

# Scrofula

Few are entirely free from it. It may develop so slowly as to cause little if any disturbance during the whole period of childhood. It may then produce irregularity of the stomach and bowels, dyspepsia, catarrh, and marked tendency to consumption before manifesting itself in much cutaneous eruption or glandular swelling. It is best to be sure that you are quite free from it, and for its complete eradication you can rely on

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best of all medicines for all humors.

### A Difference.

Remus (haughtily)—Miss Johnson, Ah! lak a little understandin'. Yu sed yo' wudn't marry me kase yo didn't lak de way Ah gambled, an den yo' went an accepted dat crapsbootin' Gawps.

Miss Johnson—Dat's jee' de reason. Ah didn't lak de way yo gambled. Yo always lose on Gawps always wins.—Chicago News.

### Bad Family Example.

Brown—I don't like to read tales which show that geniuses were once unruly children.

Jones—Why?

Brown—They merely encourage lazy parents to believe that their unruly children will all turn out geniuses.—Detroit Free Press.

### ADVANCE IN PRICES.

Binder Twine Market Rises Half a Cent and is Still on the Up Grade.

Confirming predictions in our former comments on Binder Twine, prices have advanced one-half cent per pound on all grades. This advance is made on the strong position of the fiber market, and indications are that present prices will be maintained, although even higher prices may prevail in the very near future.

Consumption will be larger than anticipated as, from farm papers of the Mississippi valley, a larger amount of twine than usual will be required for the oat harvest, an increase of at least 25 per cent by most conservative estimate. Wheat straw is large and grain lodged, thus demanding more twine where only an average was looked for a few weeks since. This means a shortage of twine in the East.

A careful canvass of the Northwest indicates that home manufacturers are well prepared to take care of the market of this section, and native pride would dictate that, other things being equal, home products should be given preference. Brands with no superior in quality, and an excellence such as possessed by the Clover Leaf Brand with lower cost per 1,000 feet, also a market near at hand, dealers should not hesitate in making up their orders. At present, however, heavy shipments are being made, and orders should be placed at once as better attention can be given to early orders than where bunched so near harvest time.

### The Octopus.

"What!" ejaculated the man. "Four hundred dollars for that dress?"

"Yes," answered the wife thoughtfully. "It is the train that makes it so expensive."

"Ah-h-h!" groaned the husband, "that cursed railroad trust again."—Baltimore American.

### She Had 'Em.

Miss Newlyrich was being taught how to play hearts. A diamond was led, and she played a club.

"Have you no diamonds?" they asked her.

"Oh, she has a quantity up stairs," exclaimed her mother, proudly.—New York Evening Sun.

### She Acknowledged It.

"Beauty," we remarked, sagely, "is only skin deep."

"Ah," murmured the vain dame, "I am so thin skinned."

But we told her that it was just as painful to skin a thin skinned as a thick skinned person, and walked haughtily away.—Baltimore American.

### Sleepy Grass.

Sleepy grass is found in New Mexico, Texas and Siberia. It has a most injurious effect on horses and sheep, being a strong narcotic or sedative, and causing profound sleep, or stupor, lasting 24 to 48 hours.

### Felt It.

"How long was I up in the air?" asked the victim of a subway explosion.

"Oh, about a minute. Why?"

"What a long time to be away from New York!"—Life.

## BAD BLOOD, BAD COMPLEXION.

The skin is the seat of an almost endless variety of diseases. They are known by various names, but are all due to the same cause, acid and other poisons in the blood that irritate and interfere with the proper action of the skin.

To have a smooth, soft skin, free from all eruptions, the blood must be kept pure and healthy. The many preparations of arsenic and potash and the large number of face powders and lotions generally used in this class of diseases cover up for a short time, but cannot remove permanently the ugly blotches and the red, disfiguring pimples.

**Eternal vigilance is the price of a beautiful complexion** when such remedies are relied on.

Mr. E. T. Shobe, 270 Lucas Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., says: "My daughter was afflicted for years with a disfiguring eruption on her face, which resisted all treatment. She was taken to two celebrated health springs, but received no benefit. Many medicines were prescribed, but without result, until we decided to try S. S. S., and by the time the first bottle was finished the eruption began to disappear. A dozen bottles cured her completely and left her skin perfectly smooth. She is now seventeen years old, and not a sign of the embarrassing disease has ever returned."

S. S. S. is a positive, unflinching cure for the worst forms of skin troubles. It is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable.

Bad blood makes bad complexions. S. S. S. purifies and invigorates the old and makes new, rich blood that nourishes the body, and keeps the skin active and healthy and in proper condition to perform its part towards carrying off the impurities from the body.

If you have Eczema, Yetter, Acne, Salt Rheum, Poriasis, or your skin is rough and pimply, send for our book on Blood and Skin Diseases and write our physicians about your case. No charge whatsoever for this service.

DR. J. C. GEE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

**SSS** purifies and invigorates the old and makes new, rich blood that nourishes the body, and keeps the skin active and healthy and in proper condition to perform its part towards carrying off the impurities from the body.

## THE AMERICAN BOY.

You say you were "born here—that settles the matter." Not quite; perhaps much as the marching and drilling, the burning of powder, the din and the clatter. On Fourth of July making soldiers of boys.

You see, the American standard was set quite high at the first, and it's rising still higher.

No American boy is allowed to forget that he cannot be great through the fame of his sire.

The men who are great on our history's page That speaks of our work for our first hundred years.

When fame is increasing as age after age Rolls backward, to devour in the gulf of the years.

Are great from the fact that they stood for the right. Regardless of person, of place, or of self; They battled each evil that rose into sight. For the good of their fellows, forgetful of self.

This is what is expected. You may have been born in the slums of a city, or far in the West 'Midst the shimmering plumes of the ripening corn. Or first saw the light where a king's gold-crested crown.

Overshadowed the land; where the poor earned their eyes From their hovels, far out over mountain and wave, To the sunset Republic, where liberty's skies Smiled down on the homes of the free and the brave.

Being born an American, can't be denied. Gives a man a fair start on the highway of fame. Of wealth, or whatever else he may desire, To deserve, to achieve and attach to his name.

But whoever would win must be ready to work; He must earn and secure before he may enjoy; In all the wide field there's no sheaf for the shirker.—It means this to be an American boy.

You may not be selected for perilous trips Over mountains and glaciers, or sail in the Or of the fleet for entrapping an enemy's ships. These take to the waves on a catamaran.

But you must be ready, and stand by your guns, Whenever you find them, as firm as the earth. If you would be proved one of Uncle Sam's By lawful adoption of fortunate birth.

Then hold your head high, your eyes on the stars. And stripes of our banner, your hand firm and sure; You are a hero, though you carry an enemy's scars. Like Gaius strong because you are pure.

Stand fast for the right. Look well to your ways; Buy a life of pure gold, with no grain of alloy; Do your best if you'd win yourself loftiest praise. And deserve to be called an American boy.—Margaret Holmes Bates.

**A Premature Fourth.**

BY PAUL ENBLOW.

INCIPENT Fourth of July enthusiasm was astir as the Millville accommodation rolled into the depot, discharging a cheery-faced, portly gentleman of 50, carrying a bulging satchel. He came out on the "market street" in time to get a shower-bath from a pack of firecrackers flung by a crowd of night-liners, enveloping him in a veritable "blaze of glory."

"Hi! you young imps!" he roared—but the coterie only grinned, for their victim was chuckling as though he enjoyed the excitement, tossed them a quarter, and laughingly strolled over to the farmers' wagons lining the square.

"There's the best-natured man I ever did see!" the occupant of a seat was remarking as the man sauntered up.

"Any of these rigs going down the old Fork Road?" he inquired.

"I am," nodded the other—"thirty miles."

"A lift of two will suit me."

"Jump in. I say, stranger, you're the beamingest mortal I ever set eyes on; I'd a-chased those bothersome kids with the whelp lash."

"Pshaw—as a boy myself once," retorted the traveler. "And—beaming? Why shouldn't I be? Just back from the Philippines, easy conscience, some money, and come home to have a jolly Fourth with my best friends."

Rolf Burton, an orphan from an early age, had experienced some hard knocks and single-handed, had fought his way to quite a competency.

Two miles from Millville lived the only relatives he knew. They were the Phillips and the Ames families, occupying neighboring farms—his half-cousins. He had drifted down here a few years back, and they had made it very pleasant for him. Especially had young George Ames put himself out to entertain him, and quite naturally winsome, warm-hearted Alma Phillips discovered a kindred friendship.

A great idea came into Burton's mind; these two were made for one another. They were very young—only sixteen then—but mutually in love. It would be the object of his life to nurture their pretty engagement. They would marry, he would endow George with a farm, suggesting a life-tenancy for himself as a compensation.

Then came up the Spanish war. Burton caught the marial fever—at home—and the real malaria in the Philippines. Now he was coming back to carry out his original plans, and was joyful as a vacation school boy, as he jumped down from the wagon.

"Hello!" he expanded, as he neared the Phillips farm. "There's old Seth, sure!" HI! roared the great, bluff fellow, and nearly shook his cousin off the hay rake with the suddenness of his hail.

"Well, well!" spoke the farmer, starting. "This is a surprise!"

"Thought it about time for a wedding—see?" rolicked Burton. "So, hopped down on you—hey?"

"Wedding—who?" muttered Seth, crabbly.

"Who?" retorted Burton. "Who should it be but George and Alma?"

"Shut up!" shouted Phillips, savagely. "Don't mention any Georges, or Ames, or that rascally tribe to me!"

"Eh! what's happened here?" stared the astounded visitor.

"Go up to the house. I'm busy, but I'll hurry through and join you soon. Hold on—say Ames; you're not getting down to see Si Ames?" challenged Seth roughly.

"Why not?"

"The devil me—that's all I'm through with that rubbish; you can't be my friend and kin's tool!"

"Whew!" whistled Burton, trudging on. He sat down by the wayside, finally. His wits were askew. What, indeed, was happening? Things seemed turned all topsy-turvy!

He got up as he saw a light buggy approaching, and recognized old Lawyer Russell. There was an interchange of greetings. The attorney stated he was going first to the Phillips farm, then on to Ames' place.

"I'll go with you. Anything valuable here, Squire?" asked Burton, as he placed his satchel behind the seat next to the attorney's document bag.

## UNCLE SAM CELEBRATES.



One hundred and twenty-six years old to-day, and feelin' frisky ex a kitten, 'gosh!—Minneapolis Journal.

"Nothing but the papers in this pestiferous dispute between Ames and Phillips," answered Russell.

"Because I've got some extra haberdashery in my satchel!" half-laughed Burton.

"How's that?"

"A dozen genuine double-headed Chinese giant fire-bombs. Brought 'em clear from Manila to celebrate Fourth of July with the Phillips kids. Looks, though," suggested Burton, ruefully, "as if there isn't going to be much celebrating around these parts!"

"I fear not," gravely replied Russell. "I suppose you know the bone of contention between these two stubborn-headed old fellows?"

"I don't, but I want to know," asserted Burton.

"Well, you remember the eighty-acre strip that lies between the two farms—belongs to the Morris estate. Last year Ned Morris leased it for ten years to Ames. Same time, unknowingly, Lida Morris leased it to Phillips. Both claimed it. Neither would give in. They fought like cats and dogs over their respective claims. I suggested they use it alternate years. No go. I've got the leases in my document bag there, and I've come down to see if they won't fix the matter up."

When they reached the Phillips farm a joyous brood of children surrounded "Uncle Rolfe." He was kept busy distributing newly minted dollars and agreeing to help them shoot off their fireworks, and act the festive old boy generally.

Provided with the means of replenishment, the children set off some of their stock in hand. Meantime, old Seth came in from the fields. Burton sat on the veranda, watching the sparrow-eyed farmer while the lawyer compromised or law.

"Law be it!" cried Seth. "I'll never give in!"

Bang!

An awful clatter rent the air. The spot where they had left the lawyer's horse and buggy was a maelstrom of fire and detonation.

"My double-headed Chinese bombs!" cried Burton.

"My legal document bag!" quavered Russell.

This had happened: The youthful Phillips brood had thrown some crackers into the buggy, fire had communicated to the contents, there had been an explosion, and Uncle Rolfe's cherished importations had gone up in smoke!

"Harrah for the Fourth of July!" Uncle Rolfe waved his hat with a will. "But it isn't the Fourth of July—yet!"

"Pipped a tinny nephew."

"Harrah for the third of July, then!" roared the whole-hearted visitor. "Glory! Buggy blown to splinters, horse run away, Lawyer Russell scared to death, but all the same—harrah!"

There was cause for jubilation, Uncle Rolfe had come as the good angel of the occasion.

Now, four hours after the explosion, two shame-faced neighbors shook hands, and "made up," and meekly smiled upon happy Alma and George, cooing among the rose bushes.

The explosion had ended "litigation," for it had blown to splinters both of the leases that made the eighty acres a bone of contention.

"Two well-disposed, lifetime-friend cronies fighting over a bit of land!" railed Burton. "You stubborn old noodles, I'll soon settle that. Know what I'm going to do?"

All hands looked expectant, for Uncle Rolfe was always doing something great.

"I've deputized Russell to buy the eighty acres for me. You, Seth, shall have half of it to till; you, Si, the other half—for a year."

"And then?" inquired both farmers in a voice.

"Why, then," crowed Uncle Rolfe, rapturously. "I shall give it to George and Alma. The thing's settled—they're going to get married next Fourth of July!"

**Adopts in Art of Hazing.**

Hazing is no longer confined to the colleges where men receive a "higher education." The girls of Sage College, the institution endowed by the wife of New York's famous dealer in puts and calls, have risen in their might and declare that such pinnacles shall hereafter be a part of the institution's curriculum. The other night the freshman toastmistress was "suddenly set upon by the sophs," says a veracious school kler, but the freshmen "held their ground bravely and a long struggle followed." The toastmistress was captured, but afterward escaped. Another freshman speaker, however, was taken "hustled into a cab and driven around the city during the entire evening," being released only after she had made a speech, standing in front of the restaurant where her classmates were making as merry as they could without her, "extolling the sophomore class."

A form of interclass pleasantries said to be much in favor among the young women of Wellsley is the sprinkling of flour on the locks of freshmen and sophomores, and vice versa. At Vassar the students in the second year give some form of evening entertainment in honor of the bashful newcomers. But Vassar and Wellesley are not up to date, and they are only girl's colleges, anyway. They order this matter better in Ithaca.

**FARMER BOY CELEBRATES.**

Youth of the country wakes up to the day of crackers and eloquence.

The Lost Chord.

At a concert given at Fakenham the orchestra, which comprised a violin and violoncello, were not well up at reading from sight.

A tenor, who had been engaged for the evening, commenced a little operatic selection, which entirely put the orchestra out.

Violin turned to cello and exclaimed: "Tom, dew thee know where the tenor be?"

"Noa."

"Well, thee keep on the open string. I'll mouch about a bit; we'll soon find him."—London Spare Moments.

He Knew It Was Sarah.

An old man would not believe he could hear his wife talk at a distance of five miles by telephone. His "better half" was in a country shop several miles away where there was a telephone and the skeptic was also in a place where was a similar instrument. On being told how to operate it he walked boldly up and shouted: "Hullo, Sarah!" At that instant lightning struck the telephone wire and knocked the man down. As he scrambled to his feet he excitedly cried: "That's Sarah, every inch!"



Youth of the country wakes up to the day of crackers and eloquence.

**George Wore False Teeth.**

During the latter part of his life Washington wore false teeth, made by a dentist named Greenwood. His teeth did not fit well and pushed out his lower lip. He had a lot of trouble with his teeth, and there is in existence a copy of a letter which his dentist wrote to him a year before he died. The dentist tells which he sent him from Philadelphia was very black, and that it must have been discolored by his smoking them in port wine or by his drinking too much port wine. He warns Washington that all wines containing acid are bad for his teeth, and advises him to take out his teeth after dinner and put them in clean water, and should any holes be eaten in them by the acid, to fill them with wax and seal them tight with a piece of red-hot iron, such as a nail. He closes his letter as follows:

"If your teeth grow black, take some chalk and a pins or cedar stick; it will rub off. If you want your teeth more yellow, soak them in broth or port liquor, but not in tea or acids. To preserve teeth they must be very often changed and cleaned, for whatever attacks them must be replaced as often, or it will gain ground and destroy the works. The two sets I repaired is done on a different plan than when entirely new, for the teeth are screwed on the bars instead of having the bars cast red hot on them, which is the reason I believe they dissolve so soon near to the bars."

Signed your very humble servant, John Greenwood. Dated New York, Dec. 23, 1738.

**NERVINS GAVE WAY—PE-RU-NA CURED**

Mrs. X. Schneider, 2409 Thirty-seventh Place, Chicago, Ill., writes: "After taking several remedies without result, I began in January, 1902, to take your valuable remedy, Peruna. I was a complete wreck. Had palpitation of the heart, cold hands and feet, female weakness, no appetite, trembling, sinking feeling nearly all the time. You said I was suffering with systemic catarrh, and I believe that I received your help in the nick of time. I followed your directions carefully and can say to-day that I am well again. I cannot thank you enough for my cure. I will always be your debtor. I have already recommended Peruna to my friends and neighbors and they all praise it. I wish that all suffering women would try it. I testify this according to the truth."—Mrs. X. Schneider.

Mrs. Fanny Klavadtcher, of Summitville, N. Y., writes as follows: "For three months I suffered with pain in the back and in the region of the kidneys, and a dull, pressing sensation in the abdomen, and other symptoms of pelvic catarrh. "But after taking two bottles of Peruna I am entirely well, better than I ever was."—Mrs. Fanny Klavadtcher. Send for "Health and Beauty," written especially for women by Dr. S. B. Hartman, president Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

**Not Exactly Comforting.**

Admiral Schley was strolling around the picturesque naval cemetery at Annapolis, the other day, when, happening to meet an old sailor, he said, in a kindly way: "Jack, this is a beautiful spot."

Saluting the weather-beaten salt, replied: "Aye, aye, sir. And it'll be still finer, your honor, when some of our good admirals get planted here."—New York Times.

**BANKING BY MAIL.**

A Convenient and Helpful System for Rural Residents.

Special attention is called to the announcement of the Portland Trust Company of Oregon, which appears in another column. This is a very old and well established trust company, and its certificates of deposit are in use throughout Oregon, as well as in California, Maryland, Wisconsin and other points. Farmers and stockmen, who have money lying idle, can by the use of these certificates get interest up to the very date on which they withdraw the money. If, for example, a farmer had to make a payment on the 15th of December, and he held one of the Portland Trust Company of Oregon's 90 day certificates, he could give notice on the 10th of September, and would receive his money on the 15th of December, with interest up to that very date. The trust company will be glad to furnish additional information upon request.

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**Spring School Days.**

Teacher—Didn't you write this excuse for being late yourself, Henry?

Henry—Yes; but father told me to write it for him.

Teacher—And he signed it?

Henry—Yes'm.

Teacher—But I didn't know your father's name was Henry.

Henry—Guess he must have forgot.

Teacher—I think it was you who forgot Henry.—Boston Transcript.

**900 DROPS**

**CASTORIA**

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by J. C. GEE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fac Simile Signature of J. C. GEE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

40¢ BOTTLES, 15¢ CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

## Dark Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years, and although I am past eighty years of age, yet I have not a gray hair in my head." Geo. Yellott, Towson, Md.

We mean all that rich, dark color your hair used to have. If it's gray now, no matter; for Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. Sometimes it makes the hair grow very heavy and long; and it stops falling of the hair, too.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address: J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

**The Student of Human Nature.**

Muggsy—You give \$2 for de pair of trousers at de rummage sale? Why, dey're too tight and too long for youns to wear.

Swipes (gladly)—Sure! But, say! I know that if I could find de gent whose wife sent 'em to de sale he'd gimme \$5 for 'em to get 'em back!—Puck.

**FITS Permanently Cured.** No life of nervousness after first use of Dr. Kline's Great Peppermint Cure. Read for particulars. Price, 50¢ per bottle. Philadelphia, Pa.

**Diamonds at Cape Nome.**

Genuine diamonds, varying in weight from one-half carat to a carat, have been found in placer deposits on Golovin bay, 40 miles east of Cape Nome. Miners found the diamonds while washing out gold.

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

**Max O'Rell's Philosophy.**

Life is not worth living unless you can, when the winter of life approaches, still thoroughly enjoy a game of marbles with little boys and telling long fairy stories to little girls.—Max O'Rell.

**Prize Coupons.**

With every can of Monopole Coffee, Spice and Baking Powder we pack a numbered coupon which entitles you to certain valuable prizes, depending on the number of coupons you have. If you want a sample coupon and a sample tin of the finest spice you ever used, send us two 2-cent stamps and give us the name and address of your grocer. Send to Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Portland, Oregon.

**Sarcastic.**

Wife (reading)—Another mysterious suicide—man throws himself from a cliff.

Husband (thoughtlessly)—But his wife was at the bottom of it.

Wife—Charles!

Husband (hurriedly)—Of the cliff, my love; not the suicide.—Collier's Weekly.

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The best mowers of competition is to make machines that are as good as McCormick's. Fifty out of every hundred mowers sold around the world bear the name McCormick.

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**A. H. BOYLAN,**  
Gen. Agt. McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., PORTLAND, OREGON.

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109 Third Street, Portland, Oregon.

**CORN! CORN! CORN!**

SWEET CORN, 15 Varieties. FARMERS IN THE CORN STATES ARE MORE PROSPEROUS THAN ANY OTHERS IN THE WORLD. It is well to know corn and write us for prices.

**POP CORN—Don't Forget That.**

**LAMBERSON, Portland, Ore.**

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A Home School for Boys.

Military and Manual Training.

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**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 these wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, barks, and vegetables that are entirely unknown in medicine here in this country. Through the use of these herbs, remedies this famous doctor keeps the action of every organ in different diseases, which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung trouble, tuberculosis, nervousness, constipation, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see his Patients out of the city write for blank and circulars. Send cents in stamps. CONSULTATION FREE. ADDRESS:

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