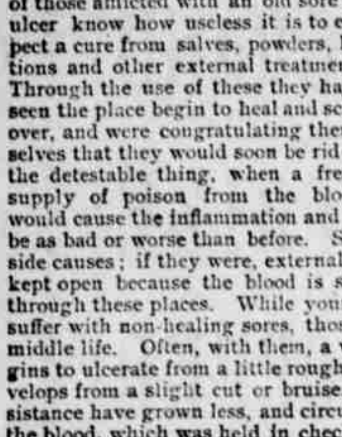


SORES THAT DO NOT HEAL

Whenever a sore or ulcer does not heal, no matter on what part of the body it may be, it is because of a poisonous condition of the blood. This poison may be the remains of some constitutional trouble; the effect of a long spell of sickness, which has left its stain on the system and weakens the natural refuse matter. Or because the natural refuse matter through the channels of nature, has been left in the system and absorbed into the circulation. It does not matter how the poison became entrenched in the blood, the fact that the sore is there and does not heal is evidence of a deep, underlying cause. There is nothing that causes more discomfort, worry and anxiety than a festering, discharging sore that resists treatment. The very sight of it is abhorrent and suggests pollution and disease; besides the time and attention required to keep it clean and free from other infection. As it lingers, slowly eating deeper into the surrounding flesh, the sufferer grows morbidly anxious, fearing it may be cancerous. Some of those afflicted with an old sore or ulcer know how useless it is to expect a cure from salves, powders, lotions and other external treatment. Through the use of these they have seen the place begin to heal and scab over, and were congratulating themselves that they would soon be rid of the detestable thing, when a fresh supply of poison from the blood would cause the inflammation and old discharge to return and the sore would be as bad or worse than before. Sores that do not heal are not due to outside causes; if they were, external treatment would cure them. They are kept open because the blood is steeped in poison, which finds an outlet through these places. While young people, and even children, sometimes suffer with non-healing sores, those most usually afflicted are persons past middle life. Often, with them, a wart or mole on the face inflames and begins to ulcerate from a little rough handling; or a deep, offensive ulcer develops from a slight cut or bruise. Their vital energies and powers of resistance have grown less, and circulation weaker, and perhaps some taint in the blood, which was held in check by their stronger constitutions of early life, shows itself. It is well to be suspicious of any sore that does not heal readily, because the same germ that produces Cancer is back of every old sore and only needs to be left in the circulation to produce this fatal disease. There is only one way to cure these old sores and ulcers, and that is to get every particle of the poison out of the blood. For this purpose nothing equals S. S. S. It goes down to the very bottom of the trouble, cleanses the blood and makes a permanent cure. S. S. S. enriches and freshens the circulation so that it carries new, strong blood to the diseased parts and allows the place to heal naturally. When this is done the discharge ceases, the sore scabs over and fills in with healthy flesh, and the skin regains its natural color. Book on Sores and ulcers and any medical advice desired will be furnished without charge.



S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Lawyers.

I have seen something of legal practice on both sides of the Atlantic, and my opinion is that our profession would gain immensely by combining the two branches pretty much as they are combined in the United States and Canada. Says a writer in the London Saturday Review: "It is obvious that the solicitors would profit by such an agreement. They would have the right of audience in all courts and the opportunity to qualify themselves for promotion to the bench.

In America the young lawyer goes into an office, where he makes his merit known by steady attention to business. There will always be two kinds of lawyers—those who stay in their offices, dealing directly with clients and attending to matters of routine, and those who advise on points of law and argue cases in court. These two orders of men are clearly distinguished in America, but they work together as partners to the great advantage of the client.

Somewhat Similar.

"Women and men are very much alike in one respect," said the home-grown philosopher.

"What's the answer?" queried the inexperienced youth.

"Men," explained the philosophy dispenser, "is about the fish they didn't catch and women lie about the men they could have married had they wanted to."

Never Smiled Again.

"How do you manage to write all those funny things?" asked the inquisitive female of the jokesmith.

"With a typewriter, madam," answered the so-much-per-yard grin producer.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the f. f. "Don't you know, I imagined you used some sort of copying apparatus."

His Game.

"I understand our friend, Malinchanz, is working on a scheme to remove weeds."

"I didn't know he had any interest in gardening."

"He hasn't; he's merely laying his plans to capture old Grotos's young widow."—Philadelphia Press.

Art Note.

Mrs. Syllie—My husband takes a deep interest in art.

Mrs. Older—You surprise me.

Mrs. Syllie—Well, it was a surprise to me. But I heard him telling Jack Rownder last night that it was a good thing to study your hand before you draw.—Cleveland Leader.

Smallest Coin Current.

The smallest coin now current in Europe, and the one having the least value intrinsically, is the Greek lepton. Some idea of its smallness may be had from the statement that it takes 100 of them to make a drachma, and the latter coin is worth a trifle less than twenty cents of American money.

Mystery of the Pug Dog.

It's awfully hard to understand how pug dogs can like the sort of people that like them.—Cleveland Leader.

Help! Help!

I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! In gratitude, it grew long and heavy, and with all the deep, rich color of early life. Sold in all parts of the world for many years.

"About one year ago I lost nearly all of my hair following an attack of measles. I was advised by a friend to use Ayer's Hair Vigor and as a result I now have a beautiful head of hair."—Mrs. W. J. Brown, Menomonie, Wis.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also sold by SARGENT & LORRAINE, PHILADELPHIA; GRIFFIN & BROWN, CHICAGO.

SOBBIE'S CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

"Dad bless all the family dear; Dad bless mamma, papa, too; Dad bless 'little sister Fan— An' bring me a sled, nice an' new

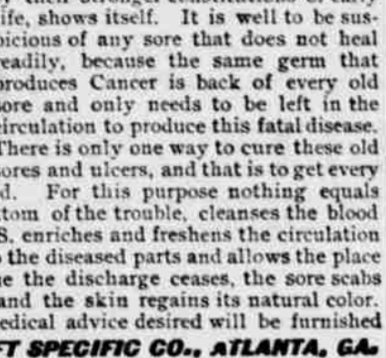
"Dad bless all the children poor, An' make all the sick folks well, An' give 'em a pony, big an' swell.

"To send a pony, big an' swell,

"Dad be gracious to your lamba, An' keep 'em out of my life!

I have had a crippled foot all my life, which compelled me to use a brace. By some unaccountable means this brace caused a bad ulcer on my leg, about six years ago. I had good medical attention, but the ulcer got worse. I was induced to try S. S. S., and am glad to say it cured me entirely, and I am convinced that it saved my leg for me. I have, therefore, great faith in S. S. S., and gladly recommend it to all needing a reliable blood medicine.

Bristol, Va.—Tenn. W. J. CATE.



"An' a box of marbles, too.

"An' a lot of picture books— An' a teething-ring of toothy toys, Wif' ticks, nails, screws, an' books.

"An' dear Dad, some other things To fill in corners wif' you know, Ginger cakes an' nuts an' figs An' a lot of candy, too.

"An' I wouldn't mind some skates. (I'll give 'em one to some friend) An' I'll receive 'em all.

"So good-night, dear Dad, amen!"

—Detroit Free Press.

Talbot's Christmas

BY FRANCIS HART.

JAMES," said Gerry Talbot suddenly, looking up from the letter he had just received, "you needn't mind about the rest. The dinner will not come off, after all."

The decorated end of the big, sumptuous studio looked oddly distasteful to Gerry Talbot since the reading of Miss Wakefield's telegram, which had shattered her enthusiastic plans. He had invited her and her brother and his wife to a Christmas dinner which he meant to make as festive as possible. Of course, her rejection at the last hour had been a gentle invitation prepared to avert a greater disappointment, for he had let her know unmistakably how it was with him, and he had been so hopeful of success that he had selected a ring for her Christmas gift—a little golden circlet set with a clear white sapphire.

The streets were thronged with bustling Christmas shoppers, glad of heart, with merry, expectant faces, and here and there a wistful one, too, looking on, but not buying. Talbot noticed two little girls gazing wistfully into a confectioner's window.

"Yes, Min, I would. I'd do it 'out thin,'" said the taller of the two. "Oh, my, wouldn't it be nice to be rich an' invite all your friends to a big turkey an' ice cream dinner?"

They were very poorly clad, thin-featured and ill-nourished, but not unpleasant to look at. Talbot was conscious, all at once, of an inexplicable impulse to gratify the child's wish.

"So you would really like to give your friends a Christmas dinner?" said he, smiling down at her astonished eyes.

"I have a great mind to let you have your wish," he said.

"Oh, dear me, Min!" gasped Lou. "I can't hardly believe it, can you? It sounds just like a make-believe thing. Won't Miss Posey be spriced? An' Jonas an' Meg an' Tom. Oh, won't they be just too pleased!"

"How many shall you invite?" Talbot asked gravely, taking out his notebook.

"Well, there's Aunt Katie an' Uncle Tim an' the friends in the Pokey, Jonas an' Meg an' Pat Pokey—Min, can you think of anyone else?"

"Lame Betsy an' Moll."

"How many's that?" asked Lou.

"Twelve, counting us three."

"Don't you think it would be nice to have a little present beside each plate?" asked Talbot.

Both girls gasped, but looked immensely pleased.

"Suppose you two go round with me and pick out what you consider suitable for each of your guests, because I should not know what to select."

When Lou appeared at the studio on the following morning she was a very different looking girl, and any one would have known by the pure joy of her voice that some great and festive event was at hand. Talbot had finished the decorations which had been so harshly interrupted by Miss Wakefield's message, and the result was extremely gratifying, especially after Lou's rapturous exclamations.

At precisely 12 o'clock the bell rang for the first time to announce the arrival of Aunt Katie and Tim and the baby, all polished and prinked to the verge of painfulness. Next came Miss Posey, a little, faded, bowed, ancient woman in rusty black, with long gold loops in her wrinkled ears. Lame Betty clumped in on her crutches, closely followed by Moll, in a borrowed finery, of various sizes. Moll brought blind Jonas, and a merry little wrath of a man called Tom Doom.

Talbot shook hands all around with a "Merry Christmas" after which they all took their places at the beautiful table, the like of which none of that humble party had ever looked upon. But it was a kindly madness that possessed the host of that beautiful dinner, for his stories were of the pleasantest and his watchful care was unflagging. His guests rewarded his efforts by a spontaneous enjoyment of all that was set before them. It was good to see them wait upon blind Jonas, who could not help himself, and upon lame Betty, whose crippled hands made difficult the use of knife and fork.

Talbot rose to replenish a half-empty plate as the hall bell thrilled merrily. There was a pause; then James' quiet, well-trained voice said: "Yes, madam; he is at dinner in the studio."

The Door swung in.

Talbot knew that he was dreaming when the door swung in with outstretched hands and a ripple of explanation of which he heard not one word. Indeed, to him one isolated fact filled the world—that she was smiling up at him with a great promise in her eyes.

"A little friend of mine wanted to give her friends a Christmas dinner, and I persuaded her to let me share it," he explained jauntily. "It has been a great treat to me."

Miss Wakefield read the whole truth for herself as she looked into the good, homely faces that reflected their host's praises in every glance. She said nothing, but her eyes told what Talbot would have given all he possessed to hear from her lips. Then Mr. Wakefield and his wife ventured in, and Talbot bethought himself to ask if they had dined, which they had not.

Talbot made room for three plates here and there, and as there was a plenty of cruettes and tuckery and locket cream, all went well to the very end of the function, when the eleven originally invited guests rose and made their adieux with glad hearts and beaming faces.

Miss Wakefield stood before the grate while her brother and his wife examined a row of pictures half hidden behind the heavy curtains.

"I was so sorry to disappoint you yesterday," she said, "but poor Ted's telegram was so urgent that we were afraid he was worse, and hadn't the heart to refuse him. When I discovered that we could take an early train home I made up my mind to run in and wish you a Merry Christmas, anyway, and so we came, you see."

Talbot thought of the ring. He had taken it from its hiding place. "For a long while I have wanted to ask you to accept this—and what goes with it," he said simply, holding the glittering bauble toward her.

A red glow crept into her face. She made no audible answer, but when the young couple left at the other end of the room sauntered toward them they were smiling.

CHRISTMAS TREE FIRES.

How the Danger of Parlor Conflagrations May Be Minimized.

Several accidents on Christmas eve and day each year recall the fact, apparent only on that day, that the Christmas tree is quite as dangerous as it is pretty, and that the proud father personating Santa Claus should take the precaution to equip himself with asbestos whiskers. About the usual number of fires are recorded in the country each year as a result of the inflammable nature of the Christmas tree and its decorations and their careless handling.

This warning always follows Christmas just as the outcry against toy pistols is raised after the Fourth of July. Of course no rose is free from thorns, and apparently no holiday can be observed in the conventional fashion without risk of accident to the merry-makers. Sputtering candles on a Christmas tree are a very real danger, and the same may be said of the trees themselves, the wreaths of evergreens and the mistletoe. After a day or two they become dry and inflammable to a high degree, and in the joy of the celebration risks are run and precautions neglected. A tree thus loaded down with presents and decorations may become in an instant a torch capable of starting a disastrous fire, as many cities discovered the other day, to their great cost and to the serious discomfort of their fire departments.

By taking preventive measures thousands of dollars will be saved every year. Trees should be bought late and kept out doors until used. In the case of fresh, green trees the risk will be minimized. Candles should not be too close together and should be constantly watched. Above all, a wet blanket should be at hand, also a sponge on a pole long enough to reach any point of the trees or ceiling. So, at least, say the fire fighters, who every year have their own Christmas spoiled by the neglect of these very obvious precautions.

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

One Day When There Are Neither Rich Nor Poor.

If you were in Sweden on Christmas eve you would hear the church bells begin to ring at 5 o'clock, for everybody stops work then and the festivities begin in great earnest everywhere in the kingdom. Class distinctions are forgotten and servants are allowed to sit at table with the family. After supper comes the universal Christmas tree, for Sweden is one of the early homes of this beautiful custom.

On Christmas morning at 6 o'clock, while it is still dark, you would go to church, for everybody goes, unless you stayed at home to mind the lights in the house, for every home in the kingdom is illuminated. There is almost sure to be a deep snow, and you would go to church in a sleigh. Behind every sleigh you would see two boys standing on the runners and holding pine torches—a beautiful spectacle as a long procession of sleighs glides over the snow on a forest road. These torches are stuck up in a circle around the church. A whole week is given to good cheer and hospitality.

The Christmas Traveler.

When Christmas day dawns many a traveler will be unfortunate enough to find himself far from home with no prospect of getting there for the celebration of the greatest holiday of all the year. To many of these this necessary absence is a bitter misfortune, but there are others who have not the good fortune to deem it such a misfortune. They have perhaps no settled home or no relatives or no special friends with whom they yearn to be on the festive day. But these people are comparatively few in numbers. Most of the people who are traveling on Christmas day are doing so because circumstances make it necessary. They are longing every minute of the day to be where they could join in the merriment and festivities with those who are dearest to them.

ORDERED OFF.

The New Year—You'll have to move on, old man.

BUYING LARGER FARMS.

Rural Population Decreasing As Wealth Increases.

It seems a paradox, but it is nevertheless well established as true, that in certain of the best farming regions of the United States great and abounding agricultural prosperity has resulted in decreased rural population. A no less striking than surprising illustration of this is given in a recent State census report of Iowa, which is reported to show a falling off of 2 per cent in the population of that great and glorious State since the general census of 1900. Of course, such a result was not acceptable to Iowa's pride, and it was not readily accepted. Close inquiry, however, is reported not only to confirm the general correctness of the new count, but to show a sufficient reason for its disappointing result.

The explanation offered is that it is all due to the land hunger of the prosperous Iowa farmer. Having money ahead and well knowing that good farm land in the Mississippi valley is one of the safest and most profitable of investments, he has been buying in the adjoining farms of his less fortunate neighbors to such an extent, the reports say, that vacant farmhouses dot every township in the State. Many of these vacant farmhouses may again be occupied by the sons and sons-in-law of the purchaser; some of them will be abandoned, and the newly acquired lands consolidated into larger farms. And if Iowa follows the course of development that has been going on for many years in the magnificent farming regions of Central Illinois, the consolidated farms will be leased in tracts of 80 or 320 acres, or more, to thrifty and prosperous tenant farmers.

The process as it has gone on in Illinois for a number of years is that the wealthier land owner buys out the 40 and 80-acre farms of his neighbors, tile drains and otherwise improves them, often renting the same land or larger tracts to the vendors, who generally made more money as tenants than they had done as owners. The tenant farmers of Central Illinois put their capital into the best of farm implements and machinery and live stock. Their prosperity is seen in their comfortable and well furnished houses, the well kept vehicles and horses which their families drive to church and to country gatherings. In Central Illinois just now the tendency is to larger farms, the tenant generally desiring to increase his area and the landlord regulating the quantity of land he will lease by the proved capacity and success of each tenant. For its best farm lands Iowa appears to be approaching the same system—Springfield Republic.

"Madam," began the peddler as he opened his red satchel, "can I sell you something this morning?"

"No," snapped the elderly matron, raising her broom ominously, "and you better move on."

"Just as you say, madam. I was going to offer you the greatest wrinkle remover on earth, but I see you don't need it."

"Ah, I—"

"And also this wonderful remedy for restoring gray hair to its natural color, but you have no use for that, either."

"Why, how kind of you to think so!"

"And this little volume entitled 'How to Remain Beautiful Forever.' But it would be superfluous to offer it to you. Good-day, madam!"

"Come back here! Come back here this instant. I do not need them, as you say, but I will buy them and give them to some friend. I always encourage truthfulness."

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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Trick of the Trade.

Uncle Erastus, the village plasterer and whitewasher, who had married and buried four wives, was about to acquire a fifth. He went to the house of the Presbyterian minister, a venerable man who had officiated at several of his previous weddings, to make arrangements to be married there the following evening.

"Of course I shall be glad to marry you to your new wife, Uncle Erastus," said the minister. "This will be the third or fourth time for me, won't it? How does it happen, uncle, that you never have a colored preacher tie the knot for you?"

"Well, sah," he answered, "I's kind o' got in de habit o' gittin' a white man to do my marryin', an' I recon I'll allow do it. I's terrible set in my ways, Mistah Pa'er."

"All the Comforts of Home."

"Nat," Goodwin, the comedian, once possessed a fine country house on the banks of the Thames River, near New-London, Connecticut. Every summer he used to invite some of his Thespian friends to join his happy party.

On one such occasion Goodwin delivered himself of a bon mot that is worth repeating.

"Nat," said some one, "you certainly have a fine place here. Just think of it, a lawn right on the river?"

"Yes," drawled "Nat," "it's fine. In the spring we have the lawn on the river, and in the fall we have the river on the lawn."

"Ware of the Dog."

Bob—Miss Subbubs has asked me to call to-night.

Dick—Yes?

Bob—Yes. What shall I wear?

Dick—Who has been there?—Ware of the dog!—Philadelphia Ledger.

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Not Built For Two.

When Michael Burke joined his brother James in this country, the money he brought over, added to James' savings, enabled them to go into the ice business. In course of time their custom increased, and it became necessary for them to have an office. In this James soon installed a nice roll-top desk.

"The one desk will do for the two of us," he explained, the day it was set up. "And here are two keys; one for you, Micky, and one for me."

Michael accepted the key, but seemed to be studying the desk.

"That's all right," he said. "But where is my keyhole?"

Chinese Ruler.

The Empress Dowager of China was sold into slavery at the age of eleven, to save her family from starvation. Afterwards she was presented to the late emperor, and, upon his wife's death, became Empress. Her life never became bound, and she was taught to read after persistent pleading. The sterling qualities of this wonderful woman, like those of Pillsbury's Vitox, have overcome every obstacle, and she holds herself at the head of China, as does Vitox at the head of breakfast foods.

English-Speaking People.

Johnny—Smokin' cigarettes is dead sure ter hurt yer.

Jimmy—Go on! Where did yo git dat idee?

Johnny—From pop.

Jimmy—Aw! He was jist stringin' yer.

Johnny—No, he wuzn't stringin' me; he wuz strappin' me. Dat's how I know it hurts.—Philadelphia Press.

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