PE-RU-NA NECESSARY TO THE HOME

A Letter From Congressman White, of North Carolina.

PE-RU-NA IS A HOUSEHOLD SAFEGUARD.

No Family Should Be Without It.

Peruna is a great family medicine. The women praise it as well as the men; it is just the thing for the many little catarrhal ailments of childhood.

The following testimonials from thankful men and women tell in direct, sincere language what their success has been in the use of Peruna in their families:

Louis J. Scherrinsky, 103 Locust street, Atlantic, Iowa, writes:

"I will tell you briefly what Peruna has done for me. I took a severe cold which gave me a hard cough. All doctors' medicines failed to cure it. I took one bottle of Peruna and was well.

"Then my two children had bad coughs accompanied by gagging. My wife had stomach trouble for years. She took Peruna and now she is well.

"I cannot express my thanks in words, but I recommend your remedy at every opportunity, for I can conscientiously say that there is no medicine like Peruna. Nearly everyone in this town knew about the sickness of myself and family, and they have seen with astonishment what Peruna has done for us. Many followed our example, and the result was health. Thanking you heartily, I am."—L. J. Scherrinsky.

Mrs. Nannie Wallace, Tulare, Cal., president of the Western Baptist Missionary society, writes:

"I consider Peruna an indispensable article in my medicine chest. It is twenty medicines in one, and has so far cured every sickness that has been in my home for five years. I consider it of special value to weakly women, as it builds up the general health, drives out disease and keeps you in the best of health."—Mrs. Nannie Wallace.

Peruna protects the family against coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis, catarrh of the stomach, liver and kidneys. It is just as sure to cure a case of catarrh of the bowels as it is a case of catarrh of the head.

HON. GEORGE H. WHITE.

Congressman George Henry White, of Tarboro, N. C., writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman in regard to the merits of the geat catarrh cure, Peruna:

House of Representatives,
Washington, Feb. 4, 1899.

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

Gentlemen—"I am more than satisfied with Peruna, and find it to be an excellent remedy for the grip and catarrh. I have used it in my family and they all join me in recommending it as an excellent remedy."

Very Respectfully,
George H. White.

Peruna is an internal, scientific, systemic remedy for catarrh. It is no palliative or temporary remedy; it is thorough in its work, and in cleansing the diseased mucous membranes cures the catarrh.

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.

Friendly Tip.

Homer—I don't know what on earth I am going to do with that boy of mine. He's the biggest liar in seven states.

Nextdoor—Oh, don't let that worry you; when he is a little older you can get him a job in the government weather bureau.—Chicago News.

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.

His Real Grief.

"It's a great comfort to me, doctor," said the bereaved wife, "to know that you are made sad by my husband's death."

"Yes," said the physician reminiscently, "he was good pay."—Ohio State Journal.

Hamlin's Blood and Liver Pills cure constipation and all ills due to it; 25c at your druggists.

Dead Man's Check Refused.

A few days ago a man presented a check to William H. Rogers, cashier of the Nassau bank, demanding payment.

"But I can't pay that," said the cashier; "that man's dead."

"But," protested the holder of the check, "he was alive when he signed it."

And, in face of all Mr. Rogers' explanations, the man left the bank convinced that he had a grievance.—New York Times.

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

How Wonderful.

Fudge—This is a most remarkable case. A paper relates that a connoisseur of art, passing an old junk shop, saw a dusty painting lying among the rags in the window, and, taking a fancy to it, purchased it.

Judge—What's remarkable about it?

"The painting turned out to be neither a Rubens nor a Rembrandt."—Baltimore Herald.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Pharaoh's Fate.

The Pharaoh of the Book of Genesis was long supposed to have been drowned in the Red sea, but examinations of his mummy showed that he had been killed by having his skull split open.

How He Got It.

"Sam Johnsing 'lows he's got dis yuh "ping-pong ankle," observed Mr. Darkleigh.

"Huh!" snorted Mr. Snowball. Laik ter know how dat niggah got it. He never played no ping-pong."

"Well, he say he cotch it f'um bouncin' back an' fo'th ovah Mr. Jones' fence las' Monday night, wid dem two bulldogs ping an' pongin' on each side er de fence, jes' kase he try ter see ef de chicken coop wuz locked."—Judge.

WISE BROS.

These Portland Dentists Are Rapidly Becoming Famous.

Drs. T. P. and W. A. Wise, the popular Portland dental firm, are making a new era in local dental methods. Their offices in the Failing Building, Washington and Third Streets, are bright and cheerful, and all their customers smile instead of cry, for pain is never known in the tooth-pulling and teeth-repairing going on constantly at the Wise Bros. establishment. Wise Bros. advertise clearly and energetically, charge very reasonable prices, use the latest modern appliances, never hurt a patient, and the consequence is the people flock to them.

Then He Went.

"Do you know," remarked the young man, as the mantel clock indicated 11:30 p. m., "that of all the songs I ever heard, my favorite is 'Home, Sweet Home?'"

"Indeed?" rejoined the fair girl, as she endeavored to suppress a yawn, "I never would have suspected it."—Chicago News.

What Did He Mean?

She—Good-bye! Remember me to your wife. She hasn't forgotten me?

He—Oh, no! She has an excellent memory for old faces!

No Satisfying Her.

"Women are hard to understand."

"Think so?"

"Yes; I told her she carried her age well and she was offended."

"You don't say?"

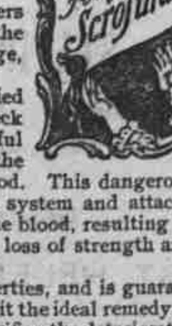
"Yes; and then I told her she didn't carry it well and she wouldn't speak."

A Choice of Evils.

"But why does he allow his wife to be so extravagent if he can't afford it?"

"Oh, well, I suppose he would rather have trouble with his creditors than with his wife."—Sketchy Bits.

SCROFULA



I bequeath to my children Scrofula with all its attendant horrors, humiliation and suffering. This is a strange legacy to leave to posterity; a heavy burden to place upon the shoulders of the young.

This treacherous disease dwarfs the body and hinders the growth and development of the faculties, and the child born of blood poison, or scrofula-tainted parentage, is poorly equipped for life's duties.

Scrofula is a disease with numerous and varied symptoms; enlarged glands or tumors about the neck and armpits, catarrh of the head, weak eyes and dreadful skin eruptions upon different parts of the body show the presence of tubercular or scrofulous matter in the blood. This dangerous and stealthy disease entrenches itself securely in the system and attacks the bones and tissues, destroys the red corpuscles of the blood, resulting in white swelling, a pallid, waxy appearance of the skin, loss of strength and a gradual wasting away of the body.

S. S. S. combines both purifying and tonic properties, and is guaranteed entirely vegetable, making it the ideal remedy in all scrofulous affections. It purifies the deteriorated blood, makes it rich and strong and a complete and permanent cure is soon effected. S. S. S. improves the digestion and assimilation of food, restores the lost properties to the blood and quickens the circulation, bringing a healthy color to the skin and vigor to the weak and emaciated body.

SSS

Write us about your case and our physicians will cheerfully advise and help you in every possible way to regain your health. Book on blood and skin diseases free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

PRUSSIAN STOCK FOOD, the Greatest Conditioner and Stock Fattener known. HORSES do more work on less feed. COWS give more and richer milk. HOGS grow and fatten quicker if given this food.

MAKES PIGS GROW. GOOD FOR STUNTED CALVES.

I have been feeding 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. GHOOBE, Elgin, Neb.

FREE: 68-page Hand Book. Prussian Remedy Co., St. Paul, Minn.

PORTLAND SEED CO, Portland, Ore., Coast Agents.

MISS MILNE AND I.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

At eleven that night, having received no official intimation of the intentions of the government as to my disposal, I went to bed.

At twelve I was awakened from a sound sleep by a tremendous banging at the door. "Another suspicious case, sergeant?" I asked, as I opened the door and recognized the official.

"No; it's you I want this time."

"Me?" I replied, with an assumption of surprise.

"Yes; have you not heard that you are to go to quarantine? I thought you had been told. The boat has been waiting, loaded with people, for the last hour for you."

Remembering the advice of my friend, the reporter, I made him put his hand on my shoulder, and so make it an arrest in the eyes of the law. Then I collected my clothes, tobacco and books, got some whiskey for the sergeant, and started for Woolloomooloo, where the steam launch was awaiting me.

"'Good-by,'' said the sergeant as I stepped on board. "I'm sorry for you, but 'tisn't my fault."

"Good-by, sergeant. I shall survive it; if I don't, well, we may meet in some other world where politicians are not devils till they die."

"You'll find room in the bow," growled the captain, in a voice indicating that his temper had not been improved by the delay.

After a good deal of trouble I succeeded in picking my way through the mass of morbid and motionless humanity with which the deck was covered. In the bow I found another medical man, one Dr. Moore, who, because he had seen the man Cox fourteen days since, was included in the idiotic order of the cabinet.

The "Prince" was a steam launch of about fifteen tons, become by age slow and almost unseaworthy. There was no cabin beyond a kind of a rat hole, in which the stoking was done, so that the passengers, patients, and "suspects" (i. e., men, women and children who had been taken from houses in which genuine cases were found) were mixed up indiscriminately on the deck and in the "stern sheets" behind. The crew consisted of a captain and a stoker. I don't know what their powers of navigation may have been, but if they at all corresponded with their capacity for swearing, there was little risk of our being wrecked, although the night was dark and the weather dirty.

The vessel once under way, I had an opportunity of inspecting the cargo. And now, if for the next page or two I had the pen of Dante and the additional help of Dore's pencil, I might hope to give you some idea of a scene that in my hands defies all attempts at adequate description. The like of it has never been seen before in any civilized country, and will never be seen again. It was the outcome of official madness, brought on by the frenzied clamor of a public insane with fright.

The lurching of the launch had awakened Dr. Moore from a reverie. Turning round he recognized me, and without any preliminary formalities of the hand shaking order, forthwith deluged me with groans and complaints. The golden salve that was six months later laid on very thick by a repentant government did a great deal toward restoring it, but at that time his lot was an exceedingly hard one.

Dragged from a warm bed and the comforts of a luxurious home, forced to leave and neglect a practice that had cost in its building up years of effort, and given no opportunity of finding a substitute, or even of collecting sufficient linen for a week's wear, he had been hurried, as he said, "on board this dreadful vessel as though he were a criminal of the worst order, and huddled up with these horrible cases of smallpox, so that he must catch it." From this moment he lost and never regained, so long as I knew him, not only his self-command, but that fearlessness of disease that is the heritage of all medical men. Later on, when given charge of the hospital inclosure, he would flatten his nose against the window, and so, peering through the dirty glass from the outside, treat his cases. But he must be dealt with tenderly, for his ravings were certainly not those of a sane man.

With tears streaming down his cheeks, he would dwell on his wife's loneliness and her weeping when they parted, and in the same breath, and with even more pathos, deplore the stupid forgetfulness that had made him leave his nail brush and hand glass on the washstand at home. Then he would dry his tears and grow defiant. "How dared the government touch him, Doctor Moore, a man known and respected by thousands? He had friends in parliament, and when the morning came the city would rise in arms on his behalf."

So he raved on until I, thoroughly sick of it, and having troubles of my own to think about, picked my way through the people, in search of a quieter spot where Dr. Moore's moanings could not reach me.

In the bow, as I have said, was Dr. Moore, pacing up and down his little reserve like a caged lion. Every now and then he would halt, and with frantic gesticulations address the people near him; but they, being Chinese, and entirely ignorant of the English language, must have appeared to him remarkably unsympathetic.

Next to the batch of six Chinamen sat Mrs. Cox, the widow of the man who had died the day before, and around her knees her family of eight small children clustered. They were all dressed in mourning, and bore upon their faces evidences of the privations, confinement and misery they had undergone. Opposite Mrs. Cox was a man named Warren, his wife and four children, one a baby in arms and one a child of four, a bright eyed little girl. Evidently, from the fond way in which she was playing with her father's hand, she was his pet. This Warren played a conspicuous part in the great quarantine tragedy. He had at this time a few pustules on his face (six or eight, perhaps) but they were characteristic, and quite justified me in pronouncing him a patient. He had a hard, firm face, typical of the London artisan; he wore a ragged mousache, and his chin was covered with the growth of many days, giving him an appearance of ferocity that was not natural to him, and that afterward altogetehr dispapeared.

The stern sheets were crowded with Europeans and Chinese, patients and suspects, women and children all huddled up together, with barely room to stand.

It was 2:30 a. m. before we reached the pier that juts out from the quarantine station on which we were to land.

Those of us who had the strength peered anxiously through the darkness to catch, if possible, a glimpse of the nature of our prison. By some oversight, no information of our coming had been forwarded to the superintendent, and there was therefore no one to receive us, no light visible, no information obtainable as to the housing of the patients and suspects.

I was the first to step on shore and the garrulous lunatic who had forgotten his nail brush followed. When we reached the end of the pier we stood aside and passively watched (for the ridiculous regulations would not allow us to lift a finger in the matter) the mournful procession, as it filed past from the launch to the shadow and shelter of an overhanging rock.

At that moment a light was seen at the back of us, and in a few minutes the ancient, Mr. Warbler, was in our midst. He was eighty years of age, short in stature, very thin and had a marked stoop. As he leaned on his stick his long gray hair, blear eyes and strangely white beard gave him the exact appearance that one always associates with the ancient mariner. The resemblance was so pronounced that a few days later, when I had drawn the attention of the others to it, we re-christened him, and from that day he was spoken of—and I fear often, too—as the Ancient Mariner, or for brevity's sake, the A. M. When, "like a white haired shadow," he had wandered from group to group, vainly endeavoring to grasp the surroundings, he approached me.

"And who are you, pray?"

"I am Dr. Rigby, late and, for all I know, still government medical officer. You are the superintendent, are you not?"

"I am."

"Now, Mr. Warbler," I asked, "where are they to go."

"Do you see that hut yonder?"—pointing to a just visible roof peeping over the top of a steep precipice.

"Yes."

"Well, that is the only place where they can go, and your quarters are close by."

"But how are they to get there? Where is the road to it?"

"There is no road; the only way is to clamber up the side of the hill."

"Good God, man, they can never do it!"

"But they must."

And they did. How even the healthy among them succeeded in clambering up the rugged and treacherous face of that cliff is to this day a mystey to me. As for the sick, some, of course, died, and others, though they recovered, had long and painful illnesses as a consequence of that terrible night.

CHAPTER XII.

By noon of the second day we were well settled down to the work proportioned out to us. Dr. Moore was, much to his disgust, given charge of the hospital inclosure. He did not grow any more sane, but rather less so; he added to his other delusions the idea that I was the cause of all his trouble, and nothing would alter his belief. The consequence was that he spent hours a day walking round and round the fence that separated us, in the hope of catching a glimpse of me, and when he did see me he would howl and shake his fist at me, then go back to his hut happy.

I was given charge of the convalescents and suspects; there were forty-seven of these, eighteen police men and three other medical men, who were awaiting their release. There were no huts for the suspects, so they were shut up in tents. I say "shut up," but as a fact they were surrounded by a mark in the sand, over which they had given their word not to pass. Three times a day some half-cold food was put outside this line, and when the policemen who put it there had retired, the prisoner was allowed to carry it into his tent, and, if his stomach would allow him to, eat it.

I, with my house to myself, was the envied of all the envious. But what a house it was! Situated on the very top of the hill, one side of which sloped down to the harbor and quarantine station, and the other to the ocean, the winds howled round it night and day as if they were in some desperate straits. The scrub and dense undergrowth reached up to the very door, and from it, when night came on, there issued rats, iguanas and andicoots in search of broken food.

The male patients were put on board an old hulk called the "Far Away," anchored 2,000 yards from shore. Among them was Warren. The conspicuous part this man played later on necessitates my setting forth in detail his position from his own point of view. As I have said, his attack of smallpox was such an extremely light one that nothing could convince him that he had had the disease at all; therefore, to be dragged with his wife and children from his home was bad enough, but to be separated from them and to be thrust on board that wretched and comfortless hulk, herded with Chinamen, deprived of all comforts and most necessities of life, was beyond all bearing. And then, as though this was not bad enough, on our journey down, the bright eyed little girl on whom all his affections were centered, caught the disease and was moved by me, on the third day, with her mother, into the hospital inclosure, to die about the eighth day. Throughout her illness, the man, in an agony of rage, paced the decks night and day, pausing only to peer anxiously through the telescope at the blank walls that inclosed his wife and dying child. On one occasion, while so looking, he saw, or thought he saw, his wife making signs to a policeman who was standing near the fence that surrounded the enclosure. This was too much for him to bear. Regardless of sharks that swam the bay, regardless of laws, regardless of everything, he threw down the telescope, dived from the ship and swam ashore, only to be seized and roughly hurried on board again.

When dusk came on he again swam ashore. This time he made a most desperate struggle for his freedom, but was at last overpowered, leg-ironed, and in this degraded state, in full view of his children, who were now, in their mother's absence, unwashed and uncared for, his wife, who stood weeping on the hill, and the rest of the community, dragged down to the water's edge, pushed into the boat and so on board the "Far Away" once more.

"Don't you think," I asked the sergeant, "that this man is being most brutally treated?" "I do; but orders must be maintained, and moreover, you ought to be the last man to complain," was his ominous reply.

"Why?"

"Because he has sworn that he will, leg irons notwithstanding, get free once more and 'settle your hash,' as he says; then the authorities may do what they like with him. Seriously, doctor you ought to have someone sleeping in your house with you. The man is a desperate character, and I know means mischief, and don't wonder he has been, as you say, most brutally treated. Have you seen anything of the new nurses?" "I saw them come down, that's all. Have you?"

"Yes; oh, yes. Charley and I made for them; we were to have tossed up for choice, but Chraley was the first in the field, and then he's such a deuced goodlooking fellow."

"And what has Charley gone for, the tall or the short one'?' I asked indifferently.

"Oh, the tall one, you bet! He saw her on the ocean side last night late, and commenced the attack at once. Charley said that he had all his old weapons ready for use, but they were unnecessary; she fell a victim to his charms without a struggle, and before they had been ten minutes together had prevailed upon him to loosen two palings, so that she can slip out and walk down to the sea when he's on night duty. She came out at once, and they sat down and talked for an hour, all about the station and the people down here. He declares he could have kissed her then and there if he had liked; but she's just a little too tall to take such liberties with. I hope I shall be as lucky; nothing whiles away the time like spooning a pretty girl. Good night, sir."

(To be continued.)

WHY SHE SOUGHT HIM.

Judge Job Hedges the Victim of a Joke—Woman Came to Kill Him.

Judge Job Hedges was the victim of a joke last week whose point he does not yet clearly see.

A woman came into his office and started on a tale of woe. As she was in evident mental distress he had not the heart to turn her away, but sat patiently listening for a solid half hour to her rambling story. Unable to make any sense out of it he said at length:

"Madam, I should be glad to help you in any way I can, but I can't see what you're driving at. Kindly tell me, in as few words as possible, the object of your visit."

"Certainly, sir," she answered. "I went first to Lawyer Emanuel Friend, and he sent me here, and so I—"

"But the object of your visit," he interrupted. "Oh, yes," she said, recalling it, at last. "Now you speak of it, I remember. I came here to kill you."

"She is the thirty-fifth crank that man Friend has sent me in three months," sighed the judge afterward. "I dont generally kick, but when it comes to killing its time to draw the line."—New York World.

Emerson on Burns.

The late Wyatt Eaton, in the October Century, writing of Emerson's sittings to him for a portrait, says:

"When I was alone with Emerson he would address me so directly or talk so interestingly that work was quite impossible. Turning to me one morning he said: 'Who is your favorite poet?' He fortunately saved me from answering, for he went on to say: 'Of course, we must except Shakesp re and Burns.' Taking up Burns he spoke of him as almost as great, and in some qualities as great, as Shakespere, and continued in this vein until I may say I was relieved by a friend coming in and joining in the conversation, while I went on with my work."

Fully Up-to-Date.

"Yes," said she, "at last we have a book of really up-to-date nursery rhymes."

"How does it differ from the old books?"

"Well, by way of illustration, here is one of the revised versions:

Needles and pins! Needles and pins!
When a tire is punctured
Your trouble begins!"

An Extra Size.

"Are your safe deposit boxes extra large?" inquired the prospective patron

"They are the full regulation size," replied the smiling attendant.

The stranger frowned.

"I'm afraid that won't do," he said.

"I want one big enough to hold a hod of coal."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Little Tips.

The juice of a lemon taken in hot water on awakening in the morning is an excellent liver corrective and is better than any anti-fat medicine invented.

Hard Luck.

"I hear that your mother-in-law had a narrow escape from death yesterday."

"Yes, I seem to have been born under an evil star; my best dog was run over and killed at the same time."

Anyhow.

"I see that it has been decided by a Missouri court that tobacco is a necessity of life."

"Well, so it is in Missouri."

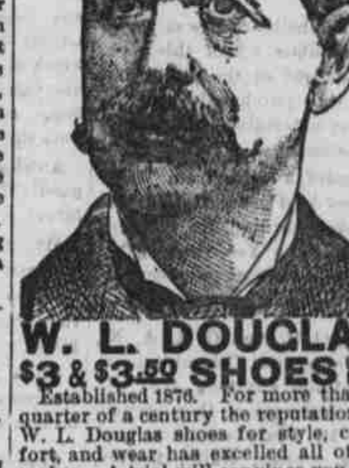
No Hair?

"My hair was falling out very fast and I was greatly alarmed. I then tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair stopped falling at once."—Mrs. G. A. McVay, Alexandria, O.

The trouble is your hair does not have life enough. Act promptly. Save your hair. Feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. If the gray hairs are beginning to show, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore color every time. $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.

YOU'LL BE SORRY WHEN IT RAINS IF YOU DONT HAVE THE GENUINE TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING TO KEEP YOU DRY. MADE FOR WET WORK IN BLACK AND YELLOW. SOLD BY ALL RELIABLE DEALERS AND BACKED BY OUR GUARANTEE. A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS.



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

Established 1876. For more than a quarter of a century the reputation of W. L. Douglas shoes for style, comfort, and wear has excelled all other makes. A trial will convince you.

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

1899 sales, 1st 6 months, $1,103,820 | 1902 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.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

Changed His Mind.

"I don't care if I die," said the patient, despondently.

"Oh, you may linger several weeks!" replied the physician comfortingly.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the man, who had visions of a prodigious doctor's bill: "in that case I'll get well at once."—Ohio State Journal.

A Twice Told Tale.

The statement will bear repeating that if you want to use the purest and most fragrant spices manufactured, you'll ask your grocer for the Monopole brand. If you want to prove our assertion before asking your grocer, send us a single two-cent stamp and we will send you a full weight two-oz. tin of any variety you may select. Be sure, also, to tell us your grocer's name. Address Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Mfgrs., Portland, Ore.

A Division of Labor.

Mike—How much farther does the soign say it is to Noo Yor-rk, Patsy?

Pat—Twinty moiles.

Mike—Well, thot's only tin moiles apiece.—Judge.

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.

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

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.

Mitchell Wagon.

Best on Earth—

Because it is made of the best material possible to buy. The manufacturers absolutely pay ... 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 1 to 3 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?
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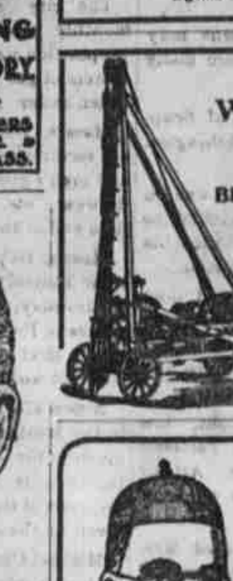

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