Interesting People.

The interesting people do not pose. They do not rave. They do not strut and swagger. They walk normally and talk unexcitedly. They do not become soulful in a few seconds after you meet them. They do not talk shop or parade the distinguishing labels and earmarks of their craft. They are more likely to dodge behind pillars than to jump in front of cameras, nor do they contend with the other player-folk on the world's stage for the star or the leading lady's share in the limelight.

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in cases of Poor Appetite, Headache, Heartburn, Sour Risings, Bloating, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Biliousness and Malaria, Fever and Ague, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For over 57 years it has been assisting sickly and run down people back to health, and its friends are therefore legion. You really ought to try this wonderful remedy at once and be satisfed that it is the only one you need to keep you healthy.

Sand Grains Travel Far.

The travels of grains of sand have long been a matter of scientific record. Years ago it was established that particles picked up on the coast of Pas de Calais had their origin in the rocks of Brittany, from 120 to 180 miles distant. Another standard fact is the discovery on the coast of Denmark of chalk dust which undoubtedly came from the cliffs of Normandy.

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

"Mabel, I don't propose——"

"Well, George, I've noticed that, but daddy says you'd better propose before long or there will be doin's."

"When you interrupted me, Mabel, I was about to say that I do not propose to wait any longer to learn whether you do or do not return my love."

"Oh, George! This is so sudden!"—Houston Post.

If you ran a shoe store, would you like it if your clerks bought shoes of an opposition dealer?

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Her Stuttering Suitor

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

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Up to the age of 15 Roy Chester could talk as fast and as well as any youth in the land. Then the shadow fell. He found himself in love with a schoolgirl and began to stutter. The medical journals say that such cases are rare, but are to be met with occasionally.

Young Chester not only stuttered to the girl, but to his teacher, his parents and brothers and sisters and others. It was looked upon as a novelty at first; then it became serious. he could not say "dog" without hanging on to the "d." A doctor was called in. He examined throat, tongue, larynx and palate, and said it was a case where the nerves of bashfulness had overcome the nerves of cheek, or something to that effect, and he doubted if it ever could be cured. The only thing that would work a cure would be some great peril coming on the victim suddenly—so suddenly as to stun him for a moment. This would give a sort of back-action twist to certain nerves and muscles, and the stutter would take its departure.

The youth suffered as the years went on and he grew to manhood. That stutter kept him out of society. It kept him from making new acquaintances. It made a recluse of him. Many of his friends predicted that he would commit suicide before he reached man's estate, but this did not occur. The victim lived in hope. In fact, he went about looking for the great peril and sudden shock that was to effect a cure. Whether it would come in the shape of a policeman bearing down on him with his club, a reckless auto or a street car collision no one could say.

Roy Chester was 22 years old when he was induced to become a pupil in a stuttering school in a New England town. In that same town there was a young ladies' school, and in that school was Miss Minnie Schoolcraft, only daughter of the retired Colonel Schoolcraft of Beach Haven. Fate sent her to the postoffice one day when Mr. Chester

"S-s-s-speak, S-s-s-sir!" Commanded the Colonel.

was there. Fate caused her to ask him if the noon mail had gone out. Off came his hat, the blood rushing to his cheeks, and he stuttered out that he d-d-d-d-d-id—n't k-k-know.

It was the first time Miss Minnie had ever heard a man stutter. There was something captivating about it to her. It was original. It was unique. It was a hundred times better than a mere "don't know." She returned thanks and smiled.

When there are a great many good-looking girls going to a postoffice more or less frequently, there will be a good reason why more or less young men will drop into the same place. Thus it was in the New England town. Somehow they get introduced and become acquainted, and the world seems brighter all around.

In time Miss Schoolcraft and Mr. Chester became acquainted. He was bashfulness itself, and he had little to say. The school wasn't doing for him what he hoped. Even when he fell in love he realized that it was a hopeless case. It was not until after he had been assured over and over again that he had a delightful vernacular that he took courage. If that peril would only come and give him the longed-for sudden shock! He hoped for it when he lay down at night, and he hoped for it when he got up in the morning.

And then vacation came and he and Miss Minnie were separated. He could write without stuttering, and he did write. It was one of his letters that the girl's mother found and carried to her father. The colonel read every last word of it, and then called his daughter up to ask:

"Who is this fellow who writes love to you?"

"Papa, he's just the nicest young man you ever heard of," was the reply. "We are engaged."

"Never! You can't be! My consent has not been asked."

"But it will be some day. Roy wants to wait until his stuttering is better."

"Stutter! Do you mean to tell me he stutters?" thundered the colonel.

"Yes, papa, and it's just the nicest stutter you ever heard. I only wish you could hear him say: 'L-l-look at t-t-the s-s-s-s set—set—ting s-s-sun, l-l-l-love.' You would be positively charmed."

"Holy smoke! He stutters! He wants to be my son-in-law, and he stutters! Drop it! Drop it or I'll lock you up!"

"But, papa, the doctors told him long ago that if he met with a sudden—"

"I say drop it! I want my son-in-law to enter the army. How can a stutterer give the word of command? You write to him that you are done with this flirtation."

The command was flat, and must be obeyed. That is, some daughters would have obeyed it. Miss Minnie kept on writing whenever she had a chance, and never even hinted that her father was a terrible man. Mr. Chester was informed by letter just what hotel in the Katskills the family was going to for six weeks, and he was invited to make his appearance, and love did what money couldn't have hired him to do. He journeyed down there. Miss Minnie was on the watch for him, while the doughty colonel wasn't. The latter was passing his days and evenings on the veranda telling war stories to interested listeners. Miss Minnie was truthful and ingenious. As she and young Mr. Chester sat on a bench in the twilight she asked:

"Roy, do you love me?"

He nodded his head and tightened his hold on her arm.

"You will have to ask pap if we can be married. Papa's an awful man. Have you the courage?"

She felt him shudder.

"Oh, but you must have. After breakfast in the morning you must meet him as he walks out."

"But I stut-tut-ter."

"I don't care for that. That was why I first fell in love with you. Just talk right up to papa. You must, or we can never be married. Come on and I will show him to you."

After breakfast next morning Colonel Schoolcraft walked out. So did Roy Chester. Love was doing what wild horses could not have accomplished. The colonel had proceeded as far as the spot called The Bowlders when he heard a step behind him and turned to see the young man. Roy was pale faced and his chin was shaking. Something warned the colonel that he stood face to face with the stutterer who wanted to be his son-in-law. He had given his orders and supposed the case had been dropped, but here was the young man.

"It's you, is it?" shouted the man of war as he raised his cane and put on a terrible look.

Roy made no reply. His hour of peril had come at last. The sudden shock was here. He knew that a queer feeling was creeping over him.

"S-s-s-speak s-s-s-sir!" commanded the colonel. "Are you not t-t-t-that stu—ut—terer?"

"No, sir!" calmly replied Roy.

The doctors had been right.

"B-b-but w-w-who are y-y-you, then?"

"Mr. Chester! Colonel, please don't get excited. I wish to have a few minutes' conversation with you."

"B-b-but w-w-what ails me?"

"You are somewhat excited, sir, and you stutter."

"B-b-but I—I—never s-s-stut—ut—ered before. W-w-what has h-h-happened to m-m-me?"

In 24 hours, by lying in bed and keeping very quiet and only speaking when positively necessary, the colonel recovered. Then young Mr. Chester was sent for. The talk lasted two hours, and at the end of it Miss Minnie was heard to exclaim:

"Oh, Roy, you had such a beautiful stutter, and now it's gone, but I think I can love you just the same. At least, I'll try my best!"

Stitch in Time.

Dorothy was visiting her grandparents in the country for the first time. Seeing a quantity of feathers scattered about the henyard she shook her head in disapproval.

"Grandpa," she said gravely, "you really ought to do something to keep your chickens from wearing out so."—The Delineator.

Its Nature.

"This beauty parlor business ought to be a big bluff."

"Why so?"

"Because it is a skin game that contrives to put a good face on the matter."

SOME GOOD SALADS

POSSIBLY HERE ARE A FEW YOU MAY NOT KNOW.

Calves' Brains, Properly Prepared, Make a Delicious Sunday Night Dish—Celery Roots Another Very Appetizing Salad.

Calves' brains, plainly boiled in salt and water, chilled on the ice, cut in small dice and served on a bed of tender lettuce with mayonnaise make a delicious dish for Sunday night.

When there is no olive oil in the house a hot salad may be made of lettuce and bacon. Fry the bacon—which must be cut in cubes—a delicate brown, then throw it and the greese all over the lettuce, adding salt and pepper as needed. Use hot vinegar.

Canned Pimentos—Spanish peppers—make a salad as good to eat as it is beautiful to look at. Open the can, let it stand fifteen minutes for odors to escape, and then turn contents into a collander, running the cold water over the rosy vegetables. Give them a good wash, then drain carefully, and chill them thoroughly on the ice. Serve on lettuce dressed with mayonnaise or French dressing. If the family is small a whole can of the pimentos will not be needed, but what is left over from the salad will keep in the ice box. The washing is necessary to get off the slime of the canning juices.

Celery roots make a very satisfactory salad for those who want to feel that they are really eating something. They must be peeled and boiled till tender, thoroughly chilled and dressed with French dressing—olive oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. Of course the lettuce bed makes a pretty finish and adds a note of taste to the salad.

When the larder runs very dry, if there are only some stale white bread in the house and a bit of garlic or onion, still another salad is possible. Toast the bread until it is hard all through, cut it up in small squares and rub one with a cut of onion or clove of garlic. Dress with French dressing an hour before eating so the oil can soak in and if there are two pieces of pimento left from the can already mentioned add them to the dish. This may seem a little messy to look at, but it will taste all right.

A sweet orange salad which turns out a very ornamental dish is made by cutting the fruit in round, thin slices and using rum and sugar for the dressing. A banana salad, which should be cut in lengthwise slices and put on lettuce, would be dressed with sugar and lemon juice. Capers add a very excellent note to potato salad, and give it a pretty look, while any species of lettuce may have the usual taste immensely varied with a raw egg dressing. Beat the egg, white and yolk together, till it runs freely; add three teaspoonfuls of sugar, salt and pepper to taste, and a tablespoonful or more of cider vinegar. Then let the dish stand until the edges of the lettuce begin to wilt. A French gourmand always "fades" his salad in this way before eating it.

Sweet Rice Croquettes.

Cook one cup rice in two cups milk in double boiler until liquid is absorbed and rice is tender. Add one-fourth cup sugar and one-half teaspoon salt. Cool, add two egg yolks, shape in form of nest, dip in crumbs, again in egg and crumbs, and fry in deep fat, hollow downward. Drain on brown paper and fill nests with cubes of jelly.

Raisin Fudge.

Three cups brown sugar, three-fourths cup milk, one-fourth cocoa; stir constantly till it will form a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Add a tiny bit of butter, one-half teaspoon vanilla and one-third cup of raisins, seeded and torn in two.

Crabapple Jam.

Six quarts of crabapples, one pint of wild cherries. Cut bad places and stems out, then cut the apples into quarters and then put the cherries in, and cover with water. Cook until soft. Strain through a sieve, take two-thirds sugar to pulp and cook until thick.

Philosophy.

This life is a constant fight, and philosophy is the only plaster that can be put upon the wounds one receives on every side.—Voltaire.

To Clean Knives.

Knife cleaning may be made easier by dipping a piece of raw potato in the scouring material, rubbing with that instead of a cloth. The juice of the potato is not only a good cleaner in itself, but it keeps the scouring paste moist.

Pound Cake.

One cup butter, one and one-half cups flour, creamed together. Add one cup sugar and four eggs well beaten, one-half teaspoon baking powder. Bake in moderate oven.

Knees Became Stiff

Five Years of Severe Rheumatism

The cure of Henry J. Goldstein, '14 Barton Street, Boston, Mass., is another victory by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine has succeeded in many cases where others have utterly failed. Mr. Goldstein says: "I suffered from rheumatism five years, it kept me from business and caused excruciating pain. My knees would become as stiff as steel. I tried many medicines without relief, then took Hood's Sarsaparilla, soon felt much better, and now consider myself entirely cured. I recommend Hood's."

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolated tablets called **Sarsatabs.**

Better Look Outside.

If you want to make the best of your life, don't spend much time in looking within and wondering if your feelings are all right. Look outside instead, and see what you are doing for others, what you are saying about other people, how you are behaving to those around you. If you are behaving kindly and truly to your neighbor you will not go far wrong.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Doing Well.

"How's your boy getting along in the big city?" asked a neighbor. "Fine," replied the farmer. "He gets his name in the papers almost every day now. He's one of them joy riders you read so much about."

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has been used for congested and inflamed eyes, removes film or scum over the eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Equality of the Sexes.

Traveling in the country, I observe with indignation that the scarecrow in every field is represented as a man! The flapping of a woman's skirt, the waving of her feathers, would assuredly be as effective for the purpose as is the dangling of a coat? We will eventually displace man in every field.—London Truth.

Honor Trees and Plants.

The Siamese always offer libations to trees before cutting them down. The natives of Sumatra pay special honor to certain trees supposed to embody the wood spirits, while the inhabitants of the Society Islands pay similar respect to some plants.

HOOD RIVER ORCHARD LAND for sale by owner; choice ten acres 9½ miles from city, elevation about 1,600 feet, almost level, red shot soil, two acres six-year-old trees; balance raw state. Price $1,700, easy terms. To reliable party will give work clearing and caring for adjoining ten acres, amount to apply on purchase price. Address P. O. Box 131, Portland, or phone A 5374.

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The Real Injury.

"You know the fate of the pitcher that goes to the well too often." "Going to the well never hurt a pitcher yet. It's going to the corner saloon that sends him back to the bush leagues."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Our New Hair Vigor

Ayer's Hair Vigor was good, the best that was made. But Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is better. It is the one great specific for falling hair. A new preparation in every way. New bottle. New contents. Ask your druggist to show it to you, "the new kind."

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

As we now make our new Hair Vigor it does not have the slightest effect upon the color of the hair. You may use it freely and for any length of time without fear of changing the color. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff.

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