

"Shows Show Which Way the Wind Blows"
And the constantly increasing demand for, and steady growth in popularity of, St. Jacobs Oil among all classes of people in every part of the civilized world show conclusively that remedy the people use for their rheumatism and bodily aches and pains. Facts speak louder than words and the fact remains undisputed that the sale of St. Jacobs Oil is greater than all other remedies for outward application combined. It acts like magic, cures where everything else fails, conquers pain.

Their Ways.
Tess—If you don't love him, why don't you let him know it?
Jess—Well, he sends me flowers and takes me to the theatre, you know, and—
Tess—But, gracious, I can't see how you can play with his affections that way.
Jess—Play? I call that "working" them.

There is more color in this nation of the country than all other nations put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be insurmountable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure the disease, and therefore requiring constitutional treatment. Dr. J. C. Chamberlain's Kidney Pills is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally, in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and removes the cause of the disease. They cure one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials. Address: Dr. J. C. Chamberlain & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Dr. J. C. Chamberlain's Kidney Pills are the best.

From Milwaukee.
"Yes," said the haughty young woman who was a Colonial dame as well as a "Daughter of the revolution," "my great-grandfather fell at Bunker Hill."

"Ice or banana skin?" inquired the polite young man from Milwaukee. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NO family, shop, ship, camp or person should be without Windex Oil for every painful accident or emergency.

Bores—Nagrus. I am writing a story I would like a name for. It's somewhat on the plan of "Ships That Pass in the Night," but I want the title to be as different from that as possible.

Nagrus—How would "Elevators That Pass in the Daytime" do? —Chicago Tribune.

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

Which?
"You can depend on that man's keeping his promise," said the close political adviser.
"Yes," answered the practical politician, "but which promise is he going to keep, those he makes to me or those he makes to the voters?" —Washington Star.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or convulsions after Dr. J. C. Chamberlain's Kidney Pills. Sold by Dr. J. C. Chamberlain & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists.

Preposterous!
"Bill, can you lend me two pence?"
"What a silly question to ask! Why if I had two pence, wot 'ud I be doin' standin' outside a public 'ouse?" —Punch.

Looked Ahead.
He—If you didn't love me why did you marry me?
She—Because you were the only man I cared to be divorced from. —Brooklyn Life.

NICKNAMES IN AUSTRALIA.

Queer Appellations Given to People of Its Various Sections.

Although the Australian colonies have now been linked together in a commonwealth, it is not probable that the nicknames bestowed by one province on another will be abandoned.

The inhabitants of New South Wales have long been known as "corntalkers," an allusion to the length and slowness of the average young New South Wales native. Victorians are known as "gumsuckers," with reference to the gum that is found on many native trees, some of which is relished by juveniles. "Crow-eaters," as applied to the South Australians, owes its origin to a statement that in times of drought the wheat farmers of South Australia are driven to the source suggested for food. "Wheatfielders" is a more euphonious name sometimes used for the same province. The Queenslanders are known as "banana landers," that tropical fruit growing there abundantly. Western Australians are known in the east as "sand gobblers" or "groppers." The Westerners themselves group all the other states into "other side," and call the residents "other siders."

Tasmania, the green little Isle that is much like England in climate and other characteristics, is generally regarded as very quiet and rather behind the times, and is referred to as "the land of lots of time," "the land of sleep a lot," and so on, while the inhabitants are called "Tassies" and "jam eaters," the latter being an allusion to the great fruit production of the "tight little island." —London Leisure Hour.

Heard It Not Heard.
Politician (arranging for music at a political meeting)—Isn't that a big price? You may not have to play half a dozen pieces during the whole evening.
Brass Band Leader—But, my dear sir, we have to sit there and listen to the speeches. —Tit-Bits.

I am sure Fio's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago. —Mrs. T. H. HOSKINS, Maple street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1906.

An Eternal Vow.
Edith—I suppose he swore to you "till the earth grows old and the stars grow cold," and all that?
Ethel—Oh, longer. He swore to love me until that Chinese indemnity was paid. —Judge.

SHEEP MEN GO TO LAW.

Owner of Utah Flocks Bring Damage Suit Against the Idaho Authorities.

Salt Lake, Oct. 28.—Utah sheep men who had so much trouble with the Idaho authorities early in the summer over the question of grazing Utah sheep in Idaho, have begun suits in the Third district court to recover damages. There were nine suits filed in all, eight of them for damages to the flocks and one for malicious prosecution and damage to character. The aggregate amount of damages claimed is \$34,47.

With the exception of the complaint of Shafer, the allegations are all similar, and state that on or about July 12, 1901, the defendant unlawfully took possession of flocks of sheep belonging to the plaintiffs and grazing on the public lands of Oneida county, Idaho, and that by reason of the action many of the sheep died, and strayed, many lambs were prematurely born and a large amount of wool was lost.

Congratulations.
"Did Polshunter have any success on his Arctic expedition?"
"Oh, yes! He succeeded in getting back." —Puck.

WANTED.
Every man, woman and child suffering with colds, asthma, cough, pneumonia or consumption to write at American Lung Association, 100 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Supremely Rastful.
"I wonder if there's any lasier occupation than fishing."
Well, yes—looking at people fishing. —Brooklyn Life.

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STAR

WIND

MILL.

MITCHELL, LEWIS

PORTLAND, OREGON.

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QUAINT SAM HOUSTON.

Amusing Story of the Famous Texan When He Was in the Senate.

Gen. Sam Houston of Texas was the most picturesque figure in the Senate during his first years of service at the capitol, writes Galusha A. Grow in the Saturday Post. Like Benton, he was very fond of young men, and soon came to count me as "one of the boys." Only those who were youngsters in the '40s can realize the interest people felt in Houston in the days when his part in the struggle for the independence of Texas was still fresh in the public mind. Visitors to the Senate chamber invariably asked to have him pointed out to them, and they were never disappointed in their hope, for he was large of frame, of stately carriage and dignified demeanor and had a lionlike countenance.

No passage in Houston's career was nobler than the heroic stand against disunion which marked its close, while of his kindness of nature and generous helpfulness to those in distress one could recall stories sufficient to fill a volume.

Near Quincy, Ill., there was a stretch of country known as the "Indian tract," to which Houston held title, a fact many of the settlers thereon, a careless pioneer brood, failed to search out. One of them called upon William A. Richardson, long a member of the House from the Quincy district and subsequently a Senator from his State, confided to him that he had inadvertently settled upon 100 acres of Houston's land and that all he was worth stood in improvements on it. He wanted Richardson to see Houston and make the best terms that he could. Richardson upon his return to Washington told Houston the story and asked what he would take for a quit claim deed to the 100 acres.

"What sort of a man is this constituent of yours who has blundered upon my land?" asked Houston.

"A good, square, honest man," was the reply.

"When I turn him off my land I reckon he and his family will be beggars?"

Richardson nodded.

"What's this farm worth now?" asked Houston.

"Improvements and all, about \$6,000," was the response.

"What was the bare place worth when you fellows went on it?" queried Houston.

"About \$5 an acre; \$500 in all," answered Richardson.

"Good fellow, this man of yours, Richardson?" This after a moment's thought.

"Best in the world," said Richardson. "Tell him to send me \$500 and I'll make him a deed."

In due time the \$500 reached Washington in the shape of a New York draft. Richardson sought Houston, who, having executed a deed, took the draft and indorsed it.

"You say this man of yours is a good fellow?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"Couldn't be a better one," was the emphatic answer.

"Send him back this draft and tell him Sam Houston has changed his mind. What can you buy a good saddle horse for in that country?" He was told that \$300 would do it. "Well, then," said Houston, "write to your friend and tell him to buy a first-class saddle horse, about 4 years old, and keep him for me. When Congress adjourns I will go home with you and ride the horse down to Texas."

Without delay the man in Illinois received back his draft and bought a saddle horse, the best he could find.

Just before adjournment Houston sought Richardson. "You say the fellow who's got my horse is a tip-top good man?" Richardson again declared him one of the best in his district. "Well," said Houston, with a sigh, "I should have liked first rate to see him and also my horse, but as affairs turn out I must go straight to Texas. When you get home go over and see this man and tell him to sell the horse and do what he pleases with the money. And, by the way, Richardson, I wish you would write and tell me if it was a good horse or not."

The Usurper.

I let don't like my sister, an' I wish sh'd go away, My sister ain't bin her long, cos she only cum t'day.

My sister ain't got enny hair Upon her head a-tall; It's let all red as it kin be, An' round as enny ball.

My sister has such teenie eyes, An' little weenie han's; Maw talks t' her, but I don't think 'At she let understand.

My sister she can't talk a-tall, But more'n she kin fry; But you let her make a noise When she starts in t' dry.

I set my paw where she cum'd from; 'Nen he let la'd at me, An' sed he found her in 't' wudde, In a ole holler tree.

My maw she loves my sister more 'N she dux me, I know, An' 'at's the very reason I Don't like my sister so.

I let don't gues it's enny use For me to make a fuss, Cos paw he sed my sister she, Will make her home with us. —Boston Post.

Undity London.

A London medical journal says the English metropolis is possibly the most inconvenient and most untidy city of Europe. The streets are either muddy, slushy or dusty; they are littered with straw, cabbage leaves, newspaper posters and omnibus tickets; they are constantly being grubbed up for some reason or other; barrels of beer, coals and other goods are delivered across the footways at all hours of the day. So long as London is governed by, or rather is dependent for its due regulation upon, a number of bodies all independent of each other, so long will nuisances of various kinds continue.

Power of Niagara Falls.

The total undeveloped energy of Niagara Falls is estimated by electrical experts to be 8,000,000-horse power.

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THE NEW PRESIDENT.

A Prayer.
Not for the silent chief whom Death Gently and sedulously keeps Within a splendid calm; naught mars His well-won laurels where he sleeps.

Rather for him who newly stands Half startled on a slippery height, Like a strong falcon which some hand Unhooled rudely, whom the light Floods unforeseen, but who shall prove A wide-winged strength! For him we pray: Give him such wisdom swift and keen He shall restore us Yesterday. —Dillon, Georgia.

A Suggestion.
"No, I'm not very well impressed with the house," said the prospective tenant. "The yard is frightfully small; there's hardly room for a single flower bed."

"Think not," replied the agent; "but—er—mightn't you use folding flower beds?" —Philadelphia Press.

She Knew.
Mistress—Did you tell the lady I was out?
Servant Girl—Yes, ma'am.
Mistress—Did she seem to have any doubt about it?
Servant Girl—No, ma'am; she said she knew you wasn't. —Glasgow Times.

Brave Mother.
Kind Lady—And does your mother let you go out alone at night?
Little man—Yess'm; maw ain't aseed'd to stay by herself.

Faith is Him.
Townde—Do I understand you to say that Spender's case was really a faith cure?
Brown—Yes. You see the doctor and the druggist both trusted him. —Philadelphia Press.

Evidence.
"Does Mr. Blimmins know much about horse races?"
"No," answered the man, with a faded and experienced look.
"How can you tell?"
"By the fact that he's willing to bet on them." —Washington Star.

Pretty, But—
Fay—How do you like my new gown?
May—It's very pretty.
"Do you really think so?"
"Yes, indeed; I was just crazy to get one like it when they came into fashion two years ago."

To Fit the Disease.
Little 4-year-old Mabel coming into the room one day and finding the baby with one end of a doorway in its mouth, exclaimed: "Baby, take that key right out of your mouth, or the first thing you know you will have the lookjaw." —Glasgow Evening Times.

Enough, But Not Sufficient.
Mamma—What's the matter Willie? Didn't you have a good time at the party?
Willie—"Naw!"
"Why? Didn't you get enough to eat?"
"Yes; but I didn't get too much." —Philadelphia Record.

Thirteen at Table.
Mrs. B.—Oh, Charles, we can never sit down with 13 at table.
Mr. B.—Fahaw! I hope you are not so superstitious as that.
Mrs. B.—No, of course not, but we have only 12 dinner plates. —Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Social Importance.
"Mamma, how can you ask me to marry him when he has no social position?"
"But, my dear, he tells me he has made a million."
"But even with that, it will take him a year to get into society." —Life.

A Quick-Stepper.
"He's a nice little horse (I saw him myself), and the dealer says I may have him for a song. Would you advise me to buy him?"
"That depends upon your eye for a horse and his ear for music." —Brooklyn Life.

Worked Both Ways.
"It's a poor rule that won't work both ways," said the old gentleman as he stood the boys up back to back, and opened the ruler so that it caught one or the other of them, both going and coming. —Chicago Post.

Hard to Identify.
"That's Jimmy's hair," said the football player, laying out his trophies after the game, "and this is Billy's nose, and this is Tom's ear, and this eyebrow belongs to young Rusher, but I can't identify this finger to save me." —Baltimore American.

A Report.
Ho—How is the new cook getting along?
His wife—Well, I had to discharge her twice this morning, but since then she's been doing fairly well.

Yes, Darling.
Mother (drilling Teddy for his first party)—And now, darling, what is a greedy boy?
Teddy—A boy who wants everything I want. —Tit-Bits.

Useful Mr. Green.
Young Lady—Oh, Mr. Green, I don't know what to do with Effie! She's so miserable because she hasn't had her donkey ride. Would you mind giving her a pick-a-back? —Punch.

An Extraneous Affair.
"Molly, he said, 'if I should die first, I want you to see that I'm cremated.'"
"Merry on us, John! coal may be \$6 a ton then!" —Atlanta Constitution.

A Hero.
"Who is the hero of this piece?" asked the man who was coming out of the theatre. And the manager thoughtfully replied. "The man who is putting up the money." —Washington Star.

That Friendly Feeling.
Miss Olive of St. Louis—We get absolutely pure milk in St. Louis.
Miss Wabash (of Chicago)—Yes, that's one advantage of living in a country village. Each family can keep a cow of its own.