

Blood Humors

Commonly cause pimples, boils, hives, eczema or salt rheum, or some other form of eruption; but sometimes they exist in the system, indicated by feelings of weakness, languor, loss of appetite, or general debility, without causing any breaking out.

Hood's Sarsaparilla expels them, renovates, strengthens and tones the whole system. This is the testimony of thousands annually. Accept no substitute, but insist on having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1.

Not Impressed.

Capital was making a virtue of its chronic timidity.

"Why," it exclaimed to the country, "I'm so scared that I feel the symptoms of a panic."

No immediate response being evoked, Capital proceeded to set up a fearsome scarecrow and, gazing intently upon the same, to throw a fit.

"There, I told you so," it remarked in tremulous but exultant tones. "I'm having a panic. Just watch my convulsions."

But the country had seen fake fits thrown before.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Uncle Allen.

"Lots of men who get a reputation for wisdom by not doing any talking," observed Uncle Allen Sparks, "don't dare to talk; they've got too much to conceal."

Something Wrong.

The lad timidly entered the office of the old broker.

"Well, my boy," said the broker, wheeling in his chair, "I suppose you have come to apply for a position as office boy?"

"Y-yes, sir," replied the lad, twitching his hat nervously.

"H'm! How many grandmothers have you?"

"None, sir. Both are dead."

"Well, how often do you get the mumps in the baseball season?"

"Never, sir. I only have the mumps in the winter."

"Strange. Then what excuse do you make up when you wish to take an afternoon off to see a ball game?"

"None at all, sir. I don't like baseball, and I have never been to a game in my life."

The old broker gave a low whistle.

"My lad," he exclaimed, "any American boy who doesn't like baseball must be a freak. You'd better go in a dime museum."

Two Explanations Needed.

"Tell me, confidentially, old chap—have you change for a \$10,000 bill?"

"I have, provided you can explain how you happen to be in possession of a \$10,000 bill."

"I'm not. That's more money than I ever saw in my life. But I'd like to have you explain to me how you happen to be in possession of \$10,000 in change!"

THE HARBOR LIGHT.

How welcome o'er the sea that night
The twinkle of the harbor light;
A star that trembled on the foam
With beams of love and dreams of home.
The bells rang o'er the tossing bars—
The white sails dipped beneath the stars;
But fairer than all stars of night
The harbor light—the harbor light!

"O sailors singing in the spars
A merry challenge to the stars!
O captain, at whose glad command
Our brave ship leans toward the land!
Within far vine-clad cots of white
Love hears the sea-bells in the night;
Swift as a seagull's be our flight
Toward the light—the harbor light!"

And swift we sped from storm and gloom
To smiling shores of light and bloom;
The sorrow of the voyage past
Sang in the joy of Home at last!
Home! where the ships in shelter rest;
Home! where the light—the love is best;
Over the plunging seas of night
Love's blessing in the harbor light!

O ships that in the darkness roam,
Sweet sing the harbor bells of Home;
Though far the shore—the voyage long,
The dark will drift to morning song;
The bells sing o'er the tossing bars—
The sails bend sure beneath the stars;
Still—still the distant shore we sight
And gain the light—the harbor light!



Margaret's Adventure.

Margaret was bored to death.

After three happy years at Girton, and a fourth, almost as pleasant, spent in earning her own living, it seemed a little hard that she should have to spend a month's holiday with an aunt ungenial to the point of antagonism. An aunt, too, who had outlived the few friends and interests she had ever had, who lived in the middle of the most bleak, flat and uninteresting country. Margaret had ever seen. After the first two days she grew very tired of it. There was not a soul to speak to in the place, and her aunt gave her to understand, on the very night of her arrival, that nothing was allowed to interfere with the strict outline of her life at Willow cottage, and that she should not see her niece more than once a day.

All human companionship was evidently denied her, but she was not quite alone in the world. There was still her bicycle, and although she had



"I AM SORRY THIS IS THE LAST."

ted riding alone, and felt perfectly certain that the roads were as bad as the scenery was hideous, she dragged it out of the coal cellar in which her aunt had ordered it to be buried.

But on the third ride, the monotony was unpleasantly broken by a large puncture in the back tire; ten miles from home, in a perfectly unknown road, not a soul in sight, and with the certain knowledge that she had left the repairing outfit at home!

There was nothing to do but to plod wearily on till she came to somebody or something, and she had tramped at least two miles of the dusty road before help came in sight.

It was not a very promising looking place. A small one-storied wooden building, with a wheel hung over the door and a placard over the gate: "Bicycle repairs promptly executed."

The man went on with his task, without raising his head. Margaret was plighted to notice that he was much less anxious to talk to her than she to talk to him. "Could you tell me any pretty rides about here?" she said desperately; "I've nothing to do but ride—and I am so tired of all these horrid bleak roads. I should like a pretty ride, just for once."

He stopped for a minute and thought.

"There is a little old village about ten miles from the crossroads," he said, "which might be called interesting and, with a stretch of imagination, even pretty. Some big man, who was a friend of Hampden's, was buried there, I believe, and there is an old church with a square tower."

"Which is the best way to get to it?" she asked; "and what is the name of it?"

"It is called Merfleet, but I hardly know how to explain the way. Perhaps I could show you on the map."

He went across the room, took his

tourists' map from a shelf of books in the corner, and gave it to her.

She spread it open on her knee, foreseeing that he would be obliged to kneel beside her to explain. Then the young man saw that she intended to condescend to friendliness, and he told himself that there was no reason for him to remember that he was a young man in a shop and that the situation was certainly a pleasant one for him. In vain he pointed out the right way, over and over again—she only shook her head sadly.

"It's no use," she sighed. "I am afraid you will think me terribly stupid, but I never could understand either maps or railway guides. I am afraid I shall have to give it up."

Then the bicycle mender looked up. Margaret smiled. "I don't care if I am forward," she said to herself. "Somebody must improve our acquaintance—and he certainly won't."

But at her smile he grew suddenly bolder.

"Do you always ride alone?" he asked.

Margaret sighed. "I have no one else to ride with." She hated herself for saying it, and waited for his response, knowing that if it was what she feared she had only herself to blame, and yet half hoping that her fears would be justified.

There was only one thing for him to say, and he said it, almost certain of a rebuff, yet feeling that if she gave it, she had certainly not played fair.

"I wish you would let me show you the way," he said, and Margaret gasped. She turned over the leaves of Omar's Khayyam nervously, and for a minute she did not answer. The book opened at the flyleaf, and half unconsciously she read the name of the owner, Miles Leighton, E. Coll. Magd. Ah, she had known all the time that he was a gentleman. Why, her brother Dick was at Magdalen; most likely he had known him—it was as good as an introduction. She would go. What did it matter about the bicycle business? No doubt he had the very best reasons for keeping a shop. The young man was watching her anxiously—waiting for the indignant refusal which must come.

"It is very kind of you," she said sweetly. "I shall like to very much. It will be a pleasant change to have a companion."

The bicycle man's face was burning by this time, and when she spoke he could hardly believe his hot ears. Then, somehow, the face of the situation changed. They forgot the bicycles, and everything else they did not wish to remember, and talked of the many things they had in common—he as an Oxford man, she as a Girton girl.

He knew her brother quite well, he said, and after they had arranged the details of their ride to Merfleet Margaret went home, her mind in a whirl.

"I ought to be much more ashamed of myself than I am," she said wondrously. "I must really be a much less proper person than I thought. At any rate, whatever else I may be, I shan't be bored any more."

The ride to Merfleet seemed very short. On the return journey the bicycles, as if of their own accord, went more and more slowly. Yet the way seemed shorter than before.

The bicycle man had remembered another pretty village. Why should they not ride over to see it some day—say, to-morrow? Why not, indeed.

They did. A deeply incompetent young man was left in charge of the shop, whose owner thus lost many customers and some sixpences. But, as he said, one can earn money all the year around—and if one can't earn it, one can always do without it. But there are some things one cannot possibly do without.

When you have ridden for two whole afternoons with a young man, why should you not ride for a third? And a fourth and a fifth?

During the rest of Margaret's stay the two rode together every day. And now the last day had come, and they were resting by the roadside, looking out through the gap in the hedge at the hideous country.

"It doesn't seem so hideous now," she said. "I suppose one has got used to it."

He was silent. Margaret felt, in a sudden flash of illumination, that he was silent because for him, as for her, the world had changed so much in these two weeks.

And now she was going away. And this, the pleasantest companionship her life had ever known, was to end here. He sat beside her, silent, pulling dusty leaves from the hedge and twisting them in his hands. Margaret knew that he would not speak. How could he? A man who—Magdalen notwithstanding—kept a bicycle shop.

And if she lost him now, he might see someone else—she might lose him forever.

"I'm going away to-morrow," she said abruptly, and her voice was hard and cold. "We've had some nice rides, haven't we? But it's all over—and, anyway, I think the weather's going. Those clouds look like rain."

"Going away?" he said—still not looking at her. He realized now, as he

had not done before, what these two weeks had been to him, and he looked at a blank future. What would be left when Margaret went away?

"Yes," she went on, "I go to-morrow; and my aunt says I've neglected her so dreadfully that she'll never ask me to stay again. We've had some nice times—I am sorry this is the last."

Still he did not answer. Oh, how stupid he was! If only she had been in his place; how well she would have known what to say! She let her hand fall on the grassy bank beside her. He looked at the hand, but he did not touch it.

"It's getting late," he said, awkwardly. "We ought to be going home."

She did not move, however. He drew a deep breath. Her heart was beating heavily and her hands trembled. She felt that she held in them her life's happiness.

"Ride on," she said, "it's not far now. I'll come on alone. I shall have to get used to being alone now. So will you."

She looked up at him.

"Don't," he said, "it's not fair. What shall I do when you are gone?"

"You'll work at your business."

"Hang my business," he said. And then he looked at her, and the last cobweb of doubt floated away from Margaret. He did love her—it was only the horrid business that stood in the way. She would risk everything. She did.

"You think I'm a person of independent means," she said, looking down and speaking very fast. "But I'm not. There wasn't any nice, easy profession open to me when I came down from college—so I took to trade like you. I'm a dressmaker."

"Why do you tell me this?"

"Because it's true, of course," she said impatiently. "Oh, don't be so stupid."

And then she did what she had better have done at the beginning of the conversation. She began to cry in real earnest, with her face hidden in her hands. And then even Miles Leighton was at last enlightened.

"You don't mean to say that you care?" he said, catching at her hands and trying to see her face.

"I don't mean to say anything," she said, "and neither, it appears, do you!"

—Manchester Chronicle.

CLIMBERS NEED NEW FIELDS.

Peaks of Alps Are Now Nearly All Accessible by Rail.

It is probable that in the course of a few years ambitious mountain climbers will be compelled to transfer the scene of their efforts to the mountains of North and South America, for the peaks of the Alps are nearly all accessible by rail at the present time and the engineers have designs on those which are yet untouched by ties and tracks.

Of course, the presence of the railroad does not interfere with those who desire to climb to the top of a mountain, but the experience is robbed of its charm when one is compelled to cross and recross railroad tracks constantly and the trip is robbed of the element of danger, excitement and thrill by the knowledge that the amateur climber may stop and wait for a car when he has tired of the climb.

The latest engineering scheme of this kind is that which is proposed to the top of the Matterhorn. It was thought because of its precipitous slopes and jagged structure that this peak would be free from rails for all time, but two engineers have made application to build a line to its top. The view from the top of this mountain is so grand that there is a constant stream of visitors during the season notwithstanding the difficulties and the cost of the climb.

The only opposition which has developed to the scheme is from the Alpinists who reap quite a harvest acting as ambitious mountain climbers' guides for tourists, but this is hardly of sufficient importance to prevail in the face of the pressure which is being brought to bear by the projectors.

The line will extend from Zermatt to the top of the Matterhorn and the company will erect all the necessary buildings for the accommodation of guests at the summit. It will be operated electrically and will cost \$2,000,000. Four years' time will be required in its construction. The trip now requires at least twenty-four hours and costs about \$40 for guides and other expenses. With the new railroad in operation the time of the trip will be reduced to two hours and will cost \$10.

A Guess at Long Range.

"Why did Diogenes carry a tub around with him?" asked the studious youth.

"I don't know," answered the young man who was trimming the fringe off his cuffs. "Maybe the laundries were as destructive then as now, and he was tired of taking chances."—Washington Star.

Some people have a way of saying "You're welcome," that makes one wish he had not started anything by saying, "Thank you."

CATARRH BLOOD DISEASE AND SYSTEM DISORDERED

Catarrh is not merely an inflammation of the tissues of the head and throat, as the symptoms of ringing noises in the ears, mucous dropping back into the throat, continual hawking and spitting, etc., would seem to indicate; it is a blood disease in which the entire circulation and the greater part of the system are involved. Catarrh is due to the presence of an excess of uric acid in the blood. The Liver, Kidneys and Bowels frequently become torpid and dull in their action and instead of carrying off the refuse and waste of the body, leave it to sour and form uric acid in the system. This is taken up by the blood and through its circulation distributed to all parts of the system. These impurities in the blood irritate and inflame the different membranes and tissues of the body, and the contracting of a cold will start the secretions and other disgusting and disagreeable symptoms of Catarrh. As the blood goes to all parts of the body the catarrhal poison affects all parts of the system. The head has a tight, full feeling, nose continually stopped up, pains above the eyes, slight fever comes and goes, the stomach is upset and the entire system disordered and affected by this disease. It is a waste of time to try to cure Catarrh with sprays, washes, inhalations, etc. Such treatment does not reach the blood, and can, therefore, do nothing more than temporarily relieve the discomfort of the trouble. To cure Catarrh permanently the blood must be thoroughly purified and the system cleansed of all poisons, and at the same time strengthened and built up. Nothing equals S. S. S. for this purpose. It attacks the disease at its head, goes down to the very bottom of the trouble and makes a complete and lasting cure. S. S. S. removes every particle of the catarrhal poison from the blood, making this vital stream pure, fresh and healthy. Then the inflamed membranes begin to heal, the head is loosened and cleared, the hawking and spitting cease, and the constitution is built up and vigorous health restored. S. S. S. also tones up the stomach and digestion and acts as a fine tonic to the entire system. If you are suffering with Catarrh begin the use of S. S. S. and write us a statement of your case and our physicians will send you literature about Catarrh, and give you special medical advice without charge. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

I had Catarrh for about fifteen years, and no man could have been worse. I tried everything I could hear of, but no good resulted. I then began S. S. S., and could see a little improvement from the first bottle, and after taking it a short while was cured. This was six years ago, and I am as well today as any man. I think Catarrh is a blood disease, and know there is nothing on earth better for the blood than S. S. S. Nobody thinks more of S. S. S. than I do.

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Send for booklet describing our guaranteed investment at Jamieson Park, a suburb of Spokane.

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