

100 Doses For One Dollar

Economy in medicine must be measured by two things—cost and effect. It cannot be measured by either alone. It is greatest in that medicine that does the most for the money—that radically and permanently cures at the least expense. That medicine is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It purifies and enriches the blood, cures pimples, eczema and all eruptions, tired, languid feelings, loss of appetite and general debility.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it reliable and giving perfect satisfaction. It takes away that tired feeling, gives energy and puts the blood in good condition." MISS EFFIE COLONNA, 533 10th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

Thirty Thousand Dry Goods Stores.

In the United States there are about thirty thousand shops that sell dry goods. Twelve thousand of these may be ranked as good stores, and about five thousand are establishments of a size which makes them important factors in the commercial and domestic life of their communities. The owners of almost all of these shops, the largest as well as the smallest, began obscurely. The majority of the most prosperous have attained their present success and magnitude during recent years, in which unsuccessful merchants have been wont to complain that the competition has been ruinous.—Success.

Good News for All.

Bradford, Tenn., Nov. 21.—(Special)—Scientific research shows Kidney Trouble to be the father of so many diseases that news of a discovery of a sure cure for it cannot fail to be welcomed all over the country. And according to Mr. J. A. Davis, of this place, just such a cure is found in Dadd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Davis says:

"Dadd's Kidney Pills are all that is claimed them. They have done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I had Kidney Trouble very bad and after taking a few boxes of Dadd's Kidney Pills I am completely cured. I cannot praise them too much."

Kidney Complaint develops into Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Diabetes, Rheumatism, and other painful and fatal diseases. The safeguard is to cure your kidneys with Dadd's Kidney Pills when they show the first symptoms of disease.

Went to an Oculist.

Friend—Did you go to that fashionable oculist, as I suggested?
Near-sight—Yes. He examined my eyes, and gave me a piece of paper showing the sort of glasses I needed.
"Why don't you get the glasses?"
"No money left."

Catarrah Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrah is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrah Cure is not a quick 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 tonics 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 Catarrah. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The greatest master of languages in the world is an Italian, Alfredo Trombetti, of Bologna, who speaks 400 dialects.

MALARIA IN THE SYSTEM

Holly Springs, Miss., March 24, 1903. While building railroads in Tennessee some twelve years ago a number of hands contracted fever and various forms of blood and skin diseases. I carried S. S. S. in my commissary and gave it to my hands with most gratifying results. I can recommend S. S. S. as the finest preparation for Malaria, chills and fever, as well as all blood and skin diseases. W. I. MCGOWAN.

I suffered greatly from Boils, which would break out on different parts of my body. I saw S. S. S. advertised and after using about three bottles I was cured, and for the last three years have had no trouble whatever. A. W. ZEBER, 217 Read St., Evansville, Ind.

I began using your S. S. S. probably ten years ago for Malaria and blood troubles, and it proved so good that I have continued ever since using it as a family remedy. It is a pleasure for me to recommend S. S. S. for the benefit of others who are needing a first rate blood purifier, tonic and cure for Malaria. Arkansas City, Ark. C. C. HEMINGWAY.

Boils, abscesses, sores, dark or yellow spots and debility are some of the symptoms of this miserable disease. S. S. S. counteracts and removes from the blood all impurities and builds up the entire system. It is guaranteed a purely vegetable remedy. Write for medical advice or any special information about case.

SSS
The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURE WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
It is the only medicine that cures
in 10 days. Sold by Druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE EMPTY CHAIRS.

I tell her it is foolish—but each Thanksgiving day she's bound to have the table set in the old-time way. The little cup and saucer that Henry always had—has been broken since he was just a tad—
The plate we got for Mollie—the brim is I tell me it is foolish, but her eyes, they look "Please!"
And then somehow or other I've got no more to say
When she sets out the dishes for our Thanksgiving day.

She gets the little high chair—I've vowed I'd sell it to somebody, but still it's always here.
The baby used to use it; the baby—that was Rose—
It's always for her children our fattest turkey goes.
We send one to the others; it isn't much to give.
But it's a home touch for them away off where they live.
But I tell ma it's foolish, with us both old and gray
To set the children's places on each Thanksgiving day.

I ask a blessing always; there's lots I'd like to ask,
But with those empty places, the blessing is a task.
I tell ma not to do it—I'm thinking all the while
How Henry used to argue that handle was in style;
And ma says she remembers the way that it was broke.
Both of us laugh about it, but I most always choke.
I tell her that it's foolish to set the things that way.
And think we've got the children back home Thanksgiving day.

We never eat that dinner. We don't get till ma is in some story of how they used to do how they used to chatter, and beg for this and that—
And all the time a-looking at each place where they sat.
And then—and then—she's trying to hide a sudden tear.
And saying she is thankful that one time they was here.
But still I say it's foolish to have things fixed this way—
To set the children's places on each Thanksgiving day.
—W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Tribune.

Farmer Caldwell's Thanksgiving.

BY G. B. ACUFF.

It was down in "Ol' Virginy" one November morning that Toby Strange of the genus "hobo" crawled out from the burrow he had made for himself in a straw stack and looked around him. The sun was riding high in a blue haze, and the chill air made poor Toby shiver.
"A cup of hot coffee would do me good," he muttered, as he glanced dubiously at a large log house plainly discernible through the bare branches of some fruit trees in the distance.

He moved forward awkwardly on the toes of one worn shoe and the heel of the other, endeavoring to keep his feet from contact with the hoar frost which had stiffened every weed and blade of grass in the field.

At the rear gate he paused as if awestruck by the sights and sounds that greeted him. In the adjoining barn lot was a great cackle among the hens, which was almost drowned by the shrill noise of a dozen guinea fowls ranged on the rail fence. The turkey gobblers strutted defiantly past the proud peacocks, but their challenges were drowned in the general clatter. The noisy scene told its own story of comfortable farm life to the lonely wayfarer, and he sighed deeply as he shuffled into the yard and drew towards him a tall, blooming chrysanthemum, and breathed its unguent fragrance.

"Oh, tinner's end," he exclaimed under his breath. "Another five minutes' contemplation of such a home-like scene would spoil my appetite," and the softened expression of his face was replaced by a look of harsh indifference. "Pshaw!" he continued as he hobbled to the back door, "I'm too old and tough for any sentimental vagaries," and he tapped on the door.

It was opened instantly by a very neat, pretty girl of nineteen or twenty. As she held the door ajar, there poured out a pleasant steam, which bore on its breath a delicious odor of sausage, hot biscuit and strong coffee.

"Lady, I'm very hungry. Will you please give me something to eat?"
"Come in," she said kindly, "and eat your breakfast."

Giving him a seat near the stove, she brought from the corner cupboard a dish of fragrant sausage in brown gravy, biscuits, and a cup of rich, creamy coffee, and arranged all on the kitchen table. As Toby ate, he looked and really was for the time at peace with himself and all the world. He tried in a dreamy, half-conscious way to analyze a delightful odor which seemed familiar, but it eluded him till the young lady, opening the stove, took therefrom a tempting creation in brown and gold.

"Pumpkin pies," he breathed. "I knew that odor belonged to the old days," but the regretful pang he felt was very much softened by the substantial pleasure of the present.

Meantime the young lady, with an air triumphant, bore the pies into the next room.

"See, papa!" Toby heard her exclaim, "my three years at school did not cost my special talent."
"So I see," replied her father. "But why pumpkin pies, my dear?"
"Why, papa, don't you know next Thursday is Thanksgiving day?"
"Yes, Amy. But I have been thinking that—in short, that we might dispense with the dinner this year. While you were away at school your mother and I economized at Thanksgiving, and thereby saved several pounds of sugar and flour, besides clearing a dollar on the turkey. I see no sense in giving dinners and rejoicing when we have nothing to be thankful for."

"Oh, papa," Amy exclaimed in horrified tones, "nothing to be thankful for. How can you say so when we have so much more than we deserve?"
"Yes, Amy, in a general way that is true. But you can't understand the hard work and close management I'm bound to practice to make ends meet. This year has been a hard one altogether. One of my best horses died last spring. The frost killed the fruit crop. The pesky dogs killed several sheep; and between the drought and the insects my corn and potato crops are cut off at least half. And now, to cap the climax that cattle

man offers me about half as much for the calves as I had counted on getting. No, I'm not feeling particularly thankful."

"Not have a Thanksgiving dinner, John, now Amy is at home and our only boy is coming, too!" exclaimed Mrs. Caldwell, coming into the room as her husband concluded his remarks.

"Not thankful," exclaimed Amy, a sob in her voice, "when we have good health, a home and plenty in storehouse and barn," and Amy passed hastily through the kitchen and out of sight in the yard.

Toby, just taking the last choice bits of his breakfast, cast a furtive glance at the girl and noted the trembling lips and tearful eyes.

"Now, John," said Mrs. Caldwell in a pleading tone, "you have hurt the dear child. And she has been so happy these weeks past planning for the dinner and the guests. And besides celebrating Tom's return, it would be a most appropriate way for Amy to renew old friendships, for after an absence of three years the poor child is almost a stranger in the neighborhood."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you and Amy," returned the husband. "But I cannot afford to entertain the public this year. If you and Amy are so awfully thankful, you can have a small family dinner; one of the little turkeys, and none but home folks present."

"The idea of scrimping and pinching on a Thanksgiving dinner!" retorted Mrs. Caldwell, now evincing unmistakable signs of anger; and leaving the room, she slammed the door after her.

With a sigh of mingled contentment and regret Toby slowly rose and prepared to leave the snug room which seemed a paradise to him. As he passed the dairy he saw Amy, with a jar of cream in her hand, and thanked her for his repast. Then, with a forlorn homesickness that wouldn't be shook off, he simply climbed the long, red hill, and presently finding himself in a sunny, sheltered spot, he threw himself on the dry leaves for, what he seldom indulged in, a little sober reflection.

"If I were in that farmer's place," he soliloquized, "I honestly believe I could be as thankful as he ought to be. I wish I could help that kind-hearted girl, but what can a poor tramp do?"

He was thinking of pursuing his journey when voices reached his ear, and looking up he said, sotto voce, "John Caldwell, as sure as I'm what I never meant to be. Who would have thought of seeing him after all these years? Well, it's likely he wouldn't know me if he should see me, but I'll not give him the chance." And Toby crouched low in the fence corner, while the farmer and cattle trader haggled about the bunch of plump calves in the pasture field before them.

At last the bargain being concluded, the trader paid the farmer fifty dollars and departed, while Mr. Caldwell entered the woods at Toby's back. Toby's eyes followed him thoughtfully.

"If I had that fifty dollars," said

A LESSON IN TURKEY GATHERING.



"Just wait till one o' de pawson's turkeys git a taste o' dat bait, an' dis nigga oil hab turkey to burn."



"Lod, I'se got de bigges gobbliah on de place."



"Now, one mo' pull an' I'll git it."



He got it.

"Yes," growled Mr. Caldwell, "and that loving wife and pretty daughter you mention so feelingly know how to spend every cent of it."

"What other use have you for it, man?" asked Toby, losing all patience and thumping Caldwell's head rather hard against the solid ground. "Such an old miser deserves absolutely nothing!" he exclaimed in disgust, as he dexterously changed the wallet from the farmer's pocket to his own.

"Don't, man!" cried Mr. Caldwell, helplessly.

But paying no heed to his futile struggles and remonstrances, Toby calmly knotted a handkerchief round his hands,

THANKSGIVING EVE IN TURKEYDOM.



Toby, I'd be more than thankful. And yet that ungrateful reprobate is too mean to let his daughter have a Thanksgiving dinner. I wish it was my business to kick him into a better way of thinking."

Toby, in his half-recumbent posture on the leaves, felt loth to leave a retreat so restful until his breakfast was digested; but ere the farmer had quite disappeared from sight, Toby suddenly reaching a decision, arose and stealthily followed him.

Mr. Caldwell's gloomy meditations took a sudden turn, as Toby from behind a tree sprang upon him, and before the farmer could think of resistance or defense, he lay prone on his back with a hundred and eighty pounds of tramp seated on his stomach.

"Take it easy, man," said Toby. "You needn't cut up rough, it'll do no good. I mean to hold you quiet while we have a little talk. I think I can convince you that you have several things to be thankful for. Oh, you needn't wiggle. I heard your talk to your wife and daughter, although you didn't see me, nor I you. I heard it all, while I was breakfasting on your bounty. Now, listen to me. As young men just starting in life our prospects were about the same."

"Who are you?" interrupted Mr. Caldwell, looking keenly at his captor.
"It doesn't matter, I'm not worth a name. But when we left school you went back to the farm; while I, holding your choice in contempt, went to the city where in my ignorance I thought a man had a chance to rise in the world. For twenty years I knocked about, sometimes working, sometimes starving, always hard pressed."

"I lost my last job ten years ago, by striking for less work and higher wages. I couldn't get another job even at the same wages, so I turned tramp. I have not had the energy to try any other vocation since. In fact, I have come to the conclusion that I've done enough and suffered enough to have gained the independence I started out for. And now the world has got to give me the living it owes me."

"But mark you, not one ambition of my early life has been realized. And now I must travel on in search of the next meal, not knowing whether the people I next encounter will give me a crumb or not."

"Compare my lot with yours; a loving wife, a pretty daughter, a good home and plenty to eat, all your own. And in addition to all these blessings you've got fifty dollars in your pocket at this blessed

then sprang up and away.

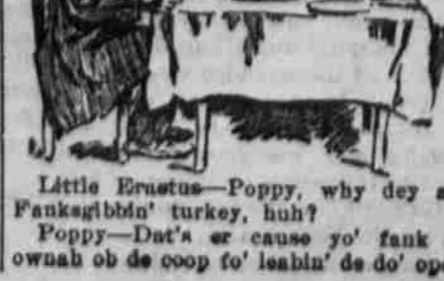
Mr. Caldwell instantly gave chase, but unfortunately he fell sprawling over the first log in his way. Toby had vanished from sight when he regained his feet, so with an imprecation on his own ill-luck he seated himself and with teeth and nails endeavored to free his hands. This task accomplished, he made his way home, in anything but a mild temper. His wife met him at the door, saying:

"John, a rather disreputable looking man came here a while ago and left this," holding up the wallet. "He said he found it in the woods."

"Thank goodness!" cried her husband, eagerly seizing his treasure. "I thought it was gone for good and always."

Mr. Caldwell is still wondering who among his many school fellows "that preching tramp" may be. And although he would have suffered death rather than admit so much to any one, yet he was convinced that the tramp had adopted the only effective method for showing him his selfish and miserly nature. And being convinced of his former errors, he at once set about a reformation. As a first step in this new direction, he threw the purse in his wife's lap, then told Amy to invite the whole country to dinner if she chose to do so.

And what a dinner it was! Turkey, pigs, cakes and pies in bountiful perfection, rendered doubly enjoyable by the participation of dear friends, each intent on doing justice to the occasion by a hearty appreciation, and under the witticisms and laughter ran a current of fervent thanksgiving, which made Amy and her mother the sincere and happy hostesses they seemed.—Waverley Magazine.



The Meaning of the Word.
Little Ernest—Poppy, why dey say Fanksgibbin' turkey, huh?
Poppy—Dat's er cause yo' fank de owah ob de coop fo' lesbin' de do' open.

GOVERNOR OF OREGON

Uses Pe-ru-na For Colds and Excellent In His Family Finds It an Remedy.



The Magnificent State Capitol Building at Salem, Oregon. PRAISE FROM THE EX-GOVERNOR OF OREGON.

Peruna is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Letters of congratulation and commendation testifying to the merits of Peruna as a catarrh remedy are pouring in from every state in the Union.

Dr. Hartman is receiving hundreds of such letters daily. All classes write these letters, from the highest to the lowest.

The outdoor laborer, the indoor artisan, the clerk, the editor, the statesman, the preacher—all agree that Peruna is the catarrh remedy of the age.

The stage and rostrum, recognizing catarrh as their greatest enemy, are especially enthusiastic in their praise and testimony.

Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well nigh universal; almost omnipresent.

Peruna is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold is the beginning of catarrh. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to cheat catarrh of its victims.

Peruna not only cures catarrh, but prevents it. Every household should be supplied with this great remedy for coughs, colds and so forth.

The ex-governor of Oregon is an ardent admirer of Peruna. He keeps it continually in the house.

In a letter to The Peruna Manufacturing Co., he says:

State of Oregon, Executive Department, The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbia, Mo. Dear Sirs—I have had occasion to use your Peruna medicine in my family for colds, and it proved to be an excellent remedy. I have not had occasion to use it for other ailments.

Yours very truly, W. M. LORD.

It will be noticed that the ex-governor says he has not had occasion to use Peruna for other ailments. The reason for this is, most other ailments begin with a cold.

Using Peruna to promptly cure colds protects his family against ailments.

This is exactly what every other family in the United States should do—keep Peruna in the house. Use it for coughs, colds, a gripe and other domestic afflictions of winter, and there will be no other ailment in the house.

Such families should provide themselves with a copy of Dr. Hartman's free book, entitled, "Chronic Catarrh." Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio. All correspondence held strictly confidential.

An attendant in a Parliarian tea store has invented a little machine that will pack and tie up parcels at the rate of forty a minute.

OREGON PORTLAND ST. HELEN'S HALL A GIRL'S SCHOOL OF THE HIGHEST CLASS corps of teachers, location, building equipment—the best. Send for catalogue.

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FIRE PROTECTION CHEAPEST HOUSE IN NORTHWEST Large and complete stock of Fire Apparatus and Department Supplies. Our goods are in nearly every Fire Department.

HEAVY COPPER BEZELLED JOINTS, RUBBER HOSE, FIRE EXTINGUISHERS. "Babcock's" \$20, "Patrol" \$15, each. These are standard extinguishers. Custom Extinguishers with riveted joints, \$12 each. A. G. LONG, Portland, Ore.

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W. L. DOUGLAS \$5.00 SHOES The reason W. L. Douglas \$5.00 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world is because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makers and the high grade leather used, you would understand why W. L. Douglas \$5.00 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$5.00 shoes on the market to-day, and why the sales for the year ending July 1, 1904, were \$6,803,040.00. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for the take no substitute. Sold by shoe dealers everywhere.

SUPERIOR IN FIT, COMFORT AND WEAR.
"I have worn W. L. Douglas \$5.00 shoes for the last twelve years with absolute satisfaction. I find them superior in fit, comfort and wear to silks, catkins, furs \$5.00 to \$7.00.—J. S. McVIE, Dept. Coll. U. S. Int. Revenue, Richmond, Va."

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Collectors in his \$5.00 shoes. Corona Coll. is conceded to be the finest Patent Leather made. Fast Color Ejecta used exclusively.
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