Disfigured Skin

Wasted muscles and decaying bones.

What havoc!

Scrofula, let alone, is capable of all that, and more.

It is commonly marked by bunches in the neck, inflammations in the eyes, dyspepsia, catarrh, and general debility.

It is always radically and permanently cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which expels all humors, cures all eruptions, and builds up the whole system, whether young or old.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

He Knew.

Teacher—If you are polite and kind to your young comrades, what will be the result?

Bully Jones—They'll know they can lick you.

Triumphant Flattery.

"So Dick and Daisy have made up. By George! I wonder how. After the way she laid him out I never expected it. How did he pacify her?"

"He told her that he'd rather quarrel with her than kiss any other girl."

Not a Serious Affliction.

"Yes, my cook has but one fault. She is a little near-sighted."

"It isn't serious, then'?"

"Well, not often. I don't think she mistakes my best hat for hers more than once a week."

Very Likely.

McJigger—There is a rumor that China is secretly raising another army by conscription.

Thingumbob—Ah! I suppose the open door is responsible for this draft.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Got the Result Anyhow.

Doctor—Well, my little man, you're quite well again. How did you take the pills, in water or with cake?

Bobby—I used them in my blow gun.

Not Capable.

She—Poor Jack's doctor told him that he had narrowly escaped an acute inflamation of the brain.

He—The doctor is an ignoramus. Jack's brain couldn't develop anything acute.

No More Sour Stomachs.

When you're constipated, undigested food rots in your stomach like garbage in a swill barrel. Clean it out with Cascarets Candy Cathartic! 10c, 25c, 50c.

A Question.

Observing Gent—Pardon me, Mrs. Oldday, but your hair is coming down.

Mrs Oldday—Mine!

Observing Gent—Well, I thought it was yours.

A Narrow Escape.

May—You came near accepting Jack once, didn't you?

Belle—Oh, yes; I offered to toss a coin to see if I would marry him or not, but he didn't have a coin to toss.

Learn to take pictures. The "A. B. C. of Photography" tells you how to do it. The best book on photography ever written. Your dealer can get it for you. Camera Craft, 330 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

He's Flagged.

Marie—They'll never be married.

Grace—Why not?

Marie—Well, she won't marry him until he pays his debts, and he can't pay his debts until he marries her.

Hadn't Reported Yet.

"You say he died a soldier's death. What was the fatal wound?"

"It isn't known. The investiagting committee hasn't decided whether it was due to the tobacco or to hot irons."

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

Hair Dye and Insurance.

Hair dye is considered so detrimental to long life that a continental assurance company refuses to insure the lives of persons using it.

Referred to one Direction.

"I see money is reported easier."

"Then it must mean that it goes that way. It doesn't come any easier."

The Modern View.

Son—I haven't the advantage you had when you were a young man, father.

Father—You haven't?

Son—Certainly not. You didn't have to waste four years of your life in college, as I have done.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Making the Best of It.

Mrs. Flatbush—I call it rather cool in those burglars leaving their card after making a clean sweep of everything we own.

Flatbush—Yes; but my dear, we now know who to go to if we ever want to have any expert burglarizing done.

Durability of Wood.

In the very dry atmospheres the durability of wood is almost incredible. Pieces of wood, wooden caskets and wooden articles have been withdrawn from Egyptian catacombs of an antiquity 2,000 or 3,000 years antedating the Christian era.

Business is Business.

The Millionaire—Yes, your highness, I intend to settle ten millions on my daughter the day she is married.

The Duke—Just give me a month's option on that and I'll consider it.

A Life Debt.

"Say, old fellow, I never mentioned it, but I would have married the woman who is now your wife if it hadn't been for you."

"You owe me a debt of gratitud you can never repay."

Not Essentials.

Friend—But you say the charges are without foundation.

Campaign manager—Yes, but in politics a big superstructure can be built without any foundation.

Automobiles as Transport Wagons.

Experiments in France have proved convincing, and the French believe they are certain to play a role of much importance in modern warfare. It is odd to note the different uses to which nature and science are put. On the battlefield they fight for the destruction of life, while throughout the country, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters fights to preserve it. For fifty years the Bitters has been curing dyspepsia, indigestion constipation and billiousness. It will also prevent malaria, fever and ague.

Logic.

"Johnny, your hair is wet. You've been in swimming again."

"I fell in, ma."

"Nonsense; your clothes are perfectly dry."

"Yes'm. I knew'd you didn't want me to wet 'em, so I took 'em off before I fell in."

A Leading Question.

Hobb—I put $100 in the bank for my baby the other day for his majority.

Nobb—That's good. How long are you going to keep it there?

THE BAKER'S DOZEN.

Thirteen Reasons Explaining Popularity of the "Anchor" Clamp.

A great deal is heard now about the "anchor" fences that have sprung into wide popularity of late. It is claimed that they are the cheapest and most durable fences on earth, hence their general adoption. Minute inquiry into details of construction reveals the fact that "anchor" clamps hold (rivet tight) the large wires of which the fence is made, thus making the fence five times as strong and durable as any other fence on the market.

The manufacturers, The Portland Anchor Fence Co., 742 Nicolai street, Portland, Or., give a full baker's dozen reasons why the "anchor" clamp is so efficient:

1. It is made of the best hoop steel, therefore is strong and durable.
2. It is simple; can be applied by any one.
3. It does what other ties pretend to do—makes an immovable anchor.
4. It prevents loose and sagging wires.
5. It keeps a fence always in repair.
6. It prevents injury to stock.
7. It makes a fence that stock cannot break down.
8. It can be used on smooth or barbed wire.
9. It can be used for making new or repairing old fences.
10. It is the only tie yet devised by which a fence can be made in any manner desired, or repaired without rebuilding.
11. It makes the BEST and most durable fence on the market.
12. IT IS CHEAP.
13. Merit alone can stand the test of time.

The company will send you an illustrated book on the subject free, if you write to them.

Not Expensive Enough.

Mr Park Slope—Do you believe that the doctors will agree that, after all, salt is the elixir of life?

Mr. Midwood—Never! It's too cheap!

Appreciation.

She—I like some of your articles very much.

He—Oh, I'm so glad! Which was the part you liked specially?

She—Well, I liked the quotation from Balzac.

By Proxy.

Towne—Poor Peck suffers a good deal on account of dyspepsia.

Browne—Nonsense. I see him nearly every day at my office and he—

Towne—O, he only suffers when he is at home. It's his wife who has the dyspepsia.

Touched.

First Sharper (at Pan-American exposition)—I hope you got the last dollar out of that galoot from Hackensack, N. J. He came to the exposition because the papers say it's a liberal education.

Second Sharper (complacently)—Well, I guess I gave his education the finishing "touches."

What S. S. S. Does for Children

Children are constantly exposed to all sorts of diseases. The air they breathe is filled with germs, sewer gas and dust from the filthy streets are inhaled into the lungs and taken into the blood. At the crowded school rooms and other public places they come in contact almost daily with others recovering from or in the first stages of contagious diseases. You can't quarantine against the balance of the world, and the best you can do is to keep their blood in good condition, and thus prevent or at least mitigate the disease. You have perhaps learned from observation or experience that healthy, robust children (and this means, of course, children whose blood is pure) are not nearly so liable to contract diseases peculiar to them, and when they do it is generally in a mild form. On the other hand, weak, emaciated and sickly ones seem to catch every disease that comes along. This is because their blood is lacking in all the elements necessary to sustain and build up the body. Poisons of every description accumulate in the system, because the polluted and sluggish blood is unable to perform its proper functions.

Such children need a blood purifier and tonic to give strength and vitality to their blood, and S. S. S., being a purely vegetable remedy, makes it the safest and best for the delicate constitutions of children. S. S. S. is not only a perfect blood medicine, but is pre-eminently the tonic for children; it increases their appetites and strengthens the digestion and assimilation of food. If your children have any hereditary or acquired taint in their blood, give them S. S. S. and write to our physicians for any information or advice wanted; this will cost you nothing, and will start the little weaklings on the road to recovery. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

STUB AND THE DIAMOND LOCKET

NOW, you'll notis," said Stub, "dat fellers in books an' stories allers has er chanst ter do sumpen great, dat makes 'em great, an' gits der names in der poipers. But do we git dat chanst? Not on yer life!"

Stub sliced a splinter of wood off the edge of the empty crate he was sitting on, and began to whittle it with a very rusty knife. The boys were sitting in the alley, waiting for their "extry." The day was hot and stifling, there was no air stirring, and "der gang" were feeling very tired. Papers did not sell fast on hot days nor stormy days, and it was hard work to earn enough even to afford the extra penny for a swim in the dingy bathhouse down near the rolling mill.

"It makes yer sick tryin' ter act on der square an' be honest, sometimes," said Jimmy Hobbs, wiping his dirty face with a still dirtier and very ragged shirt sleeve.

Stub picked up his knife again and went back to his whittling, with a sober face. The world seemed all wrong, somehow. Other boys had good clothes and good homes and plenty to eat and long vacations at lakes and in the mountains in the summer. He had never had good clothes in his life. He never remembered having all he wanted to eat except at the Christmas and Thanksgiving "feeds" given to the newsboys yearly. All he knew of the lakes was what he could see from the crowded docks, and he knew nothing of the mountains except from picture papers. It did not seem right.

Yet he had always tried to "keep square." He would not pick pockets. He had a very dim and hazy recollection of a sweet mother-face that he hugged close to his heart under the

"WHO TAUGHT YOU WHAT WAS 'ACTING SQUARE'?"

ragged little shirt, and somehow that mother face seemed to come to him more clearly when anything tempted him that was not just "square."

"Extry!" yelled Jimmy suddenly. And Stub started up with the rest of the boys as the gong sounded down the alley. The next moment he was in line, struggling and yelling with the rest, while the men shoved bundles of papers out to them and they paid for their little brass checks at the window. Then he was on the street with the cry that the men had given out: "Extry! All about de big railway ax'dent! Extry!"

Along the running board of an electric car he darted to the smokers' seats. They were always the most hopeful. An elderly gentleman boarded the car at the same time and motioned Stub. He stood on the running board as Stub gave him the paper and took the coin. Then the boy dropped to the ground. As he did so something rolled at his feet—something bright and glittering. Stub stooped and picked it up, and it proved to be a plain gold locket, with one spot of vivid light in the center. And Stub gasped as he realized that he held in his hand what was, to him, a small fortune. For the spot of vivid, dazzling light was a diamond of considerable size.

Stub, tightly grasping his valuable find in his hand, darted through the throng of wagons and carriages to the sidewalk. There he stood staring after the car. "It was der ol' gents," he muttered to himself. "I seen it swing from der chain uv his ticker. It mus' uv caught in der seat as he got in der car. An'—an'—he looks a rich un. He kin buy anudder—lots more. An'—an'—me—I ain't had a square meal dis summer."

The papers were under his arm, forgotten. The locket was clenched in his fist. And down the crowded street he could see the car that bore the elderly gentleman, slowly making its way. He watched it dully. Then he muttered to himself again.

"It—it goes round der loop. It—goes round der loop."

Far down the street he saw it at last turn a corner and disappear. Then he turned and looked up the street at his left. In a few minutes the car would pass that corner a block above.

"He kin—buy more—" he muttered the words again, still watching that corner. Then suddenly the crowded street blurred for a moment and he saw that sweet mother-face that sometimes seemed so dim when he tried hardest to remember it. It was so clear now—so clear!

Stub swallowed a lump in his throat, then with one spring he cleared the gutter, dodged an express van, bumped against a stately policeman, swung around a clanging automobile and footed it as fast as he could up the crowded sidewalk. In and out the crowd of business men and shopping women he darted like an eel, then swung to the curb as he neared the corner. Beyond him was the car, already crossing the street. Setting his teeth, Stub again cleared the gutter with a bound and flew up the track.

The motor and trailer were bounding ahead, but an Italian, with his fruit cart got in the way. It was a moment's pause, and Stub did his best. Panting and gasping, he reached the trailer, caught the rail and sprang to the step. Then he saw the elderly gentleman, quietly reading the paper Stub had sold him.

Stopping at his elbow, Stub reached out a grimy little fist between the gold eye glasses and the paper, and opened his fingers.

"Please, sir, yer dropped it. An'—an'—— I jest ketched der car."

The elderly gentleman stared at the locket, picked it up from the grimy hand, and then Stub quietly dropped to the ground as the conductor pushed him to one side. Making his way to the sidewalk, Stub stood still for a moment.

"I didn't git even er dime," he said, blankly, to a wooden Indian that stood in front of a cigar store. "Not even er dime."

He shifted his papers to the other arm, pushed his ragged cap back from his wet forehead, wiped his face on his arm, then opened his mouth.

"Extry! All 'bout der big rail——"

A hand came down on Stub's shoulder, and he looked up straight into the gold-rimmed glasses of the elderly gentleman.

"I want to talk to you a minute, young man," said Stub's customer. "I suppose you eat ice cream and—such things? Come in here. It is rather noisy on the sidewalk for conversation."

A little frightened and a little delighted, Stub walked along toward a confectioner's near by, the firm hand still on his shoulder. Soon he was sitting at a small round table with a big glass of ice cream soda in front of him.

Stub set to with a will, and the twinkling eyes of the old gentleman studied his face sharply through the gold-rimmed glasses till the cream had disappeared.

"And now," he said quietly, "tell me all about finding that locket."

And Stub told him. The old gentleman listened attentively.

"Why didn't you keep the locket?" he asked.

"Why—it—it wouldn't ha' been actin' square," stammered Stub.

"Oh! And who taught you what was 'acting square?'" queried the old gentleman.

"Me mudder," replied Stub, in a low voice.

"And where does she live?"

"She—she's dead," said Stub.

"Ah! And what is your name?" asked the old gentleman.

"Stub—er—I mean, me right name is Disbro—Stanley Disbro," said Stub, reaching down for his ragged little cap. But when he sat up again the cap dropped from his fingers. He looked at the old gentleman—who had grasped the edge of the table with both hands and was staring at him—with terror. For the old gentleman's face was white and his mouth was working strangely. The next moment he had taken the locket from his pocket and had opened it with shaking fingers and thrust it across the table toward Stub.

And Stub?—Stub looked down with wondering eyes and saw, framed in the delicate gold, the fair, sweet mother-face that he had cherished so long in his boy memory. And on the other side of the table the old gentleman was sitting with his head bowed in his hands. And Stub, awed and still, knew that he was crying.

And afterward Stub learned all about it—how the old gentleman's daughter had married against his wishes and he had disowned her. And then Stub told his part—of his father's death, and his young mother's struggle with poverty till she followed her husband to the shadow land. And of her teachings to "act square," that he could not forget, even though he went hungry.

And two weeks after Stub was living in a snug cottage on the lake shore, far from the city heat and noise. And there were bathing and boating and games in the sand, and three square meals a day, with lunches between, and a donkey and cart, all his own, and a happy old gentleman whom he called affectionately "gran'dad." And last, but not least, there was a houseful of noisy and delighted guests, who once had been known in newspaper alley as "der gang."—Chicago Record-Herald.

INCOMES OF PREACHERS.

Many Large-City Clergymen Receive Munificent Salaries.

To be the minister in one of New York's big churches is a lucrative and desirable position. The salaries are large and the perquisites often double the salary. It was said that the late Dr. John Hall had an income of between $55,000 and $60,000 a year. Of this his salary was $25,000 and the rest was for marriage fees and other incidentals.

Dr. Morgan Dix of Trinity receives $25,000 per annum and his perquisites are quite as much as were Dr. Hall's. He has also about twenty assistant curates, none of whom gets less than $2,500 per annum. Not less is the income of Dr. Greer, rector of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, for, besides a large salary, he officiates at more fashionable weddings than any other minister in New York. Dr. Huntington, of Grace Church, probably comes third in the list of high-priced preachers.

Dr. MacArthur, of Calvary Church, is the best paid Baptist minister in the city, although his salary does not equal that of some of the Episcopal rectors. But his parish is large and he is in frequent demand at weddings. By a sort of unwritten law among the clergy the minister's wife always receives all wedding fees. They are supposed to be her pin money. Some ministers who are unmarried set this sum aside for charity, says the New York World.

Clergymen who have big churches and wealthy congregations receive a substantial recompense for officiating on these occasions. The custom of giving big marriage fees is every year increasing and the bigger the fee the more complimentary it is supposed to be for the bride. For his services at the christening of the little ones of the rich the rector also gets a nice check.

When it is remembered that handsome residences are thrown in, by the large churches, in addition to the regular salary, it will be seen that a call to a rich city church is not to be despised. The average man who imagines that a preacher has no business ability would do well to consider that he doesn't need to have it. He has a pleasant berth and he is sure of his job as long as he lives.

Busy Bees Study Weather.

Bee barometers should be the title of these lines, for whoever observes these interesting insects finds it easy enough to foretell exactly the kind of weather to be expected. At least, that is the opinion of many raisers of bees.

Generally the bee stays at home when rain is in the air. When the sky is simply dark and cloudy, these busy workers do not leave their dwelling all at once. A few go out first, as though the queen had sent out messengers to study the state of the atmosphere. The greater number remain on observation until the clouds begin to dissipate, and it is only then that the battalions entire rush out in search of their nectar. A bee never goes out in a fog, because it is well aware that dampness and cold are two fearsome, redoubtable enemies.

We do not mean, however, that a bee is a meteorologist in the absolute sense of the word. Its cleverness consists in never being taken unawares, for it possesses untiring vigilance. Often one may observe the sudden entrance of bees into the hive when a dense cloud hides the sun, and even though the rain is not in evidence.—Tit-Bits.

The Child Wives of India.

The latest government census in India showed 6,016,759 girls between 5 and 9 years of age who were already married, of whom 170,000 had become widows.

SULTAN AND HIS HOME LIFE.

Fears Assassination by Poison and by the Knife.

One of the most striking illustrations of this phenomenon of a light veneer of Western habit overlaying a core of things totally Oriental is the personal life of Abdul Hamid. Tireless as his activity is, and careful as he is of each moment of time, very little of his energy is directed toward national affairs, and public business is nowhere more delayed and neglected than under this busy ruler.

The elaborate ceremony of precaution with which his meals are prepared engages the attention of the highest and most trusted of his officials. The cooking is done in a separate and strongly guarded chamber, and the chef does everything beneath the eye of the Sultan's confidential servant. A solemn procession conveys the food and water to the salle a manger, the carafe being sealed and the dishes covered with cloths which are also sealed upon them. These precautions against poison by no means satisfy the Sultan. At any moment he may command the official who overlooks the cookery to taste a dish, and a number of pet animals are kept to which the first morsels are given by the royal hand.

In the taste for tobacco, on the other hand, he practices no moderation; this is a craving stronger than any taste for food, and the cigarette that is between his lips from morning till night can do little to improve a nervous system already shattered by anxieties. In the matter of liquor the Sultan is no strict Mussulman, and pleads his health as an excuse for the indulgence in an occasional glass of champagne.

The pitiable state of his nerves makes the night a recurring terror to him. He fears darkness like a child, and the whole of the apartments occupied by him, with the surrounding gardens, are brilliantly lit up from the moment the light falls. Silence, too, is terrible to him, and he can only sleep with the noise of his guard tramping before the palace in his ears. From his sleep he will start up to summon an interpreter for a dream, or to go out and sweep the horizon with strong glasses. Usually he is sent with difficulty to sleep by the reading aloud of his brother or a favorite servant. Next to the reports of his spies, the literature that appeals most strongly to his taste is that of the sensational novel, and the more horror there is to stimulate a morbid taste the better is he pleased. It is characteristic of him that the only sport in which he excels is rifle and pistol practice; at this he could show the way to most men.—London News.

Street-Paving Machine.

One large factor in the cost of laying concrete pavements is the labor and time required to thoroughly mix the ingredients and place them in position for tamping into the street. Below is an apparatus recently designed by Chester T. Drake, of Chicago, for performing this part of the work mechanically. The machine not only thoroughly mixes the cement and crushed stone with the water, but also deposits the

CONCRETE PAVEMENT MIXER AND PLACER.

material so prepared at any portion of the roadbed, ready for placing in its final position. The power for operating the plant is obtained from any suitable motor or engine, which also propels the machine along the road when desired. The mixing box is provided with blades mounted on a central rotary shaft, which gradually feeds the mass toward the spout at the end, where it falls on the conveyer and is carried out to the proper position. This conveyer is of considerable length and swings freely around a semi-circle, being easily guided by the attendant. An engineer, a man to feed the material into the mixer and an attendant at the carrier are the only helpers required to do the work, and the machine does away with the general litter of mixing platforms, wheelbarrows, shovels and hoes.

American Shamrock.

"Few people, comparatively speaking, are aware that the shamrock, Ireland's national emblem, grows in many parts of the United States," said Michael Cavanagh, of Boston, during a recent visit to Washington.

"I was out walking in the northwest section of Washington yesterday, and saw loads of shamrock in one of the parks. It is identically the same as that which flourishes on the soil of Erin. A good many people confuse the shamrock with clover, which it resembles considerably, but the shamrock can always be told from the other by its small, yellow blossoms, exactly like a strawberry bloom. This blossom puts forth five little yellow leaves. Now the blossom of the clover is either red or white, and it is larger and shaped differently.

"The shamrock has three leaves, which, in most instances, are perfect in their heart shape, though not always so, and it grows luxuriantly in limestone regions. The tradition that St. Patrick explained the mystery of the Trinity by the little flower is the common explanation of its adoption as Ireland's most cherished emblem."—Washington Post.

Taking No Chances.

"Isn't there something in my policy," asked a caller at a La Salle street insurance office the other day, "about my having to 'report any change of residence?'"

"Yes, sir," said the man at the nearest desk, picking up a pen. "Where have you moved to?"

"I haven't moved anywhere," replied the caller. "I have made a change in my residence by painting it a light-straw color and putting a jack on the kitchen chimney. I think that's all. Good day."—Chicago Tribune.

Along about supper time, when there is a guest, the conversation always drags; the guest is wondering if she will be invited to stay, and the hostess is wondering if she can get out of it.

A STARTLING STORY

TOLD BY A KANSAS CITY NEWS AGENT.

In an Interview He Relates How He Accomplished What Many Others Have Failed to Do.

Jack Williams, of No. 401 Delaware street, says the Kansas City, Mo., Journal, is well known as an enterprising news agent and a thoroughly reliable man. He had been a sufferer from kidney trouble and endured much pain from it until recently, when he tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and with such success that within a short time he was entirely and permanently cured. To a reporter he said:

"For two years I had pains in the back constantly, causing me serious inconvenience. But I did not attempt to do anything for my complaint until the latter part of last winter, when I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and decided to see what they would do for me. I was relieved within one week after I began taking them; the pains disappeared and so complete was the cure that I have not found it necessary to take further treatment nor have I been troubled at all by the disease since."

Kidney complaint is an insiduous disease. First come almost unnoticed pains in the back and some slight inconvenience. The pains grow gradually worse and the inconvenience greater till finally, if not given medical treatment, the person suffers awful torture and becomes unfit to follow his ordinary occupation. Blood poisoning sets in, the constitution is wrecked and death often results.

Mr. William stook the one unfailing remedy and was readily cured within a few weeks. His statement was sworn to before Lionel Moise, a notary public, and the facts above will bear the most searching investigation. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will not only effect a cure in cases similar to the one above, but, acting directly upon the blood and nerves, are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, after effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness either in male or female. At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Price 50 cents per box; six boxes, $2.50.

The Necessary Advances.

She—You should speak to papa first. You don't expect him to make the advances, do you?

He—Well, if he doesn't, how are we to get married?

Guessed the Cause.

The woman—Doctor, I have an awful tired feeling.

The Doctor—Ah, let me see your tongue.

Many Oysters Near Mobile.

A big oyster bed near Mobile, Ala., has been sold for $130,000. It is estimated that there are $100,000 worth of oysters in the bed at this time.

How He Got There.

"How'd I come here? Well," answered the sullen convict, "I sneaked in de back way, when nobody was lookin' and hid in dis yere cell."

Aged Earl.

There is only one man living who has sat in the house of lords since the beginning of the first parliament of William IV, and he is the Earl of Mansfield, who is now 91 years of age.

Different.

She—I thought you were acquainted with the Jenkinsons.

He—No; I have cut them dead since they refused me admission to their house.

Rough on Both.

Algy—Gladys, I fear I cannot love you as I should.

ladys—Why, what's the reason?

Algy—Because I must confess I forgot to shave today.

Fond of the Baby.

"My wife doesn't stay but a week down at her mothers."

"Homesick?"

"No; but her younger sisters admired our baby so much that they nearly washed it to pieces."

Started Her Song.

Mrs. Brown (at Mrs. Smiths tea party)—Oh, dear, that dreadful Miss Smith is singing again. I wonder what started her.

Tommy Brown (aged seven)—I dropped a penny down her back when she wasn't looking.

BAD BREATH

"I have been using CASCARETS and as a mild and effective laxative they are simply wonderful. My daughter and I were bothered with sick stomach and our breath was very bad. After taking a few doses of Cascarets we have improved wonderfully. They are a great help in the family."
WILHELMINA NAGEL,
1127 Rittenhouse St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good. Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 318

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

His View of It.

McJigger—I thought your wife was economical.

Thingumbob—Such ignorance! My dear man, no woman is ever economical. She is either extravagant or stingy.

A Matter of Enviornment.

"You ought to rise with the lark."

"Well, if I had to perch all night on a cold twig I suppose I'd be glad to."

A Matter of Expense.

"Doctor, what is the matter with me?"

"You need about three months' rest from business—that is all."

"Three months' rest? That will cost me $5,000. The other doctor said I needed an operation for appendicitis. That would cost only $100. I think I'll let him operate."

Spring Planting.

"Josiah is in a terrible quandary."

"What now?"

"He doesn't know whether he gave the canary the bird seed or whether he gave it the flower seed and planted the bird seed."

Maud's Pleasing Fiction.

"Maud never wears rubbers."

"Why not?"

"She'd rather say she couldn't get a pair smail enough to fit her."

Hard Work.

Employer—What's the matter with you?

Muddled clerk—Tired tha'sh all.

"Tired, eh?"

"Yesh; I been workin' like a horse."

"Ah, I see; carrying a load, eh?"

She Knew Him.

"All is lost save honor," telephoned the defeated candidate to his wife at 2 a. m.

"Well, you'll have to walk home, then," she answered, "for that won't do you any good on the owl cars." And then nothing but the low, hoarse buzzing of the telephone wires answered her.

"Robbing Peter."

Towne—For godness sake, what are you so cranky about?

Browne—Oh, I asked my wife to sew a button on my coat.

Towne—And wouldn't she do it?

Browne—Yes; but I've just discovered that the button she sewed on my coat was cut from my vest.

Holt's School.

At Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., with its beautiful surroundings, perfect climate, careful supervision, thorough instruction, complete laboratories, and gymnasium, easily maintains its position in the front ranks of schools for boys on the Pacific Coast. Ira G. Holt, Ph. D., Principal.

How It Happened.

Silas—How did you ever come to let that bunco man take you in?

Hiram.—Well, I kinder suspected him at fust, but he said nobody'd ever know I was from the county; an' I though a feller that didn't know that much couldn't be dangerous.

A Clear Case.

"Senator," she asked, "do you believe in the survival of the fittest?"

"'I do,' he replied—"as long as the fittest has the patronage to distribute."

Values.

Gabb—There goes a man who is worth a milion.

Numskull — Not to me. What makes him so valuable?

A Forced Alliance.

Muggins—He married the cook, I believe.

Buggins—Yes; you see she wanted to leave.

Fashion in Kansas.

"What did that Kansas woman want?"

"She wanted a hatchet pocket put in the side of her seal coat."

The Mean Kind.

"It appears it was the gift of seven cigars that revealed the hiding place of Aguinaldo."

"I smoked one of the sort the other night."

What sort?"

"The sort that is mean enough to make a man betray his grandmother."

N. P. N. U. No. 31—1901.

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

FARM MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES.

CHAMPION BINDERS

We Guarantee

That the Eccentric Sprocket Wheel on this machine will give an absolute gain of 16⅔ per cent of power at time of tieing and discharging bundle.

The Force-feed Elevator will waste less grain than any other. There is less shattering.

The Relief Rake keeps inner end of platform clear.

Everyone of those using Champion Binder says it has no equal.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co.,
First and Taylor Sts. PORTLAND, OR

JOHN POOLE, Portland, Oregon.
Foot of Morrison Street.

Can give you the best bargains in Buggies, Plows, Boilers and Engines, Windmills and Pumps and General Machinery. See us before buying.

Where do You Sell Your Hides? TRY ME.

We always pay the Highest Price.

Chas. L. Mastick & Co.
75 Front St., cor. Oak, Portland, Or.

Summer Resolutions

TAKE THE **Keeley Cure**

Sure relief from liquor, opium and tobacco habits. Send for particulars to

Keeley Institute, Moved to 420 Williams Ave., East Side.

Wholesale Boots and Shoes

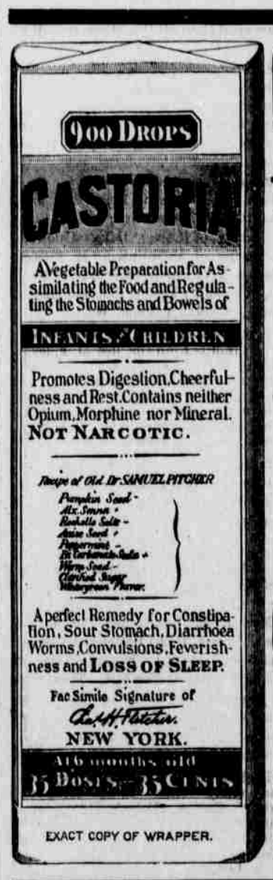
KRAUSSE & PRINCE,
87 and 89 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

All Kinds Carried in Stock. Catalogue Furnished Upon Application.

GEISLER PATENTS COMPANY.
Chamber of Commerce,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

Secures patents for inventions in the United States and foreign countries. Also negotiates markets and defends patent inventions.

No better terms or facilities than we offer obtainable anywhere. Payment of our fees may be deferred till patent is allowed. Write for pamphlet.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Hotel Flavel

Opens for season June 25, 1901.
Col. J. F. Harvey, Manager

THE "MONTEREY" OF OREGON.

Most beautiful and perfectly equipped summer resort. Every convenience and comfort. Free bus from hotel to surf. Bathing, fishing, dancing, bowling. A splendid hotel with lovely surroundings. Under new management this year. For rates and reservations address

HOTEL FLAVEL, Flavel, Ore.
Or J. L. MITCHELL,
615 Marquam Bldg., Portland, Ore.

HILL MILITARY ACADEMY

A Private School

For boarding and day pupils. Opens September 18. Fine new building. The principal has had twenty-three years' experience in Portland. Correspondence solicited. For catalogues address

J. W. HILL, M. D.,
P. O. drawer 17, Portland, Or.

SUMMER is best time to cure Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption. Our remedy is guaranteed, $1. P. O. Box 975.
W. H. SMITH & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

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