RHEUMATISM ROBS LIFE of PLEASURE

Rheumatism does more than any other disease to rob life of pleasure and comfort. It is so painful and far-reaching in its effects on the system that those afflicted with it find themselves utterly unable to enjoy bodily comfort or any of the pleasures of life. Some are bound hand and foot and suffer constantly with excruciating pains, swollen, stiff joints and muscles, and often distorted, crooked limbs, while others have intervals of freedom, during which they live in constant fear and dread of the next attack, when, at the least exposure to damp weather, or slight irregularity of any kind, the disease will return.

I had been troubled with Rheumatism for two years, had been under the treatment of physicians, and tried everything recommended to me, but all to no avail. My knee and elbow joints were so stiff that I could not use them. I was unable to do my household work, and was truly in a pitiable condition. S. S. S. cured me after using it for awhile, and I unhesitatingly give it the credit it so much deserves.

Sta. A., E. Liverpool, O. MRS. M. A. DUCKER.

The cause of Rheumatism is a sour, acid condition of the blood, produced by food lying undigested in the stomach, poor bowel action, weak kidneys and a general sluggish condition of the system. External applications, such as liniments, oils, plasters, etc., do not reach the cause and can only give temporary relief. The blood must be cleansed and purified before a cure can be had. S. S. S. attacks the disease in the right way—it neutralizes the poison and filters out every particle of it from the blood, stimulates the sluggish organs and clears the system of all foreign matter. It cures the disease permanently and safely because it contains no harmful minerals to derange the stomach and digestion. Book on Rheumatism and any advice you wish, without charge.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Railroads and Progress.

In his testimony before the senate committee on interstate commerce at Washington, on May 4, Prof. Hugo R. Meyer, of Chicago university, an expert on railroad management, made this statement:

"Let us look at what might have happened if we had heeded the protests of the farmers of New York and Ohio and Pennsylvania (in the seventies when grain from the West began pouring to the Atlantic seaboard) and acted upon the doctrine which the Interstate Commerce commission has enunciated time and again, that no man may be deprived of the advantages accruing to him by virtue of his geographical position. We could not have west of the Mississippi a population of millions of people who are prosperous and are great consumers. We never should have seen the years when we built 10,000 and 12,000 miles of railway for there would have been no farmers west of the Mississippi river who could have used the land that would have been opened up by the building of those railways. And if we had not seen the years when we could build 10,000 and 12,000 miles of railway in a year, we should not have today east of the Mississippi a steel and iron producing center which is at once the marvel and the despair of Europe, because we could not have built up a steel and iron industry if there had been no market for its product.

"We could not have in New England a great boot and shoe industry; we could not have in New England a great cotton milling industry; we could not have spread throughout New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio manufacturing industries of the most diversified kinds, because those industries would have no market among the farmers west of the Mississippi river.

"And while the progress of this country, while the development of the agricultural West of this country, did mean the impairment of the agricultural value east of the Mississippi river that ran up into hundreds of millions of dollars, it meant incidentally the building up of great manufacturing industries that added to the value of this land by thousands of millions of dollars. And, gentlemen, those things were not foreseen in the seventies. The statesmen and the publicmen of this country did not see what part the agricultural development of the West was going to play in the industrial development of the East. And you may read the decisions of the Interstate Commerce commission from the first to the last, and what is one of the greatest characteristics of those decisions? The continued inability to see the question in this large way.

"The Interstate Commerce commission never can see anything more than that the farm land of some farmer is decreasing in value, or that some man who has a flour mill with a production of 50 barrels a day is being crowded out. It never can see that the destruction or impairment of farm values in this place means the building up of farm values in that place, and that that shifting of values is a necessary incident to the industrial and manufacturing development of this country. And if we shall give to the Interstate Commerce commission power to regulate rates, we shall no longer have our rates regulated on the statesmanlike basis on which they have been regulated in the past by railway men, who really have been great statesmen, who really have been great builders of empires, who have had an imagination that rivals the imagination of the greatest poet and of the greatest inventor, and who have operated with a courage and daring that rivals the courage and daring of the greatest military general. But we shall have our rates regulated by a body of civil servants, bureaucrats, whose besetting sin the world over is that they never can grasp a situation in a large way and with the grasp of the statesman; that they never can see the fact that they are confronted with a small evil; except by the creation of evils and abuses which are infinitely greater than the one that is to be corrected."

FUN WITH SHADOW VERBS.

An Amusing Game for the Entertainment of Children.

To play the game of shadow verbs a white sheet is fastened tightly across a doorway and a large lamp set behind it, says the Detroit Free Press. The children separate into two parties, one outside the sheet, while the others remain seated, facing the suspended sheet. The outside party chooses a verb, which the others are to guess and perform.

When their decision is made they call to the leader of the inside party and say: "The verb we have chosen rhymes with 'rake,'" or whatever it may rhyme with. The leader then joins her followers and consults with them what the first guess shall be. Bake would rhyme with rake, and if it is decided to act thus, several of the party step before the lamp, which casts their shadows on the sheet, and, without speaking, go through the motions making and baking bread. If the guess is right—that is, "to bake" was the verb chosen—the spectators clap their hands. If wrong, they cry, "No, no!"

When they hear the "No, no!" the actors retire and arrange what to do next. Make, quake, take, wake, are all acted in turn until the clap of approval announces that they have been successful in guessing the verb. Then the actors take the steps vacated by the spectators, who in their turn become shadows and act the verbs chosen by the other party.

Dog-Magic.

The young person who stood before a picture of the head of a Spanish lady at the London Art Club exhibition read the number slowly, "One hundred and ninety-one"—and Punch overheard the rest.

"One hundred and ninety-one," she repeated, then referred to her catalogue. "'Tete Espagnole' or however you pronounce it, what's that?"

"Why, spaniel's head, of course," explained her companion, with the assurance of a man who hoped he knew enough of French for that. "Must be numbered wrong."

Name something with two heads and one body. Ans.—A barrel.

"Any germs in this milk?" "Not that I know of. No extra charges if there are."

Knicker—Didn't the doctor build you up? Bocker—Yes; but he seems to think he built a bank.—Harper's Bazar.

William—There's one thing about Miss Charming's house I don't like, Arthur—What's that? William—Her father.

Meekly—Yes, we're going to move to Swamphurst. Doctor—But the climate there may disagree with your wife. Meekly—It wouldn't dare!—Tit-Bits.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, if your papa caught one fish of three pounds, one of five and one of four, how much would they all weigh? Johnny—Twenty.—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Flynn—An phwat's yer son Moike doin' now, Mrs. Casey? Mrs. Casey—Shure, Moike ain't doin' anything, Mrs. Flynn. He's got a gover'ment job.—Sue Hopkins' Book.

"He's a thorough Bohemian is Jack," cried an actor in praise of an acquaintance. "He'd give you his last shilling without thought of repayment." "Yes, or borrow yours on the same terms," responded his friend.

Editor—So you want a position as weather reporter, eh? What do you know about reporting the weather? Hiram Boots—What do I know? Gosh, I've got the biggest corns in this here county.—Chicago News.

Mamma—There! You have a black eye and a bloody nose and your coat is torn to bits. How many times have I told you not to play with that bad Brown boy? Bobby—Gee, ma! Do I look like we'd been a-playin'?—Cleveland Leader.

Modern Mother—Why, child alive, what are you taking off that dolly's clothes for? Modern Child—I'm going to 'examine her to see if she's been vaccinated. I can't have 'scarpendlin' 'bagion among my other dollies.—Baltimore American.

"Oh! Ouch! Stop that!" yelled Tommy. "Why, Tommy, aren't you ashamed?" exclaimed his mother. "I wouldn't cry like that if it were my hair that was being combed." "I'll bet you would if I was doin' the combin'," replied Tommy, fervently.—Catholic Standard.

"You can't show me a single reason," blustered the pater familias, "why we should go to the seashore this summer." "What?" cried his wife, pointing to their quartet of marriageable daughters, "I can show you four single reasons."—Philadelphia Press.

"What a nice little boy," said the minister, who was making a call; "won't you come and shake hands, my son?" "Naw!" snapped the nice little boy. "My gracious! Don't you like me?" "Naw! I had ter git me hands an' face washed jist because you come."

There was a smell of cookies in the kitchen when Tommy made his morning call on his grandmother. "I suppose you have just had your breakfast, Tommy," she said, "and you're not hungry." "Gran'ma," he answered, "boys is always hungry."—Chicago Tribune.

Jim Persimmons—I reckon dat's a ten-horse-power automobile! Pete Possum—Wot! You reckon dat machine's got ten times as much power as dis horse o' mine? Jim Persimmons—No; twenty times as much; dat looks like a one-half horsepower horse fat you got dar!—Puck.

Clara—You don't mean to say you have been out skating all the afternoon! I should think you'd be awfully tired. I suppose there was no place where you could sit down? Kate—Oh, yes, there were places all over the pond. I used them all, I guess.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Miss Screech—He said something to you about my singing last night, didn't he? Miss Peggery—Well, he did remark how funny the corners of your mouth looked when you sang. "The idea! How could he have seen them?" "Why not? He was sitting directly behind you while you sang."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A lady entered a railway station not a hundred miles from Edinburgh the other day, and said she wanted a ticket for London. The pale-looking clerk asked: "Single?" "It ain't any of your business," she replied. "I might have been married a dozen times if I'd like the providin' for some poor shiftless wreck of a man like you."

The editor of a country paper recently apologized to his readers for the lack of news somewhat after the following fashion: "We expected to have a death and a marriage to announce this week; but a violent storm prevented the wedding, and the doctor himself having been taken ill his patient recovered and we were accordingly cheated out of both."

An Irishman was charged with a petty offense. "Have you anyone in court who will vouch for your good character?" queried the judge. "Yes, sorr; there is the chief constable yonder," answered Pat. The chief constable was amazed. "Why, your honor, I don't even know the man," protested he. "Now, sorr," broke in Pat, "I have lived in the borough for nearly twenty years, and if the chief constable doesn't know me yet, isn't that a character for yez?"

The Hurry-Ups.

Citman—I guess you fellows living in the country are delighted to get a chance to run around in the fresh air these mornings.

Suburbs—Run around? Huh! Most of our running is right straight through the fresh air to the station.—Philadelphia Press.

"What? Fell down stairs! How did it happen?" "Why, you see, I started to go down, and my wife said, 'Be careful, John!' And I'm not the man to be dictated to by any woman, so down I went."

CLASSIC TRIBUTE TO AGE.

Cicero Gives the Lie to the Calumnies of To-day on "De Senectute."

It is a comfort for some people who do not feel that their usefulness has entirely left them though their hair be gray and their foreheads wrinkled, to turn to one of the wisest and sanest of their college classics and to read what Cicero says in his "De Senectute" concerning old age and its characteristics, says the Providence Journal. He supposes a conversation with Cato the Censor, a man of 84 years, who is apologizing for old age. Cato was the most intelligent, the most active, the man most jealous of his authority and the triumph of his ideas of any whom the Roman world of Cicero's time remembered. His latest years had been devoted to the study of Greek letters, for which he had earlier shown great contempt, and in him were gracefully mingled the gravity of Roman manners and the teachings of the Socratic philosophy. A talk goes on between Cato, Scipio and his friend Laelius upon the manner in which Cato bears his old age after the examples of Plato, Isocrates or Gorgias and Ennius, who have borne a charming old age, free from disappointment with life, and tranquil as the close of a fair autumn day.

Cato meets some of the objections which are urged against old age and finds that there are four chief things which make it seem miserable. The first inconvenience is that it withdraws a man from active life, from business which demands youthful strength of body. But, he asks, is there no work peculiar to old age, which the mind and soul alone direct, in spite of physical feeblenesses? Did Fabius Maximus do nothing, or Paulus Emilius, and the other old men, Fabricius and Curius? Appius Claudius was old and blind, and yet the senate listened to his words and obeyed them. But the memory of the aged fails. Yes, if it is not exercised or if it is naturally lazy. Cato tells his hearers that he remembers not only the names of his fellow-citizens, but also those of their fathers and grandfathers, and that no old man ever forgets where he hides his money. A man can always remember things that interest him.

In replying to the objection that old age diminishes the strength of the mind Cato says that he does not envy the force which youth possesses, as in his youth he did not desire the strength of a bull or an elephant. The wise man uses his strength according to what he has; no one can refuse to find in him the force necessary to instruct youth in the way of duty. Does old age deprive a man of pleasures? It is an admirable privilege to be able to despise many of the pleasures of youth, and instead of regrettings age is worthy of eulogy if it has for a foundation the virtues of a well-spent youth. Neither white hairs nor wrinkles can give to age authority, but only as they accompany a life rounded out in honor and virtue.

These are only a few of the arguments which Cicero pleads in favor of old age, and though suicide was common in the Rome of his time, we never find old age given as an excuse for it.

DEVICE TO COUNT COINS

Machine Does the Work and Takes the Place of Trained Brains.

Almost everyone, from the millionaires of Wall street down to the humblest bootblack, has felt the necessity of making money quickly and easily, the counting of it being a matter of secondary importance. However, the coin of the realm was produced, whether in the form of bright copper pennies or $1,000 gold certificates, it would seem like throwing the gauntlet down to fate to object to counting them. Yet there are times and conditions when men long for a machine capable of counting their money for them. Hence the electric motor coin counter and wrapping machine.

The object of such a device is obviously to facilitate the rapid and accurate counting and bundling of coins of all descriptions, from pennies to dollars, since there are many lines of business which necessitate the employment of a large staff of clerks whose sole duty heretofore has been the performance of this laborious task.

The machine counts and wraps coins at the rate of seven every second, or 420 coins every minute and does this continuously as long as the motor runs and coins are fed into the hopper. The coins are wrapped compactly at the rate of from eight to twelve bundles per minute, according to the size of the coins.

Since an expert is enabled to count and wrap only fifty coins a minute manually, it will be seen that the machine will do at least as much work as eight men.

It is true that each machine requires an operator, whose work consists of a mere cursory examination of the coins to see that there are no plugged pieces, iron washers and lead money mixed with good money. The speed of the machine is limited only by the ability of the operator to detect the spurious coins. When the machine is in operation the coins are laid upon a table to facilitate examination, when they are dropped into a hopper, whence they slide through a conduit down into the active mechanism, where they are pushed into a row.

As the coins reach the wrapper a roll of paper is fed by three driving rolls placed around the bundle of coins. By a rolling motion the paper is wrapped around the coins twice, when it is cut off by a V-shaped knife. The next and finishing process is turning in the projecting edges of the wrapper, which is done by means of crimpers, drawing the edges in opposite directions and finally turning out a smoothly rolled package held firmly in place without the use of paste.—Omaha Bee.

Pitched Lower.

In the course of her first call upon one of her husband's parishioners, young Mrs. Gray spoke feelingly of his noble, generous spirit.

"He is as nearly an altruist as man may be," she said, proudly and affectionately.

"Is he an altruist?" said her hostess, with mild surprise. "I thought from the tone of his voice that he probably was a tenor."

GOOD OLD WEDDING CUSTOMS.

Miss Rich looked up from her sewing, the New York Press says, and thoughtfully surveyed the other members of the Leaden Sewing Club. "There were neither dressmakers, caterers, decorators, musicians nor presents—only those two radiantly happy beings!" "Don't be mysterious," the secretary said, severely. "I was thinking about Molly Randolph's wedding down in North Carolina," Miss Rich said. "I was bridesmaid, you know." "Go on!" commanded the president.

"Well," Miss Rich began, "the wedding was to be at Christmas, and I went down the first week in December. I expected to find the house overrun with dressmakers, preparations going on for bridesmaids' luncheons, rehearsals—you all know the chaos that precedes a wedding here—but everything was calm and peaceful.

"Why, Molly, I said, 'you don't mean to say you have all your sewing done already?'

"'Need I have,' said Molly, 'all except the wedding gown, and they are going to start on that to-morrow.'

"Then she showed me a trunk full of the daintiest lingerie possible, all trimmed with priceless real lace—for the Randolphs were fabulously rich before the war—and her gowns, too, were the sweetest things.

"'Why,' I said, seriously, 'I didn't suppose you had such swell dressmakers here.'

"'Dressmakers!' laughed Molly. 'I couldn't afford such a luxury. I made every stitch of those things myself.'

"'Surely,' thought I, 'the wedding gown will be designed by professional aid.' Not at all. The 'they' who were to come the next day to make it proved to be members of the Randolph family, who gathered from far and near, each one armed with a thimble, and instead of the fuss and bother of a lot of strangers in the house, there we were, just a family party.

"And somehow, as we talked and sang glees and sipped stillbub handed about pirouninnies, the loveliest gown you can imagine evolved itself out of the India muslin that had been part of Molly's mother's trousseau.

"It was the same way with the wedding supper. The day before the wedding all the aunties, both black and white, swarmed about the kitchen, while we all helped shell nuts and stone raisins, and by night, as though by magic, the pantry shelves were groaning under the most delicious cakes, jellies, pates and game pies."

"And what about the music and decorations?" asked the secretary.

"A party of twenty got the greens in the woods, one men cut and we made the garlands, and together we trimmed the church. Molly's cousin played the wedding march, and the bridesmaids took turns at the piano for the dancing afterward.

"And oh, I must tell you of the quaintest thing of all. When it came time to deliver the invitations, we four bridesmaids, all dressed in white, drove about in the Randolphs' old, old carriage, and called in state at each house, the old negro footman delivering the invitations on a silver salver."

"Weren't there any presents?" asked the secretary.

"Not what we would call presents. There were chests of old linen and family silver from Molly's people, and the bridegroom gave her a diamond brooch that belonged to his great-great-great-something."

"I thought a diamond sunburst at least went with every bridegroom," the president remarked.

"Not with Molly's, he's as poor as a church mouse," Miss Rich replied. "But they marry just for love down there, and Molly wouldn't exchange that old-fashioned brooch for the most magnificent tiara in New York. She says it has never been worn by an unhappy woman."

Materialistic Help.

The people of all oriental nations have much faith in charms, amulets and talismans as means of warding off disease and all evils. The Greek church is always ready to lend its services in this way to all who need them. In "The Tale of a Tour in Macedonia" is a characteristic story as told by a Greek schoolmaster to a Turkish official.

Once upon a time there was a captain of a sailing vessel. Now it befell that his ship became infested with rats. 'Tis a strange thing, excellency, but rats do get on board ships. How they do it is not known to me. Perhaps they climb along the cables with which ships are moored to the shore, perhaps they swim. In any case, there were on this captain's vessel more rats than were good for him and his cargo.

So one day, when he was lying in port, he bethought himself to send for a priest and ask him to exercise the vermin.

The priest came, brought some holy water with him, and duly performed the ceremony. As he was going down the gangway the captain said: "Well, my father, art thou certain that the rats will go away after the exorcism?"

"Who can be certain of anything in this uncertain world, my son?" answered the priest. "Everything lies in the hands of God. But great as the efficacy of holy water undoubtedly is, I should, if I were you, get a cat or two on board as well."

An Underground City.

To read of an inhabited subterranean city seems strange, yet a place of this character actually exists in Gallicia, Austrian Poland, and with a population, too, of over 1,000 men, women and children. It is called the City of the Salt Mines, and has a town-hall of a church. This latter has several statues, all of which are carved from rock salt.

Earning a Medal.

"Has your son won any medals at college?"

"No. But he may get a hero medal in the course of time. He has been umpiring their baseball games."—Washington Star.

People who have consideration are like those who get big salaries—you hear about lots of them, but know mighty few.

The Aesthetic Young Man.

He was an aesthetic young man from the city. The floor manager introduced him to a divine young creature in blue, and they stood in the set waiting for the prompter's call.

"What a charming assembly," remarked the young man from the city, gazing around upon the array of beautiful faces and costumes. "There is something so captivating, so ethereal-izing, in these gatherings of culture and refinement, that I am always charmed when I can mingle with such a joyous throng. Do you not pronounce this a fashionable and intellectual soiree—a superior gathering of beauty and gentility?"

"It's the boss," replied the gentle creature in blue, as she arranged the fastening of a neat little glove.

The young man from the city had to be assisted out of the hall.

Willing to Risk It.

"A fool and his money are soon parted, you know," said the stingy man who had a mania for quotations.

"Well," rejoined his good wife, "for the sake of having the money to part with, I wouldn't mind being considered a little foolish."

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Find Petrified Grain.

The drillers at work in a new deep well at Junction City, Kan., are finding all sorts of odd things. Recently the drill penetrated a stratum of what appeared to be petrified rye. The grains were surprisingly like that cereal, and some one has suggested that an ante-glacial elevator or storehouse has been discovered.

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.

Nearing the Finish.

"How long has the minister been preaching?" whispered the stranger, who had wandered into church and sat down near the door.

"About thirty years, I believe," replied the other occupant of the pew.

"That being the case, continued the stranger, "I may as well stay. He must be near the end of his discourse."

For coughs and colds there is no better medicine than Piso's Cure for Consumption. Price 25 cents.

Criminals Better Formed.

Dr. J. Marty, a French criminologist, has recently made an examination of 4,000 delinquent soldiers of the French army, and has found that in height, weight, breast measure, muscular power and general condition they averaged much better than the well-behaved soldiers. Dr. Marty does not imply that criminals are by nature better physically than non-criminals, but suggests that the condition of criminal families is so much more wretched than respectable ones that only the uncommonly strong survive.

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

Honey and Vinegar.

At a "stag" dinner the other evening an old bachelor gave the following toast: Woman, the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood and the evening star of old age. Bless our stars—and may they always be kept a telephonic distance."

The names of British celebrities are being given by the London county council to municipal steamboats plying on the Thames. Thirty have been so named, Shakspeare, Marlowe, Pepys, Fitz Allwin (first mayor of London), Carlyle, and Caxton being among those remembered. This was the idea of John Burns, the labor member of Parliament, and it has met with general approval from press and public.

THINK OF IT!

This Pretty Matron Had Headache and Backache, and Her Condition Was Serious.

PE-RU-NA CURED

MRS. M. BRICKNER

99 Eleventh Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

"A short time ago I found my condition very serious. I had headaches, pains in the back, and frequent dizzy spells which grew worse every month. I tried two remedies before Peruna, and was discouraged when I took the first dose, but my courage soon returned. In less than two months my health was restored."—Mrs. M. Brickner.

The reason of so many failures to cure cases similar to the above is the fact that diseases peculiar to the female sex are not commonly recognized as being caused by catarrh.

FEMALE TROUBLE NOT RECOGNIZED AS CATARRH

Catarrh of one organ is exactly the same as catarrh of any other organ. What will cure catarrh of the head will also cure catarrh of the pelvic organs. Peruna cures these cases simply because it cures the catarrh.

If you have catarrh 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, O.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION — 25 CTS.

Have You a Friend?

Then tell him about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Tell him how it cured your hard cough. Tell him why you always keep it in the house. Tell him to ask his doctor about it. Doctors use a great deal of it for throat and lung troubles.

"I had a terrible cold and cough and was threatened with pneumonia. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it gave me quick and perfect relief. It is certainly a most wonderful cough medicine."—EMMA E. WHITMAN, Black Falls, S. Dak.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

No Hurry About It.

The Sunday school class had just finished singing "I Want to Be an Angel, and with the Angels Stand." The teacher, observing that one little fellow had not contributed his voice to help swell the sacred refrain, said: "Johnny, don't you want to be an angel?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Johnny, "but not just now. I'd rather be a baseball pitcher a good deal first."

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A GIRL'S SCHOOL OF THE HIGHEST CLASS; corps of teachers, location, building, equipment—the best. Send for catalogue.

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We also manufacture all forms of Belts and Supporters.

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HOTEL PORTLAND RATES

Portland, Oregon.

On account of the impression that has been prevalent in different cities regarding the exorbitant rates that are to be charged by the hotels in PORTLAND during the LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION, in justice to the HOTEL PORTLAND and its many patrons, I deem it advisable to publish the rates that will understandingly prevail at the HOTEL PORTLAND during the said EXPOSITION.

Rooms will be charged for at the rate of $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00 for one person, the high-priced room in the hotel being $3.00, which includes a bath room.

Prices in Cafe are the same as in any less pretentious establishment and service second to none in the country.

H. C. BOWERS, Manager.

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 stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. ADDRESS

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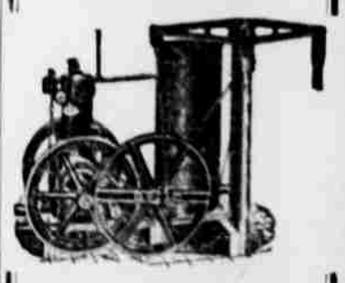

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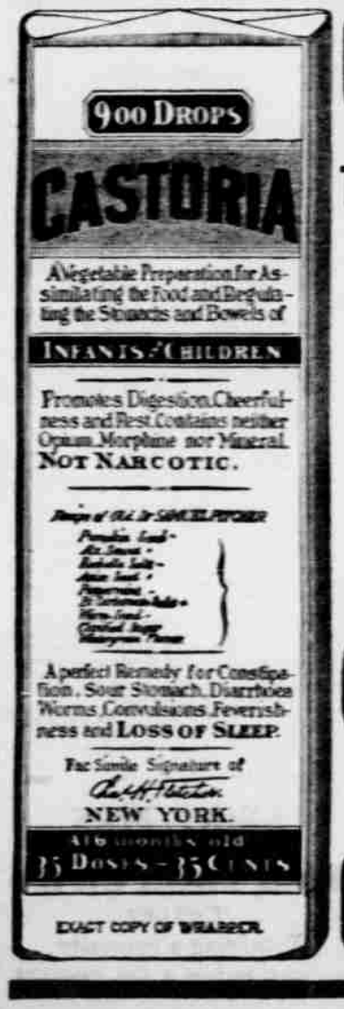

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