Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't and can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

A Varisty of Reasons.

"Why is she going to the mountains this year?"

"Oh, she has several reasons. The doctor has ordered her to go, her husband has ordered her to stay at home, and she is sick of the shore and the country.—Judge.

In a Higher Position.

"Me darter Nora is goin' t' marry Casey, that wurrucks in the basement of that buildin'. B't Oi do be tillin' her that she moight hev looked higher."

"Indade?"

"Yis; she cud hov hod Murphy, that wurrucks on the top story of the same skyscraper."

The well-posted druggist advises you to use Hamlin's Wizard Oil for pain, for he knows what it has done.

Got His Share.

"I am sorry, doctor, you were not able to attend the church supper last night; it would have done you good to be there."

"It has already done me good, madam. I have just prescribed for three of theparticipants.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight and new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and swollen, tired, hot, aching feet. Try it oday. At all druggists, 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Adress Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A Comparison.

Grandpa—I had a fellow out walking yesterday and—well I guess I tuckered him out. But then he is old.

Bobie—Why, grandpa, you are 82 yourself.

Well, maybe I am; but this fellow was at least a year older."

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.

Out at First.

Scftleigh—I—a—had a most delightful dweam law— night, doncher know.

Miss Cutting—Indeed!

"Yaws. —I dweamed that we we— mawwied doncher know."

"Had I dreamed that should have classed it as a horrible nightmare."

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

Wanted Money's Worth.

Mr. Grump—That confounded doctor charged me $5 for telling me that there was nothing wrong with me.

Mrs. Grump—Outrageous!

Mr. Grump—Yes; if he had discovered dangerous symptoms I shouldn't have minded it in the least.

He Had One.

"Do you guarantee a fit," asked the anxious man as he entered the tailor shop.

"Oh, yes; you'll have a fit all right," said the obliging person with the tape measure. And when the clothes were delivered and he found that the trousers were cut too short, the anxious man had one as he gurgled: "How true them words was spoke."

Taking No Chances.

"Doctor," said the fair invalid, appealingly, "don't you think you could conscientiously advise my husband to send me to the sea shore for my health?"

"Madam," replied the far-sighted physician, "I cannot conscientiously advise him toi ncur any additional expense until my bill is paid."

An Urgent Necessity.

The were on a pleasure trip. Suddenly a thoughtful member of the party paused and said:

"Surely something is wrong. I feel that something is amiss. O yes! It has been almost two hours since we had Mr. Coe Dakk take a group of us."

And immediately the matter was attended to.

Contagious Blood Poison

There is no poison so highly contagious, so deceptive and so destructive. Don't be too sure you are cured because all external signs of the disease have disappeared, and the doctor says you are well. Many persons have been dosed with Mercury and Potash for months or years, and pronounced cured—to realize when too late that the disease was only covered up—

Like Begets Like. driven from the surface to break out again, and to their sorrow and mortification find those nearest and dearest to them have been infected by this loathsome disease, for no other poison is so surely transmitted from parent to child as this. Often a bad case of Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula or severe skin disease, an old sore or ulcer developing in middle life, can be traced to blood poison contracted in early **The Sin of the Parent.** life, for it remains smoldering in the system forever, unless properly treated and driven out in the beginning. S. S. S. is the only antidote for this peculiar virus, the only remedy known that can overcome it and drive it out of the blood, and it does this so thoroughly and effectually that there is never a return of the disease to embarrass or humiliate you afterwards.

SSS cures Contagious Blood Poison in any and all stages; contains no mineral to break down ...constitution; it is puri- ... and ...eral ... blood ... truc- ... s all ... cure ... would ... ing a ... th.

MISS MILNE AND I.

CHAPTER I.

I had been sitting for six long weeks behind my doorplate waiting for the patients that, in the first hopeful days of my new venture, were most confidently looked for. Contrary to everyone's advice, I had decided upon making a practice in preference to buying one; but so far they—the patients—were conspicuous by their absence.

It was, I say, the end of my first six weeks—the longest and weariest six weeks I had ever passed. Each hour dragged out its sixty minutes, and each minute saw the death of a hope, until now of all hope I was nearly bankrupt when the consulting room bell gave out at length its first wild peal.

The instantaneous result was simply indescribable. The good old soul who kept house for me—nay, did everything from cooking to praying for me—and who shared to the fullness of her warm old heart in all my hopes and fears, hastened to smooth the hair and clothes of the Buttons, and hurry him to the door. He—the Buttons—assumed a dignity and importance that I shall never forget, while I rushed to my bedroom to put on my frock coat and call up my professional attitude.

When I entered the "insulting room," as the Buttons persisted in calling my well arranged sanctum, I found a tall, slender girl standing there, with clear-cut, well-pronounced features, a prominent chin and large luminous eyes, having dark shadows beneath. She was dressed in a dark gray waterproof that fitted her perfectly, a hat of the fashion of two years ago, and a pair of much-mended slate-colored gloves. Her manner was quiet but thoroughly self-possessed; she rose as I entered, and told me that she kept a tobacco and paper shop in Arlington street, close by.

She had, she said, been far from well of late, and would be glad if I would give her something that would enable her to get through her work Upon sounding her chest I found that she was suffering from pleurisy, and advised her to go home and to bed for a day or two, adding that if she continued to get about in her present condition she would probably have a severe illiness.

The following day I visited her at her little shop, at the back of which was a small apartment that did duty as a sleeping, sitting and eating room. I found her lying on the sofa, breathing painfully and heavily, and as I asked automatically the stock questions, and at the same time took in the contents of the room, I rapidly realized that I had anything but an ordinary patient to deal with. The girl's manner, the neatness of her dress, the perfect cleanliness of the tiny room, the character of the few books on the shelf, which were partly theological and partly well-chosen novels, contrasted most markedly with the startling absence of every comfort—nay, almost every necessity of life. Having given her all necessary directions and prescribed the necessary medicine, I rose to go, and as I did so asked if she would allow me to send her a bottle of some wine I had, that I thought applicable to her case. She thanked me, and from that day until she had recovered not wine only, but soup, and other necessaries were daily supplied her from my house. In a fortnight she was quite herself again and busy in her little shop.

From that date the whole aspect of my practice was changed; the surgery bell got no prolonged rest; the old housekeeper became exultant; the Buttons found the place anything but the sinecure he had at first anticipated, and I, from the crest of the rising wave, saw a great professional career just ahead of me. But the strangest part of this strange turn events had so suddenly taken, was that every patient, or nearly every patient, could be traced, either directly or indirectly to my friend in Arlington street.

"Miss Milne, sir," many of them would say, "has advised me to consult you with reference to my child's health. Miss Milne tells me sir, that you are great on joints."

I called several times to thank her for the energetic way in which she was more than repaying me for my efforts to be of service to her.

I ordered my morning paper and tobacco from her, and often ran in to see if I could in any way forward her interests, but every effort and offer was firmly but gratefully declined. She would look up with a sad but unaffected smile, and assure me in a perfectly natural way that there was nothing that I could do beyond what I was doing that would in any way lighten her burden.

The nature of the strange circumstances that had combined to bring a girl of such manners, good looks and evidence of past respectability in to such a poverty-stricken position was to me a constant source of wonderment. I made her the center of a hundred plots and the heroine of a score of romances, but all from the shallows of my own imagination, for she neither by direct nor indirect allusion gave me the slightest clue to her past.

But one Saturday morning when I called to pay my weekly bill, all my well and laboriously worked out day dreams of her were dispelled by the sudden appearance of a beautiful little godlen-haired child upon the scene. He was about two years of age, and when I entered was shouting for his mother to come and see a house he had built from the packets of cigarettes he was playing with as he sat upon the counter.

For the first time the equanimity of my mysterious friend was entirely upset. She blushed as she entered, to the very roots of her hair, and in a very confused way stammered out: "This little fellow is a nephew of mine, doctor, and I have adopted him and taught him to call me mamma. He is a great comfort to me in my loneliness."

For a second neither of us spoke, but in that second every possible solution of this new mystery, this little golden-headed mystery (that was already playing with my watch chain), resulted through my mind. I came out of my maze confident of but one thing, and that one thing was that in calling the little fellow her nephew she had lied. I could only stammer "What a lovely child!" Then I proceeded to business and soon left her.

A week subsequently I was hurriedly sent for to see "Miss Milne's nephew." I went at once, and found the bright little fellow in a fit of convulsions, which turned out to be the premonitory symptoms of a severe attack of inflamation of the lungs, that kept him hanging between life and death for many days. Miss Milne was standing over him, wringing her hands with an intensity of emotion that was altogether unaunt-like and from that moment I was confirmed in my conviction that the child was her own.

When I called to see my little patient the next day I found the inflammation firmly established, and having altered his prescription, I dispatched her to a neighboring room to borrow some boiling water, that we might make a poultice for the little fellow's chest. Directly she left, the thought struck me that very likely there was no material to be had whereon to spread the linseed, and seeing a bundle of clothing on the top shelf, I proceeded to unpack it, hoping to find something suitable.

On how minute a thread a destiny may hang! "Throw a stone," said an old scientist, "and you alter the earth's axis."

I pull down a bundle of apparently old clothing, and I ruin two lives.

This fateful bundle was loosely wrapped up in a piece of black lining material, from the corners of which peeped out what I had taken to be some old calico; but I had no sooner untied the parcel than I found, first, a white lawn surplice, then an exquisitely worked stole, an Oxford hood, a long black cassock and a photograph of the gentleman who had evidently owned and had been photographed in this costume.

When Miss Milne returned she found me staring into this, to me, inexplicable collection of mysteries. She started back with an exclamation of painful astonishment, and then, instantly rcovering herself, she said, with no betrayal of the emotion that was welling from every pore of her: "I have got the water you require. Is there anything more I can get, doctor?"

I thanked her and said I wanted an old piece of stuff whereon to spread my linseed, and had been turning over what I had mistaken for a bundle of old linen.

"You will find nothing there that is suitable," she said, with assumed composure; "but this handkerchief may do." And together we made and applied the poultice.

I called the next night to see how my little patient was progressing, and finding him better, I was about to leave, when Miss Milne asked me if I could spare a few moments in which she would tell me "something of her past life, which she would like me to know." With this request, I need scarcely say, I willingly complied.

Miss Milne began by telling me that her father was a small farmer in Blankshire, and as he was poor and blessed with a large family, of which she was the eldest, it was her father's wish that she should earn her own livelihood.

With this object in view, she had applied for and obtained a situation in a large drapery establishment at the west end of London, where she was not only very happy, but very successful.

Four months after her entry into this establishment she caught cold, and her persistent cough awakened the anxieties of the proprietor, who further sent her to a leading physician. After making a careful examination of her chest, the physician told her that if she had been in a position to spend the coming winter in the south of France her recovery would be easily insured; but as it was she would have to take the greatest possible care of herself to prevent a spread of the fatal disease that had already taken considerable hold upon her lungs.

A few weeks subsequent to her visit to him, the same physician was consulted by Lady M——, who was suffering from exactly the same symptoms, and whose wealth rendered a stay abroad an easy matter. As the latter was leaving the consulting room, the kind-hearted old doctor said: "If you do decide to go to Italy, Lady M——, I would take it as a great privilege to be allowed to recommend a girl to you as lady's maid to whom the voyage would be an unmistakable boon."

Lady M—— readily agreed, and it was arranged that Miss Milne should call upon her the following morning.

The interview ended by her being engaged and in a few weeks they started for Mentone, and together they wandered through the south of France and Italy. In the early summer months they returned to England, Miss Milne at Lady M——'s request still holding her position as lady's maid. The position was an easy one and exactly suited to her requirements, the only, to her, objectionable condition being that every member of the household was expected to attend matins each morning at the little church in the park and confession once a week.

The clergyman of this little church was paid entirely by Lady M——, and his whole time was taken up in fulfilling the requirements of a High Church ritual.

"One morning," said Miss Milne—and here her voice lowered and became if possible, sadder—"I finished my work, and as it was the morning for confession, I set out for the church to fulfill this, at first, to me a terrible task, but now a comforting duty. As I entered, the clergyman, the Rev. John Carlosso, who, though of English education, was an Italian nobleman, poor but of extremely ancient lineage, about thirty years of age and exceptionally gentlemanly and clerical in his manner, was pacing up and down the aisle.

"Upon seeing me he hurried into the confessional, while I hastened to divest myself of my load of little sins. His voice carried more than usual comfort to me, and I left the little recess, hallowed by many memories, with a light step and my heart solemnly glad. When I reached the church door, to my astonishment I found my confessor had gone round the other way, and was awaiting me in the porch. On his face he carried the evidence of great excitement, and his manner was altogether unlike anything I had noticed in him before, but nothwithstanding his emotion, he asked me, with perfect self command, if I would mind stepping into the vestry a moment, as he had something of importance he was anxious to communicate to me.

"Mechanically I walked in, and he, closing the door, took a chair, and placing it exactly and closely in front of mine, sat down. He paused as though to collect himself, and then taking a deep breath, he blurted out, 'Miss Milne, I love you,' then clasping one of my hands between both of his again, 'I love you.'

"He then bounded from his chair, and apparently regretting his expression of his passion, folded his arms across his breast, and for a second or two paced the room in silence; then suddenly stopping in front of me, and, I felt, looking at my bent head, in a voice far more self-contained, he said: 'The church of my fathers, the church of my own boyhood, nay, the articles of my present faith, as I read them, invoke, insist upon celibacy in a priest. But, Miss Milne,' he continued, 'I am human. I have fought hard and long against this weakness until I am no longer able to continue the battle.' Then sinking on his knees before me and taking both of my hands in his, and wringing them in the depth and strength of his passion, he poured forth, with a favor begotten of his nationality, the story of his love and his fight against it. When he had finished his terrible story, I asked him in a voice far less audible to me than the throbbings of my own heart: 'What do you wish me to do?' He asked me under some pretext to go to Brixton, and he would follow and meet me there. "The day following we will be married, and then—and then——'" here Miss Milne folded her face in her hands and continued: "He drew such a picture of our after life, its sweets, its love, its happy contentment, that I, too, being human, consented. The following day we were married at Brixton, and that day saw the last of all happiness and all hope in my life.

"We took two rooms in a quiet street in Brixton, and I had not been married twenty-four hours before I found that in my husband there were two men distinct and utterly dissimilar—the clergyman that I had known, and the husband that I had yet to learn. The one had all the capacity for making men and women, especially women, love and revere him: in the other was combined every attribute that goes to the making of bad men.

"I lived with him for two months. The greater part of his time was, of necessity, expended in clerical duty; he would return once or twice a week, and when he came in would often kiss me, and that quite fondly; then he would put off his clerical suit and put on a suit of tweed, and with the change of clothes the whole man would alter as if by magic."

Miss Milne looked up from the fire and added: "You may know, sir, something of the science of this sudden change of character, but I only know that it happened—and the horrors of it."

(To be Continued.)

A POSER IN ARITHMETIC.

Easy Question that Will Puzzle Some of the Knowing Ones.

If you ask a man in the street the simple question, "What is 1 divided by a half?" he will either reply that the operation is an impossible one or that the answer is a half. When you point out that 1 divided by 2 is a half, he will see that there is something wrong somewhere, but will still be quite unable to give the right answer. When you tell him that the answer is 2, he will either accept the assertion without understanding it, or will dispute it tooth and nail. If you attempt to convince him of his error, you will find it is not at all an easy task.

His mistake arises through the confounding of two distinct ideas—namely, 1 divided into 2, and 1 divided by 2. One divided into 2 is 1 divided into two parts, each containing a half. One divided by 2 is the ratio of 1 to 2, or the number of times 2 is contained in one. To anyone who has thought the matter out this seems clear enough, but to the man in the street it is sheer nonsense, and he will tell you so.

To Frustrate Letter Thieves.

Experiments are being made in France with one invention and in England with another for the purpose of preventing thieves from extracting letters from public letter boxes. In the French invention steel teeth are placed close to the mouth of the box, while the British invention consists of a wire invention inside the pillar box. The weight of the letters carries them through the cage, but they cannot be pulled up with a piece of string or something sticky, the usual means adopted by the letter thief.

An Anarchist Candidate.

For the first time in the parliamentary history of Italy an avowed anarchist, Pietro Calcagno, is a candidate for a seat in the chamber of deputies. He lives on a small island in the Mediterranean and must not leave there without government consent. Signor Calcagno has been imprisoned several times because of his anarchistic utterances, was released only a short time ago on account of ill health and has fled to this country and to England more than once to escape the police.

Missed the Whiskers.

Representative Babcock of Wisconsin shaved off his luxuriant black beard during the last session of congress and the doorkeepers refused to admit him to the floor of the house until he had been identified. Mr. Babcock had not been shaved before in 15 years and as he walked down the aisle toward his seat the members looked searchingly at him, many failing to recognize their colleague because of the absence of his whiskers.

A Prescription by an Editor.

A man who was expecting a medcali prescription received one day a note from an editor famous for an ill-fist. He turned the missive this way and that, examined it under a magnifying glass, read it backward, held it up to the light, and finally—in a moment of inspiration—sent it to the chemist to be made up. The best of the story remains to be told—he drank the medicine.

Enough.

Clerk (referring to telegram)—Is this correct, sir? "Twins arrived. More by post."

Father (for the first time)—Yes, what more do you want?

(Hideous truth flashes on him after telegram has been dispatched to relatives.)—Moonshine.

PELVIC CATARRH

CAUSES

Palpitation of the heart, cold hands and feet, sinking feelings—Pe-ru-na cures catarrh wherever located.

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 recommeded 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.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Perfection.—God endowed humanity with its infinite capacity for improvement in order that at last it may attain perfection. I do not believe any human being can be perfectly happy as long as we see men condemned to suffer without a single moral thought, without a perception of the noble meaning of life. —Rev. E. C. Worcester, Epsicopalian, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Mystery of Life.—Constantly men and women of the most serious nature and of the most devout spirit are asking, "Who can solve for us the mystery of life?" Some killing experience comes into life; some sharp upheaval of conditions unexpected; some sorrow we did not procure and so have no means of knowing its remedy, because we had no preparation for its coming; some unnatural death. These are things before which we stand. There is no explanation. The gate is shut. And it is wise and good. Such experiences of life are a part of the discipline of life, in which we gather power and strength, not to explore, but to believe.—Rev. T. R. Slicer, Unitarian, New York.

His Question of Faith.

A religious old darky had his faith badly shaken not long ago. He is sexton for a white church in a Fayette County town, and one afternoon as he was in front sweeping the pavement a strong wind arose, tearing a piece of the cornice off and taking a few bricks out of the wall. Realizing that a good run was better than a bad stand, the old man sought shelter in the station house on the opposite side of the street.

Several minutes later a member of the church of which Uncle Isham is sexton came by, and noticing him in his retreat, remarked that he thought the station house a strange place for a man of faith to seek shelter in a storm when a house of worship was near.

"Dat's so, but whut's a man gwine ter do when de Lord begins to frow bricks at 'im?"—Memphis Scimitar.

In Praise of the Mosquito.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I see by the papers that the mosquito eggs are hatched in from four to seven days according to the warmht of the weather.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Well there is one thing to be said in favor of the mosquito. She does'nt go about making quite as much noise as the hen after laying an egg.

Can't Dodge Them.

First Credit Man—Does he meet his bills?

Second Ditto—At every turn.

His Wish Echoed.

"I would like something with a check in it" said the slow-paying customer to the tailor.

"So would I" replied the tailor coldly with an unmistakable meaning in the words.

When it comes to baking powder, every manufacturer says what he makes is the best. The reason we say it is that an analysis of all well known brands, including the Monopole, made by Jas. H. Fisk, Portland, proves that Monopole is the strongest and purest of all those whose ingredients have been put on record. Our custom is not to put up goods under this brand unless we can produce better goods than any others on the market. Ask for them from your grocer.

WADHAMS & KERR BROS., Portland.

Reform Movement in England.

"The Girls' Letter Guild" is the name of a unique reform movement in England. Women of culture pledge themselves to write letters of friendly tone to the girls of the lower classes, to aid them in their mental and moral uplifting. The object is to win the girls' friendship, encourage them, and disabuse them of false notions and class prejudices. Good results are said to be already noticeable.

Getting Reckless.

She—I am surprised at Jane's staying out in the boat all this time with a comparative stranger. A woman of 30 is old enough to know better.

He—Aren't you afraid she is too old to know better?

Boers Welcomed to the Northwest.

The arrival of a little party of Boers in the city in quest of homes in the Northwest gives ground for the hope that there will be more to follow. Of the sturdy manhood of the Dutch farmers of South Africa the world has had ample evidence in the last three years, and as many of them as may come to the Northwest will be gladly welcomed. —Minneapolis Times.

Took No Chances.

"Mr. Grimes" said the rector to the vestryman "we had better take up the collection before the sermon this morning."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I am going to preach on economy."

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, buds, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of those harmless 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, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and circulars. Send 4 cents in stamps. CONSULTATION FREE. ADDRESS

THE C. GEE WO CHINESE MEDICINE CO.

132½ Third St., Portland, Orego

Mention paper.

FOR SALE.

One Second Hand Nichols & Shepard Separator, size 40-60, with wind stacker, only run 40 days; a bargain. Inquire of

JOHN POOLE,

Foot Morrison St., Portland, Or.

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

420 Williams Avenue PORTLAND OREGON

Take car on Third street to Upper Albina. Phone, Pink 1603 Oregon.

Old Indian War Pensions

Congress has just passed a law granting pensions to the survivors and to the widows of deceased soldiers of the Oregon, Washington and California Indian wars of 1847 to 1856. Full information will be sent by Byington & Wilson, No. 728 Seventeenth Street, Washington, D. C., or Branch office No. 442 Parrott building, San Francisco, Cal. Fees limited by law.

THE NEW PENSION LAWS Apply to Nathan Bickford, Attorney, Washington, D. C. SENT FREE

My Hair

"I had a very severe sickness that took off all my hair. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor and it brought all my hair back again."

W. D. Quinn, Marseilles, Ill.

One thing is certain,—Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. This is because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair and the hair grows, that's all there is to it. It stops falling of the hair, too, and always restores color to gray hair.

$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.

Proved.

Aunt Hannah—But how do you know you love him Carrie?

Carrie—Whenever he says something nice about me I am willing to let him believe I think he is saying just what he means.

Clara—Was it a case of love on her part, do you think?

Maude—It certainly was. Why, she gave up a position paying a salary of $15 a week to marry him, and he is only getting ten.

Followed Instructions.

"Now, Mr. Finnisliedde," said Prof Teachem, "I hope you have selected your graduation subject in accordance with my suggestion that it deal with something that has helped to uplift humanity."

"I have, sir," answered the graduate, "I have prepared an elaborate thesis on the 'Rise and Fall of the Elevator.'"—Baltimore American.

"We are making you lots of trouble," and "This is the best I ever ate," constitute the sole conversation of the average guests at a table.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

BISHOP SCOTT ACADEMY

Portland, Oregon. Founded 1870

A Home School for Boys. Military and Manual Training.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

ARTHUR C. NEWILL, Principal

St. Helen's Hall

PORTLAND, OREGON.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls. Has a Normal Kindergarten Training Department, which has a separate residence for kindergarten classes. The Boarding Department provides a cheerful and well arranged home for young ladies. For Catalogue or other information apply to

MISS ELEANOR TEBBETTS, Principal.

HOITT'S SCHOOL

Parents desiring home influences, beautiful surroundings, perfect climate, careful supervision, and thorough mental, moral and physical training for their boys, will find all these requirements fully met at Hoitt's School, Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal.

Send for Catalogue.

Twelth year begins August 12th.

IRA G. HOITT, Ph. D., Principal.

Columbia University

Boarding School for Young Men

Finest situation on Pacific Coast. Excellent Faculty. Largest indoor college athletic field in the world. Over half an acre under an arched roof.

Catalogues Free.

Address

REV. M. A. QUINLAN, C. S. C.

University Park, Oregon

Mitchell Wagon.

Best on Earth—

Because it is made of the best material possible to buy. The manufacturers absolutely pay 25 to 50 per cent above the market price of best grades of wagon timber for the privilege of culling over and skimming off the cream of the wagon stock, which is carried for 3 to 5 years before making up, which means an investment in wood stock of nearly one million dollars.

MITCHELL Wagons are unsurpassed for quality, proportion, finish, strength and light running.

Why—take chances on any other?

Why—not get the best?—A MITCHELL.

Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co.

Portland. Seattle. Spokane. Boise.

Agents Everywhere.

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.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 & $3.50 SHOES UNION MADE

W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more men in all stations of life than any other make, because they are the only shoes that in every way equal those costing $5.00 and $6.00.

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

1902 sales, 1st 6 months, $1,103,820 | 1903 sales, 1st 6 months, $2,340,000

Best imported and American leathers, Heyl's Patent Calf, Enamel, Box Calf, Calf, Vici Kid, Corona Colt, Nat. Kangaroo. Fast Color Eyelets used.

Caution! The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom.

Shoes by mail, 25c. extra. Illus. Catalog free.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

N. P. N. U. No. 33—1903.

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.