

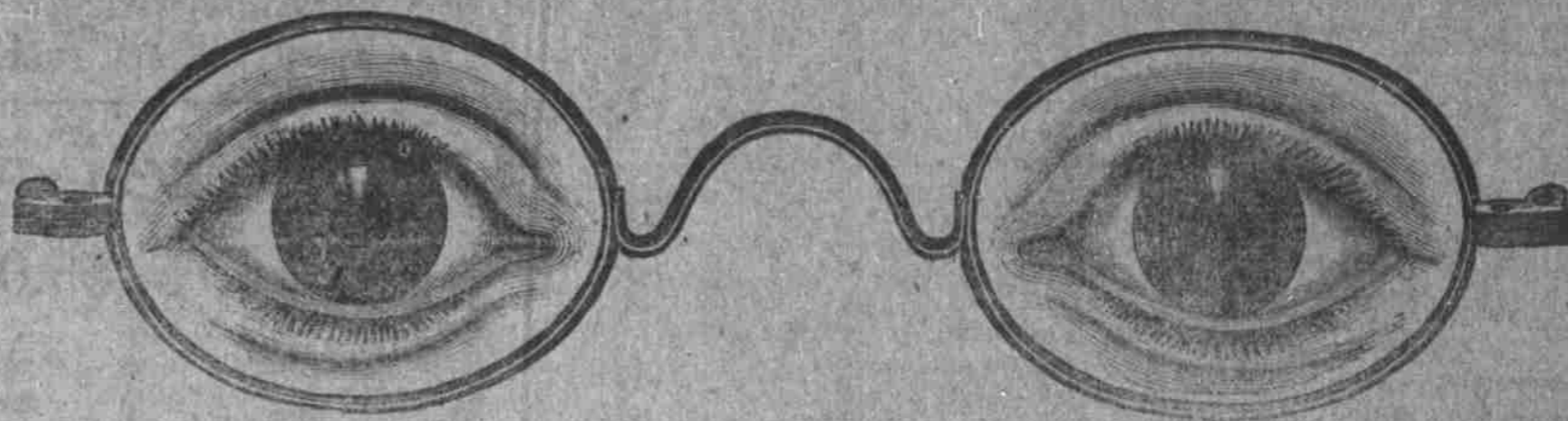
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WM. McMURRAY, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon

A False Alarm.
About this single blessedness I've heard an awful lot. Believe me, it is something that doesn't touch the spot. 'Tis not the sweetest pastime. That ever came across. For where is the enjoyment Without some one to boss?

The fellow frail and single Is free to come and go. There is not in his lodgings A mark for him to toe. No one to call him "Honey," No one to call him down When he is acting foolish And taking off the clown.

The girl who scorns a husband May somehow get alone. But who is there for scapegoat When everything goes wrong? She cannot ask a neighbor. "Say, is my hat on straight?" At whom can she look daggers When dinner has to wait?

The matrimonial mixup May cost a pretty price. They get who take the venture Their money's worth in spice. The blessedness is plenty As round the circle spins— In fact, to those quite favored They often come as twins.

Wise.
"Mr. Richman seems to be a very silent man."
"Yes, he does."
"I wonder if he ever talks."
"No."
"Why not?"
"He has a retinue of high priced lawyers to do that for him."

With Apologies.
I've wandered to the village, Tom; I've hunted for the tree Upon the village playground that sheltered you and me. It wasn't anywhere in sight. They told me, with a gulp. They cut it down a year ago and sold the wood for pulp.
—Chicago Tribune.

The Right Way.
"What do you think of that aviator couple's making their wedding trip in an aeroplane?"
"Very appropriate."
"How?"
"Aren't lovers always in the clouds?"
—Baltimore American.

A Fine Figure.
Once there lived a young lady in Lyme Who was so excessively thin That when she essayed To sip lemonade She slipped through the straw and fell in.
—London Tit-Bit.

How the Candidate Lost Out.
"They told me," said the Billville candidate, "that splitting rails for political fences was good exercise, and I whirled in with a will. But there's a difference about that and getting the votes. I plowed two days for one man and plowed so well that it gave me a big reputation in the settlement, and I'm blest if a committee of farmers didn't wait on me and advise me to get out o' politics and stick to the soil, as it was their unanimous verdict that I'd be more of a success at giddin' the destiny of a Georgia mule than I would at sortin' seeds as a congressman!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

We've Got to Fish.
This is the best time of the year For fish to bite. An' fellers they are waitin' near For fish to bite. They've left the office, shop an' store. Don't care for business any more. Jest waitin' on or off the shore For fish to bite.

They is a feelin' in our bones We've got to fish! This ain't put in uncertain tones— We've got to fish! The world may take us for a slob. But even if we lose our job We've got to jest git out an' bob— We've got to fish!
—Boston Herald.

Snake Bites.
The story is told of a certain town in the west which had gone dry that a stranger applied at the hotel for a drink of whisky. He was told that it could not be sold to any one unless bitten by a rattlesnake. Upon inquiring whether there were any rattlesnakes in town he was given the name of a man who had one. "But," said his informant, "there's no use in your going there, for that snake's engaged for two weeks ahead."
—Sunday School Times.

Hence These Tears.
Beefsteak and onions through the land Held favor, there's no doubt, But now we eat the onion and We cut the beefsteak out.
—Washington Star.

A Subdued Menu.
Crushed oats. Beaten biscuit. Mashed potatoes. Whipped cream.
—Puck.

A Pair of Bills.
Shakespeare was progressive quite, And gentle Will. If working now, would maybe write For vanderbilt.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Win or Lose.
When first a colored Violet My friends all thought it smart To say: "A fellow at that! I'll bet Poor Jack has lost his heart!" I wooed her, and I won her hand. And then I heard it said: "Now, ain't it sad? Poor lad, poor lad! Poor Jack has lost his head!"
—Cleveland Leader.

So Like a Family.
"Dear," said Mrs. Newcome to her husband on the evening of their first day at Lonesomehurst. "Mrs. Gabbit—that's the lady next door—called upon me today, and she tells me all the people here are like one big family."
"Ah, yes," replied her husband—"always knocking each other."
—Catholic Standard and Times.

The First Fisherman.
Beside a vast and primal sea A solitary savage he Who gathered for his tribe's rude need The daily dose of raw seaweed. "The fisherman," she said, "is dead! And spoke the truth—or not at all. Along the awful shore he ran A simple pre-Polynesian. A thing primeval, undefiled, Straightforward as a little child. Until one morn he made a grab And caught a mesozoeic crab. Then told the tribe at close of day A bigger one had got away! From him have sprung 't own a bias To ways the cut of rod and fly near All fishermen—ano Ananias!"

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It's Good for what Ails You

Maxwell Wins
Thrills followed thrills as speeding automobiles shot around the course of the Ingleside Race Course, on April 24th. In the second and final day events of the successful meet promoted by the members of Islam Temple of the Mystic Shrine. The honors of the day were divided between Barney Oldfield, with his 200 horsepower Benz machine, and C. O. King, with his Maxwell 30 horsepower stock car. Oldfield lowered his previous record of one mile to 51 5-6, which is a new coast record for the circular track. With the exception of this performance, Oldfield had to take second place in the list of racing honors, as the world's champion met defeat in both the five and fifteen mile handicap events, and in both races King and his Maxwell were the victors. In fact, King proved the surprise of the meet, driving all of his races with much judgment and taking the turns with his car as close to the fence as did Oldfield. In the five mile handicap, Oldfield drove his Knox racer to the utmost, but the handicap was too strong and he could not get the lead away from King. Not only in the handicap events did King and his Maxwell prove stars of the first order, but in one of the first events of the day, the five mile race for cars costing from \$1200 to \$1600, which was one of the best matches of the meet. The time for the five mile handicap was as follows: Maxwell, King, 4.49.30; Oakland, Nelson, 4.48.25; Chalmers, West, 4.49.30; Auto Car, finished fourth, and the Knox car, Barney Oldfield driving, fifth. In the event number eight, ten miles free-for-all handicap, King and his Maxwell again were the winners, the Maxwell's time being 8.19.30.
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I had the most debilitating cough a mortal was ever afflicted with, and my friends expected that when I left my bed it would surely be for my grave. Our doctor pronounced my case incurable, but thanks be to God, four bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery cured me so completely that I am all sound and well.—MRS. EVA UNCAPHER, Grovertown, Ind.
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The pure Non-Alcoholic Juice of "Picked Ripe" Hawaiian Pineapples Bottled where Grown
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