papers and I decided to give them a trial. I did so and had not finished taking the first box when I knew that I was getting better.
"You can imagine the relief I felt when I found that after years of suffering I was being cured. I continued taking the pills, and the female trouble entirely disappeared. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People did more for me than I was claimed they would do. Since I first took the pills I have needed a doctor nor any other medicine; they have restored my health, strength and happiness."
"MRS. MARY K. BURNS."
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of October, 1900.
GEORGE H. SWAN, Notary Public.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the hundred), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A Forfeited Lover.
"Shan't we elope, George?"
"Yes, if you think it will please your father. Financially I'm not prepared to get him down on me."

Wash the Cough and Works Off the Gunk.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25c.

Passing Fare.
Street car conductors are never beautiful. In fact, they are not even passing fare.—Philadelphia Record.

Aluminum Bridges for Cavalry.
The Austro-Hungary war office has recently tried with success bridges of aluminum for cavalry. They are the invention of Captains de Vaux and de Vail, and are easily carried on wagons.

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LONGEVITY IN 19TH CENTURY.
Professions Compared—Philosophers and Farmers in the Lead.
"Has the past century contributed toward the increase or the diminution of human longevity?" That was the question discussed the other day by a group of French scientists. In comparing the statistics of mortality in the nineteenth century with those brought out by DuVillard at the close of the previous century it appears that the average longevity since 1789 increased by five or six years. Therefore, the question put by our medical celebrity would seem to be answered, the answer pointing to an increase of the average length of life. But the present effort is to reveal the mirage, if mirage there is, in the figures before us; and that is a thorny problem.
Dr. Vaucher and M. Bertillon fix the average longevity in the nineteenth century at 73 years. All things being equal, the number of people who reached the age of 73 was greater in the generations of the nineteenth century than it was in those of the eighteenth. Vaucher only arrives at approximations. He tried to find out if professions possessed any influence over the chances of life, and he was unable to come to a conclusion, because he found centenarians in all professions, even the most unremunerative. For all that, he thinks that he can give the palm to agriculture, because it was in the families of farmers that he found the greatest number of persons who had reached an advanced age. Here statistics are in accord with the most rational provisions.

The profession which presents a happy medium in the matter of longevity is that of the scientist. Among the savants one finds as many men who die young as the number who die very old. We know that Fontenelle lived 100 years, and that Chevreul was 103. Among those who reached ages quite respectable, although their years were fewer in number, are Humboldt, who died at 90; Newton, at 85; Franklin, at 84, and Buffon, at 81.
The list of those who died very young, like Bichat and Pascal, is just as long; but it includes, unfortunately, the martyrs of science, those who fell upon the field of honor in the effort to harvest some new truth—Jaquemont and Comerson in France, Hesselquist and Abel in Sweden, Solokoff in Russia and many others. Such deaths are beyond the reach of the massive rules of statistics. It is noteworthy, however, that the celebrated Cassini family is about the only one in which the dual inheritance of longevity and scientific genius lasted through four generations.—Courier des Etats Unis.

A Boy's Composition on Girls.
Girls is things wat gets taken out for nothing to theyatres and circuses and parties and everything. I wish I was a girl, my sister Mary was one and she's got a soft thing of it too. Hank Wilson comes to see her every night and he talks her out riding and dancing, and everything. He never talks me out altho I'd like it just as well.
When duff Gordon was hear I heard Hank wilson tell him that his girl was an awful expense to him, and that he had to treat her to oysters and ice-cream, and everything. Then Duff Gordon winked and sed, never mind, her old man has got lots of tin.
Yes sed Hank I'll have to Grim and barret tin we're Married and then if she wants chocklet kandle she'll have to get it herself. Then they Poked each other in the ribs and laffed. Wee had dinner ruff after that and Hank Wilson and Duff Gordon was there too. I askt pa. Please pa won't you sho me some of your tin. Tin? Said pa what do you mean? We I said Hank wilson said Mary was an oldk expens to him and duff Gordon sed never mind, that the old man is got lots of tin and then Hank sed after he was Married Mary would have to bye her chocklet kandle herself, and then erribold skolded me and kalled me nains and they got fighting among themselves and Mary kried and Hank looked like if he was going to cry too and a after while they made up and kised and said I wuz a young har and Hank wilson give me a kuarter and told me to keep quiet and not to be 2 fresh. I never did like girls anielow.

The Away-from-Home Girl.
"Write your home letters regularly and keep in touch with your parents and old friends by weekly correspondence," writes Margaret E. Sangster, in the Ladies' Home Journal, addressing girls who have gone from home into the world to seek their livelihood. "Never let a Sunday afternoon drift out without your hour spent in an intimate and loving letter to the dear mother. This is a good occupation for Sunday, and I can hardly tell you how minute and confidential and affectionate this writing should be. But there is no need. You know what you like to hear from home, and what mother and father most long for, when your letters come. I follow those letters. Mother is in the kitchen, washing the dishes. She wipes her hands and sits down in the low rocking-chair by the window where the lilac is beginning to bud. Father stands between the table and the door, waiting to hear what you have said, and aware that he must wait until mother has satisfied her heart with the first reading. Then it will be his turn. To them both you are, and you will always be, just their own little girl, and you can never send them a line which they will not scan with eagerness. So never put off your family at home with a scraggy, hurried scrawl; take time; and tell them everything."

Discordant Custom in Berlin.
Berlin is probably the only city of any size in which there is absolutely no attempt at anything like a general dinner hour, or even at uniform business hours. Each circle of professions has its own hours of business, which naturally regulate the household meal arrangements. Army and official circles have certain hours of duty; banking and commercial houses have their own hours; writers, actors and artists theirs, and the university and the schools form another set with other hours. If you have a wide visiting list in Berlin you may be asked out to dinner at any time from 2 until 7. Hopeless dyspepsia is the penalty if you do not keep in one set.

Auctioneers are an obliging lot; they always attend to every one's bidding.

SEAFARING MEN
KNOW THE VALUE OF
TOWER'S
FISH BRAND
OILED CLOTHING
IT WILL
KEEP YOU DRY
IN THE
WETTEST WEATHER
LOOK FOR ABOVE TRADE MARK
ON ALL FISH BRAND
CLOTHING FREE
CATALOGUES
SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS.
A. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

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TESTED AND TRUE
N. P. N. U. No. 15-1901.
When writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

Machinery, Implements,
Farm Supplies, Etc.

Bee Line Buggies
\$65.00 AND UP.

HENNEY, \$90.00 and up.
MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAVOR CO.
First and Taylor Sts. Portland, Oregon.

NEW LIFE TO OLD FENCES!
Long Life to New Ones.
How? By Using Our
Anchor Clamps and Uprights.

THE OLD FENCE. THE ANCHOR FENCE.
Great Combination of Strength and Beauty.
"THE TIE THAT BINDS"

See Our Anchor Clamp
You would be surprised if you knew how little it would cost you to fix up that old fence. Better send for some Anchor Clamps and Uprights, and a pair of our pitchforks, and make your old wire fence look like a new one.
ANCHOR FENCE looks so nice and is so strong that farmers sometimes think that it must be high priced. It isn't, though.
Cattle, Sheep and Hog Tight. IT NEVER SLIPS after closing.

FARM, RAILROAD AND LAWN FENCE.
Write for Prices and Catalogue. The Portland Anchor Fence Co.
Agents Wanted in Every Town. 742 Nicolai St., PORTLAND, Oregon.

WANTED—LIVE AGENTS
In all towns of Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

LE ROY
Model 50,
\$35.00.
PORTLAND DELIVERY.

TO SELL LE ROY BICYCLES
LISTED AT \$30.00, \$35.00 AND \$40.00. GUARANTEED TO JANUARY 1, 1902.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE, DISCOUNTS AND TERMS.

HENRY GOODMAN & COMPANY,
126 FIRST STREET...
Jobbers of Bicycle Sundries. Portland, Oregon.

FAIRBANKS,
MORSE & CO.
115 H. P.

GASOLINE ENGINE
Pumps Water, Saws Wood,
Grinds Feed, and costs two
cents an hour to run.
Get full particulars from 310 Market
Street, San Francisco, Cal.; First and
Stark Sts., Portland, Or.; Los Angeles,
Cal.

JOHN POOLE, Portland, Oregon,
Foot of Morrison Street.
Can give you the best bargains in
Ruggies, Plows, Boilers and Engines,
Windmills and Pumps and General
Machinery. See us before buying.

HOME GROWN GRASS SEEDS.
A mixture of deep rooting grass seeds that will guarantee to grow on dry ground that will not produce cereals or any other kind of grass. Will make crop of hay, and pasture all seasons of the year. You never invested a dollar in your life that will give you more return. Price \$1.00 per 100 or 20 cents per pound. Send in an order for 500 pounds; we will send instructions for sowing. Address W. J. SHELDON & CO., Growers and Importers of all kinds of Grass and Field Seeds. MOSCOW, IDAHO.

Northwest POULTRY News
If you keep poultry send 10c for 3 mos. trial to the Dr. Finkler's Monthly, 1114 N. Portland, Oreg. This will give you the best poultry in N.W. Sample free.

FOOT-POWER
LATHES
MACHINES & SUPPLIES
DAYTON HARBARDE CO.

Good, Live Agents Wanted
In all unoccupied territory, for the
Best Wheels on Earth, the 1901
Ideal
AND Rambler
BICYCLES
\$20 - \$25 - \$35 - \$40
FRED T. MERRILL CYCLE CO.,
100-111 11th Street. PORTLAND, Oreg.

YOU DO
YOUR PART
which is, send us
your address, and
WE'LL
DO OURS

SAW MILL, ENGINE
BOILER, or any piece of Machinery, it
logic and price. Will pay to write us for catalogue and prices.
RUSSELL & CO.,
Portland and Spokane.

Polson Oak
Polson Ivy
are among the best known of the many dangerous wild plants and shrubs. To touch or handle them quickly produces swelling and inflammation with intense itching and burning of the skin. The eruption soon disappears, the sufferer hopes for relief, but almost as soon as the little blisters and pustules appeared the poison had reached the blood, and will break out at regular intervals and each time in a more aggravated form. This poison will enter the system for years, and every atom of it must be forced out of the blood before you can expect a perfect, permanent cure.

SSS Nature's Antidote
FOR
Nature's Poisons,
is the only cure for Polson Oak, Polson Ivy, and all noxious plants. It is composed exclusively of roots and herbs. It is now the time to get the poison out of your system, as delay makes your condition worse. Don't experiment longer with salves, washes and soaps—they never cure. Mr. H. M. Marshall, bookkeeper of the Atlantic Gas Light Co., was poisoned with Polson Oak. He took Sulphur, Arsenic and various other drugs, and applied externally numerous ointments and salves with no benefit. At times the swelling and inflammation was so severe he was almost blind. For eight weeks the poison would break out every week. His condition was much improved after taking one bottle of S. S. S., and a few bottles cleared his blood of the poison, and all evidences of the disease disappeared.

People are often poisoned without knowing when or how. Explain your case fully to our physicians, and they will cheerfully give such information and advice as you require, without charge, and we will send at the same time an interesting book on Blood and Skin Diseases.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Eleanor's Mother—You do Eleanor a great injustice, my dear. She is not idle, only delicate. She has no power of endurance.
Eleanor's Father—Humph! I know all about her power of endurance. It's the kind that'll let her dance all night in shoes two sizes too small for her, and make her too tired the next day to dust the parlor.—New York World.

Biliousness
"I have used your valuable CASCARETS and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family."
EDW. A. MARX, Albany, N. Y.

CANDY
CATHARTIC
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER
Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Hides, Weakens, or Grips. No. 26, 50c.
CURE CONSTIPATION.
Selling Ready Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, etc.

NO-TO-BAC sold and guaranteed by all druggists to cure Nicotine Habit.

Springtime Resolutions
TAKE THE
Keeley Cure
Sure relief from liquor, opium and tobacco habits. Send for particulars to
Keeley Institute, 314 Sixth St., Portland, Or.

Beware of Them
There are two afflictions which perhaps give the most pain and trouble, viz:
Sciatica
and
Lumbago
Both disable and cripple, but
St. Jacobs Oil
is their best cure.

Polson Oak
Polson Ivy
are among the best known of the many dangerous wild plants and shrubs. To touch or handle them quickly produces swelling and inflammation with intense itching and burning of the skin. The eruption soon disappears, the sufferer hopes for relief, but almost as soon as the little blisters and pustules appeared the poison had reached the blood, and will break out at regular intervals and each time in a more aggravated form. This poison will enter the system for years, and every atom of it must be forced out of the blood before you can expect a perfect, permanent cure.

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People are often poisoned without knowing when or how. Explain your case fully to our physicians, and they will cheerfully give such information and advice as you require, without charge, and we will send at the same time an interesting book on Blood and Skin Diseases.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Eleanor's Mother—You do Eleanor a great injustice, my dear. She is not idle, only delicate. She has no power of endurance.
Eleanor's Father—Humph! I know all about her power of endurance. It's the kind that'll let her dance all night in shoes two sizes too small for her, and make her too tired the next day to dust the parlor.—New York World.

Biliousness
"I have used your valuable CASCARETS and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family."
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REGULATE THE LIVER
Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Hides, Weakens, or Grips. No. 26, 50c.
CURE CONSTIPATION.
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NO-TO-BAC sold and guaranteed by all druggists to cure Nicotine Habit.

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TAKE THE
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Sure relief from liquor, opium and tobacco habits. Send for particulars to
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Beware of Them
There are two afflictions which perhaps give the most pain and trouble, viz:
Sciatica
and
Lumbago
Both disable and cripple, but
St. Jacobs Oil
is their best cure.

Polson Oak
Polson Ivy
are among the best known of the many dangerous wild plants and shrubs. To touch or handle them quickly produces swelling and inflammation with intense itching and burning of the skin. The eruption soon disappears, the sufferer hopes for relief, but almost as soon as the little blisters and pustules appeared the poison had reached the blood, and will break out at regular intervals and each time in a more aggravated form. This poison will enter the system for years, and every atom of it must be forced out of the blood before you can expect a perfect, permanent cure.

SSS Nature's Antidote
FOR
Nature's Poisons,
is the only cure for Polson Oak, Polson Ivy, and all noxious plants. It is composed exclusively of roots and herbs. It is now the time to get the poison out of your system, as delay makes your condition worse. Don't experiment longer with salves, washes and soaps—they never cure. Mr. H. M. Marshall, bookkeeper of the Atlantic Gas Light Co., was poisoned with Polson Oak. He took Sulphur, Arsenic and various other drugs, and applied externally numerous ointments and salves with no benefit. At times the swelling and inflammation was so severe he was almost blind. For eight weeks the poison would break out every week. His condition was much improved after taking one bottle of S. S. S., and a few bottles cleared his blood of the poison, and all evidences of the disease disappeared.