Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't and can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

A Variety of Reasons.

"Why is she going to the mountains this year?"

"Oh, she has several reasons. The doctor has ordered her to go, her husband has ordered her to stay at home, and she is sick of the shore and the country.—Judge.

In a Higher Position.

"Me darter Nora is goin' t' marry Casey, that wurrucks in the basement of that buildin'. B't Oi do be tillin' her that she moight hev looked higher."

"Indade?"

"Yis; she cud hov hod Murphy, that wurrucks on the top story of the same skyscraper."

The well-posted druggist advises you to use Hamlin's Wizard Oil for pain, for he knows what it has done.

Got His Share.

"I am sorry, doctor, you were not able to attend the church supper last night; it would have done you good to be there."

"It has already done me good, madam. I have just prescribed for three of theparticipants.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight and new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweatings, callous and swollen, tired, hot, aching feet. Try it today. At all druggists, 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Adress Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A Comparison.

Grandpa—I had a fellow out walking yesterday and—well I guess I tuckered him out. But then he is old.

Bobie—Why, grandpa, you are 82 yourself.

Well, maybe I am; but this fellow was at least a year older."

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.

Out at First.

Scftleigh—I—aw—had a most delightful dweam lawst night, doncher know.

Miss Cuttisg—Indeed!

"Yaws. —I dweamed that we were mawwied doncher know."

"Had I dreamed that should have classed it as a horrible nightmare."

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

Wanted Money's Worth.

Mr. Grump—That confounded doctor charged me $5 for telling me that there was nothing wrong with me.

Mrs. Grump—Outrageous!

Mr. Grump—Yes; if he had discovered dangerous symptoms I shouldn't have minded it in the least.

He Had One.

"Do you guarantee a fit," asked the anxious man as he entered the tailor shop.

"Oh, yes; you'll have a fit all right," said the obliging person with the tape measure. And when the clothes were delivered and he found that the trousers were cut too short, the anxious man had one as he gurgled: "How true them words was spoke."

Taking No Chances.

"Doctor," said the fair invalid, appealingly, "don't you think you could conscientiously advise my husband to send me to the sea shore for my health?"

"Madam," replied the far-sighted physician, "I cannot conscientiously advise him toi ncur any additional expense until my bill is paid."

An Urgent Necessity.

They were on a pleasure trip. Suddenly a thoughtful member of the party paused and said:

"Surely something is wrong. I feel that something is amiss. O yes! It has been almost two hours since we had Mr. Coe Dakk take a group of us."

And immediately the matter was attended to.

Contagious Blood Poison

There is no poison so highly contagious, so deceptive and so destructive. Don't be too sure you are cured because all external signs of the disease have disappeared, and the doctor says you are well. Many persons have been dosed with Mercury and Potash for months or years, and pronounced cured—to realize when too late that the disease was only covered up—driven from the surface to break out again, and to their sorrow and mortification find those nearest and dearest to them have been infected by this loathsome disease, for no other poison is so surely transmitted from parent to child as this. Often a bad case of Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula or severe skin disease, an old sore or ulcer developing in middle life, can be traced to blood poison contracted in early **The Sin of the Parents** life, for it remains smoldering in the system forever, unless properly treated and driven out in the beginning. S. S. S. is the only antidote for this peculiar virus, the only remedy known that can overcome it and drive it out of the blood, and it does this so thoroughly and effectually that there is never a return of the disease to embarrass or humiliate you afterwards.

Like Begets Like.

SSS cures Contagious Blood Poison in any and all stages; contains no mineral to break down your constitution; it is purely vegetable and the only blood purifier known that cleanses the blood and at the same time builds up the general health.

Our little book on contagious blood poison is the most complete and instructive ever issued; it not only tells all about the disease, but also how to cure yourself at home. It is free and should be in the hands of everyone seeking a cure. Send for it.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

No. 3 Lauriston Gardens wore an ill-omened and minatory look. It was one of four, which stood back some little way from the street, two being occupied and two empty.

The latter looked out with three tiers of vacant, melancholy windows, which were blank and dreary, save that here and there a "To Let" card had developed like a cataract upon the bleared panes.

A small garden sprinkled over with a scattered eruption of sickly plants separated each of these houses from the street, and was traversed by a narrow pathway, yellowish in color, and consisting apparently of a mixture of clay and gravel.

The whole place was very sloppy from the rain which had fallen through the night. The garden was bounded by a three-foot brick wall with a fringe of wood rails upon the top, and against this wall was leaning a stalwart police constable, surrounded by a small knot of loafers, who craned their necks and strained their eyes in the vain hope of catching some glimpse of the proceedings within.

I had imagined that Sherlock Holmes would at once have hurried into the house and plunged into a study of the mystery.

Nothing appeared to be further from his intention. With an air of nonchalance, which under the circumstances seemed to me to border upon affectation, he lounged up and down the pavement, and gazed vacantly at the ground, the sky, the opposite houses and the line of railings.

Having finished his scrutiny, he proceedily slowly down the path, or rather down the fringe of grass which flanked the path, keeping his eyes riveted upon the ground.

Twice he stopped and once I saw him smile and heard him utter an exclamation of satisfaction. There were many marks of footsteps upon the wet, clayey soil, but since the police had been coming and going over it I was unable to see how my companion could hope to learn anything from it.

Still, I had had such extraordinary evidence of the quickness of his perceptive faculties that I had no doubt he could see a great deal which was hidden from me.

At the door of the house we were met by a tall, white-faced, flaxen-haired man, with a notebook in his hand, who rushed forward and wrung my companion's hand with effusion.

"It is indeed kind of you to come," he said. "I have had everything left untouched."

"Except that!" my friend answered, pointing to the pathway. "If a herd of buffaloes had passed along, there could not be a greater mess. No doubt, however, you had drawn your own conclusions, Gregson, before you permitted this."

"I have had so much to do inside the house," the detective said, evasively. "My colleague, Mr. Lestrade, is here. I had relied upon him to look after this."

Holmes glanced at me and raised his eyebrows sardonically.

"With two such men as yourself and Lestrade upon the ground, there will not be much for a third party to find out," he said.

Gregson rubbed his hands in a self-satisfied way.

"I think we have done all that can be done," he answered. "It's a queer case, though, and I knew your taste for such things."

"You did not come here in a cab?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"No, sir."

"Nor Lestrade?"

"No, sir."

"Then let us go and look at the room."

With which inconsequent remark he strode on into the house, followed by Gregson, whose features expressed his astonishment.

Holmes walked in and I followed him with that subdued feeling at my heart which the presence of death inspires.

It was a large, square room, looking all the larger for the absence of all furniture.

Opposite the door was a showy fireplace. On one corner of this was stuck the stump of a red wax candle.

The solitary window was so dirty that the light was hazy and uncertain, giving a dull gray tinge to everything, which was intensified by the thick layer of dust which coated the whole apartment.

All these details I observed afterward. At present my attention was centered upon the single grim, motionless figure which lay stretched upon the boards, with vacant, sightless eyes staring up at the discolored ceiling.

It was that of a man about forty-three or forty-four years of age, middle-sized, broad shouldered, with crisp, curling black hair, and a short, stubby beard.

His hands were clenched and his arms thrown abroad, while his lower limbs were interlocked as though his death struggle had been a grievous one.

On his rigid face there stood an expression of horror, and, as it seemed to me, of hatred, such as I have never seen upon human features.

This malignant and terrible contortion, combined with the low forehead, blunt nose, and prognathous jaw, gave the dead man a singularly simious and ape-like appearance, which was increased by his writhing, unnatural posture.

Lestrade, lean and ferret-like as ever, was standing by the doorway and greeted my companion and myself.

"This case will make a stir, sir," he remarked. "It beats anything I have seen, and I am no chicken."

"There is no clew," said Gregson.

"None at all," chimed in Lestrade.

Sherlock Holmes approached the body and kneeling down, examined it intently.

"You are sure that there is no wound?" he asked, pointing to numerous gouts and splashes of blood which lay all around.

"Positive!" cried both detectives.

"Then of course this blood belongs to a second individual—presumably the murderer, if murder has been committed. It reminds me of the circumstances attending on the death of Van Jansen, in Utrecht, in the year 34. Do you remember the case, Gregson?"

"No, sir."

"Read it up—you really should. There is nothing new under the sun. It has all been done before."

As he spoke his nimble fingers were flying here, there and everywhere, feeling, pressing, unbuttoning, examining, while his eyes wore the same far away expression which I have already remarked upon.

So swiftly was the examination made that one would hardly have guessed the minuteness with which it was conducted. Finally, he sniffed the dead man's lips and then glanced at the soles of his patent leather boots.

"He has not been moved at all?" he asked.

"No more than was necessary for the purpose of our examination."

"You can take him to the mortuary now," he said. "There is nothing more to be learned."

Gregson had a stretcher and four men at hand. At his call they entered the room, and the stranger was lifted and carried out.

As they raised him a ring tingled down and rolled across the floor. Lestrade grabbed it up and stared at it with mystified eyes.

"There's been a woman here," he cried. "It's a woman's wedding ring."

He held it out as he spoke, upon the palm of his hand. We all gathered round him and gazed at it. There could be no doubt that that circle of plain gold had once adorned the finger of a bride.

"This complicates matters," said Gregson. "Heaven knows, they were complicated enough before!"

"You're sure it doesn't simplify them?" observed Holmes. "There's nothing to be learned by staring at it. What did you find in his pockets?"

"We have it all here," said Gregson, pointing to a litter of objects upon one of the bottom steps of the stairs. "A gold watch, No. 97,163, by Barraud, of London. Gold Albert chain, very heavy and solid. Gold ring, with Masonic device. Gold pin—bulldog's head, with rubies as eyes. Russian leather card case, with cards of Enoch J. Drebber, of Cleveland, corresponding with the E. J. D. upon the linen. No purse, but loose money to the extent of seven pounds thirteen. Pocket edition of Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' with name of Joseph Stangerson upon the fly leaf. Two letters—one addressed to E. J. Drebber and one to Joseph Stangerson."

"At what address?"

"American Exchange, Strand—to be left till called for. They are both from the Guion Steamship Company, and refer to the sailing of their boats from Liverpool. It is clear that this unfortunate man was about to return to New York."

"Have you made any inquiries as to this man Stangerson?"

"I did it at once," said Gregson. "I have had advertisements sent to all the newspapers, and one of my men has gone to the American Exchange, but he has not returned yet."

"Have you sent to Cleveland?"

"We telegraphed this morning."

"How did you word your inquiries?"

"We simply detailed the circumstances, and said that we should be glad of any information which could help us."

"You did not ask for particulars on any point which appeared to you to be crucial?"

"I asked about Stangerson."

"Nothing else? Is there no circumstance on which this whole case appears to hinge? Will you not telegraph again?"

"I have said all I have to say," said Gregson, in an offended voice.

Sherlock Holmes chuckled to himself, and appeared to be about to make some remark, when Lestrade, who had been in the front room while we were holding this conversation in the hall, reappeared upon the scene, rubbing his hands in a pompous and well-satisfied manner.

"Mr. Gregson," he said, "I have just made a discovery of the highest importance, and one which would have been overlooked had I not made a careful examination of the walls."

The little man's eyes sparkled as he spoke, and he was evidently in a state of suppressed exultation at having scored a point against his colleague.

"Come here," he said, bustling back into the room, the atmosphere of which felt cleaner since the removal of its ghastly inmate.

"Now, stand there!"

He struck a match on his boot and held it up against the wall.

"Look at that!" he said triumphantly.

I have remarked that the paper had fallen away in parts. In this particular corner of the room a large piece had peeled off, leaving a yellow square of coarse plastering.

Across this bare space there was scrawled in blood-red letters a single word:

RACHE.

"What do you think of that?" cried the detective, with the air of a showman exhibiting his show. "This was overlooked because it was in the darkest corner of the room, and no one thought of looking there. The murderer has written it with his or her own blood. See this smear where it has trickled down the wall! That disposes of the idea of suicide, anyhow. Why was that corner chosen to write it on? I will tell you. See that candle on the mantelpiece. It was lighted at the time, and if it was lighted this corner would be the brightest instead of the darkest portion of the wall."

"And what does it mean, now that you have found it?" asked Gregson, in a deprecatory tone.

"Mean? Why, it means that the writer was going to put the female name Rachel, but was disturbed before he or she had time to finish. You mark my words, when this case comes to be cleared up you'll find that a woman named Rachel has something to do with it. It's all very well for you to laugh, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. You may be very smart and clever, but the old hound is the best, when all is said and done."

"I really beg your pardon!" said my companion, who had ruffled the little man's temper by bursting into an explosion of laughter. "You certainly have the credit of being the first of us to find out, and, as you say, it bears every mark of having been written by the other participant in last night's mystery. I have not had time to examine this room yet, but with your permission I shall do so now."

As he spoke he whipped a tape measure and a large, round, magnifying glass from his pocket.

So engrossed was he with his occupation that he appeared to have forgotten our presence, for he chattered away to himself under his breath the whole time, keeping up a running fire of exclamations, groans, whistles and little cries suggestive of encouragement and of hope.

As I watched him I was irresistibly reminded of a pure-blooded, well-trained fox hound as it dashes backward and forward through the covert, whining in its eagerness, until it comes across the lost scent.

For twenty minutes or more he continued his researches, measuring with the most exact care the distance between marks which were entirely invisible to me, and occasionally applying his tape to the walls in an equally incomprehensible manner.

In one place he gathered very carefully a little pile of gray dust from the floor, and packed it away in an envelope. Finally he examined with his glass the word upon the wall, going over every letter of it with the most minute exactness.

This done, he appeared to be satisfied, for he replaced his tape and his glass in his pocket.

"They say that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," he remarked, with a smile. "It's a very bad definition, but it does apply to detective work."

Gregson and Lestrade had watched the maneuvers of their amateur companion with considerable curiosity and some contempt.

They evidently failed to appreciate the fact, which I had begun to realize, that Sherlock Holmes' smallest actions were all directed toward some definite and practical end.

"What do you think of it, sir?" they both asked.

"It would be robbing you of the credit of the case if I was to presume to help you," remarked my friend. "You are doing so well now that it would be a pity for any one to interfere." There was a world of sarcasm in his voice as he spoke. "If you will let me know how your investigations go," he continued, "I shall be happy to give you any help I can. In the meantime, I should like to speak to the constable who found the body. Can you give me his name and address?"

"John Rance," he said. "He is off duty now. You will find him at 46 Audley Court, Kensington Park Gate."

Holmes took a note of the address.

"Come along, doctor," he said; "we shall go and look him up. I'll tell you one thing which may help you in the case," he continued, turning to the two detectives. "There has been murder done, and the murderer was a man. He was more than six feet high, was in the prime of life, had small feet for his height, wore coarse, square-toed boots, and smoked a Trichinopoly cigar. He came here with his victim in a four-wheeled cab, which was drawn by a horse with three old shoes and one new one on his off foreleg. In all probability the murderer had a florid face, and the finger nails of his right hand were remarkably long. These are only a few indications, but they may assist you."

Lestrade and Gregson looked at each other with an incredulous smile.

"If this man was murdered, how was it done?" asked the former.

"Poison," said Sherlock Holmes, curtly, and strode off. "One other thing, Lestrade," he added, turning round at the door; "'Rache' is the German for 'revenge;' so don't lose your time looking for Miss Rachel."

With which Parthian shot he walked away leaving the two rivals open-mouthed behind him.

(To be continued.)

HOW CONVICTS PASS THE TIME

Some Very Artistic Work Done in the Prisons of America.

It is at once interesting and pathetic, says the Philadelphia Record, to go through the cells of the eastern penitentiary and to note the objects which, with tedious pains, the prisoners have made to while the time away. Here a mantel will be hung with a lambrequin, elaborately fringed, the fine knots and delicate patterns of the threads comparing with the work of the French lace makers. The lambrequin is of an odd blue, and the visitor is told that it is made of an old pair of prison trousers. On a little gilt bracket is a small stuffed animal. The bracket, so delicately turned, is of newspapers pasted together and gilded, and the animal is a rat, caught in a home made trap, stuffed with rags and pieces of chewing gum, colored with shoe blacking for its eyes. A wall is completely covered with a really artistic decoration of reeds, on which are perched at least 200 birds, each accurately colored and drawn. There are also numberless checkerboards and chessmen that, in the delicacy of their inlay work and in the intricacy of their carving would do honor to the craftsmen of the Orient.

Why He Wanted to Go.

Up at primry school No. 9 in Brooklyn the other day, one of the boys presented a note from his mother, asking to be allowed to go home at 2 o'clock.

The teacher looked at him severely. "See here," she said, "you've been out a great deal lately, and here you have a note to go out again. Now, we can't do things that way. If you are coming to school I want you to stay here. What do you want to go out for?"

"My mother wanted me to go to New York," replied the small boy.

"Wouldn't Saturday afternoon do just as well?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you have to go at 2 o'clock?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Wouldn't half past 2 do as well?"

"No, ma'am'."

"Well, what do you have to go for anyway?"

"Please, ma'am, my cousin's dead."

The expression on the teacher's face was wonderful to behold as she gave the boy permission to go.—New York Evening Mail.

He Found Out.

"We get queer men on our ships sometimes," said Rear Admiral Schley, while he was telling stories of his experiences, "although they are all brave and loyal."

"There was a landsman on one of my ships once who was a bright fellow, apparently, and I took him as an orderly. One night I was in my cabin and a gale of wind came up. I called the orderly and said: 'Find out how the wind is blowing and report to me.'

"The man was gone a few minutes, and then came in and reported: "Captain, the wind is blowing right over the ship.' "

Make Bequests of Their Brains.

The Cornell Brain Association, of which Prof. Burt G. Wilder is president, has received more than 100 bequests of the brains of highly educated people, as a result of the circulation of a unique form of "will and testament," which he drew up and asked them to sign.

PELVIC CATARRH

CAUSES

Palpitation of the heart, cold hands and feet, sinking feelings — Peruna cures catarrh wherever located.

Mrs. X. Schneider.

Mrs. X. Schneider, 2409 Thirty-seventh Place, Chicago, Ill., writes:

"After taking several remedies without result, I began in January, 1902, to take your valuable remedy, Peruna. I was a complete wreck. Had palpitation of the heart, cold hands and feet, female weakness, no appetite, trembling, sinking feeling nearly all the time. You said I was suffering with systemic catarrh, and I believe that I received your help in the nick of time. I followed your directions carefully and can say to-day that I am well again. I cannot thank you enough for my cure. I will always be your debtor. I have already recommended Peruna to my friends and neighbors and they all praise it. I wish that all suffering women would try it. I testify this according to the truth."—Mrs. X. Schneider.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Perfection.—God endowed humanity with its infinite capacity for improvement in order that at last it may attain perfection. I do not believe any human being can be perfectly happy as long as we see men condemned to suffer without a single moral thought, without a perception of the noble meaning of life. —Rev. E. C. Worcester, Episcopalian, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Mystery of Life.—Constantly men and women of the most serious nature and of the most devout spirit are asking, "Who can solve for us the mystery of life?" Some killing experience comes into life; some sharp upheaval of conditions unexpected; some sorrow we did not procure and so have no means of knowing its remedy, because we had no preparation for its coming; some unnatural death. These are things before which we stand. There is no explanation. The gate is shut. And it is wise and good. Such experiences of life are a part of the discipline of life, in which we gather power and strength, not to explore, but to believe.—Rev. T. R. Slicer, Unitarian, New York.

His Question of Faith.

A religious old darky had his faith badly shaken not long ago. He is sexton for a white church in a Fayette County town, and one afternoon as he was in front sweeping the pavement a strong wind arose, tearing a piece of the cornice off and taking a few bricks out of the wall. Realizing that a good run was better than a bad stand, the old man sought shelter in the station house on the opposite side of the street.

Several minutes later a member of the church of which Uncle Isham is sexton came by, and noticing him in his retreat, remarked that he thought the station house a strange place for a man of faith to seek shelter in a storm when a house of worship was near.

"Dat's so, but whut's a man gwine ter do when de Lord begins to frow bricks at 'im?"—Memphis Scimitar.

In Praise of the Mosquito.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I see by the papers that the mosquito eggs are hatched in from four to seven days according to the warmht of the weather.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Well there is one thing to be said in favor of the mosquito. She does'nt go about making quite as much noise as the hen after laying an egg.

Can't Dodge Them.

First Credit Man—Does he meet his bills?

Second Ditto—At every turn.

His Wish Echoed.

"I would like something with a check in it" said the slow-paying customer to the tailor.

"So would I" replied the tailor coldly with an unmistakable meaning in the words.

When it comes to baking powder, every manufacturer says what he makes is the best. The reason we say it is that an analysis of all well known brands, including the Monopole, made by Jas. H. Fisk, Portland, proves that Monopole is the strongest and purest of all those whose ingredients have been put on record. Our custom is not to put up goods under this brand unless we can produce better goods than any others on the market. Ask for them from your grocer.

WADHAMS & KERR BROS., Portland.

Reform Movement in England.

"The Girls' Letter Guild" is the name of a unique reform movement in England. Women of culture pledge themselves to write letters of friendly tone to the girls of the lower classes, to aid them in their mental and moral uplifting. The object is to win the girls' friendship, encourage them, and disabuse them of false notions and class prejudices. Good results are said to be already noticeable.

Getting Reckless.

She—I am surprised at Jane's staying out in the boat all this time with a comparative stranger. A woman of 30 is old enough to know better.

He—Aren't you afraid she is toc old to know better?

Boers Welcomed to the Northwest.

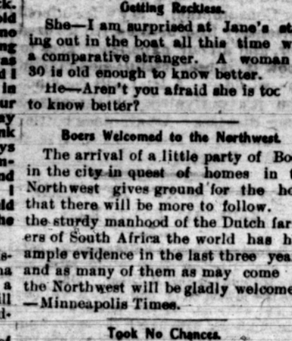
The arrival of a little party of Boers in the city in quest of homes in the Northwest gives ground for the hope that there will be more to follow. Of the sturdy manhood of the Dutch farmers of South Africa the world has had ample evidence in the last three years, and as many of them as may come to the Northwest will be gladly welcomed. —Minneapolis Times.

Took No Chances.

"Mr. Grimes" said the rector to the vestryman "we had better take up the collection before the sermon this morning."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I am going to preach on economy."



DR. C. GEE WO

WONDERFUL HOME TREATMENT

This wonderful Chinese doctor is called great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, buds, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of those harmless remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies, which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and circulars. Send 4 cents in stamps. CONSULTATION FREE. ADDRESS

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132½ Third St., Portland, Oregon

☞ Mention paper.

FOR SALE.

One Second Hand Nichols & Shepard Separator, size 40-60, with wind stacker, only run 40 days; a bargain. Inquire of

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Foot Morrison St., Portland, Or.

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

420 Willamette Avenue
PORTLAND OREGON

Take car on Third street to Upper Albina. Phone, Pink 1553 Oregon.

Old Indian War Pensions

Congress has just passed a law granting pensions to the survivors and to the widows of deceased soldiers of the Oregon, Washington and California Indian wars of 1847 to 1856. Full information will be sent by Byington & Wilson, No. 728 Seventeenth Street, Washington, D. C., or Branch office No. 442 Parrott building, San Francisco, Cal. Fees limited by law.

THE NEW PENSION LAWS Apply to NATHAN BICKFORD, ATTORNEY, WASHINGTON, D. C. SENT FREE

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

My Hair

"I had a very severe sickness that took off all my hair. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor and it brought all my hair back again."

W. D. Quinn, Marseilles, Ill.

One thing is certain,—Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. This is because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair and the hair grows, that's all there is to it. It stops falling of the hair, too, and always restores color to gray hair.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Proved.

Aunt Hannah—But how do you know you love him Carrie?

Carrie—Whenever he says something nice about me I am willing to let him believe I think he is saying just what he means.

Clara—Was it a case of love on her part, do you think?

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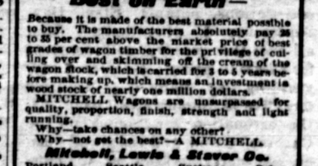

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