

Buy Hair at Auction?

At any rate, you seem to be getting rid of it on auction-sale principles: "going, going, g-o-n-e!" Stop the auction with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, and always restores color to gray hair. A splendid dressing also. Sold for over sixty years.

"My hair came out so badly I nearly lost it all. I had heard so much about Ayer's Hair Vigor I thought I would give it a trial. I did so and it completely stopped the falling, and made my hair grow very rapidly."—MRS. H. FIELD, Northfield, Mass.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.

Ayer's

Intelligent Cretin.

"Ha! ha! That was a funny joke you wrote about the fellow who didn't know a 'bunker' from a 'stymie,'" said the golfer.

"Made a hit with you golfers, eh?" replied the funny man.

"Yes. Such ignorance is laughable."

"I suppose so. Say, what are 'bunkers' and 'stymies,' anyway?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Planting Corn in Panama.

"Anyone who is willing to work can get rich in the Republic of Panama," said Dillwyn M. Hazlett to a Kansas City Journal writer. "It costs 10 cents a bunch to raise bananas and there is always a sale for them at 30 cents a bunch. Three crops of corn can be raised a year and no cultivation is required. A man walks along and drops the corn in the footprints he makes and a native follows and covers the corn with his big toe. That is all there is to do until it is time to gather it."

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

A Cautious Financier.

"Do you favor government ownership of railroads?"

"I don't know," answered Farmer Cornfossil. "It 'ud be all right if we could allus be sure of sharin' profits, but I've got trouble enough with taxes without diggin' down to pay deficits."

—Washington Star.

FITS

St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, LL. D., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

He Read the Signs.

One morning two young women entered the Saltville grocery, and after some discussion bought a pound of dates, two pounds of gingersnaps and two pounds of crackers.

"Stopping at Miss Gray's?" inquired the clerk, as he tied up the bundles.

"Yes," said one of the young women, with evident surprise.

"Come about yesterday forenoon?" said the clerk.

"How did you know?" asked the other young woman, curiously.

"Um. Well, I can most generally tell," said the clerk, without glancing at the objects of his mind-reading, as he twitched a knot in the string. "You see, it's pretty drizzly and muddy today, and I knew there wouldn't be anybody's boarders but Miss Gray's feel the need of coming out here such weather; and long as you didn't come till today, I knew for sure you couldn't have been here more'n a one day. Three meals is about the average."

Indianapolis Transportation Facilities.

Indianapolis has 18 railroads, reaching all the important cities of the Central West, and 14 interurban electric lines and connections extending from 25 to 75 miles in every direction. These bring into Indianapolis an enormous trading population. From a radius of 50 miles more than 25,000 manufacturers and dealers come to Indianapolis for their supplies. Editors and publishers will visit Indianapolis in June, the occasion being the annual convention of the National Editorial Association.

Palliser About Jewelers.

Jewelers, when watches are with them for repairs, are frequently insulted with the remark:

"I trust there is no danger of crystals being substituted for the jewels in the works of my watch."

For a great many persons think there are dishonest jewelers who make a practice, with "full-jeweled" watches, of substituting crystals for the jewels at an enormous profit.

As a matter of fact, there is no truth in this suspicion. A jeweler, no matter how dishonest, could not steal the jewels in a watch, for they are valueless; they only cost 10 cents apiece.

In antique watches the jewels were often costly. In modern watches they are never worth more than \$15 a green.

A LITTLE LESSON IN ADVERSITY.

It seems almost incredible that a deaf man should be one of the greatest masters of music, and almost beyond belief that Beethoven, the giant of composers, should have been afflicted with the loss of his hearing when he was but 30 years old, in the full zenith of his wonderful powers.

To many a man this affliction would have closed the doors of achievement, but not so with the wonderful musician. At first despondent when he had been assured by the best physicians that nothing could be done to help him, he refused to meet any one, as he could not bear the world to know that he had become deaf. It was then that he wrote:

"It makes me sad to think that others can hear the notes of a far-off flute or a distant shepherd's song, and I cannot."

But gradually his great nature conquered the blackness of his despair, and he went to work again with determination. Despite his deafness he determined to lead an orchestra in a symphony of his own. When the last note had died away the great audience was perfectly quiet for a moment. Then a storm of applause broke forth. Beethoven could not hear it, could not know that his symphony had pleased. The applause grew louder and louder. Finally one of the musicians touched Beethoven upon the arm. He turned and saw what he had not been able to hear.

It was after he had become deaf that many of Beethoven's greatest compositions were written, a proof that by force of will alone a man may prove himself greater than circumstance.

COOKING IN THE CHURCH.

Meals Furnished for Occasions in Up-to-Date Houses of Worship.

Light and heavy housekeeping as practiced in up-to-date churches is a revelation to the people who see it for the first time. The country visitor is apt to be shocked or delighted, according to temperament. Many conservative folk, including missionaries, rural pastors, and laymen, come to censure and remain to digest.

Why shouldn't a church have a kitchen?

What could be more practical? It is asked. There are clubrooms, libraries, and gymnasiums in churches nowadays, and people say it is quite proper to have a well-furnished kitchen capable of supplying after meeting refreshments and the solid meals of rarer occasions.

In some churches the ecclesiastical kitchen gives forth a savory effluence three times a day. A cup of coffee hot from the urn often heartens the minister before he ascends the pulpit. Aged members of the congregation, wearied by a long service, may be revived in the basement by a draught of steaming oolong.

"It is a sign of progress," said an enthusiastic matron, who manages one church kitchen, the other day. "The food at festivals and sociables used to be a byword. Everything was cold, soggy and unsteady."

"People nibbled at things out of a sense of religious duty and went to a good restaurant afterward. Now the menu at any affair compares favorably with what you get outside."

"A missionary to China said that our church reminded her of the Chinese temples which are used as hotels by travelers. Anybody out there may sleep and get his meals in the temple, which is often the only available public house."

"Now, I think that speaks well for the Chinese and for ourselves. The church can never be made too popular and too useful. Religion ought not to be an enemy to modern improvements."

"One good thing about church kitchens," said an uptown matron, "is that they permit us servant tyrannized folk to practice a little cookery. I could never dare to enter my kitchen at home and make experiments in cook's presence. But I can go to the church establishment and educate myself in all the departments of culinary art. Also one meets there ladies who have traveled and there is a chance to acquire the rudiments of cosmopolitan cookery."

Revenge.

William H. Chase, the portrait painter, tells a story of the time when the late James McNeill Whistler was at outs with the Royal Academy at London.

About this time an admirer of Whistler in Pennsylvania wrote him requesting his autograph. The letter was sent in care of the academy. That institution took advantage of the opportunity thus offered to revenge itself for the alleged affronts put upon it by the caustic Whistler. The Pennsylvania's letter was returned to him some months later, through the dead letter office at Washington, and it bore on the envelope the word "Unknown," repeated as many times as space would allow.—Washington Star.

Rich Mine of Oak.

A Russian timber dealer has discovered a valuable mine of oak. It exists in a river in south Russia and has lay-

ers three or four feet deep scattered over 150 square miles. Its most striking feature is its variety of colors, supposed to be due to the variegated soil of the river bottom. No fewer than twelve shades of pink, blue, yellow and brown have been noted, each log having its own uniform shade. The logs taken out have ranged from forty to 200 feet in length and from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter, and it is estimated that more than 150,000, averaging seventy feet, remain.

DIFFICULT TO PROVE.

Not Always Easy to Establish One's Identity.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the most difficult thing to prove in a court of law is who you are. It is a simple matter if you have still living plenty of relatives of an older generation, but suppose your parents and uncles and aunts are dead, it becomes well-nigh impossible, says a writer in the New York World. As a matter of fact, your knowledge of your identity is absolutely hearsay. You know your father and mother called you their son, and to that fact you may testify if the question of your identity should ever come before a judge and jury. But the testimony goes before the jury with the warning from the judge that it is only hearsay, for you have no personal knowledge of the matter.

Official town or parish records are valuable, but by no means conclusive. Suppose you are John Smith, son of Robert and Mary Smith, born at Albany on August 1, 1865. The record of births in the Bureau of Vital Statistics at Albany will prove that a son named John was born to Robert and Mary Smith on that date; and the register of the church may prove that John, son of Robert and Mary Smith, was baptized on a certain date, but they do not prove that you are the John Smith, of whom these are records.

To establish the connection between you and the person mentioned in the records, in other words to prove your own identity, is the difficulty. If your mother is alive she can do it; if any relative who has known you since you were born is alive he can do it.

The successive suits for the estate of A. T. Stewart failed on such grounds as these. The plaintiffs, cousins of the late Mrs. Stewart, were unable to prove their relationship. It was necessary in one of these cases that a man should prove his late father and A. T. Stewart to have been brothers, but he had no personal knowledge of the matter; he had heard his father in Ireland refer to A. T. Stewart as his brother, but the court would not let him testify even to that, and, as the defendants denied the relationship, the case fell to the ground.

The identity of a person becomes even harder of proof after he is dead. In the Royal Arcanum there are several hundred thousand dollars of death benefits tied up because of the inability of heirs to prove that the insured man is dead.

Very often it is necessary to succeed in litigation over an estate to prove not only who were your parents, but who were your grandparents. Family Bibles, with the records therein, help out in this, but are not at all conclusive. Birth and marriage certificates are accepted as corroborative, but it requires quite a mass of such matter, together with at least some witnesses who can testify of their own personal knowledge, before a court will accept such a fact as proved to its satisfaction.

PASSING OF FAMOUS HEN.

Had Laid 4,750 Eggs Before She Died at Age of 22.

"Betsy," George Bradley's famous hen, known to poultry raisers all through Tennessee, is dead at the age of 22 years, and has been buried with honors befitting her career of usefulness.

Betsy was one of a brood of chicks hatched on the day that Bradley's eldest son was born, nearly twenty-three years ago. By the date of the young man's birth the family established her age.

Betsy was occasionally permitted to indulge her motherly instincts, upon which occasions she invariably brought into the world from a dozen to fifteen of the finest chicks that ever scratched gravel.

When not engaged in motherly duties Betsy sometimes worked overtime and laid two eggs a day.

As year after year passed without any appreciable difference in Betsy's strenuousness, she became the wonder of the country and the barnyard jewel of the Bradley family.

It is estimated that during that time this industrious hen has laid 4,750 eggs and hatched 570 chickens.

Over her grave Mr. Bradley will erect a headstone inscribed as follows:

"Here lies Betsy Bradley. Born in 1883; died in 1905. She did many a fowl deed for those she loved. Peace to her bones—let them lay. May she lay again some other day."

If the 4,750 eggs that Betsy laid during her nineteen years of faithful service were sold in the market at their present price they would realize \$908.50. If her 570 chickens brought an average price of 30 cents they would represent a market value of \$171.

On this basis Betsy earned \$1,079.50 for her owner before she retired from active duty and commenced to take life easy.—New York Herald.

Terrible Thought.

Mrs. Bacon—I see Japanese cooks are coming into favor.

Mr. Bacon—Well, say! After discovering what fighters those Japanese are, imagine going up against a Japanese cook!—Tonkers Statesman.



Proud of His English. "Ah, ma fowl how he is like his father! A chip of ze old blockhead, is he not?"

Contradicted. "Here's a scientist who says that we think with one-half of our brain." "Well, I could show him some people who don't."

In a Dilemma. The Wife—Two weeks ago you said my husband couldn't live, and now he's nearly well. The Doctor—Madam, I can only express my regret.

Teacher Hit Hard. "Now, boys," said the teacher, "how many months have 28 days?" "All of 'em," promptly replied the youngster at the foot of the class.

Friend—Have you ever seen active service, colonel? Col. Grass—I have, sir—very active. I once promised a waiter two shillings if he served me quickly.—Tit-Bits.

"Remember," said the angry husband, "what I say goes." "It does," rejoined his wife, calmly, "providing you write it down and put a stamp on it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Parson Johnsing—Dis heah turkey has shot in him, deakin; am he a wild one? Deacon Ketchum—Wal, no—but some o' de shot dat was fired at me done hit de turkey!—Life.

"By George, but I've got a jewel of a girl. I proposed by wire and told her to answer at my expense." "Well?" "And the frugal little thing waited until 6 p. m. and got night rates."—Courier-Journal.

Good Answer. "I am not going to join the church," said a wisecracker to Dr. Van Dyke—"they are all hypocrites there." "Never mind, my dear fellow," replied the divine, "there is room for one more."

She Fixed Him! Visiting Philanthropist—Good morning, madame; I am collecting for the Drunkards' Home. Mrs. McGulre—Shure I'm glad of it, sor—if ye come round to-night yez can take me husband.

A Troublesome Future. Nurse—Bridget, come here and see a French baby born in Dublin. Bridget—Poor little darlint! It's a great perplexity you'll be to yourself, I'm thinkin', when you begin sheekin'!

On the Trolley Car. "Your fare, miss," said the conductor, pausing before her. She blushed and bit her lip. "Your fare, miss," he repeated. "Sure," said the girl, "an' what if I be? Ye must not be repeatin' it like that before folks."

That's Different. Smith: "He took several good-sized sticks and beat his wife. Brown—I cannot believe he could be guilty of such cruelty. Smith—Cruelty? There wasn't any cruelty about it. They were playing golf together."

"What I want," said the young man, "is to get married and have a peaceful, quiet home." "Well," said Farmer Cornfossil, "sometimes it works that way, and then again sometimes it's like joinin' a debatin' society."—Washington Star.

Young Wife—The landlord says he'll paper the bedroom, but will have to put it on over the old paper and not scrape the walls. Husband—Well, that's all right. Young Wife—But think, that room is much too small already.—American Spectator.

What a lovely collection of odd cups!" exclaimed a guest, peering into the china cabinet; "did it take you long to get so many?" "Oh, no," said the hostess; "those are samples of the sets we have had in the last two years!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Judge—But, if you tooted your horn, how is it that the plaintiff did not hear you in time to get out of the way? The Defendant—I am convinced, your honor, that the accident was due entirely to the inferior velocity of sound.—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Scraggs (viciously)—It seems like a hundred years since we were married. I can't even remember when we first met. Scraggs (wearily)—I can. It was at a dinner party, and there were thirteen at table.—Translated for Tales from Familie Journal.

Rimer—Have you read any of those varnished advertisements I'm writing for "Phisack's Pink Panacea"? Crittick—Yes, and they make me sick. Rimer—Good! That's the effect I want them to have. It helps the sale of the "Panacea."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Mr. Buggins," said the attending physician, gravely, "I am afraid your wife's mind is gone." "Well, I'm not surprised," replied Mr. B. "She's been giving me a piece of it every day for twenty-three years, and she didn't have a whole lot to start on!"—Washington Life.

"I'd like to pay you something extra," said the customer, "but see that sign." He pointed to the printed notice. "No tips must be accepted in this barber shop." "Whist," said the barber, "that's a tip from the boss, and it's agin the rule to accept it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Moving. "Pa," said Tommy Twaddles, "this here mythology book says that Orpheus was such a fine musician th't he made trees an' stones move."

"Your sister Teresa has Orpheus beat a city block," grumbled Pa Twaddles. "Her piano-playing has made twenty families move out of this flat in the last two months."

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Grandfather's Cure for Constipation

Intestines with a costly waste of Digestive Juice, as Salts, Castor Oil, Calomel, Jalap, or Aperient Waters, always do. No—Castorets strengthen and stimulate the Bowel Muscles instead.

These are the Muscles that line the Food passages and that tighten up when Food touches them, thus driving that Food on to its finish.

They are the Muscles that turn Food into Strength through Nutrition.

Well,—a Castoret acts on your Bowel Muscles as if you had just sawed a cord of wood, or walked ten miles.

That's why Castorets are safe to take continuously in health; and out of health.

Because they move the Food Naturally, digesting it without waste of tomorrow's Gastric Juice.

They thus work all the Nutrition out of it before it decays.

The thin, flat, Ten Cent box is made to fit your Vest Pocket, or "My Lady's" Purse.

Carry it constantly with you and take a Castoret whenever you suspect you need one.

Thus you will ward off Appendicitis, Constipation, Indigestion,—and other things besides.

Druggists—10 Cents a Box.

Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

FREE TO OUR FRIENDS!

We want to send to our friends a beautiful French-designed, GOLD-PLATED BONBON BOX, hard-enamelled in colors. It is a beauty for the dressing table. Ten cents in stamps is asked as a measure of good faith and to cover cost of Castorets, with which this dainty trinket is loaded. 713 Send to-day, mentioning this paper. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

GREAT medicine,—the Saw-buck.

Two hours a day sawing wood will keep anyone's Bowels regular.

No need of pills, Cathartics, Castor Oil or "Physic," if you'll only work the Sawbuck regularly.

Exercise is Nature's Cure for Constipation and,—Ten-Mile walk will do, if you haven't got a wood pile.

But, if you will take your Exercise in an Easy Chair, there's only one way to do that, and make a Success of it.

Because,—there's only one kind of Artificial Exercise for the Bowels and its name is "CASCARETS."

Castorets are the only means to exercise the Bowel Muscles, without work.

They don't Purge, Grip, nor "upset your Stomach," because they don't act like Cathartics.

They don't flush out your Bowels and

Way of the World.

Deacon Hardesty—I'm sorry to hear that you are dissatisfied with your preacher. He is a most excellent man.

Brother McGinnis (of another congregation)—Oh, yes, and he's a good preacher; but he doesn't draw well. We have a chance now to get a man who has just been tried for heresy.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Bids and Proposals.

"Has Count Fucash made a proposal for your daughter's hand?"

"Not exactly," answered Mr. Cumrox. "He is waiting for me to put in bids for a title."—Washington Star.

SEVEN YEARS AGO

A Rochester Chemist Found a Singularly Effective Medicine.

William A. Franklin, of the Franklin & Palmer Chemical Co., Rochester, N. Y., writes:

"Seven years ago I was suffering very much through the failure of the kidneys to eliminate the uric acid from my system. My back was very lame and ached if I over-

exerted myself in the least degree. At times I was weighed down with a feeling of languor and depression and suffered continually from annoying irregularities of the kidney secretions.

I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. I found prompt relief from the aching and lameness in my back, and by the time I had taken three boxes I was cured of all irregularities."

Sold by all dealers; 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HOWARD E. BURTON—Assayer and Chemist. Lead, Bismuth, Silver, Zinc, Gold, Tin, Copper, etc. Analytical work. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Cores and Un-
used work solicited. Reference: Carbonate National Bank.

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 Coats 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 buttons.
MADE IN BLACK AND YELLOW AND SOLD BY REPRESENTATIVE TRADE
A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. U.S.A.
TOWER CANAMIAN CO. LIMITED TORONTO, CAN.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Portland Trade Directory

Names and Addresses in Portland of Representative Business Firms.

MAGIC LANTERNS—Wetzel Co., Portland. Lowest prices on Lanterns and Slides.

HOUSES of all kinds for sale at very reasonable prices. Inquire 23 Front St.

CREAM REPARATORS—We guarantee the U. S. Separator to be the best. Write for free catalog. Heston-Wood Co., Pitts and Oak.

MEN'S CLOTHING—Buffum & Pendleton, sole agents Alfred Benjamin & Co.'s correct clothes. Everything in men's furnishings. Mortimer and Sixth streets. Opposite postoffice.

FOULRY FOOD—If you want your hens to lay more eggs write us for free particulars about PULINA FOWLRY FEEDING—Acme Mills Co., Portland, Oregon.

PIANOS & ORGANS—Oldest piano house on Pacific coast. Organs and Pianos on easy payments. Write for list. Let us quote you a price. Allen & Gilbert-Hamaker Co., Portland, Oregon.

WANTED—Men and Women to learn Barber trade in eight weeks; graduates earn from \$10 to \$25 weekly; expert instructors; catalog free; Moler Institute of Colleges, 31 N. Fourth St., Portland.

TELEGRAPHY TAUGHT FREE. Complete course and position secured when graduated. This offer good only for short time. Write for particulars. PACIFIC TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, Grand Theatre Building, Portland, Oregon.

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