

Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?

Should a list of the ingredients of Pe-ru-na be submitted to any medical expert, of whatever school or nationality, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that each one of them was of undoubted value in chronic catarrhal diseases, and had stood the test of many years' experience in the treatment of such diseases. **THERE CAN BE NO DISPUTE ABOUT THIS WHAT-EVER.** Pe-ru-na is composed of the most efficacious and universally used herbal remedies for catarrh. Every ingredient of Pe-ru-na has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh.

Pe-ru-na brings to the home the COMBINED KNOWLEDGE OF SEVERAL SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE in the treatment of catarrhal diseases; brings to the home the scientific skill and knowledge of the modern pharmacist; and last but not least, brings to the home the vast and varied experience of Dr. Hartman, in the use of catarrh remedies, and in the treatment of catarrhal diseases.

The fact is, chronic catarrh is a disease which is very prevalent. Many thousand people know they have chronic catarrh. They have visited doctors over and over again, and been told that their case is one of chronic catarrh. It may be of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach or some other internal organ. There is no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The only trouble is the remedy. This doctor has tried to cure them. That doctor has tried to prescribe for them.

BUT THEY ALL FAILED TO BRING ANY RELIEF.

Dr. Hartman's idea is that a catarrh remedy can be made on a large scale, as he is making it; that it can be made honestly, of the purest drugs and of the strictest uniformity. His idea is that this remedy can be supplied directly to the people, and no more be charged for it than is necessary for the handling of it.

No other household remedy so universally advertised carries upon the label the principal active constituents showing that Pe-ru-na invites the full inspection of the critics.

Confidential.

Husband—But, my dear, if Mrs. Nextdoor told you in strict confidence you shouldn't tell me.

Wife—Oh, very well; if you don't care to hear it I can tell it to somebody else, I suppose.—Chicago News.

After the Floods.

"I hear that you bought a home in the suburbs, Harker?" interrogated the city friend.

"Yes," sighed Harker, as he took a firmer grip on the lawn mower and basket of seeds.

"And I also heard that it is right up to date. Why, they say it even has subcellars."

"No, submarine cellars. They are under water most of the time."

Modified.

"One-half the world," remarked the man with the quotation habit, "doesn't know how the other half lives."

"And it may also be stated without puncturing the truth," rejoined the wise guy, "that three-fourths of it doesn't know how it lives itself."

BAD BLOOD

THE SOURCE OF ALL DISEASE

Every part of the body is dependent on the blood for nourishment and strength. When this life stream is flowing through the system in a state of purity and richness we are assured of perfect and uninterrupted health; because pure blood is nature's safe-guard against disease. When, however, the body is fed on weak, impure or polluted blood, the system is deprived of its strength, disease germs collect, and the trouble is manifested in various ways. Pustular eruptions, pimples, rashes and the different skin affections show that the blood is in a feverish and diseased condition as a result of too much acid or the presence of some irritating humor. Sores and Ulcers are the result of morbid, unhealthy matter in the blood, and Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., are all deep-seated blood disorders that will continue to grow worse as long as the poison remains. These impurities and poisons find their way into the blood in various ways. Often a sluggish, inactive condition of the system, and torpid state of the avenues of bodily waste, leaves the refuse and waste matters to sour and form uric acid and other acids, which are taken up by the blood and distributed throughout the circulation. Coming in contact with contagious diseases is another cause for the poisoning of the blood; we also breathe the germs and microbes of Malaria into our lungs, and when these get into the blood in sufficient quantity it becomes a carrier of disease instead of health. Some are so unfortunate as to inherit bad blood, perhaps the dregs of some old constitutional disease of ancestors is handed down to them and they are constantly annoyed and troubled with it. Bad blood is the source of all disease, and until this vital fluid is cleansed and purified the body is sure to suffer in some way. For blood troubles of any character S. S. S. is the best remedy ever discovered. It goes down into the circulation and removes any and all poisons, supplies the healthful properties it needs, and completely and permanently cures blood diseases of every kind. The action of S. S. S. is so thorough that hereditary taints are removed, and weak, diseased blood made strong and healthy so that disease cannot remain. It cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Sores and Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., and does not leave the slightest trace of the trouble for future outbreaks. The whole volume of blood is renewed and cleansed after a course of S. S. S. It is also nature's greatest tonic, made entirely of roots, herbs and barks, and is absolutely harmless to any part of the system. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores. Book on the blood and any medical advice free to all who write.

S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Sad Mistake of an Actor.

An actor without fund managed in some way to get a second-class ticket on a line of steamers running between Seattle and San Francisco. The voyage between these two points consumed the better part of three days and in view of the fact that his finances were at low ebb he solved the question in this way:

The first day out he slept all day to keep from eating, and remained up all night to keep from sleeping. The second day he took physical culture exercises. On the third day he could not stand the strain any longer and went down in the dining room and ordered the best meal on board the boat.

While eating this meal he could see in his mind's eye a picture of a cell in the bastille in San Francisco. After finishing his meal he said to the waiter: "How much do I owe you?" "Nothing," replied the waiter, "your meals were included in your ticket."

Good Fellow.

"George, dear," said young Mrs. Maryat, "I got a recipe for a fruit cake to-day that will keep for a year."

"Oh," replied the husband, "you ought to keep it longer than that."

"What? Keep fruit cake longer?" "No, the recipe. Mislaid it somewhere."—Philadelphia Press.

Branded as a Deserter.

An army pension has just been granted to J. Tomlin, of Nottingham, England, who is now 81, and his medals, granted for Sevastopol, have been replaced.

It seems that he was invalided home from the Crimea and granted a month's furlough. While enjoying his rest he was stricken with typhoid fever, but being unable to read or write, did not acquaint the officers of his regiment with his misfortune or ask a friend to do so. The consequence was that when his furlough expired he was posted as a deserter, and while on his way to rejoin was arrested.

At Aldershot he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be branded with the letter "D."

No Chance at All.

"That Martel is really a terrible bore. He talked last night for hours and only stopped to cough."

"Well, I suppose you could get a word in edgeways then?"

"Rather not, for while he was coughing he made signs with his hands that he was going on afterwards."—Nos Loisirs.

Time to Move.

"They're putting out an awful lot of good songs these days," said Mr. Staylate.

"Yes?" queried Miss Patience Gonne, with a yawn.

"Yes; there's a new march song that's great. It's fine to march to—"

"Indeed! I wish I had it. I'd play it for you."—Philadelphia Press.

Her Perch.

"Did he propose to her on his knees?"

"No, but she accepted him on them."—Houston Post.

Civic Pride.

"My town," said the first traveler, "is Greater New York."

"Glad to know you," cried the other; "I'm from Chicago, too."

"I say my town is Greater New York."

"O! I thought you said greater than New York."—Catholic Standard and Times.

IS THERE INSANITY?

Absolute Sanity Declared by Expert Not to Exist.

Anglo-Saxons are so prone to take common-sense views of things that they seldom realize the full force of the familiar saying that all men have some form of madness in them, says Current Literature. The second inference is, as is pointed out by Dr. G. H. Savage, the eminent English alienist, in a recent Lancet paper, that perfect sanity would be not only undesirable in itself, but from a strictly scientific point of view impossible. For a perfectly sane person—were such a thing thinkable—would be dull and uninteresting—a mediocrity, a nonentity. The point to seize, however, as Dr. Savage impresses upon us, is that there can be no comprehensive idea or definition of insanity, because the thing does not really exist. No scientist can set up any standard of rationality departure from which would comprise or denote insanity. One can diagnose a case of typhoid because it is a continued fever characterized by a peculiar course of the temperature, by marked abdominal symptoms, by an eruption upon the skin. But there is nothing in what goes by the name of insanity to further a diagnosis as that term is understood by medical men generally. Some treatises upon insanity prove nothing at all by proving too much, for they make whole nations insane at once. Physicians connected with insanity, as Dr. Savage argues, resemble gardeners rather than botanists. "We classify for convenience rather than upon a scientific basis, because, in point of fact, no such basis or finality of mode has as yet been discovered."

Perhaps, adds Dr. Savage, there is no need to wonder at this, since many have to be treated as lunatics whose brains and nervous systems show no change whatever from the normal course of what is recognized as sanity. Unfortunately, the impulse to define and classify sometimes leads to misinterpretation of a deplorable kind. Such, for example, is the false view, as Dr. Savage deems it, that every person of unsound mind is a lunatic. That, he says, is a "pseudo-legal" absurdity. "Obviously there are many persons of unsound mind who are neither dangerous to themselves nor to others—why, therefore, regard them as aliens?" The true difficulty, insists this distinguished expert, is that the disease insanity does not exist. Yet one might almost conclude from the elaborate articles in our leading daily journals that such a thing as insanity is a definitely established scientific fact, that it is a malady as definite in its symptoms and origin as, say, cancer or tuberculosis.

ASTRONOMY FOR LANDSMEN.

How a Watch or Clock May Be Regulated by Observing a Star.

When some investigator makes the "discovery" that the points of the compass can be approximately determined by looking at the sun and using a watch to show the divisions of the plane it is apt to go the rounds of the press as something very peculiar. If this discoverer were sufficiently conversant with the principles of navigation to note for the public benefit that the running of a watch or clock may be regulated by observing a star he might confer some practical benefit. This is a very simple thing to do and might be of great use in a country place where accurate time is not always obtainable, but all that is necessary is a fixed location on the earth's surface and any old thing in the way of a timepiece.

Choose a south window from which any other fixed point comparatively near and high, such as a chimney, side of a building, etc., may be seen. To the side of a window fasten a piece of card having a small hole in it, so that by looking through the hole with one eye toward the edge of the elevated object some fixed star may be seen. Watch the progress of the star, and the instant it vanishes behind the fixed point the observer must note the exact time the star disappears. Watch the same star the following night, and it will vanish behind the same object just three minutes and fifty-six seconds sooner. If the timepiece marks 9 o'clock when the star disappears one night it should indicate three minutes and fifty-six seconds less than 9 the following night. If several cloudy nights occur together, follow the first observation and deduct the product from clock time to find the time the star will pass.—Marine Journal.

The Climax.

Wireless telegraphy and horseless carriage fine. Are a novel pair of wonders that perplex us.

But there's a new invention stranger yet and more benign—

We're referring to the gunless State of Texas.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Small Vices.

"Have you noticed that his automobile emits a rapid succession of explosive 'choos'?"

"Yes, and it smokes as well as 'choos'."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cutting—I suppose it did make you feel mean.

Dubbs—Well, I should say! Why, I felt like a plugged nickel.

Cutting—Ah! but what a blessing it is that we never feel quite as bad as we look.—Philadelphia Press.

Too Informal.

Johnny—The doctor says Uncle Humphrey has Bright's disease.

His Mamma—The doctor may call it that if he pleases, my dear, but you could say Mr. Bright's disease.

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

Not a Circumstance.

"Didn't the thunder storm disturb you last night?"

"Thunder storm? I didn't know there was one."

"You didn't? Where on earth do you sleep?"

"Nowhere on earth. I sleep within three feet of an elevated railway track."

Reason for Suppression.

"The Mikado" was suppressed in London out of deference to the feelings of the Japanese; wasn't that silly?"

"Oh, I don't know; perhaps a bunch of amateurs were playing it."—Houston Post.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, M.D., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A Bond of Sympathy.

While the new maid tidied the room the busy woman kept on writing.

"Do you make that all out of your own head?" asked Jane.

"Yes," said the busy woman.

"My," said Jane admiringly, "you must have brains!"

"Brains!" sighed the woman despondently. "Oh, Jane, I haven't an ounce of brains."

For a moment Jane regarded her with sincere commiseration.

"Oh, well," she said presently, "don't mind what I say. I ain't very smart myself."—New York Press.

Just a Complaint.

"Your complaint, madam," said old Dr. Gruffly, "is very serious—"

"There now!" triumphantly cried the fussy woman, "I knew it—"

"Yes, madam, your complaint is chronic and there isn't the slightest ailment to excuse it."—Philadelphia Press.

Tired of Fiction.

Married Man—I want to get a book for my wife.

Clerk—Something in the way of fiction?

"No; I've given her lots of that, but she doesn't seem to care for it!"—Yonkers Statesman.

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Two Kinds.

"Political success," remarked one statesman, "depends a great deal on your platform."

"Yes," answered the other; "the party platform of artistic success and the lecture platform for financial success."

—Washington Star.

Relieved.

Physician—Your boy will pull through all right. He has a wonderful constitution.

Mr. Tyte-Phist—I am glad to hear it, doctor. In making out your bill, of course, you will not make me pay for what his constitution has done in pulling him through.

Invention Worth Money.

"Have you invented anything recently?"

"Yes," answered the sensational scientist. "I have invented a new way to get to the north pole."

"Is it good for anything?"

"Certainly. It is good for ten pages in a magazine."—Washington Star.

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.

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