

100 Doses For One Dollar

Economy in medicine must be measured by two things—cost and effect. It cannot be measured by either alone. It is greatest in that medicine that does the most for the money—that radically and permanently cures at the least expense. That medicine is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It purifies and enriches the blood, cures pimples, eczema and all eruptions, tired, languid feelings, loss of appetite and general debility.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it reliable and giving perfect satisfaction. It takes away that tired feeling, gives energy and puts the blood in good condition."—Miss E. W. Colver, 1333 10th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keep the promise.

Quieting Suspicion.

"My dear," said the Suspicious Wife, "this sealink jacket you gave me for Christmas has the odor of grasshopper."

"Very likely," answered the Grassy Husband. "But you know Santa Claus is using an automobile now."

Nevertheless, she had her doubts about it, fearing he had purchased the garment second-hand of a cleaner.—Baltimore American.

Sure Sign.

Jester—Dobster has in him the making of a great artist.

Jimson—What makes you think so? Jester—Because he painted a picture recently, and when he looked at it, later, he couldn't tell what the subject was.—Ohio State Journal.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Remedy for Epilepsy, St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$2.00 per bottle and trade.

At the Pecks.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Henry Peck, "this paper has a lot of alleged jokes about women giving their husbands cigars for Christmas presents. I think that any woman who is fool enough to give her husband a box of those vile things ought to—why, where has Henry gone?"

But Henry was out in the hall shaking hands with himself.—Baltimore American.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Powder. A powder that cures itching, sore, hot, swollen, chafing, sweating feet and ingrowing nails. Makes feet soft and smooth. Sold in all drug stores, 25 cents. Accept No Substitute. Sample Free. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

France Lowers Rates for Phones.

The minister of police and telegraphs, M. Millerand, announces a general reduction in the price of telephone service throughout France. In Paris the rates are reduced from \$80 to \$60 per year.

Another reform is the reducing of the charge for pneumatic transmitted messages from 10 to 6 cents.

Stop guessing! Try a certain cure for all painful ailments by getting at once a bottle of Hamlin's Wizard Oil.

The Red Paint.

"Seu a joke on Mr. Gayboy! We were out on the balcony between the dances, and he got the sleeve of his coat all over red paint from one of the posts that were just painted."

Maud—And did you go near the post?

"No. Why?"

"Because you have red paint all over the back of your waist."—Harlem Life.

There is a great deal of satisfaction to the busy housewife in the thought that she can send to her grocer for a certain brand of canned goods and feel sure that she will be pleased with her purchase. You can always have confidence in the result if you ask for and insist upon Monopole canned goods. They are as pure and good as extreme care and careful selection can make them.

Needed Invention.

The man who had reached the pinnacle of wealth by a sudden spurt drew the typewriter salesman aside and said: "Er—haven't you some kind of a machine that will help a man who has been careless with his spelling?"

"Oh, yes," responded the salesman; "here is one that will blur any word when it is doubtful; all you have to do is to press the key."—Chicago Daily News.

A Kansas Obituary.

A Kansas editor wrote this obituary notice: "He was born May 3, 1875, and therefore escaped this earth in time to celebrate his 27th birthday in the house of his eternal abode beyond the archway, March 19, 1902, at 9:30 p. m., central time."

OMENS ABOUT BREAD.

WHAT HOUSEWIVES HAVE BELIEVED FOR CENTURIES.

They Make the Dough Nowadays with the Sign of the Cross, Just as the Ancient Romans Did—Superstitions that Die Slowly.

It would be surprising, indeed, if there were not many superstitions about bread. The one indispensable article of food is naturally in every nation a favorite subject of folk lore. No French peasant begins a new loaf without crossing it with the knife. The English superstition that bread cracked in the baking portends misfortune in the family has taken root in America. In Germany, too, the housewife still believes that cracks on the top of the loaf of bread indicate the death of some one in the household, or, perhaps, misfortune to a dear friend, while cracks on the lower side of the bread are taken to indicate a birth.

As many of us know, our bakers mark the sign of a cross upon the dough before placing it in the oven. The reason for making this sign becomes plain when we know the origin of the custom. Almost all our superstitions about bread date back to old pagan days, though they have been greatly modified so as to conform to Christian beliefs. With the ancient Romans, the baking of bread and cakes was often invested with a religious significance, especially the cakes offered to the gods and goddesses. These cakes were prepared in a particular way, and after being marked with the symbol of the deity in whose honor they were offered, they were supposed to possess supernatural virtues.

The old domestic practice was modified when Christianity became triumphant, and, in place of a pagan symbol, the early Christian housewife not only used to make the sign of the cross when she began to knead the dough, but she marked that sign upon her loaf before placing it in the oven. Why? Simply because the sign of the cross is the recognized Christian protecting mark against the attacks of evil spirits, witches and the like. Hence, bread marked with the cross is supposed to be witch proof, will bake all right, not crack across the top, etc.

Just as the Jews have Passover cakes, and other peoples have had specially prepared food for their religious festivals, so Christians have cakes for certain seasons. Our hot cross buns on Good Friday are simply modern representatives of the cakes used on some old pagan festival. In days gone by, the cakes and buns baked at Easter were supposed to possess great virtue. Thus, it is an old belief that the observance of eating cross buns on Good Friday insures, so to speak, the house from fire for the coming year. We still eat a certain kind of pancake on Shrove Tuesday. The practice is referred to in "All's Well That Ends Well," where the clown speaks of a "pancake for Shrove Tuesday." In "Pierces," they are called "flapjacks," a term still used in country districts.

In truth, to study the superstitions about bread is to take a wide lesson in folk lore. The superstitions relate to the kneading trough, the oven, bakers and bread. For instance, in many parts of France the "arche" or kneading trough, is more than a rude kitchen utensil; it is often a pretty bit of furniture. M. Sebillot, who has collected many of the superstitions of the French folk relative to bread, quotes the story of a thief who entered the window of a house with intent to commit burglary, but refused to step on the trough still containing the dough, believing that to do so would be an impiety. This is similar to the American story of two hungry burglars who refused to satisfy their hunger with the meat which they found in a well-stocked larder because it was Friday.

A writer in one of our magazines says that in Gottland the cross is still signed before the oven fire is lighted or the dough kneaded. This practice is very common in the country districts all over Europe. In Brittany the housewife makes the sign of the cross with the right hand while she places the left hand in the trough. After the dough is kneaded the lid of the trough is shut, and so is the door; for if a cat should enter the room, the bread would not rise. Certain charms of invocation are used to cause the bread to multiply itself. Thus, the peasant housewife adjoins the dough to imitate the leaven, the wheat, the miller, and to rise. She would be very angry if any one should sing or whistle in the room while she is making the loaf.

In some parts of Europe the bake oven is almost a sacred object. In certain places of Brittany, for example, it is dedicated with ceremonies; the wood is sprinkled with blessed water; the proper heat is attested by the melting of a bottle, and, finally, an egg is broken for luck. Besides, there are certain days on which bread must not be baked, as on Good Friday or during the night of All Saints, when the ghosts would be sure to eat it.—Household Words.

HAD TO NAME HIMSELF.

How Mr. Payne Managed to Get on a Committee.

How much embarrassment a very small deviation from the customary paths of procedure can cause the one who makes it on the floor of the House of Representatives was illustrated one morning when Mr. Payne of New York, Republican floor leader and chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, undertook to secure the appointment of a conference committee on a bill which the Senate had passed with slight amendments over the provision as it passed the House.

To those who do not know the method pursued in the appointment of conference committees, the versatility of the speaker in selecting such committees is usually surprising. All is easy, however, when the chairman of the committee from which the bill comes complies with the practice. He simply puts a little slip of paper to the document on which is written the names of the members he desires appointed and the speaker in announcing the committee reads these names, of

The Duty of Mothers.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance; or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter! Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment, and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., and secure from a woman the most efficient advice without charge.

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Mrs. August Pfalzgraf, of South Byron, Wis., mother of the young lady whose portrait we here publish, wrote in January, 1899, saying her daughter had suffered for two years with irregular menstruation—had headache all the time, and pain in her side, feet swollen, and was generally miserable. She received an answer promptly with advice, and under date of March 1899, the mother writes again that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her daughter of all pains and irregularities.

Nothing in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's great medicine for regulating women's peculiar monthly troubles.

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Ask for the best embrocation, you'll get St. Jacobs Oil



This is the sign. It gives confidence. Ask for St. Jacobs Oil. You will get the Best. It has Conquered Pain for Fifty Years.

A Stretch. Broncho Bill—So you've lynched th' wrong fellow?

Rough Rub—Yes. We imagined he was th' feller that stole th' hoss, but he wasn't.

Broncho Bill—Huh! You should be careful how you stretch your imagination.—Life.

She Did. "I'll get even wid 'em, for discharging me!" mumbled the cook lady, lifting up the register and dropping a pair of her old shoes down the hot air pipe, just before she went away.

And those old shoes avenged her for nearly a week before the family found out what was the matter.—Chicago Tribune.

Twice Rejected. Wederly—Was that your sister I saw you with last evening?

Singleton—Yes, one of them. Wederly—Why, I wasn't aware that you had more than one of them. Singleton—I have three. One by birth and two by annexation.—Chicago Daily News.

His Market Was Brooklyn. "No sir!" exclaimed the loud-mouthed drummer in the smoker.

"I'm proud to say that no house in the country has more men pushing its line of goods than ours."

"What do you sell?" asked a curious one.

"Baby carriages."—Syracuse Herald.

Wanted to Try It. Farmer—Yes; I work from daylight to dark.

City Man—You're not troubled with ennui, are you?

Farmer—No; I've heard of the blamed thing, and sometimes I feel as if I'd like to have a little of it, for a change.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Turn Next. Kind Gentleman—Why are you crying, my little man?

Little Boy—Because my ma is lickin' my little brother for something wot I done.

Kind Gentleman—What a conscientious little gentleman.

Little Boy—But my brother'll tell her it wuz me, and then I'll ketch it. Boo-hoo.—Ohio State Journal.

The Ones to Avoid. Old Man—If you would select a good wife, my young friend, you must avoid the descendants of a certain famous woman.

Young Man—I shall certainly heed your advice. Who was she?

Old Man—Eve.—N. Y. Weekly.

Out of a Knothe. He (just introduced)—What a homely person that gentleman is near the piano, Mrs. Black.

She—Isn't he. That's Mr. Black.

"How true it is, Mrs. Black, that the homeliest men always get the prettiest wives."—Tit-Bits.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Aunt Wood.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

PRUSSIAN LICE KILLER kills LICE on Poultry. Easily applied—Paint perches, nest boxes, etc., and the fumes kill the lice. Never fails. Sold by dealers, 50c and \$1.00 per can.

STRONGER AND BETTER THAN COMMON HALLOCK'S OR ANY OTHER BERRY BOX NEW PATENT FOLDING BERRY BOX. No Staples. No Tacks. Opens like a paper box, ready for use. IMMENSE SUCCESS. SAMPLE BOX FREE. LAMBERSON, PORTLAND, OR.

GIFT FROM QUEEN NATHALIE.

Gold Cross One of Miss Clara Barton's Most Valued Souvenirs.

One of the most beautiful of Miss Clara Barton's foreign souvenirs is a testimonial she received on the eve of her departure for Geneva as delegate to the Red Cross International Convention in 1884 from Nathalie, then Queen of Servia. It is a massive gold cross, the body of which is red enamel, with the Servian coat-of-arms in gold on one side and the date of their accession to the brotherhood, 1876, on the other. But the most delicate part of this compliment resides in the fact that the cross is mounted on our own red, white, and blue ribbon, thus enabling Miss Barton to wear the colors of her country even when donning the badge of Servia.

A diploma creating her a member of the Servian Society came with this cross from the president of that association, together with a letter declaring them a recognition of her services to the brotherhood and the Servian wounded during the Franco-Prussian war. Miss Barton's reply to the queen is so very symbolical of the truest republican dignity that it is transcribed here:

Her Most Excellent Majesty Nathalie, Queen of Servia.

Madam: I hasten to acknowledge the very unexpected honor conferred by your majesty in transmitting through the Servian Red Cross Society the diploma and beautiful decoration of that association.

This recognition of the interest I have taken in measures tending to mitigate the calamities of war is peculiarly gratifying as coming from a country that, although old in history, is still young in the freshness of its natural resources and the brave, hopeful hearts of its people. That their hopes may be realized in a long career of liberty and prosperity must be the sincere wish of every American.

I am on the point of sailing for Europe to attend the Red Cross and peace conventions, which assemble at Geneva, in the beginning of September, when I hope to have the pleasure of meeting the representatives of Servia.

That your majesty and royal consort may long continue to promote the happiness and welfare of your beautiful country is the hope and desire of your majesty's most obedient servant,

CLARA BARTON.

President American Red Cross Association.

The address "Madam" at the beginning of the above epistle, the sonorous title that belongs to every American queen, is in perfectly good form according to the authorities, and also a most concise and dignified declaration of stalwart independence.

Monkey and Pot of Jam.

A sweet little story concerning a pet monkey and a pot of jam is vouchered for by a Johns Hopkins University man:

It was in the country and all on a summer's day the family monkey was seen scudding homeward literally drenched in raspberry jam. He was pursued by an irate neighbor with uplifted broom, but once safe on the home plat he swung himself lightly into the nearest tree and peacefully listened to her tale of wrong.

It seems the neighbor had some hours before been making jam, a great bowl of which sat cooling on a table beneath the trees. This the monkey spied, but had scarcely started liberally helping himself to it when he was discovered. With loud outcry and the broom the lady started toward him, when the mischievous beast, knowing his minutes were numbered, hastily overturned the bowl on the table. Then rolling himself joyously in it several times from head to heels he scampered beyond her reach. During the recital of her woe, and, in fact, for the remainder of the day, the monkey sat scooping the sweetmeat from his body and licking his paws with glee.

A Curious Tip.

A certain little Flemish watering place, which is much frequented by English and American visitors in the summer, possesses two attractions in the shape of a Presbyterian place of worship and a roulette table. One of the "faithful" had quite recently a most ingenious idea, says the London Times. After the number of the hymn succeeding the sermon was given he stole away, made his way to the table, and invested all he was worth on the number of the hymn. Needless to say the number turned up, and the lucky coup became the talk of the village for the rest of the week. Next Sunday the church was crammed to the door. The pious pastor was rejoiced in heart. After a powerful address he gave out "Hymn No. 27." The moment the words left his lips, to his consternation there was a rush to the door, and he was left with a faithful handful to upbraid their agitated strain of praise. As for the rest, they made a bee line from the house of prayer to the house of play. We are happy to relate that their little adventure cost them very dear.

No Offense Intended.

A regular customer of a certain coal company dropped into the office of the firm one morning to make a complaint. "That coal you sold me for my furnace a few weeks ago," he said, "is the worst I have had in ten years. There's a great quantity of slate in it, and what isn't slate runs to clinkers."

"Sorry to hear it, Mr. Williams," said the man inside the railing. "I'll make a memorandum of it. Perhaps the company will give you a rebate on it."

Taking a slip of paper, he wrote a few words on it and hung it on a hook. The customer, happening to glance at the slip of paper, saw this: "G. G. Williams. Bad egg."

"So I'm a bad egg, am I?" he asked, reddening with indignation.

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Williams," hastily explained the clerk. "That means the egg coal we sold you turns out to be bad."

And the customer reddened again, but not from indignation.

Some men are so mean that when they attend a ball game, they want to see the home team beaten.

Some people go to great trouble to acquire foolishness.

A Judge's Wife.



Mrs. Judge McAllister writes from 1217 West 33rd St., Minneapolis, Minn., as follows:

"I suffered for years with a pain in the small of my back and right side. It interfered often with my domestic and social duties and I never supposed that I would be cured, as the doctor's medicine did not seem to help me any."

"Fortunately a member of our Order advised me to try Peruna and give it such high praise that I decided to try it. Although I started in with little faith, I felt so much better in a week that I felt encouraged."

"I took it faithfully for seven weeks and am happy indeed to be able to say that I am entirely cured. A great many health once more is the best thing I could wish for, and thanks to Peruna I enjoy that now."—Minnie E. McAllister.

The great popularity of Peruna as a cathartic remedy has tempted many people to imitate Peruna. A great many so-called cathartic remedies and cathartic tonics are to be found in many drug stores. These remedies can be procured by the druggist much cheaper than Peruna. Peruna can only be obtained at a uniform price, and no druggist can get it a cent cheaper.

Thus it is that druggists are tempted to substitute the cheap imitations of Peruna for Peruna. It is done every day without a doubt.

Address Dr. Hartman, president of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

A Keeper of Secrets. Lady—(to the dressmaker)—Did you tell Mrs. De Poyster Burlingame what my costume for the ball was to be?

Modiste—Oh, no, madam! I never divulge professional secrets. Lady—What is hers like? Modiste—It's in colonial style, madam.—Boston Herald.

His Stories. "Bankings take life very easily." "But he is always telling hard luck stories."

"Yes; but that shows his shrewdness. If he put in all the time telling funny stories people would say he was loafing."—Washington Star.

SCIENCE PROVES IT

An analysis of Monopole Baking Powder made by Chemist Jas. H. Fisk shows it to be pure baking powder and contains no other powder in the market, bearing none. If you want the best Baking Powder make on Monopole's second-class grocers handle Monopole's groceries.

WADSWORTH & KERR BROS., Portland, Me.

BISHOP SCOTT ACADEMY
PORTLAND, ORE.
Founded 1870
A Home School for Boys
Military and Manual Training
Write for Illustrated Catalogue
ARTHUR C. NEWELL
PRINCIPAL

"BEE LINE" BUGGIES.



Give better satisfaction than anything on the market at anything like the price, because they are made of good material, to stand "Oregon roads"—iron corners on bodies, brass on shafts, heavy second-growth wheels, screwed rims. If you want to feel like a "Bee Line" Buggy, or a "Mitchell" Buggy, we guarantee them.

Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co.
Seattle, Spokane, Boise, Portland, Jr.

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Milwaukee Mowers and Victor Rakes

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Summer Resolutions
TAKE THE **Keeley Cure**
Sure relief from liquor, opium and tobacco habits. Secured particulars to
Keeley Institute, Moved to 430 Williams Ave., Portland, Oregon
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"I have kept Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my