

A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong, and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!

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PILLS.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

Returning Proofs of Love.

"I received a lot of rejected manuscripts to-day," said Titmarsh.
"Did you?" replied his friend. "I had no idea you had ambitions to shine as an author."

"Not exactly that," said Titmarsh. "You see, my girl and I quarreled, and she returned all my letters."—Tit-Bits.

Liberty Gone.

Mrs. Asker—The leading man in the show we saw last week got married. After that he left the show and now he advertises in the dramatic paper that he is "at liberty."

Mr. Asker—Hm! I can't see how he can be "at liberty" if he is married.

Helpless.

He—If I kissed you would you scream for help?

She—What would be the use? Mama is out and papa is stone deaf.—Baltimore American.

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Pigs old enough to wean to bred sows of up-to-date breeding. Pedigree furnished with every pig sold. Write me your wants.

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GIRLS AND BOYS AT THE SMART "FOOL" AGE.



JULIET V. STRAUSS.

The young animal of either sex, when arrived at the "smart" age, is indeed a trial to beholders in general and to parents in particular.

Patiently, and in a chastened mood, we must live through the pert speeches, the heavy tragedies, the sickening affectation, the mouthing, the baby talk, the mincing walk, the wagging head, that belongs to the fool age. By turns we take courage, remembering our own idiocy and how we came through it, and again we never were quite so bad, and that our child is not merely at the silly age, but that the fool goes all the way through and there is absolutely no remedy. In moments of desperation we wonder if a cudgel or a perforated shingle would do any good, and then parental affection gushes forth and we are appalled at the thought of so disgraceful a thing as corporal chastisement for a child supposed to be "grown."

No, there is no help for it. We must let nature take its course, thanking our lucky stars if the happy young fool comes off without ruining his prospects in life.

In gazing upon the youthful subjects of this sketch, I wonder which is more painful to the beholder who has come to years of discretion, to see them walk or to hear them talk. In walking there seems to be a sort of spiral wiggle in the gait that produces, at once, a strut and a wobble of the head deemed particularly pleasing. In talking there is a disposition not to speak plainly, to bite off the words about half articulated and to assume a peculiar quirk of the eyes or twist of the mouth, which, it is to be hoped, is thoroughly enjoyable to the speaker as it is so utterly exasperating to the hearer as almost to provoke to assault and battery.

I once knew a rather belligerent old lady, who, in a luckless moment, fell afoul of one of these young women who was living through the fool period. After listening to her queer jargon a while, the old lady inquired: "Is there anything the matter with your talking apparatus, or is this here mumbly meant for style?"

After all is said and done, however, we old folks must return to the only remedy for our rasped nerves—patience. We must bear with our dear ones and love them through it all and stand ready to confront them when the gayly-tinted balloon of fatuous fancy and self-esteem bursts and they come down with a dull thud to life and its actualities.—Juliet V. Strauss, in the Chicago Journal.

HER LIFE'S SUNSET.

How the Angel of the Red Cross Is Spending Her Declining Years.

Thirty years ago and even later, the name and the fame of Clara Barton were spread through two continents. She ranks to-day with the greatest heroines the world has ever known, and history a half century from now will glow with accounts of her noble work. Yet she lives just out of Washington in a retirement that is almost isolation, surrounded by only a few faithful friends, who have spent their lives in her service, and nearly forgotten by the heedless generation that follows her. Now and then some old and stanch friend of Miss Barton makes the long trip out from town to the big



MISS CLARA BARTON.

yellow house at Glen Echo, occasional sightseers and curious strangers invade her solitude, and from time to time she makes a short trip into the city herself; but for the most part she spends long, sunny days in the silent house overlooking the Potomac.

This house, a roomy one built for a hospital for sufferers in the Johnstown flood and afterward given to Miss Barton and moved by her to Glen Echo, is a rather dreary place in winter, although it is delightfully cool in summer. A trip down the wide hallway running through the center of this house, on a bleak winter's day, is enough to chill the marrow in one's bones, but the long walk ends in a warm, sleepy sitting room which is inviting in its comfort. Old-fashioned cushioned rocking chairs, a lounge with bright-colored Afghans upon it, and a great waterfall of Wandering Jew in the window all breathe of the quaint home-likeness of a quarter century ago. Miss Barton fits into it like a picture into its frame, and a chat with her there is the sort of experience that finds one coming away smiling a little.

The winter months, when the Virginia hills opposite her study windows are forlornly bare, Miss Barton spends writing and reading. In spite of her 80-odd years, she is still mentally keen and interested in all the events of the day, and she keeps up with current affairs to an amazing degree. Now and

then articles from her pen are sought by various publications, and it is hinted, too, that she is busily preparing a volume of recollections, which shall perhaps be somewhat in the nature of an autobiography. Miss Barton has for three years been urged to write such a book, and since her connection with all public affairs was severed, some two or three years ago, she has been giving more and more time and attention to her personal writings.

Her habits while thus at work are curiously erratic. She is up early in the morning, and often by daybreak the scratch of her pen may be heard in her study. During the day she often takes little naps, resuming her writing with fresh vim, and frequently she will lie down from 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening until 10 or 11, rising then to go vigorously to work and write busily until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. One of her most faithful companions states that frequently, when she has had some difficult piece of writing to be done, she would go to the kitchen and work energetically with her hands, at canning or ironing or some domestic task—all the while revolving her subject and its arrangement in her thoughts. Then suddenly she would go to her room, take up her pen and write her article with scarcely the change of a word. She insisted that her thoughts came much more clearly and smoothly when her hands were occupied.

During the summer months Miss Barton generally goes to her old home, the little town of Oxford, Mass., where she was born and where her remaining relatives still live. She is dearly loved and revered there, and is usually the patron saint of the young men and maids of the graduating classes. She has an unflagging interest in young people, and enters into their ambitions and troubles with real sympathy. Another of her great pleasures is the annual reunion of the G. A. R., where she is always a beloved and honored figure. The old "boys" have never forgotten the heroism and courage with which she went among them, helping to save their lives, and here at least there goes out to her a gratitude which never forgets nor takes for granted the great work she has accomplished.

Don't Fit the Case.

"You shouldn't have hit that man who called you a liar."

"Shouldn't, hey?"

"No, you should have demanded the proof, and if he could not produce it he would have been branded as a falsifier."

"That's all right ethically, but I knew he had the proof."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Extremely.

"The subject of the club discussion to-day was an extremely difficult one to bring up."

"What was it?"

"Children."—Baltimore American.

"Misquotations."

When Louis XVI. laid his head beneath the guillotine, his confessor, Abbe Edgeworth, dismissed him from the world, so history tells, with "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!" yet in reality he said nothing of the sort.

The brave defiance, "The guard dies, but never surrenders," attributed to Cambronne when, at Waterloo, the imperial guard were ordered to throw down their arms, has been shown to have been the fanciful creation of some historian's mind; and the saying, "Providence favors the stronger side," or, as it has been corrupted, "God is on the side with the heaviest artillery," which has been attributed to Napoleon, really originated with writers of antiquity. Cicero alludes to it as an "old proverb."

It would take volumes to contain all the blunders, small, large and indifferent, that historians have made, and the lamentable part of it is that the old blunders are constantly being made over again.

Carrying It Along.

An elderly and most respectable-looking man was recently brought before a magistrate, says the London Telegraph, charged with unbecoming and hilarious conduct.

When he was asked what he had to say for himself, he mumbled something about "doing as the Romans do."

"Very good," returned the magistrate. "Continue to do as the Romans do. Pay seven shillings sixpence!"

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Too Much.

"That man Reiferdoirt is the most conceited, insufferable, vain, arrogant, insolent, purse-proud individual that trammels the earth," said the man with the automobile goggles.

"Why, I heard that he towed your runabout in for you yesterday," said the man with the gasoline on his coat.

"Towed it in! Darn it! he happened along in his big touring car when my little machine broke down and I'll be hanged if he didn't rig up a derrick of some sort and swing my runabout into his tonneau and haul it in!"—Judge.

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

Strong.

"Yes," said the guard, "I was able to detect the enemy long before they arrived on the spot."

"Ah, you could scent danger at a distance?" said the interviewer.

"Easily. They came in gasoline automobiles."

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Got What He Wanted.

Pat—O! wint on a strok fer shorter hours last week.

Mike—An' did yez get 'em?

Pat—Faith, an' Oid di thot. It's me-all as ain't workin' at all now.

A brochure is a small book, stitched, not bound, so named from the French "brocher," to stitch.

SKIN DISEASES HUMORS IN THE BLOOD

When the blood is pure, fresh and healthy, the skin will be soft, smooth and free from blemishes, but when some acid humor takes root in the circulation its presence is manifested by a skin eruption or disease. These humors get into the blood, generally because of an inactive or sluggish condition of the members of the body whose duty it is to collect and carry off the waste and refuse matter of the system. This unhealthy matter is left to sour and ferment and soon the circulation becomes charged with the acid poison. The blood begins to throw off the humors and acids through the pores and glands of the skin, producing Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and skin eruptions of various kinds. Eczema appears, usually with a slight redness of the skin followed by pustules from which there flows a sticky fluid that dries and forms a crust, and the itching is intense. It is generally on the back, breast, face, arms and legs, though other parts of the body may be affected. In Tetter the skin dries, cracks and bleeds; the acid in the blood dries up the natural oils of the skin, which are intended to keep it soft and pliant, causing a dry, feverish condition and giving it a hard, leathery appearance. Acne makes its appearance on the face in the form of pimples and black heads, while Psoriasis comes in scaly patches on different parts of the body. One of the worst forms of skin trouble is Salt Rheum; its favorite point of attack is the scalp, sometimes causing baldness. Poison Oak and Ivy are also disagreeable types of skin disease. The humor producing the trouble lies dormant in the blood through the Winter to break out and torment the sufferer with the return of Spring. The best treatment for all skin diseases is S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and removes the humors so that the skin instead of being irritated and diseased, is nourished by a supply of fresh, healthy blood. External applications of salves, washes, lotions, etc., while they soothe the itching caused by skin affections, can never cure the trouble because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

I suffered with Eczema for forty years and could find nothing to cure me until I tried S. S. S. I suffered intensely with the itching and burning; pustules would form from which there flowed a sticky fluid; crusts would come on the skin and when scratched off the skin was left as raw as a piece of beef. I suffered agony in the long years I was afflicted, but when I used S. S. S. I found a perfect cure. There has never been any return of the trouble.
C. H. EVANS,
Stockman, Neb.

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because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

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Gollifer—Ordered your next winter's coal yet?

Gosch—Ordered it? I'm not in a position to order it. I am making overtures for it.—Chicago Tribune.

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