

Two Dinners, One Meal.
 "I have a lawyer friend whose name is not Henry Peck, but it might be," said a city official.
 "Last week my wife and I were invited to his house for dinner, and you never saw finer silver and china on a table, but food was at extreme low tide. My wife gave me a significant glance, and I saw the color rise to the cheeks of our host, but he played the agreeable without a word or look of disapproval.
 "Both my wife and I were awfully hungry when we started for home, and she at once accepted my invitation to enter the first restaurant we saw for a good square meal. We were no sooner seated than we saw our dinner host come sneaking in and take a seat in an obscure corner.
 "Make believe that we don't see him," said my wife, with a woman's tact. We did make believe, and, the funny part is, so did our late host. By the friendly aid of a mirror I saw when he first observed us the color come to his cheeks, as it had at his own table. He turned as far from us as possible and ate as though he were not enjoying his meal very much."—New York Herald.

The Word "Cafe."
 It is really difficult to understand how the word "cafe," a French term, has come into such general use in this country and how it happens that it is so grossly misapplied. The term means coffee, or a place where coffee is sold, and while relation there is between a coffee shop and a place where liquors are sold we are at a loss to know. It is not improbable that the idea comes from combinations of bars, rooms and restaurants, in the latter of which course coffee is sold, but to our mind nothing seems more absurd or more emphatically marks the modern disposition to follow blind custom than sticking up on the window where only beer, liquor and wines are sold the word "coffee," and that in a foreign language. Were it not that an age of misnomer gives recognition to this anomaly we would just as soon the word "meat" or "bread" signalled places where liquors are sold. Either would have as much sense and logical application as "cafe."—Exchange.

A Delicate Position.
 Wedding presents are frequently distinguished for their uselessness, and giftmaking at any time is attended with some danger. A faithful Irish employe announced his desire to take a month's holiday to visit his brother. He had worked so well and steadily that his employer not only granted the request, but made him a present of a new traveling bag.
 The night before Tim was to leave he received the gift, accompanied by a few appreciative words.
 Tim stared at the bag for a moment and then asked, "What am I to do with that?"
 "Why, put your clothes in it when you go away, of course," answered the employer.
 "Put me clothes in it, is it?" said Tim. "An' phwat will Oi wear if Oi put me clothes in that?"

Not a Compliment.
 "Old war horse" has long been a complimentary and affectionate sobriquet bestowed on veteran political workers by their party conferrers and admirers. A Washington correspondent once endeavored to compliment Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and other women suffragists by referring to them as "old war mares." He protested that he had heard them say there could be no opposition in sex, but the old ladies kicked like young fillies, and the correspondent lost his job.

A Tale of a Typewriter.
 A quaint tale of a typewriter is told by an Anglo-Indian. An English judge in India, an expert on the typewriter, used it for the taking of judicial notes. The machine was taken into court, when a certain novelty was imparted to the proceedings by the click of the keys and tinkle of the bell. The prisoner was found guilty and sentenced. Promptly he appealed on the ground that instead of listening to the evidence the judge had wailed away his time by playing on a musical instrument.

Mean Advantage.
 On attempting to question a loquacious patient one day the late Dr. Sands was irritated beyond all endurance. After vainly endeavoring to stem the torrent of gabble, he said sternly:
 "Madam, let me see your tongue. That's good. Now keep it there while you hear what I have to say to you."

No Annihilation.
 Though man can gather and scatter, move, mix and unmix, yet he can destroy nothing. The putrefaction of one thing is a preparation for the being and bloom of another. Thus a tree gathers nourishment from its own fallen leaves when they are decayed, and something gathers up the fragments that nothing is lost.

A Color Clash.
 "Madam," said the maid, "the dyer has brought your silk dress back and says it is impossible to dye it to match your hair, as you requested."
 "Well," said the lady, "ask him what he would charge to dye my hair to match the silk. The colors clash as they are now."

Possession No Proof.
 A nurse on the "trials of an infirm" is not so content with possession at a bank—Philadelphia Record.

Her strenuous effort to live up to the expectations of her neighbors is a good classed the new from a woman's checks.—Chicago News.

Rose bushes, oleaster, ornamental shrubbery and cut flowers at the Gladstone Green-house. JAMES WILKINSON, Proprietor.



Home Duties

The real heroines of every day are in our homes. Frequently, however, it is a mistaken and useless heroism. Women seem to listen to every call of duty except the supreme one that tells them to guard their health. How much harder the daily tasks become when some derangement of the female organs makes every movement painful and keeps the nervous system unstrung? Irritability takes the place of happiness and amiability; and weakness and suffering takes the place of health and strength. As long as they can drag themselves around, women continue to work and perform their household duties. They have been led to believe that suffering is necessary because they are women. What a mistake!

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.
 If there is anything in your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. No man will see your letter. She can surely help you, for no person in America has such a wide experience in treating female ills as she has had. She has helped hundreds of thousands of women back to health. Her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is free. You are very foolish if you do not accept her kind invitation.

For proof read the symptoms, suffering and cure recited in the following letters:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express to you the great benefit I have derived from your advice and the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My trouble was female weakness in its worst form and I was in a very bad condition. I could not perform my household duties, my back ached, I was extremely nervous, and I could not eat or sleep, and the bearing-down pains were terrible. My husband spent hundreds of dollars to get me well, and all the medicine that the doctors prescribed failed to do me any good; I resorted to an operation which the physician said was necessary to restore me to health, but I suffered more after it than I did before; I had hemorrhages of the womb that nothing could seem to stop.
 "I noticed one of your advertisements and wrote you for advice, I received your reply and carefully followed all instructions. I immediately began to get stronger, and in two weeks was about the house. I took eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and continued following your advice, and to-day I am a well woman. Your remedies and help are a Godsend to suffering women, and I cannot find words to thank you for what you have done for me."—MRS. LOTTIE V. NAYLOR, 1328 N. J. Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I write to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was suffering with falling of the womb and could hardly drag about, but after taking five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was completely cured. I am now a well woman and able to do all my work.
 "I think your medicine one of the best remedies in the world."—MRS. J. M. LEE, 141 Lyndal St., Newcastle, Pa.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done a great deal for me. I suffered so much from falling of the womb and all the troubles connected with it. I doctored for years with doctors' and other remedies but received only temporary relief.
 "I began taking your medicine, and had not taken it long before I was feeling better. My husband said that I should keep right on taking it as long as it gave me relief from my suffering, as I could not expect to be cured by one or two bottles. I did so and am now able to be on my feet and work hard all day, and go to bed and rest at night. Thanks to your Vegetable Compound I am certainly grateful for the relief it gave me. It is the mother's great friend. I would not be without it in my house, for when I feel tired or out of sorts I take a few doses and feel all right.
 "I would recommend your medicine to all tired mothers, and especially to those suffering as I was."—MRS. R. F. CHAMBERS, Bennett, Neb.

\$5000 FOREFEIT if we cannot furnish you the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
 Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Lynn, Mass.

Outward Show in Italy.
 All over Italy social life is characterized by a great love of outward show. Here is an anecdote which Mr. Luigi Villari relates in "Italian Life in Town and Country" to illustrate this national feeling:
 An American gentleman who was spending the winter in Naples had taken a flat in a palazzo, the first floor of which was occupied by a noble family in somewhat reduced circumstances. He noticed to his surprise that every day he met a servant going up or down the stairs carrying a pair of carriage doors. At last the mystery was explained. The said noble family shared a carriage with some other people, but each had its own doors with the family coat of arms, to make their friends believe that they both had carriages.

how the study of aerial navigation could have inspired your eyesight.
 The Mendicant—Mebbe you didn't never stand watchin' no balloons when they started droppin' sand out—Brooklyn Life.

Brides Can Speak.
 "Do brides have a language?" asked the president of the Millville Literary circle at a recent meeting.
 "Do they?" replied the secretary.
 "You ought to hear my husband when he loses his collar button."

A Dainty Lunch.
 That word "dainty" never being used to describe the lunch spread for men.

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CHINAMAN AT A TELEPHONE

Celestial Gets the Worth of His Money Every Time.
 "A Chinaman at the telephone is a funny thing," remarked a long distance telephone operator in the Denver News a few days ago. "You see, it is impossible to tell whether one person or half a dozen are talking, and we often become mixed up in listening to them. When one is speaking, it seems as if half a dozen are talking, and we often mistake the wires are out of order. To make matters worse the Chinese delight in talking as fast as possible, and we never know whether the Chinaman at this end of the wire is talking or if it is the one at the other end. After the conversation is ended the Chinik walks out of the booth with a self-satisfied smile on his face and pays for a three minutes' talk. We have lately discovered that he invariably says as much during that time as could have been said by a white man in fifteen minutes."
 To be sure, the telephone company is not really "out" anything by the transaction, as it is paid by the minute; but, nevertheless, in the case of Chinamen, the company would be the gainer by charging for volume instead of time. A Chinaman always begins his talk in pidgin English. He says: "Hello. Is this Sam Lung. I bettee you don't know—yi hi ki yi hi yai bo tenno me," and so on, and it sounds on the wires as if several persons were at work.

Switched the Trains.
 A certain judge is much given to meditating upon his work while walking along the street, and his acquaintances and friends recognize his air of abstraction, pass him by with a friendly nod and never mind if he does not appear to notice the salutation. A little colored newsboy not familiar with this peculiarity of the judge accosted him one day with persistent appeals:
 "Buy the mornin' news, boss. Have a paper, boss."
 The judge waved the tiny mit of humanity aside and went on abstractedly, his mind engrossed with the case that was to come up that day in the court to which he was on the way. The dusky newsboy was not easily evaded, and he kept pace with the judge, shouting his paper cry at frequent intervals. At last the judge stopped and, grabbing his youthful tormentor by the shoulder, he said in his most severe manner:
 "How dare you interrupt me when I am following out a line of argument? Don't you ever speak to me when I am pursuing a train of thought."
 The small boy looked up in surprise and said in a most apologetic tone:
 "Befor' de Lord, massa, I didn't know you was tryin' to catch a train. Excuse me."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Nose.
 Nothing is more rare than a really perfect nose—that is, one which unites harmony of form, correctness of proportion and proper affinity with the other features.
 The following are, according to the rules of art, the conditions requisite to the beauty of this organ:
 The nose should have the same length as the forehead and have a slight depression at its root. From its root to its extremity it should follow a perfectly straight line and come exactly over the center of the upper lip. The bridge of the nose, parallel on both sides, should be a little wider in the center. The tip should be neither too thick nor too fleshy, and its lower outline neither narrow nor too wide. The lobes must be gracefully defined by a slight depression. Seen sideways, the lower part of the nose will have but a third of its total length.

His One Regret.
 A fare was being rattled through a Dublin suburb on a rickety jaunting car drawn by a no less rickety horse. Having proceeded some distance, the horse, owing to apparent old age and sheer exhaustion, fell, never to rise again. The fare was very profuse in his sympathies toward the driver, who, however, appeared to take the whole thing very coolly and explained:
 "It's just like this with me, your honor. I don't regret the old brute a bit. He was bad from the start. But, somehow or other, I can't help thinking of the beautiful feed of oats I gave him this morning."

The Power of a Tip.
 Experienced Traveler (at railway restaurant)—When did that man at the other table give his order?
 Walter—"Bout ten minutes ago, sir."
 "What did he order?"
 "Beefsteak and potatoes, sir."
 "How much did he tip you?"
 "Sixpence, sir."
 "Well, here's a shilling. Cook him another steak and bring me his."
 "Yes, sir."—London Telegraph.

Too Much Like Work.
 "It's terrible to be sleepy so much of the time," said Meandering Mike.
 "Why don't you go to sleep?" rejoined Flooding Pete. "You might as well."
 "Dat's where you're wrong. If dere is anyting I dreads, it's goin' to sleep. I might dream I was workin'."—Washington Star.

Irene's Opportunity.
 Willie—What makes you come to our house so often, Mr. Hankinson? Do you want to marry our Irene?
 Miss Irene taken by surprise, but realizing with rare presence of mind that Mr. Hankinson has to say something now—Willie, you impertinent boy, leave the room!

Usually the opportunities that come to a man are those that knock on his door on a cold morning and he has to go out in his bare feet and coax in.—Aetelson Globe.

A DARK OUTLOOK

FOR THE YOUNG MAN WITH WEAK LUNGS.

Time and again we see young men just arriving at their legal majority, or having barely passed it, suddenly stopped in a career full of promise. Disease has laid its hand on the lungs. He who never took a thought for himself must be careful now. He must be careful about food and drink, careful about his clothing and his exercise. No more late hours or night air. No more athletics. His lungs are "weak." He has an ominous cough. He has fallen away in flesh.
 When that cloud of consumption falls on a young man's life it darkens every-



thing. The words of love die unspoken from his lips. He cannot speak now to the girl he hoped would share his future. Middle aged men that have been under that cloud remember it still with a shiver. But the important fact is that there are men who were once in danger from "weak" lungs who have grown strong again, married and brought up healthy families.

HOW IT HAPPENED.
 There is no chance about such cures. If only a few persons had been benefited, it might be said that they had exaggerated their danger or had only been suffering from some common ailment. But when the cured are numbered by thousands; when the doctor's diagnosis was consumption; when every symptom bore out that diagnosis—weakness, emaciation, bleeding of the lungs—and these sufferers were perfectly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, it must be concluded that these cures are not of chance, but due to the healing power of a great remedy, for coughs, weak lungs, bronchitis, and like diseases, which if neglected or unskillfully treated, find a fatal termination in consumption.
 "I beg to state that I have used three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery since my correspondence with you," writes Mr. A. F. Novotny, of New York, N. Y. (Box 1437). "I feel that I am in need of no more medical assistance. When I started to take your medicine I had a regular consumptive cough, of which I was afraid, and everybody cautioned and warned me concerning it. I was losing weight rapidly, was very pale and had no appetite whatever. Now my condition is changed entirely. I do not cough at all, have gained eight pounds in weight, have recovered my healthy color, and my appetite is enormous. In conclusion I beg to state that I can and will recommend your medicine to everybody who may be in need of same, as it is a pure cure, no humbug, and is far superior to all similar medicines."
GRATITUDE WILL OUT.
 Gratitude, like murder, will out. You can't stifle it. To that is due the fact that there is so great a mass of testimony to the remarkable cures effected by "Golden Medical Discovery." It is testimony which no one can gainsay; testimony indisputable and unassailable. It comes from people of all classes and conditions, but in many cases from those who have found a cure in the use of "Discovery" when other medicines have failed to help, and often when physicians had pronounced the sufferer incurable.
 "I took a severe cold which settled in the bronchial tubes," writes Rev. Frank Hay, of Nortonville, Jefferson Co., Kans. "After trying medicines labeled 'Sure Cure,' almost without number, I was led to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took two bottles and was cured, and have stayed cured."
 "When I think of the great pain I had to endure, and the terrible cough I had, it seems almost a miracle that I was so soon relieved."
 "That God may spare you many years and abundantly bless you is the prayer of your grateful friend."
 There is one striking evidence in almost all these testimonials, both to the actual diseased condition and its positive cure. That evidence is found in the loss of flesh, marking the wasting character of the disease, and in the gain of flesh which marks the cure by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery."
GAINED 39 POUNDS.
 "While living in Charlotte, N. C., your medicine cured me of asthma and nasal catarrh of ten years' standing," writes J. L. Lumsden, Esq., of 221 Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Ga. "At that time life was a burden to me, and after spending hundreds of dollars under numerous doctors I was dying by inches. I weighed only 131 pounds. In twenty days after I commenced your treatment I was well of both troubles, and in six months I weighed 170 pounds and was in perfect health. I have never felt the slightest symptom of either since. Am now sixty-five years old and in perfect health, and weigh 168 pounds. No money could repay you for what you did for me. I would not return to the rock I was in, in October, 1872, for Cocke's medicine."
 There is no alcohol in "Golden Medical Discovery," and it is free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics. Accept no substitute for the "Discovery." Speaking by the record of the medicine, there is nothing else "just as good" for those who cough or have weak lungs.
 Persons who are suffering from disease in chronic form are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Dr. Pierce is chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. He is assisted by a staff of nearly a score of experienced physicians, and the success of his methods may be gathered from the fact that in a practice of over thirty years, and the treatment of hundreds of thousands of sick men and women, 98 per cent have been perfectly and permanently cured.

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