

# Please Your Hair

Don't have a falling out with your hair. It might leave you! Then what? Better please it by giving it a good hair-food—Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair stops coming out, becomes soft and smooth, and all the deep, rich color of youth comes back to gray hair.

"I was troubled greatly with dandruff until I used Ayer's Hair Vigor. It completely cured the dandruff and also stopped my hair from falling out. It gives me very nicely also in arranging my hair in any style I wish."  
—Miss Maudie Cook, Duane, W. Va.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Solely manufactured by  
**Ayer's**  
SARSAPARILLA  
PILLS  
CHERRY PECTORAL

### English Lawyers' Robes

The English bar still clings devotedly to its robes. A solicitor who for some reason was not prepared with his professional costume asked permission of a London judge the other day to appear without it. But the judge declared that he could give no such sanction. However, to avoid delay, he resorted to a fine legal distinction: "I do not give you permission, but if the other professional gentlemen present raise no objection I will consent to hear you." He was heard, and it may be trusted that no sacred precedent was damaged.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kid You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

### Take It Easy.

'Bout the time you get to thinkin' that you're gittin' on a bit. An' you jingle of your money as you stroll and strut about. Better keep your peepers open, for your life ain't over yet. An' there's always lots of danger when the chest is swellin' out.

'Bout the time you get to lookin' in your neighbors with surprise. An' a feelin' sorry fer 'em cuz you've left 'em in the press. Then's the time fate's lookin' fer you with a club of mighty size. An' you'll feel the ranga-a-breakin' in the ladder of success.

—Detroit Tribune.

### FITS

Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free Trial Bottle and Treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 231 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### Consoling.

Stella—You seem sad this afternoon, dear. What's the trouble?  
Mildred—I can't help thinking about Tom Green, poor fellow! I—er—rejected him last night.  
Stella—Oh, don't let a little thing like that worry you. Why, I've rejected him three times in the past six weeks.

### For forty year's Pisco's Cure for Consumption

has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

### He Was Broke.

"Time is money," quoted the moralizer.  
"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and I haven't a moment that I can call my own."

### A Heavy Fine.

Under the Elkins law, any railroad company which pays rebates in any form, or any shipper who accepts them, is liable to a fine of from \$1,000 to \$20,000, upon conviction. It also prohibits the carrying of freight at less than the published tariffs. The Interstate Commerce commission is empowered to detect and prosecute violators of this statute. President Knapp of the commission states that since this law was passed, rebate paying has been as rare as forgery.

The swiftest dog in the world, the borzoi, or Russian wolfhound, has made record runs that show seventy-five feet in a second, while the gazelle has shown measured speed of more than eighty feet a second.

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

### Manufacture of Cigarettes.

Official statistics tell us that 3,365,487,215 cigarettes were manufactured in this country during the past fiscal year. If the population of the United States is 90,000,000, if half that number (40,000,000) are males, if three-quarters of them (30,000,000) are of smoking age, and if one-third of the 30,000,000 smoke cigarettes, we have 3,365,487,215 cigarettes to divide in a year among 10,000,000 persons, or only about 336 apiece, which is less than one every day.

## MALARIA A Poison Breathed into the System

The air arising from low, marshy places, damp cellars, stagnant ponds and pools and from decaying vegetable matter, as well as the gases from sewers, is loaded with germs of malarial poison. The water we drink, that has not been properly filtered and purified, is also full of these germs and microbes, and as we daily breathe and drink millions of these into the system, to be absorbed by the blood, the fever, caused by malaria in my system, and each entire body begins to feel the effects of the poison. The most common form of Malaria is "chills and fever," 913 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky. I. SHAFOPF.

but when the blood is thoroughly saturated with the poison it becomes so weak and polluted that abscesses, carbuncles, boils, sores, ulcers and other skin diseases result. Malaria also affects the liver, kidneys, bowels and stomach, producing a chronic state of biliousness that often results in jaundice or some malignant fever. In cases of Malaria the blood must be purified before the body can regain its natural health. S. S. S. contains purifying and tonic properties possessed by no other blood medicine, and is the ideal remedy for the treatment of Malaria. It destroys the germs of the disease and builds up the weakened, polluted circulation. It enters into the blood and forces out every particle of poison and waste matter and adds strength and activity to it.

S. S. S. Improves the appetite and digestion, tones up the entire system by its alternative and purifying action, and Malaria, with all its bad effects, is permanently driven from the system. Book on the blood and any medical advice, without charge. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

## WHERE RELIGION COMES HIGH.

Some Church Pews in New York Cost a Good Deal More than a Dwelling. Many readers have probably heard of New York's famous Grace church at Broadway and Tenth street, where there is a choir of "babes," ranging in age from 4 years up, which church is said to be erected on land more valuable even than that whereon St. Paul's at London stands. Here it is the custom to offer by auction all pews, which the present owners desire to relinquish, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and which possibly may have been in their family ever since the church was built.

A few months ago pew No. 40, in the south transept of Grace church, was put up at auction in the New York real estate sales rooms for the trustees of the estate of the late Henry Ray. The bidding was started at \$500 and rose rapidly to \$1,000, when there was a pause. Then some one offered another hundred and the bidding advanced to \$1,500, and just about to be knocked down for this sum when Hamilton G. King sprung another \$50 and secured the pew.

On being asked if he was spending all this money for his own religious comforts Mr. King stated that he had purchased the pew for another person, but whom he refused to state. The pew is a "family" one and holds six, is upholstered in dark red and, according to the auctioneer, comfortable enough to foster the highest forms of religious charity. The pews in Grace church, with few exceptions, are owned by those who occupy them, and when one does find its way into the market it is eagerly purchased by rich parishioners.

One of the most fashionable churches in New York is St. Bartholomew's, in Madison avenue. This is known as "The Vanderbilts' church," for here the millionaires of that name worship. Pews in St. Bartholomew's can often be rented, but now seldom purchased, most of the pews being owned by residents of "Millionaire row," in Fifth avenue. Occasionally, however, a pew in this church has come under the hammer, when it has brought a considerable sum of money, as much as \$5,000 having been paid for six "sittings" near the pulpit.

In the Catholic cathedral, close by, pews are also sold at auction, at times, and, owing to the magnificent choir which this church supports, bring small fortunes.

### When Peggy Pokes the Fire.

When Peggy pokes the kitchen fire She makes a picture fair; I linger till I miss my car. To see her working there She takes the poker half way up, Perhaps a little higher, Falls on her knees before the range And starts to poke the fire.

Her slender arms are fair to see, Bared to her elbows white; Her graceful movements as she jabs Just fill me with delight. Left handed? Oh, but what of that? I never could quite tire Of seeing Peggy on her knees While poking at the fire.

What tho' the coal comes tumbling down, And one side all goes out; She says a man can't poke a fire, She knows what she's about. And so she pokes and jabs away, While I can but admire The warlike picture she presents While poking at the fire.

I often wish to move away Upon a better street, Where Peggy could attain the set She always yearned to meet. But one thing ever holds me back From promiscuous higher; Poor Peg would find gas ranges there, And couldn't poke the fire. —New York News.

### To Prognosticate Storms.

By means of a delicate instrument called the ceranograph, Rev. Frederick L. Odersbach, professor of chemistry in St. Ignatius' College, in Cleveland, Ohio, is able to foretell many hours the numerous summer storms which come up, often on bright, warm, clear days, with startling rapidity, and with dire results to the small craft along the sea coast and on inland waters.

The action of the ceranograph is simple and easily understood by any one acquainted with an ordinary telegraph system with relay. The initial action precedes the advent of the storm from one to thirty-six hours. As the electric disturbance advances the coherer is very busy, soon producing a continuous band record, while the detector keeps up a constant clatter, which finally becomes deafening.

### Tender-Hearted.

An "imported" citizen was recently brought before a magistrate, says the New York Sun, charged with having threatened to kill another man with an ax.

"What have you to say, Pat?" asked the magistrate.

"I never struck anny wan wild an ax," said Pat, vehemently. "Yer honor, I wouldn't hit a newborn baby wid an ax."

"Discharged," said his honor.

## Science AND Invention

### Bees are attracted to flowers by the bright colors. The experiments of Miss J. Wery, a Belgian naturalist, prove that perfume has much less attraction, and that honey has none at all.

Scopolamine, the new anaesthetic from a Japanese plant, is administered by hypodermic injection and induces a deep sleep for eight or nine hours. It is claimed to have absolutely no after effects.

China has just granted its first patent. It is for an electric lamp, the inventor of which is an inhabitant of Nankin, the old capital of the Chinese empire, who calls his lamp the "bright moonlight" and asserts that it is far superior to foreign glow lights that hitherto have been sold at Shanghai and other Chinese cities.

Certain French astronomers have recently come to the conclusion that the solidification of the moon extends from the surface to the center, and not, as the American scientists think, from the center to the periphery. This view would modify various existing theories. Their conclusion is drawn from the examination of photographs executed at the observatory for reproduction in the new lunar atlas.

The British postoffice has entered into an agreement with the Marconi company whereby messages are now received at any telegraph office in the United Kingdom for transmission from the wireless coast stations to ships at sea fitted out with the Marconi apparatus. The cost is sixpence a word, but no message consisting of less than twelve words is accepted, making the minimum cost for a wireless telegram system in Great Britain without authorization by the postmaster-general.

A gramophone which, it is said, can be heard at a distance of three miles is a late invention. The instrument is named the auxetophone and is worked by means of compressed air. This is pumped in by a small engine at a pressure which can be adjusted up to over eight pounds, through a small valve, which takes the place of the ordinary diaphragm, into the trumpet. The valve consists of a number of small slots, covered with a fine comb, not unlike a mouth organ, and the vibration of this comb produces the sound. On a calm, windless day it is estimated that, with a high pressure, the record could be distinctly heard three miles away.

The ability of some of the most minute of the earth's inhabitants to produce striking changes on the face of the land, which Darwin showed was characteristic of earth worms, has recently been appealed to in attempting to account for the curious natural mounds seen in Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas. The creatures to whose agency these mounds are provisionally ascribed are white ants, or termites, supposed to have abounded in the south central United States at some former period, when a warmer and moister climate prevailed there. In Cuba, the ant, or leaf-cutting ants, at present build mounds ten or twelve feet high, and in western Texas their mounds are sometimes forty or fifty feet in height. The ant theory is regarded by Mr. A. S. Veatch as, upon the whole, preferable to the suggestions which have been made that the mounds in question were formed either by springs and gas vents, or by the action of the wind.

## ROOSEVELT CUTS LOOSE

### Has Time of His Life in Reunion with Cowboys.

Before dinner the President held a reception, standing out under one of the big trees that line the gravel walk, says the San Antonio correspondent of the New York World. The rough riders came up one by one. The President called most of them by their first name. Occasionally he called a "Bill" a "Jim" or thought "Hank" was "Tom," but usually he knew them before they were presented to him by Lieutenant Fortescue, who stood beside him.

"Hello, 'Ben,'" he shouted, as "Ben" Daniels sidled up. "If you hadn't been here I never would have forgiven you."

"Colonel," said George McCabe of Arizona, "do you remember when I stole that mess of green corn for you?"

"Do I remember it?" exploded the President, slapping McCabe on the back. "Why, George, that was the best mess of green corn I ever had."

"I guess you don't remember me, do you?" asked Henry Barshaar, of Prescott, bashfully.

"Why, sure!" exclaimed the President. "It's Henry, isn't it?"

Then he turned to those around him and said: "Henry stole for me. He stole provisions from the quartermaster and one night he stole a poncho and a Spanish blanket. Say, Henry, we didn't sleep that night, for it rained, but we'd have been much colder if we hadn't had the blanket and the poncho."

Several of the troopers had been waiting for a chance to make a request.

"Colonel," said one, "we've got some of our women folks here. Can we present them?"

"Present them? Well, I should say you can. Bring them up."

The ladies were brought forward—a tittering, embarrassed bunch. There were wives, daughters, mothers and sweethearts.

"Ladies," said the President, after he had shaken hands with all of them, "you are the only ones I put before my Rough Riders."

Then he turned to the tickled men.

"Boys," he continued, "I congratulate you on your good taste in selecting your wives and other female relatives. I certainly am proud of you."

Meanwhile Henry Barshaar had been standing around, first on one foot and then on the other. The President's eye fell on him.

"By Godfrey, Henry," he said, as he wrung the trooper's hand again, "I am glad you are here. You see," he explained, "Henry was my orderly for a

time, and every time I was on the firing line he was there. Every time I stood up Henry stood up, too. He seemed to think that if I got shot it was his duty to get shot, too."

There was half an hour of this sort of greeting, all personal, and then the party sat down to dinner. It was a camp dinner, cooked in camp ovens and served with camp dishes. There were a pot roast of beef, corn, peas, potatoes, bread and butter and coffee.

The President fell to with an appetite that apparently was voracious. He had two helpings of beef, and ate so much bread and butter that Secretary Loeb was obliged to replenish the plate three times.

There are flunky people, not to say, pernickety, who think the word "bully" is vulgar. He said he was "bully" when a rough rider asked him how he felt, how he liked his reception, what he thought of the city, the State, the country of the universe. Everything was "bully," and so was he. He laughed like a schoolboy on vacation. He let down in every way. The sentries around the fence were deaf to the pleadings of the crowd who wanted to get in, and the President, as he said himself, "played hooky" from being President for three hours, and had the time of his life.

## OUR MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

### Health of Our Soldiers in War Trained Too Much to Chance or Politics.

In olden times it was thought clever to obtain a new soldier than to cure a sick or wounded one. The whole idea of life-saving in conjunction with such a pre-eminently life-destroying thing as war is modern, and, indeed, almost anomalous. But a progressing world demands that reckless and useless sacrifices of life shall stop, and at last military commanders, and even appropriation voters, are beginning to appreciate the importance of keeping soldiers in it condition to fight. At least, the Japanese appreciate this. Whether Americans do is exceedingly doubtful. The former provide a large sanitation corps; make each man in it, from chief surgeon to stretcher-bearer, an expert in his line; and then supplement this with a mass of equally trained reserves. The United States has the nucleus of a medical department, it is true, but from the beginning of the Spanish war to the present time it has been lamentably deficient in numbers. We trust to chance or politics for the health of our soldiers in war, but in 1898 the civilian doctors suddenly transformed by official appointment into military experts failed to recognize camp typhoid until it had spread like wildfire. In the Japanese army there is no place for either chance or politics, its experts are not made by fiat, and they can recognize camp diseases.

In 1901 our army was reorganized and offered on a basis of 100,000 men, yet the medical department was only large enough to care for 45,000. Consequently it has been necessary in peace to employ hundreds of civilian doctors to meet the army's needs. If the United States Congress has not appreciated the potential horrors of such a situation, how can it be expected to go further and provide a reserve personnel of trained military sanitarians and administrators?

In one respect we have this year taken a step forward. Heretofore we have been without any official permanent aid society. Now an effective and comprehensive Red Cross society is being organized, and a large and active membership is hoped for.

The guiding opinion that money is worth more than lives is unfortunately found also in naval matters. In our navy the nursing is done by enlisted men, and the surgeon general has repeatedly appealed for authority to employ a corps of trained women nurses to take charge of the work in shore hospitals and help prepare the men for their duties as nurses on shipboard. But all in vain. Congress will not even consider the matter. In this respect the army is fortunately better off than the navy, for its nurse corps of trained women is now firmly and permanently established.—Century.

## INDIAN TREATMENT OF SICK.

### Superstitious Ceremony that is Often a Last Resort.

The trial in the federal court of Louis Brown, charged with the murder of Walter Richardson and Moses Pettigrew, brought to light an Indian superstition that was new to many people. Several years ago, when the famous Solomon Hotel witch killing case was tried in the same court, there was considerable evidence to show the belief of the Indians in witchcraft, and the testimony in the Brown case reveals an equally weird story.

One of the witnesses testified that the homicide for which Brown was tried occurred at a "pachofaha." In answer to inquiries as to the meaning of the word it was explained that a pachofaha is a feast and a part of the incantation and superstitious ceremony conducted over the sick by the lower class of ignorant Indians.

When a man is thought to be sick enough to require the services of a doctor he is put into a hut, and for three days no one except the doctor sees him. The doctor goes into the woods and gathers herbs, from which he prepares a potion for the sick man and then keeps a lonely vigil with him. At the end of the third day, if the patient is not improved, the order is given to prepare a pachofaha. Corn and meat, either beef, pork or game, are put in a large kettle and stewed until the corn is soft.

All the relatives of the sick man are entitled to attend, and they gather around the kettle for the feast. The sick man is brought out and served first. He is fed as much as his stomach can hold, and the others then turn in and devour the remainder of the stew. When this is concluded a bonfire is built and lighted, the crowd circles around and dances to the tune of a wild chant. After this, if the sick man does not show signs of getting better, nothing more is done for him, and he dies or gets well by act of Providence.—Oklahoma Times-Journal.

When an oil well fails to pay, the stockholders say: "Let's get a new superintendent."

The man who blows his soup, eats too fast.

## BURIED THE UNFORTUNATE.

### Twenty-seven Graves a Tribute to Hank North's Humanity.

For twenty-five years Hank North has been one of the leaders in Chicago's famous "love district," that strip along the lake front where humanity is at its lowest ebb, where tragedy is more plentiful than comedy, where there is a dark tinge to every romance and where rightness must press its nostrils tightly when it passes by.



HANK NORTH. It has been called "the toughest precinct in the toughest ward in the world," and no one will claim that North ever tried to plant the seed of virtue in it. This fellow is about to retire from business, and the Chicago papers are printing much about him.

That even those whose daily life is amid depraved surroundings have a touch of humanity is shown by the following from the Record Herald:

Hank Smith has his own graveyard. He has certificates for twenty-seven graves in Oakwoods cemetery which he bought as occasion demanded to bury some poor unfortunate.

"Yes, sir," he said, taking a tin box from his safe and showing the certificates, "I've 'planted' twenty-seven people, but they were musicians. Several of them were musicians who made my place their headquarters. They 'cash-ed in' and had to be buried. Anybody that died while stopping at the St. Lawrence—that's the name of my hotel—never went to the college. If I had to mortgage the bar fixtures I'd see that they were buried decently. And it's the same way when any of the boys are taken sick. You don't catch me sending them out to the county house to be killed. They go to a private hospital and the bill comes to Uncle Hank."

The average developer would have considered the potter's field an appropriate burying place for such as these. Not so Hank. Twenty-seven graves in a Chicago cemetery represents an expenditure of several thousands of dollars, and the sympathy that leads to such acts suggests that there were splendid possibilities in such a soul had its avenues been more prudently chosen.

## KEEPING THE AIR MOIST.

### Health Endangered by an Excessive Dryness of the Atmosphere.

Indoor humidity has again been discussed by a member of the medical profession, who takes the stand also that the excessively dry air of houses during the heated season is injurious to the human organization, because the dry air in passing over the membranes of the respiratory passages and the skin calls for an enormous output of the fluid elements of these tissues.

This physician, Dr. Henry Mitchell Smith of Brooklyn, N. Y., holds that this leads to glandular overactivity and its consequent evils, but he does not offer the specific proofs which, if he were asserted, are lacking to show that direct deleterious effects are thus produced. In his contribution, which was made to the Brooklyn Medical Society, he mentions, however, some tests he had conducted with a radiator having an experimental moistening apparatus attached, and he obtained results which concur with general beliefs as to the relation of the humidity and temperature.

He found that with a relative humidity, never below 50 per cent nor above 70 per cent, 70 degrees Fahr. was unacceptably hot, 68 degrees was warm and 65 degrees comfortable. It was determined by repeated experiments that a temperature of 65 to 68 degrees and a relative humidity of 60 per cent produced the most comfortable conditions, which were in marked contrast to a temperature of 72 degrees, with a relative humidity of 30 per cent. The former felt warm and balmy, he said, and the latter, notwithstanding the higher temperature, chilly and dry and apt to leave the impression of dryness. He did not describe the moistening apparatus, but said that the control of the temperature and of the moisture was independent.—Engineering Record.

## Indulgence of Children.

No children of any generation or country have been indulged more than the children of the present age are indulged. Instances of parental control are exceptional. Children are turned over to teachers in many cases to save parents from responsibility and care which it is their natural and moral duty to assume.

The fancy in some heads appears to be that boys should be left to play all the time; should never be punished for their offenses; should not be given the hard lessons of obedience; should know no hard tasks. The truth about the matter is that their loose and impracticable theories of training the rising generation would be apt to fill the land with idle and worthless sports.

Sport is all right. Freedom for the young is very much in order. Open spaces, rallying grounds, swimming pools and good schools should be provided. In many places these are now provided. The main mistake is made by those who fancy that it is all of life to play.—Galveston News.

## Prefers Heavy Tombstone.

Mrs. Hanks—What sort of tombstone shall we get for dear mother—something elaborate or a plain one?

Mr. Hanks—Well, I think something good and he vy will be best.—Cleveland Leader.

## Rink Talk.

Violet—I wonder if Charley Gayboy is a good skater.

Rose—Oh, yes, I think he must be. At least, I heard my brother say that he is an awfully high roller.—Detroit Free Press.

You may think girls marry to reform the men, but the trouble seems to really be that they see nothing in the men which they would change if they could.

Women don't "dread" a doctor as much as men do.

## Humorous

"Money makes the mare go." "It can't always make the automobile run, though."—Town and Country.

"We don't hear you sing nowadays, Miss Edith." "My physician has strictly forbidden me to practice." "Does he live in your neighborhood?"

Mrs. Henpeck—And you call yourself a man? Mr. Henpeck—Certainly, my dear, that is—er—if you will permit me to.—Flegende Blatter.

Jenkins—You don't seem to bother much about the future. Lightly—No, that never worries me until it becomes the present.—Exchange.

Mrs. Wise—How do you like the new nurse girl? Mr. Wise—Great. Mrs. Wise—I thought so. That's why I fired her this morning.—Boston Globe.

Deacon Jones—In the better land everything will be made known. Mrs. Prye—Won't that be fine! I've always wondered how old Sarah Wilson was.—Boston Transcript.

"Ah," said the little girl who was being filled with culture, "see the carpenter brawny building the house beautiful with his hands skillful."—Chicago Record Herald.

"You are as full of airs as a hand organ," said a young man to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply. "but I don't go with a crank."

"Here, take this rifle," cried the excited showman, "the leopard has escaped. If you find him shoot him on the spot." "Which a spot, sir?" gasped the green employe.—Exchange.

The Niece—Weren't you shocked, uncle, when you heard that Harry had died and left me a widow? The Uncle—Well, no. That's about all I ever expected he would leave you.

Judge—You say you were alone when you committed the robbery? Nitro Bill—Yes, yer honor. I alius does me little jobs alone. When yev'e got a pal it's ten ter one he turns out dishonest.—Judge.

Little Willie—I say, pa, what is an empty title? Pa—An empty title, my son, is your mother's way of referring to me as the head of the house when there are visitors present.—Glasgow Evening Times.

"I'm sure I saw a cat over in that corner," said Tommy, sitting up in bed. "No, dear, go to sleep," said his mother. "It was just imagination." "Has a magnation got shily eyes?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mother—Ethel, you naughty child, what have you been doing to make Charley cry so? Ethel—I've only been sharing my coal-oiliver oil with him, dear mamma. You said it was so nice.—Harper's Bazar.

"For goodness' sake! What's that noise?" "The girl next door is having her voice cultivated." "Huh! Apparently the process of cultivation has reached the harrowing season."—Philadelphia Press.

"I have just been officiating at a wooden wedding on the West Side," said the parson. "Officiating?" queried the puzzled friend. "Yes," explained the good man. "I married a couple of Poles."—Chicago News.

Freddie—That creature actually told me to mind my own business, y'know! Cholly—The impudent wretch! Freddie—Positively insulting. As if to insinuate, don't y'know that I was in business.—Cleveland Leader.

Bleeker—My congratulations on your marriage with the charming widow, old man. I knew you called on her occasionally, but I had no idea you intended to marry. Meeker—Neither did I until she had it all arranged.

Uncle George—I have read your article over, and I must say it shows a great deal of originality. Arthur—Thanks, I'm sure! I flattered myself there were some ideas in it. Uncle George—Oh, I was not speaking of the composition, but of the spelling!

Nephew—Uncle, I'm in love with the dearest girl in all the world. She has golden hair, blue eyes, the whiteness of teeth and a figure— Uncle (interrupting)—My dear boy, I really can't consent to your marrying her unless she has five figures, at the least.—Brooklyn Life.

First Passenger—Would you be good enough to lend me your spectacles a moment? Second Passenger—Certainly, sir, with pleasure. First Passenger—Oh, thanks. Now as you can no longer read your newspaper, will you please have the kindness to pass it over to me?

Boy's Essay on Breath: "Breath is made of air. We breathe always with our lungs, except at night, when our breath keeps life going through our noses while we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day shouldn't breathe. They should wait till they get out doors."

Two old men were always contradicting and deriding one another. They were friends and liked to be together, but all their talk were made up of sneers and scoofs. One windy day last week they fell into an argument on the question of high winds. They disputed bitterly as to which of them could remember the most windy day. The younger of the two said: "Well, Josh, I mind the mordin' of april four in eighty-three when twuz so all-fired windy that it took the crows two hours to fly from the ten-acre lot to their roost in the back canon, a fly o' less'n a mile." "Shucks, William," said the older farmer, "I mind days so windy that the crows had to walk home."

Spaniel Aids a Shoplifter. A woman was arrested at Paris for shoplifting not long ago and it was noticed that she carried a bright-looking King Charles spaniel on her arm. The police happened to examine the pup rather carefully and were surprised to find that it was trained to help the woman at her graft. The dog was schooled to snatch a piece of lace in its mouth and then hide its head under the woman's arm.

A stout man leaning against a counter in the drug store puffing a cigar always in the rich.

## MISS MARIA DUCHARME.

Every Woman in America Is Interested in This Young Girl's Experience.



MISS MARIA DUCHARME, 182 St. Elizabeth Street, Montreal, Can.

## PELVIC CATARRH WAS DESTROYING HER LIFE—PERRUNA SAVED HER.

Miss Maria Ducharme, 182 St. Elizabeth Street, Montreal, Can., writes: "I am satisfied that thousands of women suffer because they do not realize how bad they really need treatment and feel a natural delicacy in consulting a physician."

"I felt badly for years, had terrible pains, and at times was unable to attend to my daily duties. I tried to cure myself, but finally my attention was called to an advertisement of Perruna in a similar case to mine, and I decided to give it a trial.

"My improvement began as soon as I started to use Perruna and soon I was a well woman. I feel that I owe my life and my health to your wonderful medicine and gratefully acknowledge this fact."—Maria Ducharme.

Allison Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence strictly confidential.

### Huge Appetite of the Spider.

The spider has a tremendous appetite and his gourmandizing defies all human competition. A scientist who carefully noted a spider's consumption of food in 24 hours, concluded that if the spider were built proportionately to the human scale he would eat at daybreak (approximately) a small alligator by 7 a. m., a lamb by 9 a. m., a young camelopard, by 1 o'clock a sheep and would finish up with a lark pie in which there were 120 birds.

### MALLEABLE IRON STUMP PULLERS

Patent, lightest and strongest stump puller on the market. 112 Horse power on the stump with two horses. Write for descriptive circular and prices.

MERRISON MACHINERY CO.  
Foot of Marion Street Portland, Oregon

### 1905 LEWIS & CLARK EXPOSITION

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