

Ayer's

This falling of your hair! Stop it, or you will soon be bald. Give your hair some Ayer's Hair Vigor. The falling will stop, the hair will grow, and the scalp will be clean and healthy. Why be satisfied with poor hair when you can make it rich?

My hair nearly all came out. I then tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and only one bottle stopped the falling. Now hair came in real thick and just a little curly.—Mrs. L. M. SMITH, Andover, N. H.

10¢ a bottle. 50¢ a box. Sold everywhere.

for Thick Hair

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Cautious and Doings that Are Old, Caricatures and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Biggs—Did you ever notice what a healthy-looking man Dr. Pellet is?
Diggs—Yes; he looks so different from his patients. I wonder who his physician is?

Force of Habit.
 "I appreciate the fact that you have honored me with a proposal," said the dear girl, "but are you sure your love for me is the real thing?"
 "Perhaps not," frankly replied the young drug clerk, "but it is less expensive and just as good."

Equal to the Emergency.

Mr. Lovelorn—Oh, Miss Matilda, my heart is on fire for three—it is burning!

Miss Matilda—Sakes alive! That ought to put it out and cool ye, too!

His Explanation.

"But why," I asked the good wife, "are you so anxious to secure the top flat in that ten-story apartment house?"
 "Because," explained the household freight payer, "the elevator would be a great help to us in bringing up the children."

Such Dear Friends, Too.

Clara—I'll tell you a secret, dear, if you'll promise never to repeat it.
 Maude—All right. Out with it.
 Clara—Fred proposed to me last night.
 Maude—Oh, say, doesn't he do it awkwardly, though?

Feminine Charity.

Mrs. De Playne—When I married my husband his eyesight was very poor.
 Mrs. Dimples—Yes, it must have been.
 It looked that way.
 Mrs. Henpeck—I don't think she'll ever marry him.
 Mr. Henpeck—Why not?
 Mrs. Henpeck—Oh, she quarrels with him so and is so domineering.
 Mr. Henpeck—Indeed? I'll bet they have been secretly married already.—Philadelphia Press.

Billville Literary Note.

A Billville literary note reads as follows:
 "While one of our leading authors was peacefully plowing in the field some miscreant stole his shirt, his shoes and six poems. Verily the way of the literary man is not as smooth as a railroad."—Atlanta Constitution.

What Papa Said.

Willie—Why, grandma, are you going home?
 Papa—Just said yesterday that he thought you were going to stay forever.

Not Up-to-Date.

"He has a promising future. He's a very eloquent young preacher."
 "Oh, he's too old-fashioned. He will insist upon taking his texts from the Bible."—Philadelphia Press.

Possible Explanation.

Miles—There is said to be a race of savages in Africa whose vocabulary consists of but eight words.
 Giles—What! Do you mean to say there are no females among them?

Taken for Granted.

Judge—Why did you arrest this man?
 Officer—For profanity on the street.
 Judge—Did you hear him using it?
 Officer—No, but his shoestring broke twice as he was running for a car.

Up to Her.

"What would you do if I were to die?" asked the bride of six months.
 "That's for you to say, my dear," replied the other half of the sketch.
 "Which would you prefer—burial or cremation?"

Hereditary.

"I hear," said the friend of the family, "that your son is sowing wild oats broadcast since he went to the city."
 "That's after his old dad, I reckon," replied older man Corntassel. "Th' farmer in him air bound tew crop out, by hont!"

Advice.

"Anybody kin give advice," said Uncle Eben, "but it takes a right smart man to pick out de right kind an' take it."—Washington Star.

Absent-Minded.

Mrs. Schoppen—I want five pounds of sugar, please.
 Grocer—Yes; anything else?
 Mrs. Schoppen—No, that's all; I'll take it with me if it isn't too heavy a package.
 Grocer—Oh, it'll only weigh three or four pounds, ma'am.—Philadelphia Press.

Where He Was Lacking.

"Brer Thomas wuz always singin' dat song 'bout 'De Yuther Side of Jordan,' but you orter heerd him w'en de doctor tol' him his time had come ter go dar!"
 "What he say den?"
 "Bellowed lak a bull, en' bollerred: 'I can't swim! I never did take no swimmin' lessons!'"—Atlanta Constitution.

Unabashed.

"It is hinted," said the close adviser, "that there is no reason for your having so much money."
 "My friend," answered Senator Sorghum, "those people don't understand our social system. Nowadays it is a waste of time to expect a man to stand up and apologize for having money."—Washington Star.

What Did She Mean?

"If you feel chilly," said he, as they strolled, "remember I have your shawl here on my arm."
 "You might put it around me," she said, demurely.—Philadelphia Press.

Prudent Boss.

The contractor frowned up at the bricklayer sitting dangerously near the edge of the scaffold.
 "Git off av thar, Thomas Murphy!" he finally bellowed. "First thing Ol know ye will fall tin stories, break ye polpe awn want an hour to go out awn buy a new one."

On the Jersey Coast.

"I'm not going to remain at this hotel another night."
 "What's the trouble?"
 "Why, do you know that object in our room we took to be a trolley car fender?"
 "Yes?"
 "Well, the landlord says it's mosquito netting."

Future Assured.

"Yes, we found the baby playing with a volume of verse."
 "Indeed? He will probably turn out to be a poet."
 "But he tore the verses up and tossed them out of the window."
 "Did, eh? Well, that shows he's going to be an editor."

He Read It.

The Deaf and Dumb-Beggar—A friend told me this morning that the police are going to stop begging on the streets.
 The Blind Beggar—Yes; I read that in the paper yesterday.

Willing to Repair.

"Young man," said the stern father, "you have been calling on my daughter until you have worn out the sofa. You know what that means, don't you?"
 "Certainly, sir," responded the young man, "I'll send up an upholsterer tomorrow."

Given a Raise.

With tender hands they took him from the topmost branches of a tall pine.
 "What happened?" he gasped feebly.
 "You were tossed by a bull," they responded.
 "Then it's not so bad. I thought I was tossed by a racing automobile."

Trials of Cupid.

"Yes," related the romantic young man, "as we sat on the park bench I leaned over and planted a kiss on her ruby lips."
 "Planted, eh?" remarked the buffoon friend. "Did you raise anything?"
 "Yes. A policeman saw me and soon afterward I had to raise \$10 for a fine."

Love in a Flat.

"Why does Harker look so cross these days?"
 "He's married and has three little ones."
 "I don't see why three children should put him in a bad humor."
 "Who said anything about children? He is married and has three little rooms."

It Would Seem So.

"Truth," remarked the moralizer, "is stranger than fiction."
 "Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and the majority of men seem to be shy of associating with strangers."

Himself and Another.

Him—There are two men of my acquaintance whom I really admire.
 Her—Indeed! And what is the name of the other one?
 Him—London Coffee Houses.

Eruptions

The only way to get rid of pimples and other eruptions is to cleanse the blood, improve the digestion, stimulate the kidneys, liver and skin. The medicine to take is **Hood's Sarsaparilla** Which has cured thousands.

"Esprit de Corps"

All the tiny cripples in the neighborhood of the settlement house, together with a few able-bodied children, had been feasted on cake and lemonade. When one of the deformed mites was ready to go home he missed his coat, which search failed to find. The young woman who had been ministering to the wants of the company had seen one of the able-bodied girls go out with something under her shawl too bulky to be secreted cake.
 "Run, my dear, to Jenny," she said to one of the lads. "In picking up her shawl perhaps she got hold of something else by mistake."
 The boy moved off on his stumpy crutch, and when he returned he held the coat up in triumph. The "accident" had happened; Jenny had picked it up with the shawl.

Well Fitted to Be a Judge.

A funny story comes from the South, where the cynic had gone to spend a few of the cold days of January. While courting his way through Georgia he stopped off to see an old friend and a jaunt through the country was the outcome of his visit. It happened that his friend was quite prominent in politics in the vicinity, and as they trudged down the road an old lady approached and saluted them cheerfully.
 "Mornin', Judge," began old Sam.
 "Howdy."
 "Say, Judge, I see like to be on de nex' ticket for justice uv de peace," continued Sam.
 "You a judge?" replied my friend.
 "Why, what do you know about the law?"
 "Mos' eberythin'."
 "Well, now, Sam, if we should elect you and a man was brought before you charged with committing suicide what would your judgment be?"
 This caused Sam some deep meditation, and after a considerable wait he replied:
 "Well, under de circumstances, I guess I'd make him support his wife."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Voice From Arkansas.

Cleveland, Ark., August 15 (special).—Nearly every newspaper tells of some wonderful cure of some form of Kidney Disease by the Great American Remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills, and this part of Arkansas is not without its share of evidence that no case is too deeply rooted for Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure.
 Mr. A. E. Carille, well known and highly respected here, tells of his cure after nearly a quarter of a century's suffering. Mr. Carille says:
 "I want to let the public know what I think of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I think they are the best remedy for sick kidneys ever made."
 "I had Kidney Trouble for 23 years and never found anything that did me so much good as Dodd's Kidney Pills. I recommend them to all sufferers."
 There is no uncertain sound about Mr. Carille's statement. He knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills rescued him from a life of suffering and he wants the public to know it. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney ills from Backache to Bright's Disease.

Roscoe Conkling's Big Fee.

It is said that one day when Roscoe Conkling was beginning to attain some measure of success he dropped into the office of Charles O'Connor, of New York, then one of the leaders of the bar.
 "What's the trouble?" asked the latter, as Conkling excitedly paced the floor.
 "I've just been subjected to the worst insult I have ever received. This is the first time a client ever objected to my fee."
 "You know I defended Gibbons for arson and put in some tremendous work for him. He was convicted at the trial, but we couldn't help it, and I took the case to the Superior Court, and he lost there, then on to the Supreme Court, and that affirmed the conviction, and he has been given ten years. Now, my fee only amounted to \$3,000, and the scoundrel actually has the audacity to grumble about it, saying it's too high. What do you think of that for impudence?"
 "Well," said O'Connor, slowly, "of course you did a lot of work, and \$3,000 is not a big fee, but to be frank with you, Mr. Conkling, my opinion, founded on mature consideration, is that he might have been convicted for less money."

Cavalrymen Who Ride Oxen.

The oddest cavalry in the world is maintained on the west coast of Madagascar by Governor General J. G. Gallien. While the French troops in that country are ample to meet the occasional revolutions, the governor general makes use of the native talent for police work in out of the way localities. On the west coast of Africa is a tribe of natives, possibly racially connected with the Hovas, who are known as the Sakahova, the most warlike tribe of the country. The natives, in imitation of French troops, organized an oxen cavalry corps, under command of a French officer. They are armed with modern long-handled lances or spears and side arms.

An Unfair Advantage.

The Czar—Why did you lose that battle?
 Gen. Zolticoff—The Japanese attacked us in our rear.
 "I was informed that they attacked you in front."
 "Yes, but that was our rear when they got there."

THE PUBLIC EYE

Frederick Kent Loomis, whose body has been found in Bigbury Bay, 15 miles southeast of Plymouth, England, was en route to Abyssinia when he disappeared. He was a passenger on the Kaiser Wilhelm II., and was missed when the boat reached Bremen on the night of June 19 last. Next day when passengers landed at Plymouth he was not seen. With Loomis, who was brother of Assistant Secretary of State Loomis, was William H. Ellis, a colored man. Loomis was carrying to Emperor Menelik a commercial treaty just concluded between the United States and Abyssinia. It has been alleged that Ellis possesses a peculiar influence over Menelik, and that he has a desire to become ruler of Abyssinia. He is reported to have told friends in New York before he sailed with Loomis that he expected within two years to have control of \$150,000,000 and of the richest country in Africa.

James H. Peabody, Governor of Colorado, has been leading the strenuous life since last August, when the State began to be stricken by the miners' strike that has since resulted in many deaths, riots, court controversies and crimes of various degrees. Governor Peabody is a native of Vermont and is 51 years old. He was educated in the public schools JAMES H. PEABODY, and as a young man was a noted athlete. For a time Governor Peabody worked as a dry goods clerk in Boston, later going to Colorado. He settled in Canyon City, his present home, and engaged in mercantile business. Fortune favored him, and in 1885 he became a banker.

Professor Goldwin Smith, who favors a home rule parliament for Ireland, is a celebrated historian and essayist, whose literary fame is world-wide. He was born at Reading, England, Aug. 23, 1823, and was educated at Eton and Oxford, gaining two scholarships and various prizes. In 1847 he was called to the English bar. He was regius professor of modern history at Oxford for eight years, and later was honorary professor of English and constitutional history at Cornell. Professor Smith is an advocate of reciprocity between the United States and Canada, and during the civil war was an active champion of the North.

The nominee of the Prohibitionists for President is Silas C. Swallow, of Pennsylvania. Swallow is one of the shining lights of the temperance cause. He is past his 60th year and for more than a generation has been engaged in booming Prohibition. He made a phenomenal run for Treasurer of Pennsylvania at one time, receiving about 120,000 votes. SILAS C. SWALLOW. Then he ran for Governor and did nearly as well, threatening the Republican ticket. Four years ago he sought the nomination which has now been given him, but John G. Woolley was the successful aspirant. Mr. Swallow is a Methodist minister and editor of the Pennsylvania Methodist.

Don Jaime, of Bourbon, second son of Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, saw in the Russo-Japanese quarrel an opportunity to shake off a little of the obscurity which has for some time enveloped the Bourbon princes. He hastened to St. Petersburg and offered his services to the Czar. They were accepted, and Don Jaime is now an officer in the Russian army in the Far East. The prince is in his thirty-fourth year, and has been given little chance to distinguish himself. He is heir to his father's pretensions to the Spanish throne.

Should Have Known Better.

"What was the trouble between Josher and his wife?"
 "She stated that a certain young lady of their acquaintance was the handsomest girl in town, and he agreed with her."—Butte Inter-Mountain.

Knowledge and Experience.

She—What is a silent partner?
 He—Did you ever dance with a deaf-and-dumb man?

Friendly Suggestion.

"My heart is still unquenched," sighed the slender summer girl.
 "Why don't you write on your card 'Flat to let?'" asked her plump cousin, in who was wearing a broad smile and a new engagement ring.

Never Called Down.

Hoax—Old Adam had one advantage over the modern after-dinner speaker.
 Joax—What was that?
 Hoax—After he had finished no man ever said, "I always did like that story."

CONSUMED BY A FIRE THAT WATER WILL NOT QUENCH

Eczema drives its victim almost to the verge of distraction by its intolerable itching, stinging and burning. It seems to set the skin on fire, and the tormented sufferer rubs and scratches till the flesh is raw and the skin is torn and bleeds. Nothing applied externally does much good, for the disease is internal; the blood is aflame with acid poisons, that are forcing their way through the glands and pores of the skin, causing it to redden and swell and break out in blotches, pustules and pimples, from which a clear, yellow, watery matter exudes, hardens and dries, and then peels off in scales or fine particles like bran. Eczema kindles a fire that water will not quench, and that lotions, salves, powders and soap cannot smother. As warm weather comes on and the system is reacting and the blood making extra efforts to throw off the accumulated poisons, Eczema attacks with redoubled violence, and the sufferer is almost distracted by the fearful itching and burning. It is the most uncomfortable and aggravating of all skin eruptions and a terror in warm weather.

Local remedies give temporary ease, but as Eczema is not due to outside causes, but to a disordered condition of the system and an over-acid and impure blood, the treatment must be constitutional, or internal. Purify the blood and the skin disease will disappear. No better blood remedy can be found than S. S. S. It builds up the sour and acid blood, rids it of all impurities and poisons, stimulates the sluggish organs, and invigorates and tones up the entire system; and as all skin eruptions like Eczema are only symptoms or signs of bad blood, they naturally disappear when that vital fluid is again restored to health. S. S. S. is guaranteed strictly vegetable. It is not only a blood purifier, but a splendid tonic and appetizer, making it an ideal spring medicine. Treat Eczema through the blood, or you will never get permanently rid of it. Write for our book on the Skin and its Diseases, which is mailed free. Medical advice furnished without cost to you. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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