

## PISCO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

**Language of Parrots.**  
Do parrots understand what they say? A scientist relates that he has a Brazilian parrot which is a fluent and accomplished speaker. A gray parrot was introduced on day, but the Brazilian parrot declined to have anything to say to the gray. Then a neighbor who has just been given a newly imported green Brazilian brought the newcomer to call. The moment the parrots caught sight of each other they broke into a torrent of apparently articulate language, consisting, as it seemed, of questions and answers, but what the language was no one present could tell. The owner of the first parrot had never during the years it had lived with him heard it speak the strange tongue. The two parrots talked to each other without ceasing all the time they were together, and a few days later, when they met again, exactly the same thing happened. Was the first parrot, long exiled from its native forests, asking eagerly for news of its people?

**Immune.**  
Towne—It's a shame the way these big corporations put the screws on the people.  
Browne—Never mind—they'll have a hot time in the next world.  
Towne—If I could believe that there'd be some consolation in that thought, but corporations, you know have no souls.—Philadelphia Press.

**Fitted for Politics.**  
"What makes you think he would be a great success in politics?"  
"He can say more things that sound well and mean nothing than any other man I ever knew."

**Bacteria of the Mouth.**  
Prof. Miller, of Berlin, has isolated more than 100 different species of bacteria that grow in the mouth. Six of these find the conditions so favorable that they usually crowd out the others.—Science.

**Opinion vs. Facts.**  
Few things are necessary for the wants of this life, but it takes an infinite number to satisfy the demands of opinion.

**But Soon to Be.**  
Miss Ascum—Wasn't that Mr. Bonds I saw you walking with last evening?  
Miss Coy—Yes.  
Miss Ascum—He's a landed freeholder of the county, isn't he?  
Miss Coy (blushing)—Well—er—he isn't quite landed yet.

**Turned Failures to Account.**  
La Montt—"So Mrs. Pearpen wrote poetry for two years without getting a line accepted? I should think she would be terribly discouraged."  
La Moyne—"Not a bit. She took all the rejection slips and papered a room. Now she is known as the most bizarre woman in town."—The Scroll.

**Willing to Oblige.**  
Servant—There's a gentleman at the door who says he knew you when you were a boy. Master—Tell him he was very kind to call. Should I ever happen to be a boy again I'll let him know!—Boston Transcript.

**Fixing the Blame.**  
Magistrate—Well, Uncle Rastus, what brought you here?  
Uncle Rastus—Dem two big perlice-men by de raddin', yo' honner.  
"Yes, but didn't liquor have anything to do with it?"  
"Yessah; day wuz bofe drunk, yo' honner."—Chicago Daily News.



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, says:

"There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know of. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any other I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.  
"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—Mrs. R. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla. —\$5000 for full original of above testimonial proving genuineness cannot be produced.

**The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause, and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition.**

**Misfits at the Bargain Sale.**  
Nell—I stopped in at a bargain sale today.  
Belle—did you see anything that looked real cheap?  
Nell—Yes; several men waiting for their wives.

**A Strong Box.**  
"Your father has a strong box at home, hasn't he, Willie?" said the teacher.  
"Yes'm," replied Willie, "the one he keeps the limburger in."—Yonkers Statesman.

**A Certain Hit.**  
A New York girl, while trying to do a fancy step in a cake walk recently, dislocated her shoulder. If she would only take that step into vaudville there is no room for doubting that she would make a hit.

**Energy is Eternal.**  
Who is there who dares to say that when old age is reached there is not as much laid by in that soul wrapped in its weary body as there was in the infant full of latent power? We know not where the infant's forces come from, nor where the dying man's energy goes, to, but if nature teaches us anything it teaches us that forces such as these are eternal in the same sense that matter is eternal and space endless.—Frank Dolles.

**Just a Small Matter.**  
As Morgan and Gates closed a little deal John said to Plerp: "Pears to me I've got a few dollars coming," and Plerp, reaching down in his jeans, brought up a handful of checks and paid the difference right there. It wasn't much; only eighteen million dollars.

**Manchester, Va., March 6, 1901.**  
Gentlemen:—I had all the symptoms that accompany this disease, such as mucus dropping in the throat, a constant desire to hawk and spit, feeling of dryness in the throat, cough and spitting upon rising in the morning, scabs forming in the nose, which required much effort to blow out, sometimes causing the nose to bleed and leaving me with a sick headache. I had thus suffered for five years.  
I commenced to take S. S. S. and after I had taken three large bottles, I noticed a change for the better. Thus encouraged, I continued to take it and in a short while was entirely cured.  
JUDSON A. BELLAM.  
Main and Vine Sts., Richmond, Va.

In the treatment of Catarrh, anti-septic and soothing washes are good for cleansing purposes or clearing the head and throat, but this is the extent of their usefulness. To cure Catarrh permanently, the blood must be purified and the system relieved of its load of foul secretions, and the remedy to accomplish this is S. S. S., which has no equal as a blood purifier. It restores the blood to a natural, healthy state and the catarrhal poison and effete matter are carried out of the system through the proper channels. S. S. S. restores to the blood all its good qualities, and when rich, pure blood reaches the inflamed membrane and is carried through the circulation to all the Catarrh infected portions of the body, they soon heal, the mucous discharges cease and the patient is relieved of the most offensive and humiliating of all complaints. S. S. S. is a vegetable remedy and contains nothing that could injure the most delicate constitution. It cures Catarrh in its most aggravated forms, and cases apparently incurable and hopeless. Write us if you have Catarrh, and our physicians will advise you without charge.

# SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

## OLD FAVORITES

**Soliloquy from "Hamlet."**  
To be, or not to be; that is the question; Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And by opposing end them? To die; to sleep; No more; and by a sleep to say we end The heartache and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To die; to sleep; To sleep; perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub; For in that sleep of death what dreams may come, When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, Must give us pause; there's the respect That makes calamity of so long life; For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, The pangs of despised love, the law's delay, The insolence of office, and the spurns That patient merit of the unworthy takes, When he himself might his quietus make With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear, To grunt and sweat under a weary life, But that the dread of something after death— The undiscovered country from whose bourne No traveler returns—puzzles the will And makes us rather bear those ills we have Than fly to others that we know not of? Thus conscience does make cowards of us all, And thus the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, And enterprises of great pith and moment With this regard their currents turn awry And lose the name of action.  
—William Shakespeare.

**Bedouin Love Song.**  
From the desert I come to thee  
On a stallion shod with fire,  
And the winds are left behind  
In the speed of my desire.  
Under thy window I stand,  
And the midnight hears my cry;  
I love thee, I love thee,  
With a love that shall not die  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!

**Look from thy window and see**  
My passion and my pain;  
I lie on the sands below,  
And I faint in thy disdain.  
Let the night winds touch thy brow  
With the heat of my burning sigh  
And melt thee to hear the vow  
Of a love that shall not die  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!

**My steps are nightly driven,**  
By the fever in my breast,  
To hear from thy lattice breathed  
The word that shall give me rest.  
Open the door of thy heart,  
And open thy chamber door,  
And my kisses shall teach thy lips  
The love that shall fade no more  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!

**NEGROES GROW RICH FAST.**  
Many of Those Living in the Creek Nation Are Well-to-Do.  
It is not in the South that the richest negroes are found, although many in that region have amassed a goodly store of property since the war. Doubtless the wealthiest community of colored people in the world is found among the Creek Indians in Indian Territory. There are about 7,000 of them, and they are worth on an average \$3,000 each. The wealth of the more industrious foots up ever higher, certain individuals being the owners of from \$10,000 to \$15,000 worth of land each.  
These negroes are the descendants of slaves of the Creek tribe of Indians and are known as Creek negroes. They are entitled to a share in the division of Creek Indian lands, also a part of the trust funds. Together the 7,000 negroes own 22,000,000 acres of land. And yet their education is far from complete. Their social environments are crude in the extreme and progress goes slowly amid their huts and fields.  
Unlike the other Indians of the rich five civilized tribes, the Creeks insisted upon freeing their slaves to give them an equal share in their lands and money. At that time there were few slaves, but the number grew through descendants, until now fully 7,000 have laid successful claim to a "head right" on the Creek rolls of citizenship. They have their own representatives in the Creek Indian Legislature, their own schools and their own churches. Everything bids fair to make them the model community of negroes in the United States when Indian territory is recovering from the tangle wilderness of reconstruction, its laws made uniform and itself a State of the Union.  
There is little culture among the Creek negroes. They have a social set all their own, to which not even the Indians are invited. Their characteristics are in a great measure different from the negro of the South or the North. It is a mixture of both, with additional peculiarities.  
Like the Indians, these negroes have their dances in the open, which have come to be a sort of religion with them. And, following in the footsteps of the Southern Negro, they have barbecues, "possum bunts and the like. As

a Northern type of the negro they are more industrious and independent of the whites, know how to work hard and save their money, and, like the type from the city, are well dressed—gaily, but at the same time wearing expensive clothes.

These 7,000 Creek negroes live in a tract of rich land called the Canadian River bottoms, and Okmulgee is their town and trading point. Okmulgee is the capital of the Creek Indian nation, and has been for years a negro town. Recently, however, white people flocked in and have taken possession. The negroes are starting their own towns along the branch of the Frisco Railroad.  
Notwithstanding that many of these Creek negroes are industrious, there are some among them who rent out their estates and lounge in idleness about the railway stations. It is a common sight to see a 500-acre tract of rich land in the Canadian bottoms being tilled by a white man. Invariably, upon inquiry as to his landlord, he will refer to the negro owner in no complimentary terms. Meanwhile one will find the owner shooting craps or enjoying himself eating turkey and "possum in a neighboring village.

When the Creeks freed their negroes in 1864 the two fraternized for a time, and even intermarried, but that has all passed now. In accordance with the terms granting their freedom, the Creek negroes are allowed a voice in the tribal government, and so they have their own members in the Council, have their own schools and all that; but the Creek Indian feels above the Creek negro and refuses to associate with him.

## Etiquette of the Handkerchief

"Your handkerchief isn't a wash rag," said a patient mother the other day when she caught her daughter in the midst of a dry cleaning. The daughter naturally saw no reason for the comment. "Everybody does it," she said.  
"So they do," responded the mother, "but other people's rudeness is no excuse for yours." Yet the next time the mother went shopping she stopped in front of an elevator looking-glass long enough to mop some smudges from her nose.

It has so come about, through the constant showering of soft cool soot in Chicago streets, that the handkerchief is here used for a face mop. Go where you will, in whatever class of society and to whatever kind of gathering and you will find people mopping, surreptitiously perhaps, but nevertheless mopping. The inevitable smudge never fails to call forth a surprised consternation and the consternation unconsciously hides behind the folds of a handkerchief.

Be it lace or linen, or just common cotton, no handkerchief is too good for this service. The ornamental square which is tucked in at the belt of a dinner gown or hidden away in a sleeve is not too good for it, neither is the generous cambric which shows its corners above the breastpocket of a top coat.  
Despite the abuse which the handkerchief is thus obliged to endure, it is an ornamental and graceful piece of furniture. It was not meant to be argued with, yet it gives itself kindly to that service. It is used by the actress as a signal of distress and in the nervous hands of an emotional woman it is a safe barometer of her sympathies.

It is a school girl's trick to chew the corners of a handkerchief, yet that, too, has its mitigation. It is undoubtedly rude to play with a handkerchief, no matter what the provocation, yet she who manipulates a handkerchief with the grace of long association laughs at this rule of etiquette. If she would assume an innocent air there is nothing she will more quickly undertake than this same by-play with her handkerchief. She flirts with her handkerchief and hides her embarrassment behind it and weeps into it and makes it altogether the most useful bit of finery that her toilet possesses.—Chicago Chronicle.

**Like Caesar's Wife.**  
"Do you think it polite," said the foolish stranger in Crimson Gulch, "for a man to sit in his shirt sleeves and play cards all day?"  
"Yes, sir," answered Three Finger Sam; "and maybe it'll be for your own good to remind you that the fewer sleeves a man has on when he plays cards around here the less liable he is to fall under suspicion."—Washington Star.

**Not to Be Frightened.**  
Employer—Well, what did he say when you called for that check?  
Clerk—That he would break every bone in my body and throw me out of the window if I showed my face there again.  
Employer—Then go back at once and tell him he can't frighten me with his violence.—Illustrated Bits.

**Enforced Athletics.**  
"Joe is a great walker."  
"Indeed? How long has he been walking?"  
"Lemme see. I believe the twins are 5 months old."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Stout in Defense.**  
Sidney—Have you any marked ability of any kind?  
Rodney—Well, I've kept a lot of widows from marrying me.

**Good Use for Moonlight.**  
Tomatoes are said to ripen best by the light of the moon.

**THE BLOOD.**  
The blood is life. We derive from the blood life, power, beauty, and reason, as the doctors have been saying from time immemorial. A healthy body, a fresh appearance, and generally all the abilities we possess depend on that source of life. It is therefore the duty of every sensible man to keep the blood as pure and normal as possible. Nature, in its infinite wisdom, has given us a thermometer indicating the state of the blood, which appeals to our reason by giving notice of its impurity. Small eruptions of the skin, to which we scarcely pay any attention, headache, ringing noises in the ears, lassitude, sleeplessness, are generally a sign that the blood is not in its normal state, but is filled with noxious substances. These symptoms deserve our full attention. If more attention were paid to these symptoms, and steps taken to remove them, then many illnesses from which we suffer would become unknown, and the human body would become stronger and healthier. Attention therefore should be paid to those warning signs, and the blood can be purified and poisonous substances removed from it by the use of Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, discovered more than 60 years ago.

**How Awkward of Them.**  
A small girl of three suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table one day.  
"Why, Ethel, what is the matter?" asked her mother.  
"Oh," cried Ethel, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."—Little Chronicle.

**Nipped in the Bud.**  
"Oh, Alfred! Isn't it too bad! Just as we had everything so nicely arranged for our elopement, father has gone and sanctioned the match."

**Mocha and Java.**  
Not very much pure Mocha and Java coffee is brought to this coast. In fact we don't believe there is another brand in the market, besides Monopole, which is all pure Mocha and Java. But we know Monopole. As a matter of fact not every lady likes pure Mocha and Java, but if you do and are willing, like your Eastern friends, to pay a little extra for the pure unadulterated article, you'll find it in Monopole. Your dealer handles it or knows where to get it for you. Wadhams & Kerr Bros., coffee roasters, Portland, Oregon.

**Growth of Electrical Work.**  
In 20 years, the number of establishments in the United States making electrical machinery and supplies has increased from 26 to 580. The annual output has increased from \$2,600,000 to \$91,300,000. The capital invested in the business is \$83,000,000.—Success.

**Noises Attract Snakes.**  
It is a remarkable fact that there are certain kinds of noises which attract snakes. For instance, the whirr of the mowing machine, instead of scaring these reptiles, as might be supposed, seems both to allure them and enrage them, and they almost invariably dart toward it, rearing themselves in front of the machine, which, of course, promptly chops off their heads. In six months so many as 120 cobras alone have thus been slaughtered on a farm in India.

**You Can Get Allen's Foot Ease FREE.**  
Write Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot Ease. It cures chafing, blisters, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

**Thoughts Unutterable.**  
"And so you have no swear words in your language, Mr. Omokura?"  
"No, madame," the Japanese traveler replied.  
"But, of course, you can think such thoughts, I suppose, can't you?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Banking Rule of Paris.**  
The Bank of France can compel its customers to receive one-fifth of money drawn in gold.

**JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, ORE.**  
Foot of Harrison Street.  
Can give you the best bargains in Rollers and Engines, Windmills, Pumps and General Machinery. Wood Sawing Machines a specialty. See us before buying.

**I WANT TO BUY FOR CASH**  
Chicken, Duck and Geese feathers. Address  
**O. O. SMITH,**  
10th and Davis Sts., Portland, Or

**It Costs You Nothing**  
To catch cold—you get something for nothing, sure enough. You can keep it if you want it, but you can get rid of it by using Queen Bee Cough Drops. Keep a box in the house. They taste nice, look nice, are nice—made of honey and menthol. 5 Cents a box. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. Two boxes sent by mail postpaid on receipt of 10c. in stamps.  
**Pacific Coast Biscuit Co.**  
Portland, Ore.

**For nearly half a century**  
**Ferry's Seeds**  
Have been growing famous in every kind of soil, everywhere. Sold by all dealers. 10c. per pound. Postpaid free to all applicants.  
**F. M. FERRY & CO.**  
Detroit, Mich.

**PIMPLES**  
"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets."  
6708 Greenwood Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

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**Cascarets**  
REGULATE THE LIVER  
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent Taste Good, No Gripe, No Stomach Distress, No Weakness, No Pain.  
**CURE CONSTIPATION.**  
Selling Everywhere, Chicago, Montreal, New York, etc.  
It is a remarkable fact that there are certain kinds of noises which attract snakes. For instance, the whirr of the mowing machine, instead of scaring these reptiles, as might be supposed, seems both to allure them and enrage them, and they almost invariably dart toward it, rearing themselves in front of the machine, which, of course, promptly chops off their heads. In six months so many as 120 cobras alone have thus been slaughtered on a farm in India.  
**THERE IS NO SLICKER LIKE TOWER'S FISH BRAND**  
Forty years ago and after many years of use on the eastern coast, Tower's Waterproof Oiled Co. were introduced in the West and were called Slickers by the pioneers and cowboys. This graphic name has come into such general use that it is frequently though wrongfully applied to many substitutes. You want the genuine. Look for the Sign of the Fish and the name Tower on the bottom.  
MADE IN BLACK AND YELLOW AND GOLD BY REPRESENTATIVE TRADE MARK.  
**A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS.**  
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AT DEALERS, 50c; BY MAIL, 60c.  
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GENTLEMEN—I have been using the PRUSSIAN HEAVE POWDERS the past eight months, and in that time have cured 34 horses of heaves, 14 of distemper and 9 of chronic cough. Your Russian Remedies have gained a great reputation in this section.  
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