Buy Hair at Auction?

At any rate, you seem to be getting rid of it on auction-sale principles: "going, going, g-o-n-e!" Stop the auction with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, and always restores color to gray hair. A splendid dressing also. Sold for over sixty years.

"My hair came out so badly I nearly lost it all. I had heard so much about Ayer's Hair Vigor I thought I would give it a trial. I did so and it completely stopped the falling, and made my hair grow very rapidly."—MARY H. FIELD, Northfield, Mass.

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

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Ivory Difficult to Judge.

The next time you have a billiard cue in your hand and expect to run the game out just stop and ponder over the age of the pieces of ivory which are rolling tantalizingly about the table. That white ball which has just received too much "English" belonged to an old elephant who was wandering through the Congo jungles when Napoleon was still alive. Those balls cost from $8 to $10 apiece. Study the history of the billiard ball and their case and you will have more respect for the game.

The elephant's tusk which is large enough to furnish the product for a good billiard ball must be at least twenty-five years old. If it is fifty years old, so much the better. The tusk of the elephane grows much like an oak tree, and the grain of the ivory looks not unlike the grain of a seasoned piece of oak lumber. If it is "green" the ivory will shrink just as the wood shrinks. If it is too "dry" it will "chip" in the same fashion.

The buying of billiard balls at best is a gamble. A ball may have the right weight, the proper gloss and appear to be well seasoned, but for some unaccountable reason will chip off and become totally ruined by a fall on the floor. Buy a dozen balls like a setting of Plymouth Rock eggs, three or four balls will last for years, while the others will have to be replaced again and again.

Disastrous Experiment.

They're telling of a Jackson County farmer who found an auto horn in the road one day and took it home and taught his chickens to recognize its honk as their feed call. Instead of calling them in the old-fashioned way the farmer or his wife would blow the auto horn. One day an automobilist passed the farm going about fifteen miles an hour and tooting his horn. The chickens near the house took out after the auto and fourteen hens and three roosters ran themselves to death behind the machine.—Kansas City Times.

Charged His Time.

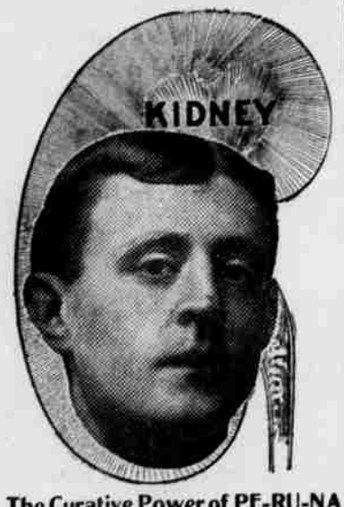
"The treasury deficit for the fiscal year is nearly $24,000,000."

"Eh? That doesn't seem much for a big and prosperous nation, does it?"

"And your share of the deficit—if there are 80,000,000 in our nation—will be close to 30 cents."

"What's that! My share? Say, only the grossest carelessness and bad management could run up an enormous deficit like that."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

KIDNEY TROUBLE DUE TO CATARRH



The Curative Power of PE-RU-NA In Kidney Disease the Talk of the Continent.

Nicholas J. Hertz, member of Ancient Order of Workmen, Capitol lodge, No. 140, Pearl Street hotel, Albany, N. Y., writes:

"A few months ago I contracted a heavy cold which settled in my kidneys, and each time I was exposed to inclement weather the trouble was aggravated until finally I was unable to work.

"After trying many of the advertised remedies for kidney trouble, I finally took Peruna.

"In a week the intense pains in my back were much relieved and in four weeks I was able to take up my work again.

"I still continued to use Peruna for another month and at the end of that time I was perfectly well.

"I now take a dose or two when I have been exposed and find that it is splendid to keep me well."

Hundreds of Cures.

Dr. Hartman is constantly in receipt of testimonials from people who have been cured of chrnoic and complicated kidney disease by Peruna. For free medical advice, address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

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

GOOD Short Stories

One of the quaint characters well known to old-timers of Portland, Ore., was Robert E. Bybee, familiarly known as "Bob" Bybee. He was a justice of the peace in Portland for many years, and tales innumerable are told of him. On one occasion, when a jury was being impaneled, one of the jurors, a well known attorney, asked to be excused because he was a lawyer. "Well," said Bybee, "I guess that all the law you know isn't going to disqualify you from serving."

Once when the late Shah of Persia, Nasr-ed Din, was a guest of English royalty he went to see the Derby run. The dusky ruler noted the intensity of the enthusiasm when some thoroughbred in a close finish beat his field. He was quite curious about it. "Why are the people making all the noise?" he asked. "Why, don't you see that Soandso won the Derby?" answered the prince. Then with gravity observed the potentate: "Were they not already aware that one horse can run faster than another?"

A woman cycled up to a butcher's shop and went in with a smiling face. "I want you to cut me off twenty-five pounds of beef, please," she said. The butcher was incredulous. "Twenty-five pounds?" "Yes, please." It was a big job, and when he had finished, he asked her whether she would take it or have it sent home. "Oh, I don't want to buy it," she explained; "you see, my doctor tells me I have lost twenty-five pounds of flesh through cycling, and I wanted to see what it looked like in a lump. Thank you so much."

One blustery day in March last a primary school teacher in Brooklyn, in assigning topics for an exercise in English composition, suggested that certain of the pupils might give their impressions of the weather. One of the little scholars was observed to gaze pensively out of the window for a long time before putting her pencil to paper. At last she undertook the irksome task, and in a jiffy had completed her "composition." When she handed it in the teacher was much surprised by the laconic, but unconscious, humor of it. The effort read as follows: "The world is full of wind."

Justice Giegerich, of the New York supreme court, is fond of sailing, and a few days ago he invited a friend of his, a lawyer, to go down the bay with him. At the start the wind was quite brisk, but soon freshened into a gale, and made the little craft toss and roll in a manner that soon caused the lawyer's features to twist into expressive contortions. Justice Giegerich, noticing his friend's plight, laid a soothing hand on the other's shoulder, and said: "My dear fellow, can I do anything for you?" "Yes, your honor," replied the lawyer in plaintive tones, "you will greatly oblige me by overruling this motion."

At his summer home in New York, Mark Twain had an aged negro servant, who some time ago celebrated his wedding anniversary by inviting twelve friends to a 'possum dinner, the delicacy having been supplied by relatives in the South. Twelve by no means marks the extent of the servant's friends, and those unbidden to the feast concluded that after all they did not think much of it. One of the more progressive started the report that instead of 'possum the host served plain coons. The next day, with great severity, Mr. Clemens said to the servant: "Jim, I've known you a long time, and found you a truthful fellow. I want you to tell me honestly which you had for dinner last night, 'possum or coons?" The old servant hesitated, but in an instant said: "Which do you mean, Mr. Clemens, on the table or around the table?"

A JEWEL OF A TEMPLE.

Madison Square Presbyterian Church an Innovation in Construction.

Throughout the spring and summer of the present year there has been nearing completion, in New York, one of the most beautiful and characteristic of recent buildings. The Madison Square Presbyterian Church reveals not only discriminating taste, but an ingenious triumph over adverse conditions. Backed by a fifteen-story skyscraper, with the possibility of a similar neighbor on one side and a 600-foot tower just across the street, the site offered little that was promising beyond an outlook over the square. It was obvious that a departure had to be made in order to overcome the difficulties of the situation. A Gothic structure must inevitably be dwarfed by its massive surroundings, just as Trinity, or, indeed, Dr. Parkhurst's old church, now is. Confronted by such circumstances, the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, broke boldly away from tradition by designing an edifice not on medieval but on semi-classic lines. The Madison Square Presbyterian Church reverts to the broad simplicity of the early, pre-Gothic manner.

Cruciform in plan, with the arms of the cross projecting but slightly beyond the square mass, the structure maintains its dignity owing to the dome and an impressive portico, the columns of which outweigh in scale anything in the immediate vicinity. The church is built upon a white marble base, of buff brick and glazed terra-cotta. In order further to differentiate the edifice from its neighbors, it was decided to use color more liberally than had been employed in any building hitherto erected in this country. The six columns of the portico, the shafts of which measure thirty feet, are of pale-green granite. The capitals of the columns are Corinthian, the color scheme being blue, white and yellow, and all other ornamental features reveal a delicate and appropriate use of these same shades with the addition of green. As in many Syrian and Roman churches, the dome is tiled, showing an alternating pattern of green and yellow, the green serving as a background. To sustain and to enrich this effect the dome is surmounted by a gold lantern.

Within, as without, manifest effort has been made to escape the somber ritualistic atmosphere of the average sacred edifice. The auditorium, with its ample vestibule and low galleries, is in no sense ornate. The prevailing colors, grading downward from the dome, will appear consistent with the exterior, being a judicious combination of mosaic, fresco and stained glass effects. In almost every essential the Madison Square Presbyterian Church marks an innovation in church construction. In spirit it is a protest against the prevailing belief that a church, in order to be ecclesiastic, must be monastic in aspect. It is an attempt, and a welcome one, to adapt a place of worship to modern conditions and modern ideals. Though it vaguely recalls churches dating from the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries, it seems appropriate to the twentieth. There is no danger of the sky-scraper being able to crush this little gold-and-green temple. Its frank brightness and beauty are, happily, enduring qualities. They are qualities that have survived the shadows of the Middle Ages and which will not be lost sight of today.—Century.

ON A FLYING MOTORBOAT.

Sensations of Exceedingly Rapid Ride Are Described.

The sensations experienced on riding in one of the fastest motorboats yet produced, says the London Chronicle, are thus described by a yachtsman who made the trial trip on Napier II. on the Thames a few weeks ago, in which a speed equivalent to 31.26 miles an hour was attained, although the boat is but forty feet long:

"As the boat gained in speed, flattening her passengers against her back supports, as the propellers gripped and fairly hurled her forward, the mild roar of the engines ascended to a shriek; the sounds of her eight exhausts smote the ear like the continuous reports of a machine-gun, mingled with the scream of the river water while the shore, dimly seen through a veil of powdered spray, flew by like a train.

"There was no swing or plunge, no lurch or roll. The grand little craft plowed on her way on an absolutely even keel and we had no sense of being driven, but a feeling as if the boat and crew were flying. There was absolutely no sense of flotation, no water-borne feeling whatsoever. If one shut one's eyes it was not difficult to imagine one's self on some tearing vehicle running swiftly on small rollers over a smooth steel road. Sustained for the first time, it is like no other experience to be had in this world, but after the first half minute or less there settles upon one a quite delightful sense of security and safety, so evenly and so truly does she run."

The successful trial of the Napier II. took place over a measured nautical mile under adverse conditions, there being a strong wind and choppy sea. Her time for a nautical mile against the tide was 2 minutes 25 seconds, and with the tide, 2 minutes 12.6 seconds. This corresponds in the one case to a speed of 24.8 knots, or 29.9 land miles, an hour, and in the other to 27.14 knots, which is equivalent to 31.26 miles an hour. The previous best record in European waters with this style of boat was a trifle under 23 knots, and in American waters 29.3 knots. This speed was made by the Challenger at Lake Worth, in February. Since the Napier II. made her record a French boat, the Palaisoto II., has equaled it on the Seine.

The Napier II. is in her second season, having been a failure through breakdowns at first. She is but 40 feet long. She has twin screws, driven by two forty-five-horse power motors.

The bow has a flare to turn off the crest of the bow wave, splash guards or "whiskers," being fitted as an extension of this flare.

The Napier II. is an excellent example of the marvelous results that have been attained in providing high-speed motorboats.

She must be seen at full speed to be appreciated. Ordinary steam craft she passes as a dragon fly darts by a droning beetle. She seems to fly over the water. A roar as of rapid-fire artillery, a smother of foam, a white streak and she is a mile away. Seen approaching stem on, driven at full power, with great cascades of snowy spray gushing from each side of her bow, she looks like some monster, shrieking, white-winged butterfly of the palezoic age skimming over the surface.

He Wanted a Rebate.

Squire Haykorn was a close-fisted old gentleman who seldom wasted any money in traveling about the country for the purpose of enjoying himself, but he had heard a great deal concerning the beauties of a trip down the St. Lawrence River, and having made a number of lucky trades one summer, he determined to make the journey, if it did not cost too much.

With this end in view, he went to a ticket office and inquired as to the price of a round trip, going by boat and returning by rail.

The agent told him.

"Shall I see the Thousand Islands?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll take it," said the squire.

He bought his ticket and went away.

About two weeks later he put in an appearance at the ticket office again.

"Didn't you tell me," he asked, "that if I made that trip down the St. Lawrence River I'd see the Thousand Islands?"

"Certainly," answered the ticket agent.

"Well, I hadn't anything else to do, and I put in my time counting 'em. All I saw was a little over three hundred. I want two-thirds of my money back."

Would Be Domestic.

"We'll annex Cuba one of these days."

"I hope not."

"Why?"

"Why, you idiot, where would we get our imported cigars, if we did?"—Cleveland Leader.

An enjoyable calling for a young man is the visit of a rich uncle.

ASHES OF FUN

Cholly—I have a beastly cold in my head. Molly—Well, that's something.—Exchange.

"What did your husband think of that $50 hat you bought last week?" "Oh! he just raved over it."—Grit.

Tommy—Pop, what are hiccoughs? Tommy's Pop—Hiccoughs, my son, are messages from departed spirits.—Philadelphia Record.

Wife—John, you've been drinking. O, I can tell! Husband—Well, don't do it, m'dear. Let'sh keep it a family shecret.—Philadelphia Press.

Jeffreys—How does your brother take married life? Esther—According to directions. His mother-in-law is living with him.—Brooklyn Life.

He—But I thought you'd forgiven me for that and promised to forget it? She—Yes—but I didn't promise to let you forget I'd forgiven it!—Punch.

First Insurance Magnate—What is your favorite theatrical production? Second Insurance Magnate—"Other People's Money."—Baltimore American.

She—And do you really love me for myself alone? He—Sure. That's why I don't want your mother to live with us after we are married.—Somerville Journal.

Mr. Snooks—To what, sir, do you attribute your success as a salesman? Mr. Sellem—If a customer doesn't see what he wants I make him want what he sees.—Cleveland Leader.

Madge—Did Charlie propose to you out in the auto? Dolly—I thought he was going to, but he didn't. When he got down on his knees, it was only to crawl under the old machine.—Puck.

"Can you get work for me?" asked the willing young man. "I'm afraid not," replied the Congressman, "but I can get you a government job, if that will help any."—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Browne—I wonder if the new order of things will reform Mr. Luschley to any extent. He's married, I understand. Mrs. Malaprop—Yes, he's a benedictine now.—Philadelphia Press.

He—I shall work hard, oh! ever so hard, and, in a year or two, we'll have our own little home in the country. She—Oh! how lovely. We can rent it and board in town, can't we, dear?—Brooklyn Life.

"Chicago used to aspire to be a literary center." "Yes," answered the New Yorker. "What do you consider the best thing published there?" "The time-table, showing when trains leave."—Washington Star.

"Ah," she sighed, "sometimes I can hardly convince myself that I am not growing old." "Well," her dearest friend replied, "that's what comes of having mirrors scattered all around the house."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"He hasn't been in politics very long, has he?" "No, but how did you know?" "I was walking with him today just as a police patrol wagon dashed up behind us, and he didn't start guiltily or look nervous at all."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Don't you think it is wrong for your husband to bet on horse races?" said the prudent woman. "It is, very frequently," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "The trouble is that you can't tell when until after the race is run, and then it's too late."—Washington Star.

First Office Boy—Why did yer t'row up yer job at Biffum & Bangs? Second Office Boy—Why, I couldn't stand old Bangs' impudence. He had de crust ter tell me, right ter me face and before de hull office, ter git out uv de place and never come back! Dat wuz de last straw!—Life.

The Doctor—I have just returned from a week's shooting trip up north. The Druggist—Kill anything? The Doctor—No; not a thing. The Druggist—Huh! You could have done better than that by staying at home and attending to your regular business.—Chicago Daily News.

"I suspect," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that our new minister is a transcendentalist." "Oh," replied her hostess, as she carelessly tossed her rope of pearls over the back of the chair, "do you think so? My! I'd hate to be one of them. I should think they'd fall downstairs or something, gettin' up and prowlin' around that way in their sleep."—Chicago Record Herald.

"I never do things by halves," remarked Biffkins, and the waiter at his elbow put on an expectant grin. He had only expected a fifty-cent tip—maybe the gentleman would give him more. "As I was saying," said Biffkins, pushing back his chair and accepting his hat, "I never do things by halves. Especially in tipping. I always use quarters. Here you are."—Cleveland Leader.

Great Number of Stamps.

The catalogue of the Thomas Tapling stamp collection has just been published by the owner, who began collecting stamps when only 10 years of age. He resides in London. The number of stamps he has gathered is about 100,000, and the value of the collection is estimated at about $500,000. Two of the most valuable stamps in the collection are those of the Mauritius island, one of which, a red-colored penny stamp of 1847, is considered worth $7,000.

The Glamour Gone.

"Ye don't seem as popular as ye was wid the Richman's cook," said the first policeman.

"No, an' the more fool I," replied the other one. "I got a new suit o' citizen's clothes the other day that I was proud of, an' I foolishly let her see me in it."—Philadelphia Press.

Like Father, Like Son.

Mr. Gotrox—When I was your age, sir, I didn't have a dollar.

Cholly Gotrox—Well, dad, when I am your age I probably won't have a dollar.—Puck.

A woman will do without something she needs in order to save money to purchase something she doesn't want.

Banana Is a Real Food.

Professors of dietetics tell us that the banana is not, as so many fruits are, a flavor and nothing more, but a food and a source of real nutriment. It is at once useful and delicious. It not only gratifies the palate, but supplies material for combustion and the maintenance of animal heat, while it also builds up the muscles and repairs the worn and threadbare nerves.

The flour made from it in its dried state is equal in nutritive value to rice, and how invigorating and sustaining rice is has been demonstrated in the recent achievements of the Japanese. Dried and sprinkled with sugar, a form in which it has been recently introduced into this country, the upstart banana is, weight for weight, as nutritious as the venerable fig.

But it is in the fresh state, clad in its primrose tunic—the stripping off of which is in itself a fascinating operation—that the banana chiefly appeals to us. Its creamy succulence and delicate odor are inviting and its pleasant sapor is a prelude to good digestion. Dependent as that sapor is on an ethereal body which the coal-tar investigators have not yet been able to imitate by any chemical essence, it is a subtle stimulus to all subsequent alimentary processes. And thus it is that the banana is an eminently digestible food. No sense of oppression or drowsiness follows a meal of it, and a a meal of it may be made bulky enough.—Pall Mall Gazette.

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.

Uses of the Mesquite.

"The mesquite tree is the boon of the Western American desert, and it is the only sign of apology nature has yet given for making certain parts of the earth well nigh uninhabitable," said G. A. Long, of Pueblo, Col. "The white people first learned from the Indians that the mesquite affords the coolest shade of any tree, and the sight of the low husky growth is hailed with a shout of joy by the traveler. It also furnishes the only fuel of those regions, and lately still another use has been found for it.

"By cultivating a row of mesquite in much the same way as willows are used in low and swampy places to keep the soil from washing, the sands of the desert are held in check from the action of the shifting winds, and thus great tracts of otherwise barren lands will in time be reclaimed for the use of mankind. Even the desert can be made to yield to the cunning hand and brain of man."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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

Tickled Him.

The major found Remus sprawled out in the blazing sunshine.

"You don't seem to mind the heat, Remus?"

"No, sah; et jes' suits me. De hottah et is de sweetch de melon grow."

"But don't your garden suffer?"

"Nuffin' in deh now, sah, but 'taters. Like to see et so hot det dey'd roast right in de ground en den Ah wouldn't hab de trouble ob buildin' a fiah to cook dem."

A Mistake Somewhere.

"I've been told," said the old man on the back platform of the street car, "that if we didn't look out sumthin' would happen."

"I hadn't heard of it," said the conductor.

"I heard some fellers talkin' about it half an hour ago."

"Well, I don't think you need be afraid. Want to get off here?"

"Yes, but you needn't stop the car. I can just step out like this, and swing my leg so, and——"

And he plowed along the street for ten feet and then fell full length.

"Hurt much?" asked a pedestrian, who went to his assistance.

"Somewhat, but that hain't what ails me," was the reply. "It's that that dinged comet was ready to hit me in the back and the fool-headed conductor was taking things as easy as if he was forty miles away."

Two of a Kind.

The lightning bug is brilliant, but he hasn't any mind; he meanders through the darkness with his headlight on behind. Likewise the foolish merchant, whom no one can advise; he declares there's "nothin' doin'," when asked to advertise.

The Home of the Wave Circle

is the home where good cooking is loved, where the family enjoy the finest of biscuits, doughnuts, cakes, and pies and other good things every day. The baking is always delicious and wholesome because

K C Baking Powder

—the baking powder of the wave circle, is used.

Get K C to-day! 25 ounces for 25c. If it isn't all that we claim, your grocer refunds your money. Send for "Book of Presents."

JAQUES MFG. CO. Chicago.

In Arizona.

The Coroner—Have you any idea what caused the stranger's death?

Broncho Pete—Yep. He died from heart trouble.

The Coroner—Are you sure?

Broncho Pete—Sartenly. The heart was an ace an' he had it up his sleeve. See?

Frenzied Advertising.

In these days of frenzied advertising, it is hard for all of us to tell the real thing, and it naturally follows that the safest way is to pin our faith to those articles and products which are backed and guaranteed by the oldest and most reliable concerns.

The Pillsbury company, of Minneapolis, with a world-wide reputation for best quality, guarantees to you that in buying their ideal breakfast food, "Pillsbury's Vitos—the Meat of the Wheat," you actually purchase a product which is free from impurities, and at the same time a most economical food. It is truly the white heart of the wheat kernel, sterilized, nothing added, nothing taken away; no flavoring, no cooking, and a two-pound package will make you twelve pounds of delicious white food. Figure the economy of this.

If you are looking for the best, and are willing to accept the statements of the largest and most respected of firms, whose products are the yard stick by which all competitors measure their lines, you will not hesitate.

Ask your grocer today for "Pillsbury's Vitos—the Meat of the Wheat."

Put up only in two-pound air tight packages. Price 20 cents.

Alma Mater So Dear.

Farmer Jason—Want a job, hey? Are ye a good, steady worker?

Bypath Blake—Well, no, now you speak of it. I have to take four months off every year to go an' coach me old college football team."—Puck.

Piso's Cure is a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, at druggists.

His Bad Blunder.

City Grocer—We have some extra nice country hams, madam, if——

Mrs. Flatt (interrupting)—For goodness' sake, don't say "ham" to me. I've just got back from a three-weeks' visit with a country cousin.—Chicago News.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. (SEAL)

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Vegetarianism is all the vogue among those who take thought what they shall eat and what they shall drink, says the London Outlook. Bridge and boiled cabbage came in together, and who shall say which has the firmer hold upon persons of fashion?

He Owed the Butcher.

"What's the matter now?" asked the village editor as the "devil" rushed excitedly into his sanctum.

"Your wife has just eloped with the butcher," replied the inky imp.

"Oh, is that all!" exclaimed the scissor wielder, with a sigh of relief. "Well, that makes one less bill I'll have to settle, anyway."

$75 PERMANENT salary and expenses paid reliable men, outside of the city; pleasant work. H. Henker, room 5, 173½ 7th st., Portland.

Well Supplied.

The young man with the black box and big brass horn entered the exclusive hotel.

"What have you there?" asked the clerk.

"A talking machine. Can I sell you one?"

"It would be superfluous here. This hotel is patronized exclusively by ladies."

MALLEABLE IRON STUMP PULLERS

Fastest, lightest and strongest Stump Puller on the market. 115 Horse power on the jump with two horses. Write for descriptive catalog and prices.

REIERSON MACHINERY CO.
Foot of Morrison Street Portland, Oregon

Fruit Farm Bargain

On White Salmon River

Two hundred acres (40 leased school land) with 1150 young fruit trees, mostly Spitzenberg and Newton apples. On stage and R. F. D. route; ¾ mile from school. Irrigating ditch covering gardens and small fruits. Stock and tools with place. Price $4,000; $2,500 down. For further particulars address

H. H. AHRENS, White Salmon, Wash.

Positive, Comparative, Superlative.

"I have used one of your Fish Brand Slickers for five years, and now want a new one, also one for a friend. I would not be without one for twice the cost. They are just as far ahead of a common coat as a common one is ahead of nothing."

(Name on application.)

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR, 1904.

Be sure you don't get one of the common kind—this is the mark of excellence.

A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.

TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA.

Makers of Wet Weather Clothing & Hats.

Business EDUCATION

Clip this out, return to us with the names and addresses of yourself and two of your friends, and the date when you will probably enter a business college, and we will credit you with $5.00 on our $60.00 scholarship. Our school offers exceptional advantages to students of Business, Shorthand, English, etc. BEST INSTRUCTION—LOWEST TUITION. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE—IT'S FREE

THE MULTNOMAH BUSINESS INSTITUTE
M. A. ALBIN, PRES.
66 SIXTH ST. PORTLAND, ORE.

KILLS lice and all vermin that infest horses, cattle, poultry, etc. Louse hens will not lay; nor chicks grow.

LICE! live upon the blood which should go to sustain life & vitality. PRUSSIAN LICE POWDER kills the lice, thus it SAVES FEED as extra rations must be given on account of vermin. 25c and 50c dealers. By mail 40c & 75c. PRUSSIAN REMEDY CO. ST. PAUL, MINN. 88 page Head Book Free

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SCROFULA A Disease We Inherit

The tainted blood of ancestors lays upon the shoulders of innocent offspring untold suffering by transmitting to them, through the blood, that blighting disease, Scrofula; for in nearly every instance the disease can be traced to some family blood trouble, or blood-kin marriage which is contrary to the laws of nature. Swelling, ulcerating glands of the neck, catarrh, weak eyes, sores, abscesses, skin eruptions, white swelling, hip disease and other deformities, with a wasting of the natural strength and vitality, are some of the ways this miserable disease manifests itself. The poison transmitted through the blood pollutes and weakens that health-sustaining fluid and in place of its nutritive qualities fills the circulation with scrofulous matter and tubercular deposits, often resulting in consumption. A disease which has been in the family blood for generations, perhaps, or at least since the birth of the sufferer, requires constitutional treatment. S. S. S. is the remedy best fitted for this. It cleanses the blood of all scrofulous and tuberculous poisons, makes it rich and pure and under the tonic effects of this great blood medicine the general health improves, the symptoms all pass away, there is a sure return to health, the disease is cured permanently while posterity is protected. Book on the blood and any advice wished, furnished by our physicians, without charge.

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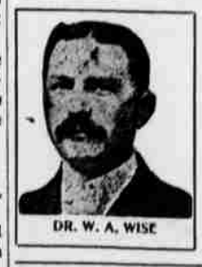

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