

Difficult Digestion

That is dyspepsia. It makes life miserable. Its sufferers eat not because they want to, but simply because they must.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills are the best cathartic. Proves His Heroism.

"Did you say," asked the author's friend, "that your hero, who is poor, is to marry the rich heiress?"

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

Reasonable Inference.

"Did the evidence in that divorce suit indicate that Mrs. Flash was giddy?"

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first use of Dr. S. J. W. Neurotic Nervin.

Point of View. New England Statesman—Wasn't that a mortifying scene in the senate chamber?

Statesman from the Breezy West—Mortifying! It was disgusting. It was stopped before we could tell which one was the best man!

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

The Winchester bushel, which is the standard for the United States, contains 2,150.42 cubic inches.

Who's Your Grocer? If he doesn't handle Monopole Spices he ought to. If you want to try them, send us his name and address with two 2-cent stamps for postage and we will send you a 10 cent tin of Monopole Cayenne or Ginger or White Pepper or other variety.

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

The Sure Way. "How dare you send a collector to my house?"

Don't Get Feetore! Get Foot-Ease. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet.

A Windfall. "You say his money fell to him?"

WIFE'S PLEA IN VAIN. Brutal Husband Wanted No Solitude on His Vacation.

CANCER

Suffers from this horrible malady nearly always inherits it—not necessarily from the parents, but may be from some remote ancestor.

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

A small pimple came on my jaw about an inch below the ear on the left side of my face. I gave me no pain or inconvenience.

SSS Cancer, containing valuable and interesting information about this disease, is written for physicians about your case.

Science AND INVENTION

An Austrian material for preventing the rising of dust on sweeping proves to be cottonseed oil.

By regulating the food of a milch cow, M. Spolverini claims to have made its milk a satisfactory substitute for human milk.

In acknowledging an anonymous gift of \$20,000 to the Harvard College Observatory, Prof. E. C. Pickering announces that the money will be used for the preservation and study of the astronomical photographs made under the auspices of the observatory.

That it may have the entire field to itself and escape the keen competition of hosts of tropical relatives for the nectar and minute insects in the deep-tubed brilliant flowers that please him best, that jeweled atom, the ruby-throated humming bird, sole representative of its family east of the Mississippi, travels from Central America or beyond to Labrador and back again every summer of its incessantly active little life.

One of the difficulties hitherto encountered by explorers among the gigantic monuments of ancient Egypt is the lack of sufficient light in the buried chambers and long passages of pyramids, tombs and temples.

Even slow eating and mastication of food might by itself be sufficient to prevent any cold; even deep, slow, full breathing through the nose might be sufficient; even cleansing, followed by invigorating water treatments, with rubbings and exercise, might be sufficient.

How He Lost a Pension.

"I've just applied for a government pension," he said, "but I don't think I'll get it."

Lesson in Politeness.

The oldest boy is a treasure, but in trying to be polite he sometimes slips up. The father of this lad had reared him to be always courteous to his elders.

CHINESE BARBER'S METHODS.

Complications Which Beset the Celestial Hairdresser. New York's Chinatown has now two barbers, and the monopoly once enjoyed by Lee Yu of Mott street is at an end, unless he forms a syndicate with the newcomer who has a shop in Pell st.

Not only the lower face and neck, but also the temples, forehead, the space around the ears and the lower back of the head, are operated upon. The ears require especial attention.

OLD PROVERB'S REAL MEANING.

Colds to Be Cured by Fasting, Resting, Dieting and Light. Long ago Sydenham said that disease was an effort of nature to restore health.

There is an old proverb. "Feed a cold and starve a fever." This has led many people to take a heavy meal when a cold is on them, and such a heavy meal may have so stimulating an effect upon the system that the system will be put into working order for a short time, and then may be able to go on by itself.

This gives us the best or at least the most economical means of prevention and cure. When we have a cold the balance of nature has somehow been upset.

The next means is light. It is probable that if the whole body were allowed sufficient light, colds would be unknown.

When she returned to the village some months later she was met by the head man of the community, who cheered and delighted her by this intelligence.

Accidental Converser.

There are more people than there ought to be in this country who worship patent medicines, but a missionary in Burma gives an account in Stray Stories of how she was the innocent cause of the worship of empty medicine bottles having been instituted.

Overjoyed at this news, she was conducted to the house of the head man, who opened the door of a room and showed her the pain-killer bottles solemnly arranged in a row upon the shelves; and before them the whole company immediately prostrated themselves in worship.

At the Game.

"Hurrah for Spider!" shouted the tall young man in the grand stand. "Spider" echoed the pretty girl by his side.

Relic of Bonaparte.

The historic desert service which was to have figured at a banquet in Brussels by which Napoleon had hoped to celebrate a victory over the allied forces was recently sold in Brussels for the sum of \$1,000.



JOLLY JOKER

A Sheffield boot-maker displays this notice in his window: "Don't you wish you were in my shoes?"—Tit-Bits.

"So you are in society?" "Yes." "In real society?" "Yes." "Way-up society?" "Yes." "Does society know it?"—Chicago Post.

"Bingies is a lucky man. His time goes right on whether he is waking or sleeping, sick or well." "What is Bingies' business?" "Watchmaker."

Lady Tourist (doing the cathedrals of Scotland)—This is Gothic, isn't it, John? Juvenile Vendor of "Guides" (severely)—No, mem. This is Presbyterian.

Sounds thrilling: Bobbie—Paw, will you buy me a book? Father—What is the name o' the book you want? Bobbie—"Necragary Bill."—Ohio State Journal.

In confidence: Customer—Walter, here's a quarter. Suggest a good dinner for me. Walter (in a whisper)—Go to some other restaurant, sir.—Smart Set.

Traveling Acquaintance—I wonder that the regular passengers don't agitate for better service. Commuter—We do, at times, but it merely gets us agitated.—Puck.

Poor Mike: Doctor—How about that mustard-plaster I prescribed for your husband? Mrs. Grogan—Shure, doctor, I couldn't make Mike ate more nor th' half av it.—Judge.

It's queer that people who are always railing at the world are nevertheless willing to pay the doctors a fortune to keep them from leaving it in a hurry.—Atlanta Constitution.

The commuter at home: Suburban—This is shameful! I'll not stand that cook's insolence a moment longer. As soon as I get to New York I'll ring her up on the telephone and discharge her.—Judge.

Looking blue for milkman: "I more than suspect our milkman." "Of what do you suspect him?" "Of trying to work the Filipino water-cure on us. Look at the color of that milk!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Say, our bookkeeper is foolish." "What do you mean?" "Why, he says when he gets old he wants money enough to go out and live where he can see the moon go down behind a hedge."—Chicago Record.

Analysis: She—After all, what is the difference between illusion and delusion? He—Illusion is the lovely fancies we have about ourselves; delusion is the foolish fancies other people have about themselves.—Life.

A come-down for her: "Did I understand you to say that she lowered herself when she married him?" "Yes, she slid down from a third-story window, using a rope made of bedclothes."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Discretion: "So you made a great bit in your presentation of 'Hamlet,' Mr. Barnstormer? I suppose the audiences called you to come out before the curtain." "Called me? They dared me!"—Baltimore News.

"It would be helpful to you," said the prison visitor "if you could take some motto and try to live up to it." "That's right," replied the convict; "I'd like to select, for instance, 'We are here to-day and gone to-morrow.'"—Tit-Bits.

The proper thing: The President—Then you don't care to have your name mentioned in connection with your one hundred million dollar gift to our university? The Philanthropist—Well, you might say that you give my name without my consent.—Ex.

Cheerful: Tess—So, Mr. Grooms really proposed to you? Tess—Yes. While we were strolling in the cemetery we came to their family lot, and he asked me how I'd like to be buried there some day, with his name on the stone above me.—Philadelphia Press.

"Do you think it would improve my style?" inquired the varsity man who had got into the crew through favoritism. "If I were to acquire a faster stroke?" "It would improve the crew," replied the candid trainer, "if you got a paralytic stroke."—Tit-Bits.

No conversation: Barber—You're next, sir. Hair cut? Pepprey—Yes, and here, put this in your pocket for yourself. Barber—Thank you, sir, I don't often get my tip before I begin, and I appreciate—Pepprey—I don't want you to consider that a tip, but "hush money."—Philadelphia Press.

Mummy—Bless mah heart! If de chile ain't cuttin' his eye-tooth! Little Rastus (in alarm)—What's an eye-tooth, mammy? Mammy—Why, de eye-tooth, chile, watches ebery word dat yo' tongue utters, an' ebery time you say a bad word it'll pain dat good eye-tooth so much dat it'll ache fo' two hours!—Puck.

"Lady," began the dusty wayfarer, "could you help a poor sufferer of Mont Pelee?" "Mont Pelee?" echoed the housewife; "why, you are no resident of Martinique." "I know dat, mum, but I am a sufferer, just de same. Half de things kind ladies had saved fer me dey sent down dere."—Philadelphia Record.

We all do a great deal of grumbling, and there is usually something back of it.

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