Dyspepsia

Don't think you can cure your dyspepsia in any other way than by strengthening and toning your stomach.

That is weak and incapable of performing its functions, probably because you have imposed upon it in one way or another over and over again.

You should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It strengthens and tones the stomach, and permanently cures dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. Accept no substitutes.

Two of a Kind.

The Russian joker who caused a panic in the zoological gardens at St. Petersburg by shouting that the tigers had escaped should exchange cards with the American humorist who yells "Fire!" in places of amusement. They should then report to the fool killer together.

THE SMITH-PREMIER WAY.

Durphy & Dickerman Are as Interesting as a Popular Novel.

A good illustration of the way the northwest is being waked up is afforded by the doings of Durphy & Dickerman, the energetic firm who control the Smith-Premier typewriter on the Pacific Coast. Tuesday, June 9, W. H. Durphy, senior member, and F. B. Porter, Portland manager, arrived in Portland; Wednesday they leased the store, 247 Stark street, and let contracts for fitting up the most complete and attractive typewriter establishment in the city; Thursday they sold 25 Smith-Premier typewriters to the Behnke-Walker Business college—the largest typewriter order ever placed in Portland. Mr. Durphy, hale and hearty, crackling with energy, and Manager Porter, courteous and competent, master of his business, are calling upon some dozens of the people a day, getting acquainted and advertising their splendid machine and the fact that they are sole selling agents for this coast. This concern is famous and successful on account of its great activity and punctilious integrity in pushing the best typewriter made. The incoming of fresh blood of this kind into local commercial circles is one of the hopeful signs of the hour. As a sample of up-to-date methods in "getting busy" Durphy & Dickerman's 25-machine order within 24 hours after arriving in town (better than one machine an hour) takes the palm.

Looking for a Chance.

Mrs. Gobang—This paper says that a Kansas man has sold his wife for $8.

Gobang—I wonder if it will ever be my luck to run across a fellow who is thowing money away?—NeW York Times.

Ready for Easter.

Deacon Cobbs—William, if your father should have ?10 and some one should give him $5, what would he have?

William—Nothing: but ma would have a new hat.—Chicago Daily News.

A Prophecy.

Critic—That actor doesn't seem at home in this work.

Theatrical manager—No, he isn't; but he will be unless business gets better pretty soon.—Chicago News.

Better Expressed.

Fudge—So you've given up smoking? Did it take much will power to do it?

Judge—No; it was "won't" power. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Limit.

Bridge—And you go right on eating soggy bread and half-cooked meats. For heaven's sake, why don't you discharge your cook and get another one?

Pike—well, you see, old fellow, so far as I can find out the courts won't grant you a divorce for bad cooking. --Boston Evening Transcript.

Natural Deduction.

Chief Millikin—That lady in red going down the street is evidently a grass widow.

Inspector Casey—Why do you think so?

Chief Millikin—Every time she goes near a horse it tries to bite her.

Worst Ever.

"Hear about the terrible affliction that befell our friend Blank last night?" asked Enpeck, as he boarded a downtown car.

"No," said Meeker. "What was it?"

"My wife eloped with him," replied Enpeck, with a surppressed chuckle.—Chicago News.

Effect of Absence.

Weally, now!—Regy—Do you weally believe that absence makes the heart grow fonder? Miss Brady—Oh, yes, indeed! I think twice as much of you when you are somewhere else.—Colorado Comic.

The Cost of It.

City Man—What makes rents so high here.

Villager—This is an incorporated town.

"Things don't look very metropolitan."

"N-o, but the taxes are."—New York Weekly.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Successful Experiment.

"Mabel married that awfully dissipated young Flutterly to reform him."

"And is she satisfied with her choice?"

"I should say she is. His uncle died last week and left him half a million."

Triple Dose.

She (at the reception)—Excuse me, but are you an artist, a musician or a poet?

He—I happen to be all three, madam.

"Poor fellow! You have sympathy."

"Your sympathy?

"Yes. Your poverty must be something terrific."—Chicago Daily News.

Superfluous.

"To what do you attribute the remarkable majority by which you were elected senator?" asked the confidential friend.

"I have just told you," replied Senator Lotsmun, with some irritation, "what my election expenses were."—Chicago Tribune.

Otherwise a Work of Art.

The Actor—Do you really think that picture looks like me?

The Soubrette—Yes; but I have no other fault to find with it.—Stray Stories.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Not So Surprising.

"Does yo' lalk huckleberry pie, Claud?"

Claud—'Deed I could eat huckleberry pie till I'm black in de face.

Millions in Big Stores.

About $30,000,000 is the estimate of recent investment of fixed capital in the form of building and plant for the ten or twelve department stores of New York.

Our Air Consumption.

It is computed that when at rest we consume 500 cubic inches of air a minute. If we walk at the rate of one mile an hour we use 800; two miles, 1,000; three miles, 1,600; four miles, 2,300. If we start out and run six miles an hour we consume 3,000 cubic inches of air during every minute of the time.

DISAGREEABLE REFLECTIONS

The mirror never flatters; it tells the truth, no matter how much it may hurt the pride or how humiliating and disagreeable the reflections. A red, rough skin is fatal to beauty, and blackheads, blotches and pimples are ruinous to the complexion, and no wonder such desperate efforts are made to hide these blemishes, and cover over the defects, and some never stop to consider the danger in skin foods, face lotions, soaps, salves and powders, but apply them vigorously and often without regard to consequences, and many complexions are ruined by the chemicals and poisons contained in these cosmetics.

Skin diseases are due to internal causes, to humors and poisons in the blood, and to attempt a cure by external treatment is an endless, hopeless task. Some simple wash or ointment is often beneficial when the skin is much inflamed or itches, but you can't depend upon local remedies for permanent relief, for the blood is continually throwing off impurities which irritate and clog the glands and pores of the skin, and as long as the blood remains unhealthy, just so long will the eruptions last. To effectually and permanently cure skin troubles the blood must be purified and the system thoroughly cleansed and built up, and S. S. S., the well known blood purifier and tonic, is acknowledged superior to all other remedies for this purpose. It is the only guaranteed strictly vegetable blood remedy. It never deranges the system or impairs the digestion like Potash and Arsenic and drugs of this character, but aids in the digestion and assimilation of food and improves the appetite. Being a blood purifier and tonic combined, the humors and poisons are counteracted and the blood made rich and pure, and at the same time the general health and system is rapidly built up and good health is established, and this, after all, is the secret of a smooth, soft skin and beautiful complexion.

Cartersville, Ga., R. R. No. 2.
I suffered for a number of years with a severe Nettle-rash.
About twelve years ago I started using S. S. S., and after taking three bottles I felt myself cured and have since taken a bottle occasionally, and had little or no trouble along that line. My general health has been better since. I recommend S. S. S. as a good blood medicine and all round tonic. Yours truly,
Mrs. M. I. PITTARD.

Some two years ago I suffered a great deal, caused on account of bad blood. Small rash or pimples broke out over my body and kept getting worse day by day for over a year. Seeing S. S. S. advertised in the papers and having heard also it had cured several people in this city, concluded to give it a fair trial. After using the medicine for some time, taking in all six bottles, I was entirely cured.
EDWARD C. LONG,
1020 Clay Street, Paducah, Ky.

SSS

If you have any skin trouble send for our free book, "The Skin and Its Diseases." No charge for medical advice. Write us about your case.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SB — WE ARE KNOWN BY OUR GOOD WORKS

Thought Us Dead?

We're Very Much Alive.

S. B. Headache and Liver Cure Still Doing Its Great Work. S. B. Cough Syrup. Everybody Takes It. Everybody Likes It.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Science AND Invention

Recent observers have found that plumb lines for accurate work should be of copper or bronze. A steel wire in a deep shaft was slightly deflected by the earth's magnetism.

In his latest researches Professor Curie has found that radium keeps its own temperature at 1.5 degrees C. above that of the atmosphere. This paradoxical substance emits more than enough heat to melt its own weight of ice, yet there is no combustion nor chemical nor molecular change.

Peat fuel in freight locomotives in Sweden has hauled the maximum load, the cost being about the same as with English coal. To avoid the expense of an extra fireman, however, the peat is now mixed with an equal weight of coal, and the mixture has proven so satisfactory that it is to be tried on passenger trains.

A new form of safety lamp, giving no heat and possessing no flame, has been invented by Professor Hans Molisch, and described before the Vienna Academy of Sciences, but it may not prove commercially successful. It consists of a glass jar lined with a compound of saltpeter and gelatine, in which a colony of luminous bacteria is caused to develop. Such a lamp gives a bluish-green light, sufficient to render coarse print legible, and to make faces recognizable at two yards' distance, and the luminosity lasts for several days.

An English invention for the use of a current of electricity instead of steam to heat a radiating surface consists of a layer of powdered carbon, placed between enameled iron plates, and kept in position with asbestos cardboard. This constitutes the radiator, into which are led three copper strips, one at the center and one at each end, and a continuous current of electricity is passed from the center strip to the end strips. With a current of eight amperes, at 200 volts, a heating surface of 25 square feet can be kept at an average temperature of 190 degrees Fahrenheit.

A new kind of glass that resists great heat as well as sudden changes of temperature is made from Brazilian quartz pebbles. The pebbles are heated red hot and then thrown into distilled water. The purest pieces are next selected, and welded with the oxyhydrogen blow pipe into long stems like knitting-needles, from which glass vessels of any shape can be made. At present the quartz glass is chiefly employed for making laboratory apparatus. Into a test-tube made in this way a white-hot coal can be dropped without breaking it. Vessels of other forms can be heated white-hot and then plunged into cold water without cracking.

Records are now being searched for notices of the rare white water, or phosphorescent fog, of the Indian Ocean and other seas. This appears as a weird haze, but proves to be a luminosity without mist, and it has been encountered as an ocean river a mile wide and as a broad area through which a vessel sailed fifty miles without touching the limits. One observer found the sea to the depth of a foot to be densely packed with luminous fishes an inch long, while at another time microscopic animals were obtained in chains three inches long. The phenomenon has been seen before violent storms, and it has been suggested that some unusual atmospheric conditions may drive the luminous ocean animals in shoals to the surface.

BUTTONS ON BUSHES.

Strange Nut from Which Buttons Are Made in Great Numbers.

No, the ivory buttons you wear do not represent the death of an elephant in the wilds of Africa; your pearl buttons were probably never nearer than you took them to the shell of a bivalve mollusk, and the probabilities are that no rubber tree was ever tapped to produce the hard rubber buttons that adorn your overcoat. Down in Central America there is a fruit producing palm that has quite metamorphosed the button business and formed the nucleus for one of the most important industries in the United States. The seed of this fruit contains a milk that is sweet to the taste and relished by the natives. The milk when allowed to remain in the nut long enough becomes indurated and turn into substance as brittle and hard as the ivory from the elephant's tusk. The plant that produces these nuts is called the ivory plant. Most of the buttons now used in America, whether termed ivory, pearl, rubber, horn or bone, come from this ivory plant. Thus the probabilities are that your buttons are made from a vegetable milk, and they grow on bushes.

The ivory plant is one of the marvels of the age, and is rewarding its growers with vast fortunes. The nuts are brought to the United States by the shipload and hauled across the continent to the big button factories, from which they issue forth in every conceivable design, color, grade and classification of button.

The ivory plant has recently been discovered in California, but the nut it produces in its wild state is of inferior quality and will not make good buttons. It is believed though, that with the proper cultivation the fruit would be as valuable as the Central American. If so the growing of buttons in America would become an industry of importance second only to the growing of corn, wheat and cotton, for everybody wears buttons.

The best ivory nut for commercial purposes is found on the banks of the River Magdaleria, in the United States of Colombia, where by some it is called the Tagua palm. The fruit forms a globular head about twice the size of a man's head and weighs from twenty to twenty-eight pounds. The head is a kind of cluster of bulbs, and in all contains from fifty to sixty seeds. The seeds are allowed to dry and are harvested several times a year by the natives.

The Apparel Gazette, the great dealers' authority on everything that people wear, says: "The ivory nut is used almost solely in the manufacture of buttons, though some factories also make poker chips from them. The nut, however, has superseded the archaic mud, rubber and bone buttons in vogue formerly. It admits of wider and more varied treatment for this purpose than any other known substance, and is easily worked. The United States consumes more than one-half of the world's product of ivory nuts and nine-tenths of the vegetable ivory is manufactured into buttons.

"When the nut reaches the button factory it is cut into three slabs. In the process of cutting out, the button is partially shaped. Afterwards the thread holes are drilled and countersunk. The button is then sent to the polisher, who uses the shavings and powder made in drilling to polish them in their white state. Afterward they are sent to the designer, who traces on the buttons in indelible dyes the designs needed to make them match the various weaves, coloring and textures of fabrics. After receiving these outlines, if the buttons are to remain smooth and receive another coat of coloring, they are put into dye. If they are to be stamped with a serrated pattern, they are put into a pressing machine fitted with dies of the pattern desired."—Popular Mechanics.

CROWNING IS UNNECESSARY.

Plenty of Monarchs Reign Comfortably Without the Ceremony.

The suggestion is made in certain high quarters that the coronation—unless privately performed—should in future be discontinued altogether.

There are various potent reasons for this. In the first place, the sovereign in these days does not require coronation. The fact of his being on the throne is sufficient justification for his sovereignty. In the old days, before the ceremony became a mere religious function, as at present, it was regarded as essential to crown the king before his right and title could be looked upon as unquestioned. He was then actually accepted by the nobility and the people as the rightful sovereign, against whom all pretenders had ever after no legal claim.

Nowadays the coronation does not even serve the purpose of symbolizing kingship. That fact is assumed by the accession ceremony following the death of a predecessor. That the coronation ceremony is not now regarded in the same light as heretofore is attested by the fact that most of the reigning kings of Europe have never been crowned.

The kaiser, who has now been on the throne for over twelve years, will probably never have the crown, either of Prussia or Germany, placed upon his imperial head.

There is a story prevalent on the continent that the bishop of Posen, whose predecessors have crowned Prussian kings for many generations, is persona non grata with the kaiser, and that as long as the present bishop lives the sovereign will not allow him to perform the ceremony; but there is also a belief that the kaiser is not particular whether he is crowned or not, so long as he is on the throne firmly and irrevocably.

Victor Emmanuel, king of Italy, has not been crowned; nor has Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, who, though her coming of age was generally mistaken for a coronation, has not yet had her crown placed on her head.

The same is true of the king of Spain, whose coming of age and accession were not an actual coronation.

The sultan, who is now one of the longest-reigning monarchs in Europe, has never had the ceremony performed, and it is certain that he never will be crowned. There is no crown symbolic of Ottoman sovereignty.—London Express.

Tolstoi's Little Joke.

An old friend of Leo Tolstoi, writing to the "Novoe Vremya," related an incident which occurred in the novelist's recent visit to the Crimea, says an exchange. A rich American arrived in his yacht, accompanied by a party of friends, and asked permission to see the great Russian, who was ill, promising that they would be content with a glimpse and would not trouble him with talk. Leave was granted.

Tolstoi sat upon his balcony, "like a Buddhist idol," as he said, and the whole party of Americans defiled slowly and silently before him, taking their gaze as they passed.

One lady, however, refused to be bound by the contract. She stood still for a minute, and shouted: "Leo Tolstoi, Leo Tolstoi, all your noble writings have had a profound influence upon my life, but the one which has taught me the most is your—." Here she forgot the name of the work.

The sick author leaned over the rail of the balcony, and whispered with a smile, "The Dead Souls?" "Yes, yes," she replied. "That book," said Tolstoi, "was written by Gogol, not by me."

Worn-out Money.

"Instead of the old-fashioned 'Good-by,' the blase youth now says, 'Don't take any bad money,'" said an official of the Chicago subtreasury the other day. "Well, we go on the proposition, 'Take anything that looks like money,' and those chaps that are so afraid of the bogus money should not be particular.

"There is money brought to this window that resembles anything except the legal tender of the United States. Torn greenbacks and brownbacks, and even yellowbacks, are common, but they do not cause any discomfort.

"'Take anything that looks like money' is my advice. After that, if you don't like the looks of it, bring it here, and we will either give you something better-looking or stamp it full of holes, which spell, 'Counterfeit.'"

Good Reasons for Passing By.

Weary Wraggles—Hey! you won't git nothin' decent in dere. Dem people is vegetarians.

Hungry Hank—Is dat right?

Weary Wraggles—Yeh, an' dey got a dog wa't ain't.—Philadelphia Press.

Their Identity.

Inquisitive Party—What are those peculiar-looking things?

Dealer—Pressed family skeletons the closets of flat dwellers.—Judge.

Many women and doctors do not recognize the real symptoms of derangement of the female organs until too late.

"I had terrible pains along my spinal cord for two years and suffered dreadfully. I was given different medicines, wore plasters; none of these things helped me. Reading of the cures that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought about, I somehow felt that it was what I needed and bought a bottle to take. How glad I am that I did so; two bottles brought me immense relief, and after using three bottles more I felt new life and blood surging through my veins. It seemed as though there had been a regular house cleaning through my system, that all the sickness and poison had been taken out and new life given me instead. I have advised dozens of my friends to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Good health is indispensable to complete happiness, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has secured this to me." —MRS. LAURA L. BREMER, Crown Point, Indiana, Secretary Ladies Relief Corps.—$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Every sick woman who does not understand her ailment should write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free and always helpful.

A Natural Inquiry.

Little Nellie was out riding one day with her mother and as they passed a cemetery, she asked: "Mamma, how long does it take for the tombstones to come up after they plant people?

Passing Relief.

Miss Gidda—What did he say when you told him I was married?

Miss Speitz—Well, he seemed surprised.

Miss Speitz—No, but he asked how it happened.—Philadelphia Press.

Successful Experiment.

"Mabel married that awfully dissipated young Flutterly to reform him."

"And is she satisfied with her choice?"

"I should say she is. His uncle died last week and left half a million."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Permanent Cure.

Hodge—You mean to say that Christian Science cured you?

Podge—Sure!

Hodge—Of appendicitis?

Podge—No. Of Christian Science. --Brooklyn Life.

Japan's First Bicycle Factory.

The first bicycle factory in Japan is about to start with large capital.

Evening Things Up.

Boggs—They say that, after a time, the engineer of a limited flyer loses his nerve.

Joggs—The engineer does, but not the Pullman porter.

Made a Difference.

Miss Mainchance—I suppose you've heard of my engagement to Mr. Jenks?

Her Friend—Yes, and I confess I was surprised. You told me once that you wouldn't marry him for ten thousand pounds.

Miss Mainchance—I know, dear but discovered later that he had fifty thousand.—Cassell's Journal.

The Real Thing.

"How cultured and polished that Mrs. Kazaroma is."

"I know it. Whenever a person sings anything she always calls it rendering it, doesn't she?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

In After Years.

Mrs. Whoopem—There was a time when I was actually proud of the powerful voice you put into your college yell; but now I wish it had been only a whisper.

Whoopem—Why do you say that, my dear?

Mrs. Whoopem—Because the baby has inherited the aforesaid yell; that's why."

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

HE DIDN'T KNOCK FIVE.

Why the Young Doctor Had to Bombard His Own House.

They had been married only a short while. He was a young and struggling physician, and she a very sweet, devoted little wife, but very much afraid of burglars, so that when it did happen that the doctor had a sick call during the wee hours, they resorted to all means that she might know that it was he who wished to enter the house upon his return and not the dreaded night prowlers.

The calls were not many, but somehow they had never hit upon a successful plan until the wife exclaimed one morning at breakfast: "I have it now, Jack; after this you knock five times and let there be a minute between each knock; then I'll be sure to know it is yourself." Jack, so the story goes, was not in favor of having to wait five minutes to gain entrance to his own house, but ever anxious to please, agreed to the arrangement, and one night last week had occasion to test it. Someone was dying, the messenger said, and wanted a doctor immediately; would he come? Whereupon Jack tumbled into his clothes and in the confusion didn't hear or, what was more likely, forgot all about the five knocks that he was to give the front door upon his return.

During his absence the fearful wife "could hear nothing but knocks," she afterward said, "and I was just so nervous alone in a strange house and neighborhood, that I thought Jack had been gone an hour before he had time to turn the corner. Finally I heard the bell ring; then somebody tried the door. I was nearly dead from fright and don't know what would have happened had it not been that any number of stones began storming against the house. I knew this was an unusual attack for burglars, so with a prayer on my lips that Jack would return at least some time during that dreadful night, I ventured to the window and peeped out. It was Jack, and he saw me."

"You've waked up the whole neighborhood. Why don't you let me in?" he fairly shouted.

"Why didn't you knock?" came back the small voice.

"Why didn't I knock?" again shrieked the irate husband. "Didn't you hear the panel fall out of the door?"

"I know," sobbed the timid little wife; "but you didn't knock the right number; it was five, don't you remember?"—Washington Post.

QUEER STORIES

Postoffices were first established in 1464.

The wrist contains eight bones, the palm five and the fingers fourteen.

In the Black forest industrious mechanics are turning out paper knives, cigarette cases, etc., labeled "Made of wood grown near the Matoppos, where Cecil Rhodes is buried."

The hydrogen atom has hitherto been considered the smallest particle of matter, but the incandescent particles in the vacuum of a Crooks tube are but one-thousandth as large.

Fowls are supposed to have been first domesticated in China 1400 B. C. This is probably about the same period when, according to Lamb, the Chinese discovered the succulency of roast pig.

The city of Christiania long ago went to law on the question of liability for the support of an aged woman. When the case was settled recently it was discovered that the old woman had been dead for years.

Queen Alexandra's laces, linens and silks are perfumed by a method which almost any woman can copy. The drawers in which they are kept are lined with white paper, strewn with rose petals. On this is placed a layer of the fabrics to be scented, over that a layer of rose leaves, and so on in alternation until the drawer is filled. Over all a sheet of tissue is spread. At the end of twenty-four hours everything in the drawer will have a delicate perfume that will cling to it for a long time. Perfumes are believed to make clothes and linen much more wholesome. Flowers and certain prepared perfumes have excellent medicinal qualities.

With our forefathers, disease was an evil influence. We should no longer look at it in that way, at least, so we are assured in a recent address by Sir Frederick Treves, an English physician. To the modern expert, he says, disease is merely the outcome of natural processes whose purpose, at bottom, is a kindly or beneficent one. Its symptoms are merely "expressions of a natural effort toward cure;" they are "not malign in intent, but have for their end the ridding of the body of the very troubles which they are supposed to represent." After all, however, this view is not so very new. Even in the Middle Ages wise men talked of the "curative force of nature," and in this phase lies the truth on which Sir Frederick has based his lecture. Still, it is frequently forgotten that nature means well by us, and it is a good thing to be once in a while reminded of it.

Fame's Ladder.

top,
its
to
struggle
we
round
after
Round

And
then
come
down
again
without
a
stop!

—Smart Set.

Naturally.

Miss Olden (coyly)—Mr. Timmid called to see me last night and I had a proposal——"

Miss Speitz—Yes?

Miss Olden—You don't appear to be at all curious to know what he said.

Miss Speitz—Oh, I suppose he said "yes," of course.—Philadelphia Press.

Spanish proverb: Live with the wolves, and you will learn to howl.

Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling out badly. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out."
Miss Minnie Hoover, Paris, Ill.

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

$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.

Works Him Regularly.

Dinguss—Where do you invest your money?

Shadbolt—Well, I generally have $5 or $10 invested somewhere about you.

For forty year's Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

The Bitter Bit.

He—Bah! Women are fools. She (sweetly)—Well, if there is anything in heredity, and acquaintance with some of their sons would lead us to think so.—Halfpenny Comic.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Hard to Meet Them, Though.

Miss Romantique (ecstatically)—I guess in Bohemia every one is Tom, Dick and Harry.

Painter Lott (a poor artist)—Oh, yes, and there are a good many bills there too.—Indianapolis Journal.

REIERSON MACHINERY CO.
(Successors to John Poole)
Foot of Morrison Street, Portland, Oregon
The Eli Gasoline Engine—A child can run it. Valves and all working parts covered up. 2 h. p., $135; 4 h. p., $235; 6 h. p., $350. "Put in a little Gasoline and then go to sleep."
Write for illustrated catalogue and for price on anything you need in the machinery line.

Strawberry Crates
Folding Hallocks
We have a complete line of fruit packages in stock at Portland. Quick delivery on small orders. Write for quotations on carload lots.
Bee Hives and Sections.
Foundation & Hive Furniture
MANN, THE SEEDMAN
188 Front St., PORTLAND, OREGON.

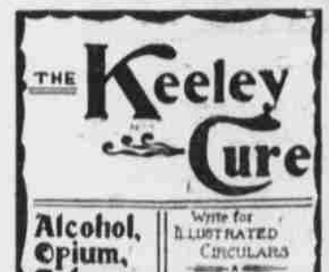
THE Keeley Cure
Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using
Write for ILLUSTRATED CIRCULARS
East 4 Montgomery Sts. PORTLAND, ORE. Telephone Main 394

DYSPEPSIA
"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."
DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER
Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 313

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

The Champion Draw Cut Mower



The Mower with the "DRAW CUT" "drawing" the cutting bar from a point ahead, causing the wheels to press harder on the ground, and giving increased power for hard cutting.
It is no "push cut," "pushing" the bar from behind, when the more cutting, the more tendency for the wheels to lift from the ground.
See the point? The "Draw Cut" Champion keeps the wheels on the ground and is the most powerful cutter in the field. Has many convenient features.
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