

Eczema

How it reddens the skin, itches, oozes, dries and scales!
Some people call it tetter, milk crust or salt rheum.
The suffering from it is sometimes intense; local applications are resorted to—they mitigate, but cannot cure.
It proceeds from humors inherited or acquired and persists until these have been removed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

positively removes them; has radically and permanently cured the worst cases, and is without an equal for all cutaneous eruptions.
HOOD'S PILLS are the best cathartic. Price 25 cents.

Explained.

"It seems to me," said the young housewife, "there's entirely too much water in the milk you serve."
"It won't occur again, ma'am," said the foxy milkman. "You see, the farmers' man has been giving the cows too much salt and it made 'em very thirsty. The farmer's got a new man now."—Baltimore News.

His Money's Worth.

"Well, Uncle Joseph, how did you like the violin solo?"
"Didn't keef for it much."
"Perhaps you liked orchestra music better."
"Yes; give me a hull band. I don't want my music retail; I want it wholesale."—Yonkers Statesman.

He Was Next to the Game.

"Put not your trust in riches," said the clerical looking man in the rusty coat.
"I don't," replied the humorous-looking individual, "I put my riches in trusts."—Exchange.

Easy Problem in High School.

To see objects at a distance of 100 miles the observer must be standing at a height of 6,667 feet above the level of the sea. The rule is that the distance in miles at which an object on the earth's surface may be seen is equal to the square root of one and a half times the height of the observer in feet above the sea level, allowance being made for the effect of atmospheric refraction.

Accounted For.

"I don't talk very well, but I think of lots of bright things sometimes."
"That shows you have a good memory anyhow."—Indianapolis News.

The Freedom Seemed Queer.

"Of course you were given the freedom of the city?"
"Yes," answered the distinguished visitor, "but I had to keep so close to a regular schedule, under the strict surveillance of so many committees, that it was hard to realize how free I was."—Washington Star.

Surprise.

"Were you surprised when I proposed?" he asked.
"Well," she replied, thoughtfully, "I was not so surprised that you proposed as I was that you did not propose on some previous occasions."—Chicago Post.

A Wandering River.

During the last century the Chinese Yellow river changed its course 22 times. Its present mouth is 600 miles away from its mouth of 1800.

Dundonald as an Inventor.

The Earl of Dundonald, who is coming to Canada in command of the Dominion troops, won distinction as a soldier in South Africa and has given his country some valuable military inventions, notably the Dundonald gun carriage. He married Miss Winnifred Heeketh, a Welsh heiress who owns Gwyrch castle, a beautiful place near Abergele.

No Money in Bicycles.

Of all the bicycle factories in Germany only six paid dividends last year. Fifteen large factories are on the point of going out of business.

CATARRH

Catarrh has become such a common disease that a person entirely free from this disgusting complaint is seldom met with. It is customary to speak of Catarrh as nothing more serious than a bad cold, a simple inflammation of the nose and throat. It is, in fact, a complicated and very dangerous disease; if not at first, it very soon becomes so.

The blood is quickly contaminated by the foul secretions, and the poison through the general circulation is carried to all parts of the system.

Salves, washes and sprays are unsatisfactory and disappointing, because they do not reach the seat of the trouble. S. S. S. does. It cleanses the blood of the poison and eliminates from the system all catarrhal secretions, and thus cures thoroughly and permanently the worst cases.

Mr. T. A. Williams, a leading dry-goods merchant of Spartanburg, S. C., writes: "For years I had a severe case of nasal Catarrh, with all the disagreeable effects which belong to that disease, and which made life painful and unendurable. I used medicines prescribed by leading physicians and suggested by numbers of friends, but without getting any better. I then began to take S. S. S. It had the desired effect, and I am now actually taking eighteen bottles. In my opinion S. S. S. is the only medicine now in use that will effect a permanent cure of Catarrh."



SSS is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known, and the greatest of all blood medicines and tonics.
If you have Catarrh don't wait until it becomes deep-seated and chronic, but begin at once the use of S. S. S., and send for our book on Blood and Skin Diseases and write our physicians about your case.
THE SOUTHERN SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

THE YOUNG MAN'S AGE

DEMAND FOR YOUTH IN EDUCATION AND BUSINESS.

An Unbiased View of the Really Remarkable Movement that is Now Taking Place—Problems Which Its Existence Bring Into Being.

Two very remarkable movements are discernible in the business and the education of the times; and yet, when we come to examine them, we find that the tendencies have been clearly in view for more than a decade. Six years ago the present writer went to the president of one of the large corporations of this country and asked him to give employment to a man who had turned his forty-eighth year. There were personal reasons why he should grant such a request, and the person for whom the place was sought was entirely acceptable in character, ability and health. The president replied: "I want to do this, but it is impossible. The age of the young man is crowding upon modern business so fast that he will soon monopolize it. We take no one who has passed 45—we cannot afford to do it. But I will tell you what I will do. If this man has a son anywhere from 15 to 25 years old I'll find a position for him at once." So far has this tendency already gone that the problem of getting rid of employees above a certain age is now under discussion, and so great has been the uneasiness that several of the large concerns have issued statements that the old men will not be discharged.

At the same time practically all of them are taking on only young men, and the demand has made a profound impression upon the highest colleges and universities of the country. It has been shown that if a student goes through all the courses to the post-graduate specializations he is about 30 before he gets into active life—and modern business needs him at least five years before that time. It is not a mere sentiment but a real conviction which contends that the years lost from work between 20 and 30 are in a measure stolen from the lives of the students. This may be an extreme view, but many, if not most, of our leaders in industry and in the professions believe it is true. That there will come a change—a compromise, perhaps—seems to be one of the certainties of the near future.

Along with the increasing hold of the young men comes the problem of caring for those who have passed into what is sweepingly called old age. It is not fair to set limits on any individual. So long as he is able to do his work and do it acceptably he is entitled to every opportunity and advantage. We do not refer, of course, to the old men of signal ability and success, for the grave is the only stop to their energies and usefulness, and it would be easy to fill many columns with names of those who are past 70 who are holding their own with the best that the younger generations can show. But there is an army of millions of wrinkled and white-haired veterans who have toiled faithfully and well all their lives, and upon whom others are dependent. Their welfare brings into prominence the system of old-age pensions which has been pursued in Germany more successfully than anywhere else, and which has been introduced by several of the important corporations in the United States. This may be the solution of the other end of the problem, while the young men keep on crowding into the offices and workshops and accomplishing the great things of an advancing civilization by their skill, quickness and enthusiasm.—Saturday Evening Post.

UTAH HAS A MODEL TOWN.

Mormons Claim Only Successful Experiment in Local Government.
There is one town in the United States whose inhabitants do not hunger for the flesh pots of other communities laying claim to a higher degree of culture. The place is named Vernal, and it is situated not far from the reservation of Utah Indians in Utah. One of its attractions is that there has never been any local tax levied on the townspeople, for the reason that the sensible system of city government provides a perfectly adequate income without the necessity of taxation. Nothing is given away by the city government of Vernal. If any franchisees or privileges are desired they must be paid for and paid for at their full value. Saloons are looked upon as a luxury that can be dispensed with, but as the town is not a total abstinence community the saloons are allowed to exist by the payment of a large fee to the treasury.

Crime is taxed to the utmost. Fines rather than imprisonment are the punishment for evildoers. Instead of a prisoner being supported for a term at the expense of the city he is mulcted in a sum deemed commensurate with the enormity of the offense and the money goes to the town's exchequer. In this way the burden of the city's expenses is placed on the shoulders of those who deserve to be made to bear it, and the well-behaved citizen instead of suffering by the action of the wrongdoer in being compelled to support him in jail actually benefits by his wrongdoing in the absence of taxation.

So proud are the citizens of Vernal of their model town that the city officials almost invariably turn back into the treasury the amounts received for salary. The only man who is really paid by the town for his work is the city marshal, who devotes his whole time to the duties of his office.

As might be expected, the town is splendidly laid out, possessing miles of

asphalted streets, one of the finest school buildings in the West and ample means for the building of more as they are needed. No breath of suspicion has ever been directed at the officials of the town. Their action in refusing to receive salaries might in itself divert any suspicion of "boodling." The town numbers about 4,000 persons, and as its admirable system of government is attracting numbers to take up their residence there it is probable that it will emerge from comparative obscurity during the next few years and become one of the most important cities of the West.

WIVES AND BEATINGS.

Women Discuss the Amount of Abuse Their Sex Should Endure.

"How much beating should a wife bear before she made up her mind to leave her husband?" was one of the main subjects discussed to-day at the women's conference of the In-His-Name Society in All Souls' Church, at Madison avenue and 60th street. In the opinion of Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, editor of a religious newspaper, the wife should submit rather than leave her husband to be at the mercy of bad influences.

Mrs. Houghton said that, although there were times in the present state of society when a divorce seemed necessary, a higher and more ideal state would make such a thing impossible. She called attention to the stormy domestic life of the prophet Hosea, in order to show to what extent one partner should bear with the indiscretions and the sins of the other.

The sentiments produced a sensation, and there was a murmur of dissent.

One of those present asked if the woman injured by an intoxicated husband should remain with him. Mrs. Houghton said that she had known many noble wives and mothers whose husbands had beaten them every Saturday night. The speaker said that it would be better for the family if the injured wife had the grace and the strength of mind, and, above all, the love for her husband, to hold to her family relations.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis suggested that such treatment of a wife on the part of a husband was degrading to the marriage relation. Mrs. Houghton answered that one soul could not degrade another without that soul's consent. She said that she had known in the lower walks of life of husbands who had beaten and ill-treated their wives, and that, after all, they had come around all right; whereas, if the wives had left their lords and masters, the men might have gone irretrievably to the bad.

"What I wish to ask," said Mrs. Arthur Smith, "is, how long should a wife submit to beating before she leaves her husband?"
"Mrs. Houghton, if I understand her correctly," replied Mrs. Grannis, "said there was no limit. Now, there was John Wesley, whose wife dragged him around the house by the hair of his head. It seems to me that it would have been more dignified had he resented it."—New York Correspondence Baltimore Sun.

An Obliging Caller.

When Monsieur Clemenceau was in the French Chamber of Deputies, he became, for some reason, the idol of the working man; but his popularity, according to the course of nature, brought its penalties. He was besieged by all sorts of people, who came merely to ask questions, and sometimes they were questions of the most trivial sort.

He was originally a doctor, and used to give advice for nothing at certain hours of the day. One morning a working man entered his room, and Clemenceau said, without looking up from his writing:

"Take off your coat and shirt. I'll attend to you directly."

Three minutes later he found the man had stripped to the waist.

"There is nothing the matter with you," said the doctor, when he had made an examination.

"I know there isn't!" returned the man.

"Then what did you come for?"

"To consult you on a political question."

"But what did you strip for?"

"I thought you wanted an illustration of the emaciated body of the man who lives by the sweat of his brow."

The political question remained unanswered. Monsieur Clemenceau was too exasperated to do more than tell the man to dress and go home.

From Tomahawk to Shoe-Brush.

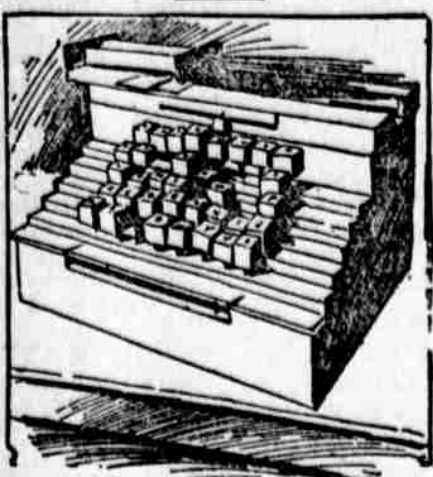
Sitting Bull's eldest son is a boot-black. His name is Montezuma, and he is a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School.

After his schooling he went to Philadelphia full of ambition, and musing over the profession he would adopt. At first it seemed to him that he might be a banker, and then, when no one seemed inclined to help him along that path, a master merchant. But he was beginning to learn that there is no royal road to riches, and he thereupon decided that he would black shoes.

For a few cents he bought the regulation kit, and it was not long before he could send for Winona, from the Rosebud Agency, the girl who had promised to marry him. Instead of the soap-box which Montezuma once carried for an outfit, he now has a handsome stand, and this descendant of a line of chiefs is building up a more flourishing business every day. Best of all, he lays his success to Carlisle, for, as he says, he learned there how to do things well, the small as well as the great.

Lots of women say they will never wear mourning, but when the time comes they give in.

THE VERY FIRST TYPEWRITER.



Almost any big typewriter agency has displayed, at one time or another, some battered contrivance which is declared to be "the first typewriter."

It is beyond doubt, however, that this decrepit machine, invented by R. T. P. Allen, of Kentucky, 40 years ago, and now in the United States patent office, is the real original.

As long ago as 1714 the British patent office granted to Henry Mills, a Londoner, papers patent for "an artificial writing machine." Mills' machine, however, was too bulky and altogether impracticable. Other typewriting mechanisms followed, but until the Allen invention was accomplished the genuine typewriter did not come into existence. Allen's machine really embodied all the essential features of the modern machine. Superintendent Gill, of the patent office, vouches for the priority of the invention here pictured.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

If we could persuade every man in any kind of business to advertise, says the editor of the Jacksonville, Fla., Metropolis, we would do it with the full assurance that we were doing the business public the greatest kind of favor.

The difference between a non-advertising town and an advertising town is the difference between one that is alive and stirring and one that is dead. The difference between the advertising merchant and the non-advertising merchant is the difference between a man who pulls off his coat and rolls up his sleeves and gets down to hard work and pushes his business, and the man who sits down and waits for business to come to him. It is the difference between perseverance and sloth; it is the difference between energy and laziness; it is the difference between the active dollar and the idle dollar; it is the difference between the man of to-day and the fossil who has notions that are forty or fifty years old.

You look at the newspaper in any town and scan its advertisements; see who it is that advertises; what is advertised; how much, and you can very readily understand what kind of a village you are going to. The business man who understands business shies the non-advertising town as he would the bubonic plague. The non-advertiser is death to enterprise and death to progress.

If you are in business and are in earnest about it you ought to just let the public know something about yourself by the use of printers' ink. It not only gives the public information about your business, but it helps you to do a great work in your own behalf.

How to Get Rich.

Everybody wants to be rich. Here is a plan which will make you wealthy if you faithfully carry it out. Money makes money. No one is so poor that he cannot rake up a penny to start on. Now, upon the first day of the month deposit a cent in a bank, and on each of the succeeding thirty days of the month double your deposit. Follow this program faithfully, and at the end of the month you will be surprised to find that your account will show the sum of ten million, seven hundred and thirty-seven thousand, four hundred and eighteen dollars and twenty-three cents to your credit. With that amount all you have to do is to retire and let the other fellows hustle. If you don't believe this statement, do a little sum in arithmetic and be convinced. In the face of such a plain and simple financial problem, who is there that cannot grow rich in a month and forever afterward snap his fingers at poverty and labor?

Where Laces Are Made.

Some of the finest laces in the world come from Belgium. There are no less than a thousand lace schools in that country. Each of the towns has its own particular "points," the patterns of which have been handed down from mother to daughter for generations. Lace making is the chief industry of the women of Flanders, and has been for five centuries. The finest specimens of Brussels lace come from the town of that name. Bruges has its point duchesse, or Belgian Honiton, a brilliant white pillow lace of flowers, united by barrettes. Prettiest of all the Flemish laces is that made at Mechlin. Point de Mechlin it is called. It has an exquisitely transparent ground and fine design.

Is it ever allowable to say of a man when he is well dressed that he "looks like a dream?"

Are boys really worse than girls, or is the statement that they are, simply a white lie?

IN A RACK OF FIRE.

Boy Imprisoned in Big Chandelier of Drury Lane Theater.

To cling to the network of rods on a huge chandelier, roasting in the up-rushing heat of hundreds of gas burners, with a drop of ninety feet beneath—this is an experience the memory of which still makes Mr. Frank Parker shudder. The circumstances are told in the Strand Magazine.

Before the day of electric lights Drury Lane Theater was illuminated by a great gasolier, eighteen feet across the base. It hung on stout chains twelve feet long, and was fed by pipes coming down through a manhole in the ceiling. Close to this manhole was a circular crown of burners; a larger circle ran round the bottom of the chandelier; and in addition, "baskets" of lights were grouped at intervals about the lower rim.

The boy who lighted this glittering mass of jets and flashing prisms was Frank Parker, a youth of 17. As no automatic spark had then been devised, the method of lighting was a primitive one. Parker used to go into the garret above the ceiling and reach down through the manhole with a long pole, at the end of which was a split torch. In doing this he had to be very careful not to break any of the glass pendants, which, if loosened, might under the great heat drop off during a performance and kill some one in the pit.

One night, as Parker reached down to light the lower range of lights and the basket clusters, he knocked the pole against a string of glass prisms, which came loose at one end and swung down, supported only by a small copper wire.

Then he remembered the words of the manager: "If any of the crystals come loose, break them off at all costs. They are dangerous."

So Parker, without hesitation, climbed down through the manhole upon the interlaced rods and braces of the chandelier, which swayed slowly above the black pit.

As he let himself down through the hoop of lights which formed the top of the chandelier, his lamp caught the circle of open jets, and the flame ran round in a succession of sputters, one light catching from another, as a row of dominoes falls. There he was, imprisoned between fire above and darkness below.

At first he did not notice his peril, for he was intent on breaking off the dangerous cluster of prisms. With great difficulty he reached it and knocked it into the pit. The pause before it struck told him how deep the chasm lay beneath him. Then he looked up and realized his position, for there was the circle of blazing jets above him barring the way to the manhole.

The heat and poisonous fumes of hundreds of lights rushed over him up through the ventilator. He called for help. The minutes slipped by. The rods he clung to grew hot. Then, when he had almost given up hope, the head lightman heard his cries and rushed up, over the grille, through the dark garret to the manhole. Turning off the lights, he lay down, as one does to pull a drowning man from a hole, reached through the opening, and, seizing Parker's arms, drew him up to safety.

NATIONAL CUSTOMS.

Sir Charles Napier Was Perfectly Willing to Observe Them.

When Sir Charles Napier was exercising military rule in India, he showed extraordinary skill as an administrator. He availed himself as much as possible of the framework of government previously existing, and used a wonderful tact in answering the Hindu mind according to its own form of thought.

"Make no avoidable change in the ancient laws and customs," he said to his subordinates. "The conquest of a country is sufficient convulsion for the people, without abrupt changes in their habits and social life."

One custom, however, he did abolish, and his method of doing it showed his wisdom in administration. This was the practice of suttee—the burning of widows on the funeral piles of their husbands; and he not only put his foot firmly down on it, but met counter arguments in the only manner possible. The custom had been formally abolished by Lord William Bentinck, in 1829; but evidently it was still practiced a dozen years later when Sir Charles was in India.

When he proclaimed his intention of suppressing suttee, the priests came to him to protest, on the ground that all nations had customs to be respected, and that sutteeism was one of them. Napier affected to be impressed by the argument.

"Be it so," said he. "The burning of widows is your custom. Prepare the pile. But my nation has also a custom. When men burn women alive, we hang them and confiscate all their property. My carpenters shall therefore erect gibbets, on which every one concerned in a widow's burning shall be hanged. Let us all act according to national custom."

Pertinent.

Lady Lecturer—My dear children, I love all animals. I never under any circumstances hurt one. I even have a family of pet toads. I love them so that I catch flies for them.

Small Boy—Please, missus, ain't flies animals?

Depression in Shipbuilding.
London papers insist that the depression reported in British shipbuilding is the effect of the boom of 1901.

Leather from Cow's Hide.
A cow's hide produces thirty-five pounds of leather, and that of a horse about eighteen pounds.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Always ask for the famous General Arthur cigar. Esberg-Gunst Cigar Co., general agents, Portland, Or.

Everybody smokes the celebrated Monogram and Pandora cigars. They have no equal.

For first class dental work and prompt attention, go to the New York Dental Parlors, Fourth and Morrison streets.

Money to loan, on furniture, pianos, or any good securities. Notes and mortgages bought. S. W. King, room 45 Washington building.

Call at the Casto Saloon, corner of Jefferson and Chapman streets. Fine wines, liquors and cigars of the best brands, and the best brands of case goods always on hand. Weinhard's beer. J. V. Campbell, proprietor.

The Graham Manufacturing company manufacture all kinds of furniture, woodwork and fixtures. Oregon phone, Hood 202. Nos. 370, 372, 374 Front street, corner Montgomery, Portland, Ore.

French Dyeing and Cleaning Works. All work done at very moderate prices. Dyeing and cleaning of all kinds of ladies' and gent's clothing. Morning cloth dyed in 48 hours. J. Deleau, proprietor, 455 Glisan street.

The proprietors of the Oregon Bakery, corner Fourteenth and Flanders Sts., Portland, are both old and experienced bakers, men who were foremen in the best shops on the coast, and who make a superior loaf of bread of any kind. Pullman leaves a specialty.

We want your trade. Music half price; musical instruments of all kinds, cash or installments. H. H. Wright, wholesale and retail dealer in music and musical merchandise. The Music building, 349 Washington street, Portland, Oregon.

Pacific Regalia Company.

Manufacturers of badges, buttons, banners, lodge regalia and supplies. Portland, Oregon.

The Pioneer Paint Co.

The firm of F. E. Beach & Co., corner of First and Alder streets, is the oldest established concern in the paint and oil business in the Northwest. For over 20 years this house has maintained its reputation for reliable business dealings with all patrons. F. E. Beach & Co. carry the highest grades of paints, oils and varnishes. They also handle all builders' materials, and no order is too small to receive prompt attention.

INVEST IN OIL STOCK.

Now is the time to buy shares of the Archuleta Oil Company, because very shortly it will be fully demonstrated whether their stock is worth nothing per share, or worth \$5.00 and more per share.

The drill is purchased and will soon penetrate the oil deposits, and then the stock will either be withdrawn from the market or else go away up in value. The stock is 10 cents per share now.

Address either personally or by letter, J. H. Hawley, stock broker, No. 2 Chamber of Commerce building, Portland, Oregon.

DON'T GUESS AT IT.

But if you are going East write us for our rates and let us tell you about the service and accommodations offered by the Illinois Central Railroad. Through tourist cars via the Illinois Central from Pacific Coast to Chicago and Cincinnati. Don't fail to write us about your trip, as we are in a position to give you some valuable information and assistance. 5319 miles of track, over which is operated some of the finest trains in the world.

For particulars regarding freight or passenger rates, call on or address:

B. H. TRUMBULL, Commercial Agent.
J. C. LINDSEY, T. F. & P. A., 142 Third street, Portland, Or.

Pays Claims on Sight—The Washington Life Insurance Company, of New York, has just paid the claim of Henry Davis, of Medford. Mr. Davis secured his policy just one week before his death. The proofs of claim arrived at the company's home office, July 2, 1901, and check in settlement was sent to Mrs. Davis the same day. This company has not had a contested claim in the past decade, an enviable record. The Washington Life is one of the strongest and best of all the great life insurance corporations. Its assets aggregate nearly \$17,000,000; claims paid, over \$36,000,000. No other company in the world offers larger guaranteed cash returns at maturity than those contained in the Washington Life's policies. This company's \$5,000,000 office building in New York City is one of the world's finest structures.

FREDERICKSBURG MUSIC HALL.

SEVENTH AND ALDER STREETS

Our Friends are All Cordially Invited To Attend.

BROWN & GRANT.