

AN HONEST DOCTOR ADVISED PE-RU-NA.
DR. SYLVESTER E. SMITH, Room 218, Granite Block, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Peruna is the best friend a sick man can have."
 "A few months ago I came here in a wretched condition. Exposure and overwork had ruined my once robust health. I had catarrhal affections of the bronchial tubes, and for a time there was a doubt as to my recovery."
 "My good honest old doctor advised me to take Peruna, which I did and in a short time my health began to improve very rapidly. The bronchial trouble gradually disappeared, and in three months my health was fully restored."
 "Accept a grateful man's thanks for his restoration to perfect health."
Peruna for His Patients.
 A. W. Porritt, M. D., 986 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y., says:
 "I am using your Peruna myself, and am recommending it to my patients in all cases of catarrh, and find it to be more than you represent. Peruna can be had now of all druggists in this section. At the time I began using it, it was unknown."

Climatic Prodigality.
 "I am older than I look," said the matron at whose house the sewing circle had met. "More than forty winters have passed over my head."
 "Then you haven't lived long in this climate, if that's all," observed the elderly spinster. "I've sometimes seen as many as forty winters here in one spring."

Personas An Gratin.
 "I haven't heard of you going out to Philadelphia's dinner lately."
 "No," he says I can't do that any more."
 "Why, I thought you were his closest friend. What's the matter?"
 "He tells me their cook doesn't like me."—Philadelphia Press.

Little Mrs. Hunter had heard so many jokes about the brides who couldn't market successfully that she made up her mind that the first request she made of the market man would show her to be a sophisticated housewife. "Send me, please," she said, "two French chops and one hundred green peas."—Judge.

Can Such Things Be?
 "Oh, Johnny, Johnny," sighed Mrs. Ingham. "You're so awfully hard on me. This is the second pair I've bought since we had that equinoctial storm in March!"

Presumption.
 "Pity—I suppose you think that if you had the regulating of the universe you could make some improvements on the present job, don't you?"
 "Eh?—I don't know about that, but I think I could suggest one change. I should like to have things so arranged that when a man is having a good time in this world he would pass slowly instead of quickly. I'm about to take a vacation."

Groundless Fear.
 "I did think," said Cholly Snobberly, "of going in for politics, but I was afraid I wouldn't know just how to beat my inferiors, don't you know?"
 "Your inferiors?" remarked Sharpe. "Oh, you wouldn't be likely to meet any of them."—Philadelphia Press.

Crash!
 The auto leaped from the high, steep bank.
 "Why, haven't you heard the painful story?"
 (The pieces of glass are flying yet.)
 It landed on a conservatory!
 —Chicago Tribune.

No Recourse.
 "Johnnie, I think I hear a thief in the dark closet beneath the stairs."
 "I don't doubt it; I have known it was there for some time."
 "Telephone for the police!"
 "What's the use? You can't arrest a gas meter."—Houston Post.

No Danger.
 "Whatever you do, dear," wrote the modest lover, "don't show my letters to any one."
 "Have no fear, dearest," came the reply. "I'm just as much astounded of them as you are."
 And, with that, the engagement became a matter of history.—Judge.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna
 acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.
 Manufactured by the **CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**
 Sold by leading druggists—50¢ per bottle.

THE BEST OF LIFE.
 Not till life's heat is cooled,
 The headlong rush slowed to a quiet pace,
 And every purblind passion that has ruled
 Our noisier years, at last
 Spurs us in vain, and weary of the race,
 We care no more who loses or who wins—
 Ah! not till all the best of life seems past
 The best of life begins.

To toll for only fame,
 Handclappings and the fickle gusts of praise,
 For place or power or gold to gild a name
 Above the grave whereto
 All paths will bring us, were to lose our days,
 We, on whose ears youth's passing bell
 Has tolled,
 In blowing bubbles, even as children do,
 Forgetting we grow old.

But the world widens when
 Such hope of trivial gain that ruled us
 Is broken among our childhood's toys, for then
 We win to self-control!
 And nall ourselves in manhood, and there
 Upon us from the vast and windless
 height
 Those clearer thoughts that are unto the soul
 What stars are to the night.
 —Spectator.

His Long Way Round
 "What's the matter with you?" Philippa asked suspiciously.
 Her cousin had greeted her with a sort of ecstatic remoteness that called for explanation.
 At her question he made an ostentatious effort to return to earth. "Phil," he said dreamily, "I'm going to get married."

If he had hoped to surprise her, the hope was futile. A touch of alertness, betraying itself in his eyes, put her on her guard.
 "My dear Rupert!" she cried contentedly. "Really! How exciting! Do tell me who she is!"
 He sighed rather disappointedly. "I don't know," he said. "I'm just considering."

Philippa's eyebrows rose slightly as she glanced at the sheets of paper surrounding him. "In typewriting?" she inquired. "Oh, no; I see. You're drawing up the proposal."
 He shuddered indignantly. "Certainly not! How could I when I don't know yet who it's to be?"
 "One can leave a space," murmured Philippa, "and fill in the name afterwards, you know."

He looked at her with dignified reproach. "These are not proposals," he informed her. "They are their characters."
 Philippa stared. "Theirs? Whose?"
 "The girls to whom it would be possible for me to propose."
 "Oh!" breathed Philippa, and hung over the table with interest. "What do you mean?"

"Graphology," he said. "You see, I feel a bit nervous about choosing—"
 "Choosing?" rippled Philippa.
 "Oh, well," he sulked, "of course I know she may refuse me, but I've got to decide which to ask, anyway, haven't I?"
 "Oh, of course," agreed Philippa. "And you could make certain, couldn't you, by keeping a second in reserve? You know—the sort of thing drapers put on their patterns. In making a choice we respectfully beg customers to select two or three designs, to avoid 'disapp—'"

"Oh, if you find it so funny," he said disgustedly, and swept the papers into a heap.
 "I was trying to help," said she with indignation.
 He was with difficulty induced to proceed. "Well, I sent my handwriting to a graphologist, and—and some girls' letters—"
 "How mean!" flashed Philippa.
 "Portions of letters," he corrected with dignity. "And yesterday I got these from the man." He indicated the typewritten sheets.
 Philippa sparkled. "You'll let me see them?" she entreated, and ran her fingers through the pages. "How many? Five? Oh, but that one's yours. Well, four girls ought to be plenty. Let's see Geraldine first. 'Somewhat fickle in your attachments—'"
 "You will admit," he interrupted coldly, "that Geraldine is out of the question."
 Philippa laid hers on the table, not without hesitation. "The other may be worse," she murmured. "Who's this? Oh, Bertha Unwin. 'Of a somewhat cold and calculating nature.' Yes; she always lets me pay for everything when we go out together. 'Not much love for children or animals—'" Philippa looked up in some dismay. "But this is dreadful! She—she appears to be perfectly odious. Let's see what he says about Olivia. 'Very ambitious; none but the highest position would—'" Philippa unhesitatingly abandoned Olivia—a depressing comment on the numerical strength of her cousin's weaknesses.
 "But there's only Miss Betterton left now," she said anxiously. "'Gift for—' what's the word? 'Nursing?' Oh, I'm sure that's not true."
 "And if it were," Rupert demurred. "I don't want always to be ill, you know. And I've got to choose one."
 They reflected. "Well," said Philippa at last, desperately, "you've paid your penny, and you'd better—"
 "It wasn't a penny," he interrupted



The Invasion of Africa by Theodore Roosevelt
 When President Roosevelt retires from office he says he will go to Africa to make his strenuous personality felt among the big game of that continent. He announces that it is his ambition to secure with his own rifle a specimen of each species of Africa's big fauna. This is an ambitious project and will be difficult to carry out.
 Famous hunters have gone to the small territory where the okapi browses in the swamps in the darkness and hides in dense thickets in the hours of daylight, but very few have been so fortunate as to bag one of these elusive animals.
 Is the President sanguine that he will bring home the skin of a white rhinoceros? The fact that one was killed recently was thought worth telegraphing all over the world. Less than a century ago the white rhinoceros was living in large numbers from South Africa to the Sahara, but decades now elapse without one being killed.
 There is not a specimen of white rhinoceros in many of the largest museums. If Mr. Roosevelt can bring his specimen home alive it will be worth a small fortune to him.
 We have much to learn yet about many of the important animals of Africa. Doubtless there are not a few of which we have never heard.
 A sensation was caused in recent years by the discovery of the okapi, a beautiful animal with some of the physical characteristics both of the horse and giraffe. When Boyd Alexander crossed Nigeria and the Sudan between the Niger and the Nile, three years ago, he discovered eighteen specimens of mammalia that were new to science. Schillings, in the overhunted regions of British and German East Africa, has found several species unknown till he brought them to light. There will be more such discoveries.
 Mr. Roosevelt proposes to hunt in the remarkable game country of the British East Africa protectorate, from Mombassa to Uganda. In spite of the frightful slaughter in this region before the game laws went into force, it is still one of the most wonderful fields of great game in the world.

WIRE FENCES FOR TELEPHONES.
 Used by the Signal Corps in Directing Military Maneuvers.
 "In the West and Southwest, where there are long stretches of unbroken wire fences, these wires are frequently used to convey telephone messages from one point to another," said Capt. John G. Souder, of San Antonio, Tex., here on business before the departments, according to the Washington Post.
 "In some localities the fence wires are converted into regular telephone lines, with permanent equipment for practical use. These lines are often from ten to thirty miles long, and are a great convenience to people of the ranches."
 "The United States signal corps is well trained in the use of wire fences for telephone purposes. In the military maneuvers that take place in the ranch region the signal corps plays an important part in directing the movement of the troops by improvised telephones."
 "In some localities where the country is rough or heavily wooded it is impossible to convey the signals from one point to another by the usual methods of flags or other visual signals. It is then the telephone is brought into play. Each detachment of signal corps men is equipped with a field telephone attachment. It requires the work of but a minute or two to connect this attachment with a fence wire and to get into direct communication with headquarters."
 "The use of the fence wire for telephone communication obviates the necessity of constructing temporary field telephone lines by the signal corps. It sometimes happens that a little difficulty is encountered in using the wires on account of some poor connection or break, but it usually does not take long to discover and remove the cause of the trouble."
 "On some of the big ranches straight lines of wire fence fifty to seventy-five miles long are frequently found. These afford excellent opportunity for military field service."
 "As a matter of necessity all ranch fences must be kept in good repair. To do this fence riders are constantly employed."

Making It Plain.
 Henri was paying his first visit to London and was already wishing himself home in gay Paris, for he knew not a word of English. He had been very unfortunate and had lost all his luggage, a toothbrush. So he determined to buy another. But how was he to make his needs understood?
 At last his neck turned, however, and he espied a chemist's shop with a notice outside, "Ici on parle francais." In he went and told the assistant in French what he wanted. But that assistant knew no language except English, and another who came to help him was just as far at sea.
 But the proprietor was an intelligent man, and he knew at once from the cut of the customer's clothes that he was speaking French.
 "Leave him to me," he said, with a superior smile.
 Then, forming a megaphone with his hands, he shouted in the Frenchman's ear:
 "Our assistant who speaks French is out at lunch. You'll have to wait!"—London Scraps.

Filled the Bill.
 Belle—Jack said I looked so sweet in my new gown he couldn't help kissing me.
 Maud—Well, the modiste guaranteed the dress would give you satisfaction.
 The man who has a kind word for everybody is generally suspected of having an ax to grind.

His Mouth Full.
 A certain town council after a protracted sitting was desirous of adjourning for luncheon. The proposition was opposed by the mayor, who thought that if his fellow councilors felt the stimulus of hunger the dispatch of business would be much facilitated.
 At last an illiterate member got up and exclaimed:
 "I am astonished, I am surprised, I am amazed, Mr. Mayor, that you will not let us go to lunch!"
 "I'm surprised," exclaimed one of his colleagues, "that a gentleman who has got so much 'ham' in his mouth wants any lunch at all!"—London Scraps.

WHAT A PITY YOU SPELL SO BADLY.
 "of course, I didn't put it with the others, as you are not—available."
 "Ru, dear, what a lot of trouble you look. Do you really think all those nice things of me?"
 "I just wrote down what I thought of you," he confessed. "But how on earth did you guess! typewriting tells no tales."
 Her lips quivered. "You said I was sincere in my attachments, Ru."
 "So you are."
 "And that you were attached to a country life."
 "So I am."
 She laughed suddenly. "What a pity you spell so badly, Ru!"
 He was puzzled. "All great men spell badly," he assured her. "What's that got to do with it?"
 She leaned toward him. "I recognized your touch, Ru. You always did spell 'attach' with three t's."—London Sketch.

Anger is a composite picture of all the baser passions.

Now the Dirt Flies at Panama.
 Lieutenant-Colonel George Goethals, chairman and chief engineer of the Isthmian canal commission, told President Roosevelt late in January that before January 1, 1915, the ditch which is to bisect the vertebrae of the American continent will be completed and that all will be in readiness for the first trip to make the little pleasure journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific, so writes Roy Crandall in the Technical World Magazine. Inasmuch as the colonel is noted for conservatism and caution, it is believed that he feels deep down in his own heart that at least a year will be cut from that estimate.
Pis for Him.
 Human Pincushion—What has become of the glass eater?
 Sword Swallower—Got a job as baseball umpire for the season.
 Human Pincushion—Queer job for a glass eater, isn't it?
 Sword Swallower—Not at all. When the bleachers start throwing bottles at him he'll just smile and swallow them.
Cause of the Trouble.
 The visiting parson was handing convict No. 1313 consolation in small chunks.
 "You should not complain, my misguided friend," he said. "It is better to take things as you find them."
 "You're on de wrong track, parson," replied the prisoner. "It was practical dat theory dat got me pinched."
FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. King, Ltd., 531 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
Omissions of History.
 The war correspondents were complimenting Capt. Molly Pitcher on the conspicuous courage she had displayed at the battle of Monmouth.
 "It was nothing," she said. "I merely wanted to show that my other name isn't Coddle."
 For, verily, true bravery, unlike genius, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.
Didn't Like the Phrase.
 "Charlie, dear," said young Mrs. Torbins, "did you say this tip on the races was a 'lead pipe'?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, I don't pretend to expert knowledge. But lead pipe somehow suggests plumbers. And plumbers are always expensive."—Washington Star.
Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.
Mutual Reluctance.
 "Here is my seat, madam, but candor compels me to say that I think you are as well able to stand as I am."
 "Politeness compels me to say 'Thank you, sir.'"—Chicago Tribune.
 London theaters, music halls and concert halls provide seating accommodation for 327,000 people.
CASTORIA
 For Infants and Children.
 The Kind You Have Always Bought
 Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Fitcher*
As He Understood It.
 It was Dicky's first day at Sunday school, and he was telling his mother about it.
 "They sung the funniest banquet song I ever heard," he said.
 "What was it?" she asked.
 "'Hold the Port; Fried Ham Coming!'"
 State of Ohio, City of Toledo I do solemnly swear that I am the partner of Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
 FRANK J. CHENEY,
 Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
 A. W. GLASSON,
 Notary Public.
 Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
 F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
 Sold by all druggists, 75c.
 Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.
Too Monotonous.
 "Yes," said Slangey, "I tramped through Switzerland once."
 "Come off!" exclaimed Dowter, "You never did!"
 "Sure I did; on the level."
 "That proves you're lying. It's simply impossible to tramp through Switzerland on the level."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Is It Your Own Hair?
 Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And we know you'll never be gray.
 "I think that Ayer's Hair Vigor is the most wonderful hair-grower that was ever made. I have used it for some time and I can truthfully say that I am greatly pleased with it. I cheerfully recommend it as a splendid preparation."—Miss V. Brock, Wayland, Mich.
 Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
 Also manufacturers of
Ayer's
 SASSAPARILLA PILLS.
 CHERRY PECTORAL.

WHEN YOU COME TO PORTLAND
 ARRANGE TO STOP AT
THE CORNELIUS
 PARK AND ALDER STS.
 A New and Modern European Hotel, catering particularly to State people. A refined place for ladies visiting the city, close to the shopping center. Rates reasonable. Free Bus.
 N. K. CLARKE, (late of Portland Hotel) Mgr.

Portland Business College
 "THE SCHOOL OF QUALITY"
 Better each year, and larger. We now have two floors 65 x 100 feet. Thorough work tells the story. It counts in the end, and we admittedly lead in this respect. Get our catalogue, penwork, etc., then judge for yourself as to quality.
 A. P. ARMSTRONG, LL. B., Principal
 Tenth and Morrison - Portland, Oregon
 P. N. U. No. 31-08
 WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

PERMITS OF FAME.
 "Being the author of one of the 'best sellers' of the year has its drawbacks," says a woman writer of popular books, "Frequent requests for contributions of one's books to charity bazaars are a tax upon good nature—and the pocket-book. No matter how flattering such demands may be, they are decidedly expensive." She went on to say that should she gratify all the persons who wrote to her for copies of her books, "because they could not afford to buy them," and respond to the constant calls to devote the children of her brain to charities, it would cost her from \$400 to \$500 a year, without counting the time lost in wrapping, directing and stamping.—New York Press.
Has Her Doubts.
 "I know there are such things as rain-makers," sighed Mrs. Clugwater, looking through the window at the dismal prospect outside; "but I don't believe there is really any such thing as a rain check. Or, if there is, there's nobody that knows how to use it."

S. S. S. A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM
 Rheumatism is caused by an excess of uric acid in the blood, which is carried through the circulation to all portions of the system. Every muscle, nerve, bone and joint absorbs the acid, pain-producing poison, causing aches, inflammation, stiffness and other well known symptoms of the disease. Permanent relief from the pains and discomfort of Rheumatism cannot be expected from the use of liniments, plasters, and other external treatment which does not reach the blood, where the cause is located. Such measures give temporary relief, but in order to cure Rheumatism the uric acid and inflammatory poison must be expelled from the blood. S. S. S. cures Rheumatism because it is a perfect blood purifier. It goes down into the circulation, neutralizes the uric acid and drives it from the blood. S. S. S. expels the irritating, inflammatory matter which is causing the pain, swelling and other discomfort, enriches the weak, sour blood, and permanently cures Rheumatism. In all forms of Rheumatism, whether acute or chronic, S. S. S. will be found a safe, vegetable remedy, possessing the properties needed to cure, and at the same time a medicine that builds up the entire system by its fine tonic effects. Book on Rheumatism and any medical advice free to all who write.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

WE WILL GIVE AWAY 1000
 Valuable Household and Fancy Articles FREE, in exchange for Carton Tops and Soap Wrappers from "20 Mule Team" Borax and "20 Mule Team" Borax Products. Send postcard for particulars and 40-Page Illustrated Catalogue. Address
PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO., Oakland, Cal.
 Local agents wanted. Write for money making plan.