Catarrh

Is a constitutional disease. It originates in a scrofulous condition of

the blood and depends on that condition. It often causes headache and disziness, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, affects the vocal organs, disturbs the stomach. It is always radically and permanently cured by the blood-purifying, alterative and tonic action of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This great medicine has wrought the most wonderful cures of all diseases depending on scrofula or the scrofulous habit.

Hoop's PILLS are the best cathartic.

X-Ray Not in It. "As I understand it, an X-ray will go right through a man's head. There is nothing else quite so penetrating, is

"Oh, I don't know. Did you ever hear my daughter sing?"-Tit Bits.

Gutta Percha Pens.

Pens of hardened gutta percha have been repeatedly tried in this country and England, but have not met with

CATABRE CANNOT BE CURED

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and astadirectly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonica known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprs., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Halls Family Fills are the best.

Her Position.

Mrs. Parke-What kind of servants do you prefer-white or black, Irish or

Mrs. Lane-I've gotten beyond that. I'm looking for servants that prefer me.

Stronge Misapprehension.

Borus-How do you like that last poem of mine?

Naggus-First rate. It's so restful, so soothing, don't you know. Borus-Restful! Great Scott, man! It's an epic!

Naggus—Good Heavens! I thought it was a lullaby.

Better than gotd—like it in color— Hamlin's Wizard Oil, which cures Rheu-matism, Neuralgia and every pain. 50c.

A New Version.

"Do you think that all the world loves a lover? "Well, not exactly. But all the tradespeople do."—Life.

An Estimete of Art.

"Have you ever written anything

that you were ashamed of," inquired the severe relative. "No," answered the author. "But

I hope to some day. I need the money."—Washington Star.

Had "Been There."

isn't be? "On the contrary, I've found him very hard to do."-N. Y. Times.

It Cures While You Walk. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight and new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, cal-lous and swollen, tired, hot, aching feet. Try it iday. At all druggists, 25c. Trial package mail-id FREE. Adress Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A Real Bargain-

mobile coat you wanted?

in this morning's paper that the inter-est had been reduced from four per cent never work in the hot hours of the day. than do most fellows of twenty. I three!-Puck.

Good Guess.

"He is a terrible woman hater." "Yes; I suspect that at some time he must have been a floor walker in a department store."-Puck.

The Oldest and Best.

8. 8. 8. a combination of roots and herbs of great curative powers, and when taken into the circulation searches out and removes all manner of poisons from the blood, without the least shock or harm to the system. On the contrary, the general health begins to improve from the first dose, for S. S. S. is not only a blood purifier, but an excellent tonic, and strengthens and builds up the constitution while purging the blood of impurities, S. S. S. cures all diseases of a blood poison origin, Cancer, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Salt Rhenm, Herpes and similar troubles, and is an infallible cure and the only antidote for that most horrible disease, Contagious Blood Poison.

A record of nearly fif'y years of successful cures is a record to be proud of. S. S. S. is more popular today than ever. It numbers its friends by the thousands. Our medical corres pondence is larger than ever in the history of the medicine. Many write to thank us for the great good S. S. S. has done them, while others are seekhas done them, while others are seeking advice about their cases. All
letters receive prompt and careful
attention. Our physicians have made
a life-long study of Blood and Skin Diseases, and better understand such cases

sthan the ordinary practitioner who makes a specialty of no one disease.

We are doing great good to suffer in g humanity through our consulting department, and invite you to write us if you have any blood or skin trouble. We make no charge whatever for this service.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, CA.

THE PRECIOUS PANAMA.

North American Craze for Hats Keeps

The Panama hat craze is probably the most expensive fashion ever adopted by men. Lyman J. Gage is said to Sharp little footfalls queer and quick, have paid \$500 for a hat—enough to pay Never a careful step they pick. for a trip to Europe or to keep a young Quaintly marking a morning song, man in college a whole year. King Ed- Hurry-scurry they rush along. ward gave up \$460 for his, and Jean de Reszke reached the top notch—he paid

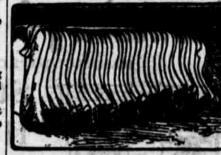
These figures are of course away above the average, but no Panama worth wearing can be had for less than \$25. If you aim to have a hat that may Ring like a bell in the sleeper's ear, be tucked away in a vest, pocket like a lead pencil or slipped through a finger ring you must be in the coupon-clipping class. Nevertheless, in spite of these figures. Panama hats are being sent from South America in ship loads, and about half the population of Ecuador and hundreds of persons in other South American countries are engaged in sup-



A TYPICAL HAT MAKERS' HUT.

plying hat luxuries for the men of Yankeedom.

Before 1807 all of these hats were of the shapeless sombrero shape, with a crease across the top of the crown. The shape has been improved, but the method of making the hats is the same as it was many years ago, when they received the name "Panama" because they began to come by way of that place to the United States and other distant countries. The material used in the making of Panama hats is the screw palm, called by naturalists Carludovica palmata. It is of the palm family, and is a stemless species, common in all shady places all over Panama and along the coast of New Granada and Ecuador. The leaves, pleated like a fan, are borne on three-cornered stalks, six to fourteen feet high. They are about four feet in diameter and deeply cut into four or five divisions, each of which is again cut. The leaves are gathered while young and stiff, and the parallel veins removed, after which



HOW BANANAS ARE PACKED.

"I believe her father is well to do, they are split into shreds, but not separated at the stalk end, and immersed of sensitive youth. in boiling water for a short time and bleached in the sun.

These strands are about a yard long and about a half inch wide. Before they are ready for the braider they are rolled from either edge and become round, and then they are again pressed Mr. Youngthing-How in the world dipped into water every few minutes. did you come to deposit that money in If this is not done the strands become the bank instead of buying that auto- brittle and break. A hat to command a high price must be perfect, and in or-Mrs. (triumphantly)-Why, I read der that it may be so and have no loose and many of them do their weaving only at night, by candle light.

A first-class hat usually takes about six months to make. The value of a hat straint upon any extravagant foolishdepends entirely upon its texture and pliability. One that costs \$500, for example, should be so closely woven as to appear practically smooth to the naked eye. It is, of course, made in one piece, and if the owner has not been cheated he should be able to squeeze his hat through a finger ring. But a hat capable of this treatment is about as rare as a blue diamond.

The craze for Panamas began last year, and since then the Panama hat industry has become more lucrative than any other in that part of South America adjoining the isthmus, and with the prospects of making a fortune in a few years many planters have abandoned the raising of coffee and rice. The mountain passes of the Andes, from Chimborazo northward, teem day and night with large columns of pack mules and ox carts bearing their precious burden to Panama. The streets of Panama itself are flanked with the establishments of hat brokers, and half the city is engaged one way or the other in helping to further tals American "craze."

Hopeful Woman. "Woman is naturally more hopeful

than man."

"Yes, there's my wife, for instance; for years past every time she has bad occasion to buy fish she has asked the dealer if they were fresh, hoping, I suppose, that some day he'll say 'no." -Philadelphia Press.

His Private View. Wederly-Here's an item about a man who kept his bank account in his wife's

name Mrs. Wederly-That's as it should be All men are not fools. Wederly-Of coursee not, my dear There are still a few old bachelors left

-Chicago News. Every woman who is a victim of the afternoon party habit is also a victim of the sick headache habit. Cake an salads, and sick headache, are cousins.

PATTERING FEET.

Something's a-foot; beware, beware! Something is climbing the bedroom stair, With here a stumble and there a slip, Into the passage-trip, trip, trip.

Tripping bright on the pasage floor, Up they come to your bedroom door, Never was music half so sweet As the pit-a-pat patter of tiny feet,

Dear little voices, high and clear, Small hands pluck at his touzled head, 'Daddy, oh, Daddy, get out of bed!"

Keeping the rules-it's all a game-Out they patter as in they came, But somehow the song moves rather slow, As down the passage and off they go.

And it's oh for the years that have passed away,

the feet that pattered at break of day.

Now they are heavily booted feet, And they tramp and stamp in the busy street.

And some of them seemed to tire of fun. So they wandered away till they met the sun; But he sends them sliding along his

To patter again in your morning dreams

**************** WHY I RESIGNED.

HY did I retire from the

The speaker was a well-knit, clean-shaven man, whose face, without being handsome, revealed the possession by its owner of intelligence and a sensitive nature. His eyes were frankly observant, and his demeanor was one of alertness and vigor.

"Yes," proceeded ex-Detective Morrison, "I suppose it will ever be a bit of mystery to my late colleagues of the Criminal Investigation Department that I who had confessedly done much excellent work should have renounced my career when my prospects were most promising. "What! Going to resign?" exclaimed the Commissioner. You who largely assisted to secure the arrest of the authors of the De Mallincourt paste-jewel frauds, who discovered the Hampstead polsoners, and who successfully traced the interna-

tional banknote forgers to their den? "It certainly did seem strange, and I dared not explain. Are you listening? Well, what mystified Scotland Yard shall be made clear to you.

"Early in life I became enamoured of the idea of a detective's career. 1 was eternally picturing myself as an avenging instrument of outraged justice, rescuing innocent beauty from the grasp of remorseless scoundrelism, winning the plaudits of the world and the smile of virtue-you know the kind of thing that springs from the imagination

"My sister and myself had been left orphans. We had been given into the custody of a half-brother of my father's, as good and generous a fellow as ever lived, considerate as a father, and naturally less exacting in checking any of our original sins. He had a daughflat and are ready for the weaver. In ter, Ethel; and it was Ethel, sweet order to work the material it must be Ethel"-here the narrator made an emotional pause - "who unconsciously weaved herself into all my imaginary acts of herolsm.

"I lived the ordinary life of a young man, helping my uncle in his business and taking part in no more escapades wasn't what's termed a mollycoddlenot at all; but the mere presence of Ethel and my sister Rose was a re-

"They were a strange contrast in appearance. Rose was as dark as any Egyptian, with heavily-arched brows, eyes that sparkled with vitality, hair that nestled low upon the forehead; she was impetuous, eager, a child of impulse. Ethel was as fair as the morning sun-a clinging, easily-moved. trusting maid who seemed to lean for support on Rose.

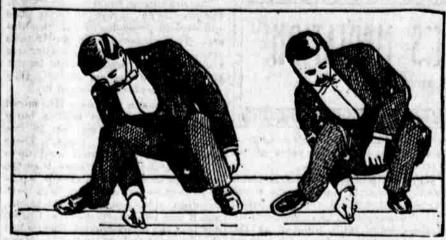
Rose was my elder, and she lavished a passionate affection upon me. Ethel apparently reflected it in a less vehement and in a more regulated manner.

"When I quitted Northington to join the force I little thought that Rose's passion must have another outlet, and that in its turbulence it might overwhelm my darling Ethel, now secretly half-plighted to me.

"'Yes. Morrison,' said my chief. these are the cutest and cleverest frauds we have had to deal with for some time. The notes are so accurately executed as to deceive even the smartest of bank clerks. Of course a thorough expert, if he were to examine them closely, would detect a variation in the water-mark and in the typographical peculiarities of a genuine note; but that variation is so slight that even he might be deceived. By the way, not a few of these notes have been in circulation at your native place, Northington. However you have got

charge of the case.' "My heart leaped at the thought of Northington. My sister Rose had been suddenly married to a gentleman whom I had never seen, but whose name did not impress me, It was Hubert Featherstone Maitland. I had not been able to attend the wedding because I was in Paris inquiring into the De Mallincourt frauds. Rose was wildly enthusiastic about her husband; she rhapsodised over his goodness, generosity, affection for her, and his unvarying devotion.

ATHLETIC CONTEST FOR PARLOR FROLIC.



Here is a good game for an evening party. Let a line be drawn across a certain portion of the room and then let the men stand thereon and try which of them can draw the longest line with a piece of chalk without moving his feet. They must assume the attitude shown in the picture, namely, they must keep the left hand on or beside the knee and must only use the right hand. This seems an easy thing to do, but let anyone try it and he will soon find out that it is extremely difficult,

How had she met him? He was stay- couple in the presence of the bride and ing at the county hotel and so ingra- bridegroom! tlated himself with some of the townsmen that he got invited to the annual bachelors' ball. Within five months he and Rose were married. Didn't I know something about his family? Well, cahn't finish the job to-night, eh? You Rose wrote enthusiastically about his must go and get some piping? Well, of brother, Hugh Featherstone Maitland, all the haggravating creeturesand somehow I began to fear for Ethel.

"I did not go to Northington, for on the door with a clang. arriving at my lodgings, after the interview with the chief, I had a wire from Pose-or rather from Mrs. Maitland-saying that I might expect a call from her at any moment. She was then in London. Besides, news had come of these sotes having been given an increased circulation at several West End establishments. Rose's wire gave framed by the doorway. no address. It was a bald note anpouncing her arrival, and was dispatched from Charing Cross.

"I was in Bond street, where as yet the forger had not commenced his depredations. I was persuaded that he would not relinquish so happy a hunting-ground, but was moody over my non-success.

"'Don't forget I shall want some change!

"These words fell on my ears. They had been uttered by a well-dressed, handsome man, who was just getting into a cab from which a lady had only a second before alighted. He drove away, and the lady entered a jeweler's

"I always act upon impulse. I was attired in fashionable clothes, and I too went into the shop. The lady bought a pair of links for her husband and gave a ten-pound note in exchange. She recelved seven pounds twelve shillings from the cashler. I had completed my inquiries as to the price of a hunterwatch which I did not want. When she left-her close veil had never been raised-her very movement was reminscent. Who could she be? I saw her enter another shop eight or nine doors away. I returned to the jeweler's, dreis, sir, who ever played upon the called the manager, showed my author- credulity of women. They are now exity, and asked to see the note. I was plating their crime in Portland. in it, but was not convinced of its gen-

outside the second shop which the lady wrecked the careers of two heroes. Do had entered. I dared not gaze too in- you wonder, sir, that crime investigatently at her as she left. However, by lounging near the cab I was able to me?"-Family Herald. learn the address she gave the cabman. It was 61 Overchurch Mansions-one of the best-known suites of malsonettes in the West End.

"I followed her closely in another cab. She had not entered the mansion ten seconds before I had resolved to make some inquiries at the office on the ground floor. She was actually leaving the office

obsequious clerk say, as she entered the lift, 'I can assure you that to-morrow a man shall come and see what is he say, "You are a pretty bird. Where matter with your gas service. We cannot understand it. "The lady still left an impression on

my mind-an impression that her form and manner were not new. . 1 imperatively dismissed the notion from my mind, for I had now a scheme in view. I hurried back to the jeweler's; he had in the meantime taken the note to the bank. After very careful examination the expert had come to the conclusion that it was a flash note. I went to the other shop-a similar note had been passed there. The manager laughed to scorn the idea that it was not a genuine | beak.

"The housemald at 61 Overchurch Mansions was in a very unpleasant

". 'Ere's the missus says as 'ow you wasn't comin' till to-morrer! It's most h gravatin'! An' master's bringi g some friends to dinner, and the missus cousin is a-coming with 'er flancey! Of course, what do it matter to you?

"However, she had to put up with the presence of the workman-he assured her that he had been sent by the express instructions of her mistress to at tend to the gas. "The leakage was in a pretty little

thin partition from another room in which two persons were talking. "'Ah, pauvre petite, you are tired! Never mind now why I want so many notes changed and never allow you to spend gold and silver! Remember our

dining-room. It was only divided by

dinner party to-night!" "This was said in a low, soothing voice—the voice of a man born to cozen women. The workman was listening

"'Well, well, dear!' the man went on. Don't you know that on the continent we can't change notes easily? Why. what a time we shall have! We shall have to play the roles of an old staid "'Whew!' whistled the workman-'s

marriage!

"'Reely, now,' said the supercilious housemald to him a minute later-'you

"And the angry little cockney shut

"'Tell the guv'nor we want to see him!' said the Inspector, in a quiet assuring tone, to the housemaid at No. 61. 'We sha'n't keep him a second.'

"We had followed the girl to the dining-room. The handsome man whom I Hacks, Coupes, Carriages, Baggags Wagons had seen in the cab stood before us, 'I arrest you,' said the Inspector, 'on

suspicion of having passed a number of forged notes on the Bank of England! "There was an exclamation from the

inner room followed by a scuffling noise. Evidently a confederate was about to bolt. I bounded into the room, followed a retreating form into a second apartment, and caught him as he rushed into the passage leading to the

woman confronted me like a pythoness. "'You liar and blackguard, Richard Morrison! That man never circulated forged notes! He is my husband-an

honorable gentleman! If notes were passed, I passed them!" "Good heavens! The author of this self-accusation was my sister Rose! "'Oh, Richard,' wailed a woman at my feet, 'don't hurt him-don't kill me! Let Hugh come with me! We were to be married the day after to-morrow! "I staggered back. This was Ethel-

my Ethel! The man I had caught was Hugh Maltland. He was to have been her husband. "They were two of the greatest scoun-

idence only knows. I am an outcast from their affection-a traitor, the ruin-"In another minute I was standing er of their happiness, the man who has tion has no longer any romance for

B rds that Can Talk.

Professor Scott of Princeton says that wild birds sometimes introduce variations into their songs, and again, more rarely, imitate not only the songs of other birds, but the barking of dogs, mechanical sounds, like the creaking of wheels, the filing of a saw, and even human speech. A writer in Bird-Lore One morning while I was standing on Cone morning while I was standing to Cone morning as I approached. 'Yes.' I heard an gives this well-authenticated incident: my back steps I heard a cheerful voice

> are you?" I wondered how any parrot could talk loudly enough to be heard at that MICHAEL J. BJORN & LOUIS J. BJORN distance, for the houses on the street behind us are not near. Presently the voice came again, clear, musical and strong: "You are a pretty bird. Where are you?"

For several days I endured the suspense of waiting for time to investigate. Then I chased him up. There he was in the top of a walnut-tree, and his gorgeous attire told me immediately that he was a rose-breasted gros-

At the end of a week he was saying, "Pretty, pretty bird, where are you?" He and his mate stayed near us all last summer, and this spring they came again. He is making the same remark, as plainly as ever a bird can speak.

Providencial Differences.

"Dey tells me," said Br'er Williams, getting off the train after a protracted absence from home, "dat de harrican come 'long en tuk Br'er Thomas' house off de face er de airth?" "Hit sho' did!"

"Well, I well knowed de Lawd would sen' somepin' lak dat on 'im. Hit's done fer a wise purpose."

"But-de harrican tuk yo' house, too, Br'er Williams!" Then did Br'er Williams take off his

brass-rimmed spectacles, and mop his perspiring brow, as he groaned: "De ways er providence is past findin' out!"-Atlanta Constitutino.

Two Sides of a Story.

Homer-When you were in Paris did you find it difficult to speak French? Travers-Ob, no, I had no trouble in speaking it. The difficult part was in getting the jabbering idots to under-

Summer girls undoubtedly will be just as engaging as ever this year.

stand it.

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