Peculiar To Itself

In what it is and what it does—containing the best blood-purifying, alterative and tonic substances and effecting the most radical and permanent cures of all humors and all eruptions, relieving weak, tired, languid feelings and building up the whole system—is true only of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

No other medicine acts like it; no other medicine has done so much real, substantial good, no other medicine has restored health and strength at so little cost.

"I was troubled with scrofula and came near losing my eyesight. For four months I could not see to do anything. After taking two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I could see to walk, and when I had taken eight bottles I could see as well as ever." SUSIE A. HAIRSTON, Withers, N. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

A Domestic Mystery.

Mr. Binks—Something queer about Biffkins. He has never once mentioned his wife.

Mrs. Binks—Perhaps he isn't married.

Mr. Binks—Oh, yes, he is. He wears out three pairs of shoes a month trying to save car fare.—New York Weekly.

The Price of Admission.

The only son had reached the histrionic period in his career, and was indulging in a juvenile edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." His mother's drawing room was converted into a temporary theater, and with a view, perhaps, of playing only to exclusive audiences, this notice was posted over the door:

"Ladies and gentlemen under 13 years may come in; those that are not cannot."—New York Evening Post.

BEFORE HE TOOK VOGELER'S

He Could Not Touch His Wife's Dinners and They Were "Fit for a King."

So writes our esteemed friend, Mr. Frank Chambers, of 9 Bennett St., Chiswick: "For over two years I suffered agonies from indigestion, and became reduced to a mere shadow of my stalwart self. I would return home from my business feeling so faint that I could hardly drag one leg after the other; my dear wife did all she possibly could to tempt me with dainty dishes, and as I entered the house I sniffed and thought: 'Oh, how good; I know I can eat that.' But alas! no sooner had I eaten a few mouthfuls, when I felt sick; severe pains shot through my chest and shoulder blades, my eyes swam and everthing seemed black. I became alternately hot and cold, and got up from such a dainty dinner heartily sick of living, and feeling I was a sore trial to everybody. I may mention that I was also very much troubled with a scaly skin, and often boils. But one evening I noticed my wife seemed more cheerful than usual. I questioned her and found she had been reading a pamphlet she had received, of men afflicted just as I was, and who had been cured by Vogeler's Compound. Said she, 'What gives me more faith in it is that it is made from the formula of an eminent physician now in active practice in the West End of London, so I am sure it is no quack thing.' 'All right, dear, let's have a bottle,' said I. After taking the contents of the first bottle I felt very much better, and determined to give this remedy a fair trial, and I can positively assure you that a few bottles have made a new man of me. I can sleep well, eat anything and thoroughly enjoy life. I have told several of my friends, whom I knew were suffering the same as myself, and they all wish me to say that they are like new men. I sincerely bless the great physician who gave you the formula of Vogeler's Curative Compound, and also yourselves for making its virtues known to a suffering public." The proprietors (the St. Jacobs Oil, Ltd. Baltimore,) will send a sample free to any one writing to them.

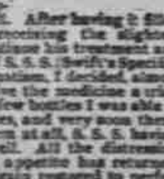
An Obstacle.

"There is always room at the top," said the Good Adviser.

"Indeed, yes," answered the Unfortunate Person, "but the elevator 's not always running."

Rheumatism

Rheumatic pains are the cries of protest and distress from tortured muscles, aching joints and excited nerves. The blood has been poisoned by the accumulation of waste matter in the system, and can no longer supply the pure and health sustaining food they require. The whole system feels the effect of this acid poison; and not until the blood has been purified and brought back to a healthy condition will the aches and pains cease.



Mrs. James Kell, of 707 Ninth street, N. E., Washington, D. C., writes as follows: "A few months ago I had an attack of Sciatic Rheumatism in its worst form. The pain was so intense that I became completely prostrated. The attack was an unusually severe one, and my condition was regarded as being very dangerous. I was attended by one of the most able doctors in Washington, who is also a member of the faculty of a leading medical college here. He told me to continue his prescriptions and I would get well. After having it filled twelve times without receiving the slightest benefit, I declined to continue his treatment any longer. Having heard of S. S. S. (Swift's Specific) recommended for Rheumatism, I decided, almost in despair however, to give the medicine a trial, and after I had taken a few bottles I was able to hobble around on crutches, and very soon there after had no use for them at all, S. S. S. having cured me sound and well. All the distressing pains have left me, my appetite has returned, and I am happy to be again restored to perfect health."

SSS the great vegetable purifier and tonic, is the ideal remedy in all rheumatic troubles. There are no opiates or minerals in it to disturb the digestion and lead to ruinous habits.

We have prepared a special book on Rheumatism which every sufferer from this painful disease should read. It is the most complete and interesting book of the kind in existence. It will be sent free to any one desiring it. Write our physicians fully and freely about your case. We make no charge for medical advice.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

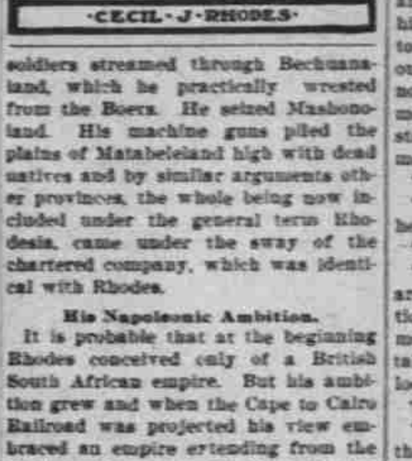
AN UNCROWNED KING.

CECIL RHODES, EMPIRE BUILDER OF SOUTH AFRICA.

He Was One of the Most Masterful Characters Since the Days of Napoleon—His Great Achievements and His Greater Ambition.

Not since the days of Napoleon has civilization seen such a masterful character as Cecil Rhodes, the empire builder, who died in Cape Town, South Africa. He possessed a Napoleonic ambition, a titantic energy and a powerful intellect and, like his great prototype, the Corsican, he had a supreme contempt for right, justice and humanity. His was the plotting that embroiled Great Britain and the Boers in the merciless struggle which is drowning the African veldt in blood. He it was who directed the Jameson raid. Both were in line with his ambition—to create a confederate South Africa under the British flag, and of this new commonwealth he was to be the head.

Rhodes was the son of an English rector and went to South Africa a quarter of a century ago for the benefit of his health. His health was restored and he made money at the Kimberly diamond mines, ultimately combining all the varied and warring interests under the title of the De Beers Mining Company, of which he became President. In 1890 he became prime minister of Cape Colony and then he embarked on his scheme of conquest. He formed the British South African Company, a trading and exploring concern, which was permitted an absolutely free hand in South Africa. Rhodes raised the cry of Africa for the Afrikanders, which gained Dutch support, while his avowed determination to paint all of South Africa a British red appealed to and fired the British imagination. He projected the Cape to Cairo Railroad and crept round the Dutch States of South Africa, boring his way northward and preempting league after league of fertile soil. His



·CECIL·J·RHODES·

soldiers streamed through Bechuanaland, which he practically wrested from the Boers. He seized Mashonoland. His machine guns piled the plains of Matabeleland high with dead natives and by similar arguments other provinces, the whole being now included under the general term Rhodesia, came under the sway of the chartered company, which was identical with Rhodes.

His Napoleonic Ambition.

It is probable that at the beginning Rhodes conceived only of a British South African empire. But his ambition grew and when the Cape to Cairo Railroad was projected his view embraced an empire extending from the Mediterranean sea to the Cape of Good Hope, embracing the lands of the Pharoahs, the territory of the Mahdi, the almost unexplored region in which the Nile has its many sources and on down beyond the great lakes and across the veldt to Table Bay, where the warships of Great Britain tug at their anchors. Truly a Napoleonic conception and a Napoleonic task.

As said, the infamous Jameson raid and the war with the Boers were in furtherance of his daring scheme. When the Boers were subdued then Rhodes would resume his empire building without opposition. But he has died too soon.

Rhodes was enormously wealthy before the Boer war, and although his interests suffered as a consequence of that struggle he is credited with having left a fortune approximating $100,000,000. But he never sought wealth for itself. He was covetous of the power that wealth gives and he was generous with his money. Once he shocked England during the heat of the Land League agitation by contributing $50,000 to the Irish Home Rule fund. When criticised he turned on his critics, told them to study the American constitution and learn how to govern Ireland. He believed in a vast federation under the British flag, with the most liberal form of government in each separate State, and thus his home rule proclivities were natural and inevitable. He was a great admirer of the United States. Its immensity and success attracted him.

Rhodes was simple in his tastes. If kingly among kings, he was also a farmer among farmers, and among the Cape Dutch and Boers such a metamorphosis is the necessary stepping stone to the hearts and votes of that numerous people.

When he was in the Cape Parliament, Mr. Rhodes wore a hat which was so shabby that it became the subject of newspaper importance. When he was in Rhodesia he donned the oldest suit of clothing in his wardrobe, and followed the habits of the pioneers who were settling the country. He slept in a native kraal when not near a town, and ate of the same canned beef and crackers that his Chartered Company served to its mounted police. Formality bored him, and he would rather live a month coatless and collarless in a native kraal with an old colony story teller than spend half an hour at a state dinner in the governor's mansion.

Rhodes was too strong in character to stoop to a lie. He shouldered the full responsibility for the Jameson raid, and when his friends asked him to be discreet and guarded in his utterances, he replied: "I am not going to lie about it." The conviction and sentence of Dr. Jameson, the leader of the raid, pained him greatly and drew from him this biting sarcasm: "What a tribute to the moral worth of the nation that has 'jumped' the world!"

Rhodes was never married. He was said to have been a woman-hater. Anyway he never had time or inclination for the soft side of life. He was proud, cold, daring, audacity itself, and he hewed toward the goal of his ambition without a deterring sentiment of either morals or mercy.

WHOLE TOWN ON ONE STUMP.

On and around a red cedar stump is grouped the entire male population of the town of Sedro, Wash. Sitting and standing on the top of the stump are 39 full grown men and one little girl. There is ample room on top of this stump for all the men in sight, but if placed there some of them would be out of sight. It is thoroughly interesting to note that this huge stump is 100 feet in circumference, making it a fit associate for the mighty redwood of California. To give a good idea of the timber growth in the vicinity of this wonderful stump, it may be stated that there are many stumps in the vicinity of this one that are 50 to 60 feet in circumference.

THE PRIEST AND THE SCRIBE.

Sporting Reporter's Troubles Trying to Describe a Church Ceremony.

"One of the most amazing things that I have noticed in the conduct of newspaper," said a prominent Roman Catholic clergyman of this diocese in talking with a Sunday Inter Ocean reporter the other day, "is the absolute ignorance of our church matters that the average reporter detailed to write of them exhibits. One would suppose that the papers would select men for such duties who were qualified for the work by reason of being members of the church, or who at least had such a general store of information as to enable them to approach their assignment with the spirit of intelligence. The reverse seems, however, to be the rule.

"I am impelled to make this criticism by an experience that I had at the Holy Name Cathedral a short time ago. There was an imposing church ceremonial to take place in which I was to take part with scores of other priests of the archdiocese. A short time before the services were to begin a reporter for one of the papers came up to the parish-house for information, and, seeing me there, asked me to tell him in advance just what was going to be done. I sat down and he pulled out his pad of paper and began to take notes. In my description of the ceremonies I mentioned the acolytes. He stopped his writing and looked up at me with a puzzled expression.

"How do you spell that?" he asked.

"I told him and he put it down. Then he looked up again and asked:

"'Say, what are acolytes, anyhow?'

"Briefly, I told him what acolytes are, and then went on with my description of the ceremonies. In doing so I mentioned that the brothers were to take a certain part. Again the reporter looked up and asked:

"'Say, what brthers?'

"I gave him a brief explanation of the brothers, and he took it all in. When I had concluded he fired another question at me:

"'Say, what's the difference between the brothers and the priests?'

"It was now my turn to ask questions, and I did so. 'What is this, anyhow? A theological class?' I inquired. 'What kind of work do you do for your paper, young man? Horse races?'

"'Mostly sporting,' he answered, not in the least abashed. 'I never tackled a proposition like this before, and it is just so much Greek to me. Sporting news is pretty dull just now, so they sent me out on this.'

"He was so frank about the matter and realized his own limitations so well that I couldn't feel angry with him, and actually had to laugh at the bewildered air with which he approached the whole matter. I fixed him up as well as I could, but never had the courage to look at the report that his paper printed."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

OWNS THE LARGEST FARM.

Wonderful Records of This Year's Work at Tarkio, Mo.

David Rankin of Tarkio, Mo., owns the largest cultivated tract of land in the world. To those who have never visited a large ranch the methods necessary to carry on the vast amount of work would seem a great problem. Mr. Rankin owns fourteen ranches, containing 22,000 acres; 700 teams and 220 men are required to operate the daily routine work in the busy season, while the crops are under cultivation. Each ranch has an overseer, who is required to make a monthly report and to submit the same to his employer.

The records of year's work for 1901 over all the ranches show that a total of 7,539 head of cattle had been sold for $172,520 and 8,249 head of hogs for $111,846. The total clearance for the year amounted to $100,000. The expenses, including interest, reached the sum of $91,851.13.

The most profitable ranch is the one looked after by Foreman George Ross, whose yearly report contains the following statements: Number of acres, 3,280; cattle, 1,328; net proceeds from cattle, $44,508.90; hogs, 1,232; cash for the same, $17,254.19; expense per acre, $4.30; corn bought, 98,720 bushels.

Mr. Rankin is a close observer, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, and soon picks out the good qualities of his men. He is pleasant and accommodating, daring and energetic, which qualities have won for him the wealth he now commands. Besides his farms he has an interest in several banking concerns, but to these latter he gives little attention, and spends most of his time riding over the ranches to see that proper care is being given the stock. Sometimes he lends a helping hand to pulling a steer from the mud; again he will assist in building a shed for the fattened hogs.

A Diplomatic Waitress.

"Jack" Maher, of the Pike Stock Company, is very fond of eggs, and when the products of the industrious hen were soaring higher than Northern Pacific stock, he entered a certain popular-priced restaurant and ordered some of them boiled. The waitress wished to inform him that the prices on eggs had been raised, and as a preliminary remarked:

"Do you want them very bad?"

"I rather think not," said Maher. "I should prefer mine fresh, if it's all the same to you."

The waitress attempted to explain and blundered the second time.

"I mean do you want them the worst way?" she queried.

Maher became angry. "Say, do you think I'm a barnstorming Hamlet or an antiquarian on hen fruit? What I want is some medium boiled eggs, and be quick about it."

The waitress fingered the table cloth and timidly remarked:

"If it's all the same, wouldn't you rather have them poached?"

"Why?" asked Maher.

"Well, you see," responded the waitress, "eggs are so high now and the dealers are so unscrupulous that we find that it saves argument with our customers if the cook opens them in the kitchen."

Without a word Maher seized his hat and fled into the open air.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Where Men Eat to Live.

"The Trappist Monks consider eating to be a necessary evil," says John Ball Osborne in Lippincott's March Magazine, "and curtail it to such a degree that one step further would be suicide. Dinner, to which scarcely 15 minutes is devoted, consists of a mess of vegetables boiled in water without butter or salt and served in a crude earthenware bowl, a slice or two of rye bread without butter, and a mug of milk or water as a beverage. Supper is the barest apology for a meal, being nothing more than bread and water. The guest-master did not mention breakfast; if there be such a meal, it probably consists merely of a glass of water. A slight relaxation of this dietary is allowed to invalids, who may have two eggs a day, while on extraordinary occasions, such as a funeral feast in honor of a departed friar, the monks revel in an egg apiece. They are strict vegetarians, and a Trappist must be in the very jaws of death before he will consent to eat meat. How these poor, untiring toilers can exist on such feeble food surpasses my comprehension; and yet I saw individuals at Westmalle who had been undergoing the rigid regime for half a century. The majority of the veterans, however, were haggard, sad faced and gaunt, and bore no resemblance to the proverbially sleek, jolly, rotund monks of the cloister."

The Moon Kept on Shining.

A certain well known judge was once violently attacked by a young and very impudent counsel. To the surprise of everybody, the judge heard him quite through, unconscious of what was said by those present, and made no reply.

After the adjournment for the day and when all were assembled at hotel where the judge and many of the court folk had their refreshments, one of the company asked the judge why he did not rebuke the impertinent fellow.

"Permit me," said the judge, loud enough to attract the attention of the whole company, among whom was the barrister in question—"permit me to tell you a little story. My father, when we lived in the country, had a dog, a mere puppy, I may say. Well, this puppy would go out every moonlight night and bark at the moon for hours together."

The judge paused, as if he had finished.

"Well, what of it?" exclaimed half a dozen of the audience at once.

"Oh, nothing—nothing, but the moon kept shining on, just as if nothing had happened."

A Previous Experience.

"Two dollars to Forty-second street? How far away is it?"

"Oh! it's some distance from here."

"It is, eh? I paid a cabman two dollars to go somewheres in New York wunst an' he got there almost as soon as he got the two dollars!"—Puck.

Mortality of Maryland Horses.

Investigation by the State veterinarian shows that the high death rate among horses in Maryland is due to cerebro-spinal meningitis. The disease is the result of poor food, bad drainage and generally insanitary environment.

Chinese Woolen Workers.

In San Francisco 570 Chinamen are employed in factories making underwear for women and children. Girls are totally unable to compete with them.

When we have a kick coming, we have noticed that it comes from some other man.

Pen Picture for Women.

"I am so nervous, there is not a well inch in my whole body. I am so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion horribly, and palpitation of the heart, and I am losing flesh. This headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I nearly had hysterics; there is a weight in the lower part of my bowels bearing down all the time, and pains in my groins and thighs; I cannot sleep, walk or sit, and I believe I am diseased all over; no one ever suffered as I do."

This is a description of thousands of cases which come to Mrs. Pinkham's laboratory for advice An inflamed and

MRS. JOHN WILLIAMS.

ulcerated condition of the neck of the womb can produce all of these symptoms, and no woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is absolutely no need of it. The subject of our portrait in this sketch, Mrs. Williams of Englishtown, N.J., has been entirely cured of such illness and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

No other medicine has such a record for absolute cures, and no other medicine is "just as good." Women who want a cure should insist upon getting Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when they ask for it at a store.

The Golfiac.

"I had a terrible time last night. A crank called at my house and I had an awful time getting him to go away."

"Threatening, was he?"

"Yes; he threatened to tell me all about his exploits on the links."

A Measure of Time.

The Pupil—It seemed to me that I must have practiced all of two hours.

The Professor—But I'm sure you didn't. If you had practiced two hours it would have seemed like six.—Puck.

Taking the Short Cut.

Mrs. Galey (musingly)—Suppose I should publish your love letters, dear?

Mr. Galey—Why not simply make a public acknowledgement that you married a fool?

Whom the Princess Meant.

Sir Arthur Sullivan was once the bearer of a letter from the Princess of Wales, now Queen Alexandra, to her mother, the queen of Denmark. The latter read it and said: "She says in her letter, 'He will tell you about the little monkey.'" "I assure your majesty," said Sir Arthur, I am quite ignorant on the subject of any monkey." The queen, with a laugh, replied: "She means herself."

Whistle in Old Mexico.

The ancient Mexicans had a species of whistle which produced at least three notes. It had two finger holes and a mouthpiece on the side.

Only Waiting.

"Doesn't it make you the least bit envious to see what elegant furniture Mrs. Eyeffy is putting into her house next door?"

"Not a bit. My husband says it will be sold by the sheriff within six months—and I'll be there to buy."

Few Things in Stripes.

"Will you kindly show me what you have here?" asked the visitor to the pen.

"With pleasure," replied the warden, who had once worked in a dry goods store; "we have a few things in stripes that I think will interest you."

A Rare Brand.

"This," said the salesman, handing out another package, "is also an excellent substitute for coffee. It is very wholesome. It makes red blood."

"Haven't you something," asked the young woman with the earrings, "that makes blue blood?"

Simple.

Friend—Why do you imagine that drink drives away your troubles?

Old Tank—Oh! I exchange one load for another.

Sullivan's Truthful Remark.

John L. Sullivan has been recognized as a truthful as well as a fighting man. "I've made a monkey of myself again," he said the other day.

Denial from American Scout.

Major F. R. Burnham, an American scout, who served with the British cavalry in the Boer war, denies that he has applied for the place of instructor of scouts at Aldershot.

Work of Joel Chandler Harris.

Joel Chandler Harris, the author, lives in a little frame cottage in Atlanta, Ga. He writes from six to seven hours a day, turning out from 1,500 to 2,000 words, using a typewriter.

A Sacrilegious Desire.

Mrs. Jones—What's become of that silk smoking jacket you gave your husband for his birthday?

Mrs. Smith—Oh, I had to make that over into a sofa pillow. He actually wanted to sit around and smoke in it.—Judge.

Nice Man.

Cadleigh—Won't you give me another dance?

Miss Wiggins—Really, Mr. Cadleigh, you've had nearly all so far, and——

Cadleigh—Yes, you know, it's just to spite Miss Pechis. We've had a quarrel.

K. P. N. U. No. 17—1902.

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

Interesting.

He—Do you find it an interesting story?

She—Oh, very. I'm so anxious to get to the end that, really, I can't help skipping nearly every other page."

To Mrs. Brooklyn, from Hubby.

"My husband is going to give me this portrait for a birthday present."

"That's very kind of him."

"Oh, but he doesn't know about it yet."—Brooklyn Life.

Used to Carrying a Load.

Papa—Are you sure you can support my daughter in the style to which she is accustomed?

The Suitor—Well, I will only say that yesterday I diposed of my automobile, which I kept in good repair for over two years.

Papa (brokenly)—She is yours, my boy. I, too, once owned an auto'.—Brooklyn Life.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd. 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Too Bad.

First Author—Stackson's is a case of where a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

Second Author—In what way?

"Why, he knows just enough of history to unfit him for being a historical novelist."—Brooklyn Life.

Lame back makes a young man feel old. Hamlin's Wizard Oil makes an old man feel young. See your druggist.

Foolish Man.

"So Markley is dead."

"Yes, it was a complication of troubles."

"Why, when I saw him a week ago he only seemed to have a slight cold."

"That's all right, but he tried to take all the remedies his friends suggested."—Philadelphia Press.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

In the Land of Dreams.

Hetty—Oh, Bertha, you must show me that hat your husband said he was going to buy for you. The last time I was here, you know, he said it was a dream.

Bertha—And it is still a dream, Hetty.—Tit-Bits.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

Decollette.

Jimson—Did you see the society buds at the reception last night?

Jester—Yes; one would think they would be afraid to come out so early in the spring without wearing more protection against the frost.—Ohio State Journal.

Some One Must Pay the Bills.

Anxious Groom—I thought you said something or other about a check; I don't see any.

Angry Father-in-Law—You blithering idiot, your wife is a regular checkbook. Every time either of you wants anything she writes me a note and I've got to cash it.

Miss or Mrs.

She—I want to get a necktie for a gentleman.

Clerk—Yes, miss; here are some very pretty ones for $1.

She—O, I don't want to pay more than a quarter.

Clerk—Yes, madam; does your husband like dark or light colors?—Philadelphia Press.

Already.

"That boy," remarked old Cerberus, drily, after the youthful hope and pride had been led off to the spanking department, "has the bump of litigation very strongly developed; he is already vigorously engaged in contesting the parental will."

Had Earned Her Retirement.

Miss Susan M. Hallowell, professor of botany for the past 27 years at Wellesley college, has tendered her resignation. Her retirement withdraws from the faculty ranks the last member who served in the opening year of 1875.

Poorly?

"For two years I suffered terribly from dyspepsia, with great depression, and was always feeling poorly. I then tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in one week I was a new man."—John McDonald, Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't forget that it's "Ayer's" Sarsaparilla that will make you strong and hopeful. Don't waste your time and money by trying some other kind. Use the old, tested, tried, and true Ayer's Sarsaparilla. $1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

"BEE LINE" BUGGIES.

Mitchell BUGGIES.

Give better satisfaction than anything on the market at anything like the price, because they are made of good material, to stand "Oregon roads" — iron corners on bodies, braces on shafts, heavy second-growth wheels, screwed rims. If you want to feel sure that you are getting your money's worth, ask for a "Bee Line" or a "Mitchell" (Hennesy) Buggy. We guarantee them.

Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co. Seattle, Spokane, Boise. Portland, Or.

BISHOP SCOTT ACADEMY Portland, Oregon. Founded 1870.

A Home School for Boys. Military and Manual Training.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue. ARTHUR C. NEWILL, Principal

New Year Resolutions TAKE THE ***Keeley Cure***

Sure relief from liquor, opium and tobacco habits. Send for particulars to

Keeley Institute Moved to 482 Williams Ave., Portland, Oregon

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

PRUSSIAN STOCK FOOD

The Great Conditioner and Stock Fattener. HORSES do More Work on Less Feed. COWS give More and Richer Milk. HOGS Fatten Quicker if given this Food.

Package, 60c 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. F. W. [illegible]

BOWEN SEED STORE, Coast Agents Portland, Ore., and Seattle, Wash.