

Difficult Digestion

That is dyspepsia. It makes life miserable. Its sufferers are not because they want to, but simply because they must. They know they are irritable and fretful; but they cannot be otherwise. They complain of a bad taste in the mouth, a tenderness at the pit of the stomach, an uneasy feeling of puffiness, headache, heartburn, and what not. The effective remedy, proved by permanent cures of thousands of severe cases, is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills are the best cathartics.

Eradicates

"Remember," said the Boston boy's uncle, "that children should be seen and not heard." "My dear sir," was the courteous rejoinder, "that is one of the theories whose fallacy has long since been admitted by civilized nations. The emperor of China is about the only person in the world who gives it serious consideration."—Washington Star.

Who's Your Great?

If he doesn't handle Monopole Spices he ought to. If you want to try them, send us his name and address with two 2-cent stamps for postage and we will send you a 10-cent tin of Monopole Spices or Ginger or White Pepper or other variety. We know you'll say it is the finest you ever used. Send at once to Wadham & Kerr Bros., Portland, Oregon.

Retaining Fee

Guest—Are tips expected here? Water—No, sir; we do not accept vulgar tips, sir. We are free-born American citizens, sir, we are, and we wish to preserve our self-respect, sir. "I am glad to hear of it," said the waiter. "Yes, sir, all we require is a retaining fee, same as lawyers, sir."—New York Weekly.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a good medicine; pain and suffering cannot abide with it; your druggist will tell you so.

Noah's Troubles

"Confound that dinosaur!" exclaimed Noah, as the ark gave such a lurch to starboard that the waves dashed against the roof. "I wish it would learn to stay on its own side of the boat!"

Then Noah seized a handspike and started back to deck to shift the cargo.—Ohio State Journal.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup a remedy to soothe their children during the teething period.

Domestic Troubles

Mr. Nagget—Oh, what's the matter with you? You're forever finding fault. Mrs. Nagget—(sweetly) Well, that equalizes things. You're forever losing one. Mr. Nagget—Losing one? Mrs. Nagget—Yes, your temper. Surely that's a fault.

FITS

Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness. Send for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and prospectus. Dr. H. H. Kays, Ltd., 101 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The New Way

"How dare you send a collector to my house?" "To tell the truth, sir, we were a little doubtful about you." "Then who not have me looked up? You would then have known that I never pay my bills."—Life.

Don't Get Fooled—Get Foot-Bone. It is a certain cure for rheumatism, hot, tired, aching feet. Makes new or tight shoes easy. Try it today. Sold by all druggists. Price 50c. Don't accept a substitute. Sent FREE. Address Allen & Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Only Time Could Tell

"Hey!" shouted the cycle policeman, as the man in the big racing car started to go past him like a railroad train. "Ain't you ridin' a trifle more than eight miles an hour?" "How do I know," howled the speed maker over his shoulder. "I haven't ridden an hour yet."—Automobile Magazine.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

A Warning

"You say his money fell to him?" "No, he fell to it—tumbled through a coal hole and sued the city."—Chicago Herald.

CANCER

Sufferers from this horrible malady nearly always inherit it—not necessarily from the parents, but may be from some remote ancestor. Cancer often runs through several generations. This deadly poison may lay dormant in the blood for years, or until you reach middle life, then the first little sore or ulcer makes its appearance—or a swollen gland in the breast, or some other part of the body, gives the first warning.

To cure Cancer thoroughly and permanently all the poisonous virus must be eliminated from the blood—every vestige of it driven out. This S. S. S. does, and is the only medicine that can reach deep-seated, obstinate blood troubles like this. When all the poison has been forced out of the system the Cancer heals, and the disease never returns.

Cancer begins in a small way, as the following letter from Mrs. Shaw shows.

A small pimple came on my jaw about a week below the ear on the left side of my face. It gave me no pain or inconvenience, and I should have forgotten about it, had it not begun to swell and itch. It would bleed when I touched it, and I should have been very careful not to touch it. It grew larger and larger, and I should have been very careful not to touch it. It grew larger and larger, and I should have been very careful not to touch it.

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TEACHING A SCHOOL.

POSITION OF SCHOOLMASTER IS NO SINECURE.

Sometimes He Has to Fight to Maintain Discipline—One Pedagogue Was Whipped Entire Class—Muscle as Important a Requisite as a Scholarship.

Who hath bleeding at the nose? He who teacheth a country school. Wherefore I say unto you, go not gaily forth to teach them that dwell in the land round about lest ye have wounds and sores, for verily it behoveth more to compass ye boxe than to read the stars. O. K., HIS MAXIMS.

It is truth the poet sings that he who essays to handle the unruly in a country school has educational work cut out for him not laid down in any reputable text book.

No person on earth is subjected to as many petty persecutions born of sheer devilry as the country school teacher. For a week, maybe, after he "takes" for the school he has a fairly easy road to travel; the boys have not finished slaking him up. But were to him if he becomes unduly confident, for things will happen not set forth in the simple rules he has pasted up above the blackboard. The second Monday is generally the time set for the opening of hostilities. The big day, likely as not bigger than the teacher, has used Saturday and Sunday mapping out his program.

Subdued snickers, inattention to the business in hand, poorly prepared lessons or lessons absolutely unlearned mark the day's proceedings. The teacher reprimands and orders the school to stick to those tasks until they are learned. Nobody is kept in at recess or noon rest, for as yet no open defiance has marked the demeanor of the pupils. They go slowly, for the temper of the master is not a revealed thing yet. Just before school "lets out" the teacher rises, taps his bell and, having secured attention, delivers a curt lecture concerning what has been done—or rather not been done—and his anxious desire to see immediate improvement. Then the bell taps in dismissal and the boys rush tumultuously out, fling back boisterous shouts of scorn and defiance as they scuffle away.

Then the teacher, if he is wary, knows he is in the position of the man who has bet his sole remaining dollar on a losing horse—he is up against it, good and plenty. He arrives at the scene of his labors on Tuesday with

sembled this morning; why is it in this condition now?

"Reckon they built them nests 'wile we was at recess." "What were you doing on the roof a while ago?" "Whun' up on no roof 'tall." "Open those windows. Nobody is to leave the room until bid," says the angry teacher, seizing the ruler in a firm grasp. "You stuffed something in there and take it out right now." "Think so?" is the impudent retort. "You will either do it or I will have to punish you severely."

"Reckon you better lick me—if ye kin," says Jack as he defiantly faces the pedagogue.

This places the school and teacher on a war footing. The ultimatum having been delivered the teacher either goes in and fights a winning fight or loses all control of the school. It admits of no alternative. For the honor of the profession, he is known, in most cases, to be a man of nerve and courage. He is especially so in the early days of his career, when he is full of big boy talk and the scholars dance about, hoping for victory. In the end, in most cases, skill, endurance, and high nervous energy turn the scales and, in almost record time, Simpson is a licked commodity. He may not actually ascend to the roof to correct his error of judgment, but the thing is done and the "smoke out" is a dismal failure.

In Kansas after the close of the war a set of boys from New York arrived in a little village to find homes. The village school was taught by a former trooper who still wore his blue uniform vest. One of the New Yorkers, the soul of mischief, he signalled the coming of winter when ice was good and skating fine by putting some awful things on the big cannon stove. The smell sent the school to the tall grass outside. Wilson was charged with the trick, but denied it stoutly. Then the school reassembled and the usually mild eyes of that teacher blazed. Wilson was as big as he and fun was sure to come.

The boys commenced to whistle in concert with the shrill piping of the wind. One small boy was detected in the act and received a hot ruler on his crupper when Wilson interposed and said he alone was to blame. The pedagogue then allowed he would have to whip Wilson, so the action commenced without time wasted in preliminaries. Wilson sent the teacher in under a form in the first clash. The teacher rose and staggered to a clinch. Then he got busy over Wilson and pounded

THROUGH THE TELESCOPE.

Humble Tragedy of the Siege of Lady Smith. When the Boers besieged Ladysmith they permitted a "camp of refuge" and a field hospital to be established at Inkomati, a few miles distant. Here the non-combatants were gathered, and the hospital, writes George Lynch in the London Daily Express, came every morning the train from Ladysmith, bearing its burden of sick and wounded.

To the dwellers at Inkomati that train brought the history of the siege, the daily bulletin written in blood and disease. Women who had husbands and brothers and sons in Ladysmith crowded around always to see what news it brought, and went away with a sigh of relief and relief when it carried nothing for them.

And yet, after a fashion, these women at Inkomati were more fortunate than the men in Ladysmith, since they could learn from the new arrivals how their loved ones fared. But men were not allowed to go backward and forward to Inkomati; those who went had to remain, and somehow or other little or no news seemed to reach the garrison.

In the death of news one man in Ladysmith had arranged that twice a week, when he could get off duty, his wife at Inkomati should go at 12 o'clock and stand in front of a big baroque where he could see her through the ship's telescope at the 4.7 battery.

She went there regularly with her child, and straining her eyes toward that sandbagged point above Convent's Hill, sometimes faintly imagined that she could see him. And as the months passed her child, like the others in the camp, grew more sickly, thin and pale, till it seemed as if the Erl King spirit of the malarious fog had wrapped it round and entered it, and made it a changing of his own.

But delicate as the child was, the mother was the first to fall sick, and the news of her illness reached her husband by his seeing one tiny figure standing alone at the appointed place, waving a handkerchief. And there came a day when it, too, was no longer to be seen. He could not go to them, but had to stay and fight on with bitterness in his heart.

A Vanishing Bird.

If the north German farmer looks with equanimity upon the gradual disappearance of the stork, the Northern tourist in quest of the quaint and picturesque will hear of the vanishing of the long-legged, red-beaked bird with

MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

Ancient Cemetery of St. Paul in Paris His Supposed Burial Place. One of the old houses of Paris, situated at 17 Rue Beauvilliers, is about to disappear, and the place thereof will know it no more. It has been handed over to workmen, who will demolish it to make room for a workshop. Rue Beauvilliers is an ancient and narrow street which the omnibuses do not penetrate, remnant of the times when the Place des Vosges was the Place Royal and the home of beaux, "petits" and red-headed. In the garden of the doomed house, famous in tradition as the resting-place of that mysterious figure in history—the Man with the Iron Mask, says the Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette.

One remembers that this remarkable person died in the Bastille in 1793 and the local register says he was buried in the parish of St. Paul. Now, this garden undoubtedly forms a part of the ancient cemetery of St. Paul, and the church, itself, is near at hand, in the midst of a cluster of old houses. It is in the garden that the famous Iron Mask is said to have been buried, and the spot, says the Gazette, is "marked by a stone." Outwardly, the place is "unusually enough, ragged and uncultivated. A few poor bedraggled flowers try to live on, cut off from the sunshine by the over-topping houses, and prematurely faded by the smoke from a neighboring wash-house out of respect for a great name. In a corner, where the decayed trunk of some acacia, and where a pool of stagnant water gives an additional aspect of melancholy, is the reputed grave of the Iron Mask. The old attendant will tell you that the water does not run away because there is a vault beneath covered over with a thick bed of cement. In the middle of the garden there is a subterranean passage, which leads by gentle descent, direct to the cave of burial. The question which is agitating the minds of the "Old Paris" society which watches over these matters is whether the bones of this fascinating figure of a former century are really there. This will be settled, perhaps, when the tomb is opened. Will the strange instrument that he carried, among the years he found, rusted, and the remains? Actually, there is one on the grave a column which bears an inscription, with a knife, "Here lies Marquis, the Man with the Iron Mask." It would appear that the inscription was copied from a stone, which was formerly in place there. The ancient cemetery of St. Paul is now almost built over. Here, however, if one may again believe the tradition of the quarter, have lain the ashes of Rabelais, of Moliere, the architect who built the Bank of France, and the hotel, now the Musee, Carnavalet, of Moliere and his spouse, Armande Bejart.

Another Illusion Dispelled. Ruthless bacteriologists destroy one by one our fondest illusions. Now faith in the purity of glaciers must go the way of other popular fallacies. Hitherto the man in the street had imagined it was all the waters of every city and plain polluted he would still find immaculate springs in the Alps. But M. Hime, who resides over a chemical laboratory at the Pasteur institute, having no such faith, obtained some ice from the glaciers of Mont Blanc itself and placed it under his powerful microscope. His verdict shatters the dreams of mountaineers. It appears that even the summit, which so long remained untrodden by human feet, has lost its purity, if it ever had any.

The ice in question, and water melted therefrom, were found, on bacteriological analysis, to be "peopled with colonies of microbes." The statement which follows is particularly terrifying. It appears that "the germs in question were found to belong to the most varied families of bacteria."

M. Hime accounts for the pollution of the Mont Blanc glaciers, says the London Telegraph, by surmising that the microbes have been conveyed to the mountain peaks by the winds sweeping the cities in the valleys.

Criminal Carelessness.

A woman was recently robbed of \$3,000 in bills at 8 o'clock at night, her dress being literally cut from her body by the thieves. An unprotected woman has no business to be carrying \$3,000 at night anywhere unless she is prepared to take the consequences. Within the past year the newspapers have recorded hundreds of cases of murder, assault, torture, robbery and arson, all due to the criminal carelessness of people keeping in their houses or on their persons, large sums of money which should be safely lodged in the banks. Many people are prejudiced against the banks, but where there is one bank failure there are a hundred robberies. It is easy to take proper precautions but practically impossible to catch thieves.

An Economical Parson.

"Brer Williams, all tho' de winter season you was preachin' red-hot sermons on hell fire, en now dat de spring come you ain't got a word ter say 'bout hell fire. How come?" "Brer Thomas, de wayfarin' man, do' nuthin' foolish, most er knowed why dat. In de winter season, Brer Thomas, coal was \$6 a ton."—Atlantic Constitution.

In Installments.

Mrs. Gray—But I told you to itemize the bill. The Miller—The bill I sent you on the first was itemized; every item was there.

Forebodings.

"Somethin' is bound to happen to old Jones if he keeps on the way he's goin'."

"Think so?"

"Yes. He'll either get kicked by a mule or run for the leg-slaughter."—Atlantic Constitution.

There are certain words one never hears except in a description of a wedding, or some other society event, and we have every one of them.

BUYING BINDING TWINE.

The Following Points Should be Kept in Mind. Beware of unscrupulous dealers who misrepresent the quality of this important article. The best material for Binding Twine is pure Manila fibre. The poorest material for Binding Twine is Sisal fibre. The best Binding Twine is Pure Manila, selected fibre, 650 feet to the pound. The next grade is made partly of Pure Manila fibre and runs 600 feet to the pound.

Twine made of Sisal fibre cannot be spun longer than 500 feet to the pound with proper strength and evenness. The great question is how many bundles can you bind with one dollar's worth of Twine? Notice the length, weight and figure how many feet of Twine you get for a dollar. The mixed fibre twine is 20 per cent longer than the Sisal grades. The Pure Manila Twine is 30 per cent longer. It is a simple problem in arithmetic. Use a little "horse sense" and you cannot fail to decide right.

Standard Twine is Sisal Twine, colored or dyed to imitate Manila, and is same length to the pound as Sisal, is the same strength and same price at all factories where it is made. Some dealers are selling it for a better grade than Sisal, which it is not. When they misrepresent the twine and use deception to enlarge their profit do they deserve patronage?

If Twine is made of Pure Manila fibre the tag attached to each ball will always bear the words "Pure Manila." If Twine contains any Manila fibre the word "Manila" will always appear on the tag, for no dealer or maker will fail to put on the labels any fact which will recommend his goods.

The "Red Clover Leaf" is the best grade of Twine made and is the favorite with the farmers all over the Pacific coast, and is of guaranteed length and strength.

The Manila grades are the smoothest, evenest and most satisfactory in every respect.

The Sisal grades are rough, coarse and harsh; they wear out the knotters, twine guides and twine holders on the binders very fast and are so stiff and unyielding that the knotters are liable to slip and become untied when the bundle drops from the binder or in shocking and hauling.

Some twines are sold merely by the name of the manufacturer and the salesman is careful not to mention the grade or quality. In buying always require specific information as to the quality of the Twine, and, moreover, be very careful to inspect the tag attached to the balls. The buyer, if well informed, cannot be deceived.

Manila fibre is all brought from the Philippine islands. The Pacific coast should especially encourage trade with these islands, for they now belong to our country, and in Asiatic trade lies our best hope for the future, for the reason that when this trade is developed the Pacific coast will control it and our commerce will increase a thousand fold.

The only check that can be put upon the rapacity of the producers of Sisal fibre in Yucatan (which is the cause of the present high price of twine) is the largest possible use of Manila fibre. Reduce the demand for Sisal Twine 25 per cent and you will see twine prices decline at once.

Owing to possible market changes we do not quote prices in this article, but we will at all times sell at reasonable prices based on the cost of the goods, and we will tell the truth about the twine and will not resort to any misrepresentation.

Our grades and brands are: Pure Manila, "Red Clover Leaf" brand, 650 feet to the pound. Mixed Fibre "Manila," 600 feet to pound. Colored Sisal, "Standard," 500 feet to pound. Sisal, "Pure Sisal," 500 feet to pound.

THE PORTLAND CORDAGE CO. Patronize home manufacturers. All our twine is made in Oregon. None of the money goes out of the state except the bare cost of the raw material.

Proves His Heroism.

"Did you say," asked the author's friend, "that your hero, who is poor, is to marry the rich heiress?" "Yes, that is the way he proves his heroism."—Indianapolis News.

Reasonable Inference.

"Did the evidence in that divorce suit indicate that Mrs. Flash was giddy?" "I guess so. The judge and five of the jurors wanted to marry her."—Brooklyn Life.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small cost so easy to take on empty

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Cure Your Horses PRUSSIAN HEAVE POWDERS.

OF HEAVEN, COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

PRUSSIAN HEAVE POWDERS.

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Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling out badly. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out." Miss Minnie Hoover, Paris, Ill.

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

25c a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your druggist, and address.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Patent Has Expired.

Leon Field met Gus Rodgers on the Rialto a few days ago. After talking a few minutes Field said:

"Gus, what's become of those patent leather shoes you wore last winter?"

"They have gone to the wall, Louis."

"Why, wasn't the leather good?"

"Yes," said Gus with a sigh, "but the patent expired."—New York Times.

Something Wrong.

Windig—I make it a rule never to talk on any subject of which I know nothing.

Jabber—If that's true, it's mighty queer.

Windig—What's mighty queer?

Jabber—The fact that you are constantly talking.

Salt Water in Gascony.

Until very recently hardly any festivals took place in the villages of Gascony without salt water. The prize usually consisted of a gun, a sheep, a rooster, or something of the kind, and young women took part in the exercises.

And It's Incurable.

Judge—What is your profession? Witness—I'm a poet, your honor.

"Buhl, that's not a profession; it's a disease!"—Chicago Daily News.

HOITT'S SCHOOL

Parents desiring home influences, beautiful surroundings, perfect climate, careful supervision, and thorough mental, moral and physical training for their boys will find all these requirements fully met at Hoitt's School, Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal. Send for Catalogue. Twelfth year begins August 12th. IRA G. HOITT, P. O. D., Principal.

MONOPOLE

Stands for all that is best in Coffee, Spices, Baking Powder, Canned Goods, Syrup, etc. They are confidence in the finest goods packed at any price. Ask your grocer for them.

WADHAM & KERR BROS., Portland, Oregon.

JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, ORE.

Post of Harrison Street. We have the best bargains in Bowers and English Windmills, Pumps and General Machinery. Wood Sawing Machines a specialty. See us before buying.

When you strike a stump with the ordinary push cut mower, something happens about it shown in the above illustration, and they are all cut down. Do this except the Champion Draw Cut Mower.

This mower is slow that pressure against the traction and cutting power. With the Champion Draw Cut the pressure is the reverse—pressure against the bar in heavy cutting gives downward pull, holding the wheels steady on the ground. Increased traction, more power, making the most powerful cutter on the market. This fact stands undisputed, and if you want the best mower made, buy the Champion Draw Cut.

Send for book of testimonials from hundreds of delighted customers all over Oregon, Washington and Idaho. MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAYER CO., General Agents, Portland, Or.

HOW ABOUT IT?

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SPRINGSTONE MEDICINE CO.

216 Astor Bldg., Third and Morrison Sts. The merits of the Springstone Medicine Company are well known. Both Male and Female Complaints, many which have baffled medical experts everywhere, have yielded to the potency of these medicines. To those who cannot call, address as above, and all information will be provided.

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Take KEELEY CURE. Sure relief from Opium, Liquor and Tobacco habits. Send for particulars to Keely Institute, Moved to 430 Williams Ave., Portland, Oregon.

M. P. R. U. No. 22-1993.

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