

etite

of vitality, vigor
and is often a pre-
cursor of prostrating sick-
ness. This is why it is
serious. The best thing
you can do is to take the
great alterative and tonic
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Which has cured thousands.

Commuting a Sentence.
Judge Gary, at a recent meeting of
Steel Trust stockholders in Hoboken,
said in the course of an argument:
"Your objection reminds me of the
objection a lawyer once made to a
judge's sentence. This judge had given
a prisoner, convicted of second de-
gree murder, thirty years' solitary con-
finement, whereupon the lawyer cried
out:
"But, your honor, my client is old.
He won't live thirty years."
"Well, then," said the judge, "I'll
shorten his sentence to life imprison-
ment, if you prefer it."—New York
Tribune.

Another Crank.
"What did that new arrival want?"
asked the Recording Angel.
"He asked me if I knew where he
could get hold of four old hags," said
St. Peter. "He says he wants to try
to build an automobile."—Philadelphia
Press.

The total trade of Abyssinia is about
\$3,000,000 per annum.



Mrs. Haskell, Worthy Vice-
Templar, Independent Order
Good Templars, of Silver Lake,
Mass., tells of her cure by the
use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-
ble Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Four years
ago I was nearly dead with inflamma-
tion and ulceration. I endured daily
untold agony, and life was a burden
to me. I had used medicines and
washes internally and externally until
I made up my mind that there was no
relief for me. Calling at the home of
a friend, I noticed a bottle of Lydia
E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
My friend endorsed it highly,
and I decided to give it a trial to see if
it would help me. It took patience
and perseverance for I was in bad
condition, and I used Lydia E. Pink-
ham's Vegetable Compound for
nearly five months before I was cured,
but what a change, from despair to
happiness, from misery to the deli-
cious exhilarating feeling health always
brings. I would not change back for
a thousand dollars, and your Vegetable
Compound is a grand medicine.
"I wish every sick woman would
try it and be convinced."—Mrs. IDA
HASKELL, Silver Lake, Mass. Worthy
Vice Templar, Independent Order of
Good Templars.—\$5000 forfeit if original
of above letter proving genuineness cannot be pro-
duced.

MALARIA

AN INVISIBLE ENEMY TO HEALTH

Malaria is a slow poison, but the most stubborn and
deeply rooted when it takes possession of the system.
We breathe into the lungs the polluted, germ-
tainted air; the little microbes then enter into the system,
and feeding upon the red corpuscles of the blood,
soon reduce this vital, life-sustaining fluid to such a
weak, watery state that the patient becomes listless,
pale and anemic, and generally and physically de-
pressed. Malaria may be
seen with slight signs or
and is usually accompanied with chills
chills, sensations, followed
fever and thirst; but
gradually all parts of the
system are affected; the
liver becomes torpid, and
dark or yellow spots
appear upon the skin; the stomach fails to properly digest the food,
and there are frequent headaches, dizziness, bad taste in the mouth,
constipation and a general worn-out, tired feeling that only a sufferer
from Malaria can describe. Other and more dangerous symptoms
are apt to follow where this disease is neglected, such as nervous pro-
stration, palpitation, sleeplessness, enlarged liver, weak kidneys, boils
and risings and dangerous-looking sores and abscesses. Malaria is all
the more dangerous because of its insidious and stealthy nature. It is
an invisible atmospheric poison, and the germs and microbes that are
lodged in the blood are propagating and increasing in number all the
while, clogging the circulation and gradually wrecking the health.

What is needed in Malarial troubles is
a blood purifier and tonic. S. S. S. purifies
the germ-infected blood, tones up the stomach,
improves the appetite and invigorates
the entire system. It stimulates the torpid,
sluggish organs of the body, enabling them
to properly perform their functions and
to secrete and health-destroying matter that have



Why Ned Renowned the Boy.

"That was a brave act!" ejaculated
a Boston man, as he stood on the
wharf in a little southern town and
saw an old negro plunge unhesitatingly
into the deepest water to save a
very small boy who had stumbled and
fallen from some piling. "A brave
act and he is a hero, no matter how
black the skin he wears!"
The Bostonian was foremost in the
group that gathered about Uncle Ned
when he climbed back on the deck with
the rescued lad.
"Your son is it, old man?" he queried.
"Or perhaps only your grand-
son?"
There was very fervent admiration
in the down easter's tones as he put
the question.
"No, suh; no, suh," gurgled Uncle
Ned. "Dat ill' rascal ain't no kinerney
er mine."
"Then it was all the braver," ex-
claimed the interrogator, positively
barring his head out of respect for the
old man's high-born courage.
"Huh," sputtered the hero, "you sho'
don't think I see durn fool 'nough to let
dat boy drown when he's got every
speck er my fish bait in his pocket?"—
Washington Post.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for
any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by
Hall's Catarrh Cure.
J. C. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J.
Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him
perfectly honorable in all his business transac-
tions and financially able to carry out all obli-
gations made by their firm.
W. & T. WALKER, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
W. & T. WALKER, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting
directly upon the blood and mucous sur-
faces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle.
Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Prepared for Emergencies.

The proprietor of a large office
building, who had a room for his own
use in one of the upper stories, was
surprised one morning by the entrance
of a man with a valise. "Don't you
want something, sir," began the caller.
"In the way of a new and improved
outfit for marking handkerchiefs, undergarments and—"
"No, I don't," interrupted the prop-
rietor. "How did you get up here? We
don't allow peddlers or canvassers in
this building."
"You don't?"
"That's what I said."
"I saw no sign to that effect."
"Well, you'll see one the next time
you come. I shall have one put up."
"In that case," rejoined the man,
opening his valise with alacrity, "you
will need one of these."
Here he displayed a neatly painted
card over a foot long and nearly as
wide, with this inscription, in large
letters:
"No Peddlers or Canvassers Allowed
in This Building on Any Pretext What-
ever."
In recognition of his caller's clever-
ness, genial humor and business like
forethought, the owner of the building
not only bought the card, but invested
in one of the marking outfits.

There Was One Who Did Not Laugh.

"Mark Twain" once expressed the
following sentiments to a young woman
who had not smiled at a thing that
he had said during an impromptu
reception in his honor at Bryn Mawr
College, to which his daughter had
invited him. All the young ladies but
one were in a state of great glee dur-
ing the humorist's address—all but one
had laughed heartily at every witty re-
mark. Just as "Twain" finished, he
turned to the young woman who had
not laughed, and said, in an under-
tone: "You are the only sensible one
here. I have not said a single amus-
ing thing. If it were not for the con-
spicuousness of it I would like to press
your hand."—Success.

Amory, Miss., Jan. 29, 1903.
About fifteen years ago I suffered with boils,
and took a course of S. S. S., which built me up
and nearly cured me of the boils. Three years
ago I was again afflicted with Malaria, and remembering
how much good S. S. S. had done me, I deter-
mined to try it again. I am glad to say that
the results were all I could have desired. Since then
I take S. S. S. every spring, and have no attack of
Malaria. Last summer I spent most of the time
on Tombigbee bottom having timber cut.
A. E. DALRYMPLE.

Jolly Joker

Eat, drink and be merry, for to-
morrow we die.—Smart Set.
Judge—I fine you \$10. Prisoner—
Don't you give any discount to regular
customers?—Town Topics.
"Anything new about the war?" "An
unofficial dispatch has just been con-
firmed."—Chicago Record-Herald.
First Moth—Have you anything on
hand to-night? Second Moth—Yes, I'm
invited to a camphor ball.—Philadel-
phia Record.
She—My face is my fortune. He (40,
yet ardent)—And let me assure you,
my dear, you have spent none of it.—
New Yorker.
Mother—Have you taken your cold
bath yet, Willie? Willie—There wasn't
any cold water warm enough.—Chica-
go Daily News.
"Are you still making visits to your
dentist?" "No." "How's that?" "Oh,
nothing; only I ran out of teeth."—De-
troit Free Press.
Bjinks—Time runs on, eh? Now
that makes Time run on? Bjinks—
The spur of the moment, I s'pose.—
Houston Chronicle.
Benson—Bought a sawmill, eh?
What are you going to do with it?
Jenson—Bring out a new breakfast
food.—Town Topics.
"He's what I call a 'budding gen-
ius.'" "Who? Bragg?" "Yes, like all
budding things, he's inclined to blow."—
Philadelphia Press.
Johnny—Pa, what is a diplomat? Pa—
Well, son, it's a man who can stretch
hands across the sea without putting
his foot in it, too.—Exchange.
"What's he going to call it?" "Por-
trait of a lady." "But it doesn't look
like her at all!" "Then he might call
it 'portrait of another lady.'"—Life.
"They have called two doctors in for
consultation." "And do the doctors
agree?" "I believe they have agreed
upon the price."—Philadelphia Ledger.
"Did you ever take a chance in Wall
street?" "No," answered Mr. Ardun;
"I put up my money several times. But
I never got a chance."—Washington
Star.
Young Author—When I write far
into the night I find great difficulty in
getting to sleep. Friend—Why don't
you read over what you have written?
—Princeton Tiger.
"Mamma," said little Elsie, "we have
to be very saving, don't we?" "Yes,
dear." "But I was just thinking, sup-
pose we 'conomize on cod-liver oil!"—
Philadelphia Press.
Friend—What are you going to do
with all those presents? You have no
family. Smart—Going to send 'em to
my friends in St. Louis. I'm going to
the exposition.—Exchange.
"And do you think," he asked, "that
men progress after death?" "Well,"
she replied, "if they don't it would al-
most seem useless for some of them to
die."—Chicago Record-Herald.
Brown—Don't get gay, or I'll be
forced to pound a little sense into your
head. Green—Huh! It would take a
dozen men like you to pound any sense
into my head.—Chicago News.
"What's wit, anyway?" "Well, a
good many people seem to have the
idea that wit is the knack of making
one person uncomfortable in the pres-
ence of others."—Chicago Post.
Teacher—So I've caught you chew-
ing gum, have I? Sammy—No, mum;
I wasn't chewin'. I was jest keepin'
it there instead of in my pocket. It's
so sticky.—Chicago Daily News.
"What can I do for my little boy?"
asked mamma, "so that he won't have
to eat between meals?" "Have the
meals ficker together," replied the
greedy young man.—Glasgow Evening
Times.
Major (indignantly)—What do you
mean, sentinel, by sleeping at your
post? If the enemy should appear you
would be lost. Sentinel—Don't worry,
major. I haven't an enemy in the
whole city.—Fliegende Blatter.
"Are there clubs for women in this
town?" asked the suffragist from the
East. "Certainly not," replied the gal-
lant Westerner; "we can handle a woman
without clubs."—Chicago Evening Post.
She (bored)—No, Mr. Lytely, I can
never love you. I honor and respect
you. I am sure you would make some
other woman a good husband. I—
He—Well—er—give me a letter of rec-
ommendation to my next place.—Tit-
Bits.
Eddie—Aren't you sorry that you are
an only child? Freddie—Oh, no; I don't
mind it, but it's tough on pa. Eddie—
How so? Freddie—Well, you see, I'm
getting too big for him to have to
take me to the circus, and there aren't
any younger kids in the family for him
to fall back on.—Brooklyn Life.
"You have been fighting again, Tom-
my?" "I couldn't help it, mamma,
that Stapleford boy sassed me." "That
was no reason for fighting. You should
have remembered that 'a soft answer
turneth away wrath,' and given him a
soft answer." "I did. I hit him with
a chunk o' mud."—Chicago Tribune.
"Your friend... my palm the... Elderly... pleasure to...
Will Give Up Tribal Rule.
On March 4, 1908, 85,000 red men in
the Indian Territory will give up tribal
rule and become American citizens.



LIFE UNDER WATER.

Night in a Submarine—Distinctness of
Supersurface Sounds.
Jules Verne has been vindicated. His
dream ship, which for generations has
been voyaging under 20,000 leagues of
imaginary water, has at last become
a reality—a submarine fact. It has
been demonstrated to the satisfaction
of the United States navy that Captain
Nemo and his fabled Nautilus have
been eclipsed, or, in nautical phrase,
submerged by a modern submarine tor-
pedo devil, the Fulton, which recently
spent a comfortable night on the bot-
tom of Narragansett Bay.
On the night following the speed and
firing tests, it was decided that the
habitability test should be made by
submerging the Fulton at the bottom
of the bay. This was the first test
ever made under naval supervision to
determine whether men can live aboard
a submarine boat under water as safe-
ly as they could in a Newport villa.
Cooking utensils as well as reading
matter and other articles of comfort
and necessity were installed on the
Fulton during the afternoon, and at
10:43 that evening the boat was sunk,
with nine men aboard. One of the first
impressive features of the experience
was the distinctness with which sound
was conveyed to the party under wa-
ter. In the small hours of the morn-
ing the crew were awakened by near-
ing what was afterward explained to
have been the Fall River liner Plym-
outh touching at Newport en route
from Fall River to New York.
Although the Plymouth did not pass
within a mile of the submerged Fulton,
several of the submerged party were
awakened by hearing her ploughing
through the water. Prior to retiring
for the night the water-imprisoned
company had an excellent meal, which
was prepared on board, and after the
boat was submerged. All the cooking
as well as lighting was by electricity,
and had it been necessary the boat
could have been heated by the same
means.
The air reservoirs were filled to their
full capacity of forty cubic feet; and
when the Fulton rose to the surface at
11:00 a. m., after being under water
for twelve hours and twenty-three min-
utes, there was hardly a perceptible
difference between the air of the sub-
merged boat and that of the surface
world.
As a result of these tests the naval
board of inspection and survey will
recommend the expenditure of the
\$850,000 recently appropriated by Con-
gress for submarine destroyers of the
Fulton type. This means that the
United States soon will have a flotilla
of a dozen submarine devils for defen-
sive and offensive purposes during war.
—New York Times.

ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

Monument Erected by France to Her
Soldiers Who Fell There.
The field of Waterloo, where the
star of Napoleon I. forever set in a
night of gloom, has been variously
marked with monuments by the na-
tions whose soldiers took part in that
titanic struggle. No more attractive
memorial has been erected, however,

than the new one just dedicated by
France to her soldiers who fell in that
conflict. The French lost about 30,000
men, while the allies—English, Dutch
and Germans—lost 23,000. These
frightful casualties throw into insigni-
ficance the combats thus far waged
in the East and which Japanese ad-
mirers would have the world believe
as transcending anything preceding them.
The monument is crowned by a
wounded eagle, typical of the defeat
France sustained in the downfall of
Napoleon.

English Axes at Hastings.

At the battle of Hastings the corps
d'élite of the English army were ac-
counted with sword and shield, and in
addition to this they had hung "great
hatchets on their necks, with which
they could strike doughty blows." Whenever
a special deed of valor is credited to an
Englishman in that battle, with one excep-
tion, it is due to the ax he bears. And now
what were these axes that dealt such
deadly destruction on the Norman knight? As
to this we are left in no doubt. Time
after time does Wace call them "great
axes." The head alone in one instance
was a foot in length. And the Bayeux
tapestry out of about twenty axes
represents all except some three or
four having long handles. Hardly ever do
we find in tapestry the short ax for
one hand.

What She Said.

"George, dear," she said, "do you
know that Mr. Simpkins married
me last night to be his wife?"
"Well, I like his impudence,"
said the husband, "but I don't like
of proposing to an engaged woman."
"What did you say to him?"
"I told him that I was very sorry
deed, but he was too late."—Titbits.

The Chief's Mistake.

Big Injun (admiringly)—Me like pic-
ture.
College Man (proudly)—I thought you
would.
Big Injun—Heap pretty squaw!
College Man (wrathfully)—You old
heathen! that's a portrait of me when I
belonged to the football team.

Where Women Are Ruled.

"Are there clubs for women in this
town?" asked the suffragist from the
East.
"Certainly not," replied the gallant
Westerner. "We can handle women
without clubs."—Chicago Post.

Why Is This Thus?

We see the player on the plot catch
every whizzing ball; high ball, low ball,
grounder hot, he catches one and all.
But it is strange, we do declare, this
self-same catching star, will chase him-
self for half a square, yet fail to catch
his car.
Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing
Syrup the best remedy to use for their children
during the teething period.

Keeley LIQUOR-MORPHINE-TOBACCO CURE

HABITS PERMANENTLY CURED
FOR FULL PARTICULARS
ADDRESS THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, PORTLAND, ORE.

Waves of week...
Desch...
BEND...

BUY

THE WASHINGTON
SOLID SHOES
SHOE MFG. CO.
SEATTLE
FROM YOUR DEALER
P. N. U. No. 3-1904.
When writing to advertiser please mention this paper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have
Always Bought
Bears the
Signature
of
Dr. J. C. Fitcher.
In Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

RUSSELL HIGH GRADE MACHINERY

ENGINES
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Write for Catalogue and Prices
The A. H. Averill Machinery Co., PORTLAND OREGON

"DID'NT HURT A BIT"

IS WHAT THEY SAY
We can extract one or two of your teeth
out hurting a bit, and in less than an
hour you can be on your feet again.
Our system of crown and bridge work
is simple, quick and painless.
Established in Portland 18 years.
The reason we advertise is to let you
know where we are.
Open evenings till 9 o'clock from
6:30 to 10:30 p.m.
Phone MA...
DR. W. A. WISE
WISCONSIN DENTISTS

Will Give Up Tribal Rule.
On March 4, 1908, 85,000 red men in
the Indian Territory will give up tribal
rule and become American citizens.

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