

Scrofula

Few are entirely free from it. It may develop so slowly as to cause little if any disturbance during the whole period of childhood. It may then produce irregularity of the stomach and bowels, dyspepsia, catarrh, and marked tendency to consumption before manifesting itself in much cutaneous eruption or glandular swelling. It is best to be sure that you are quite free from it, and for its complete eradication you can rely on

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best of all medicines for all humors. A Difference. Remons (haughtily)—Miss Johnson, Ah! didn't lak de little understandin'. Yu sed yo' wudn't marry me kase yo didn't lak de way Ah gambled, en den yo' went en accepted dat crapsheetin' Gawge. Miss Johnson—Dat's jes' de reason. Ah didn't lak de way yo gambled. Yo always lose en Gawge always wins.—Chicago News.

Bad Family Example. Brown—I don't like to read tales which show that geniuses were once unruly children. Jones—Why? Brown—They merely encourage lazy parents to believe that their unruly children will all turn out geniuses.—Detroit Free Press.

ADVANCE IN PRICES.

Binder Twine Market Rises Half a Cent and Is Still on the Up Grade. Confirming predictions in our former comments on Binder Twine, prices have advanced one-half cent per pound on all grades. This advance is made on the strong position of the fiber market, and indications are that present prices will be maintained, although even higher prices may prevail in the very near future.

Consumption will be larger than anticipated as, from farm papers of the Mississippi valley, a larger amount of twine than usual will be required for the oat harvest, an increase of at least 25 per cent by most conservative estimate. Wheat straw is large and grain lodged, thus demanding more twine where only an average was looked for a few weeks since. This means a shortage of twine in the East.

A careful canvass of the Northwest indicates that home manufacturers are well prepared to take care of the market of this section, and native pride would dictate that, other things being equal, home products should be given preference. Brands with no superior in quality, and an excellence such as possessed by the Cover Leaf Brand with lower cost per 1,000 feet, also a market near at hand, dealers should not hesitate in making up their orders. At present, however, heavy shipments are being made, and orders should be placed at once as better attention can be given to early orders than where bunched so near harvest time.

The Octopus. "What!" ejaculated the man. "Four hundred dollars for that dress?" "Yes," answered the wife soothingly. "It is the train that makes it so expensive." "Ah-h-h!" groaned the husband, "that cursed railroad trust again."—Baltimore American.

She Had 'Em. Miss Newlyrich was being taught how to play hearts. A diamond was led, and she played a club. "Have you no diamonds?" they asked her. "Oh, she has a quantity up stairs," explained her mother, proudly.—New York Evening Sun.

She Acknowledged It. "Beauty," we remarked, sagely, "is only skin deep." "Ah," murmured the vain damsel, "I am so thin skinned." "But we told her that it was just as painful to skin a thin skinned as a thick skinned person, and walked haughtily away."—Baltimore American.

Sleepy Grass. Sleepy grass is found in New Mexico, Texas and Siberia. It has a most injurious effect on horses and sheep, being a strong narcotic or sedative, and causing profound sleep, or stupor, lasting 24 to 48 hours.

Felt It. "How long was I up in the air?" asked the victim of a subway explosion. "Oh, about a minute. Why?" "What a long time to be away from New York!"—Life.

BAD BLOOD, BAD COMPLEXION.

The skin is the seat of an almost endless variety of diseases. They are known by various names, but are all due to the same cause, acid and other poisons in the blood that irritate and interfere with the proper action of the skin. To have a smooth, soft skin, free from all eruptions, the blood must be kept pure and healthy. The many preparations of arsenic and potash and the large number of face powders and lotions generally used in this class of diseases cover up for a short time, but cannot remove permanently the ugly blotches and the red, flaring pimples.

eternal vigilance is the price of a beautiful complexion when such remedies are relied on. Mr. H. T. Shobe, 2704 Lucas Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., says: "My daughter was afflicted for years with a disgusting eruption on her face, which resisted all treatment. She was taken to two celebrated health springs, but received no benefit. Many medicines were prescribed, but without result, until we decided to try S. S. S., and to our surprise the eruption disappeared. A dozen bottles cured her completely and left her skin perfectly smooth. She is now seventeen years old, and not a sign of the embarrassing disease has ever returned." S. S. S. is a positive, unfailing cure for the worst forms of skin troubles. It is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable.

Bad blood makes bad complexions. SSS purifies and invigorates the old and makes new, rich blood that nourishes the body and keeps it in active and healthy condition. It is a perfect remedy for all skin diseases, and its part towards trying off the impurities from the body. If you have Eczema, Tetter, Acne, Salt Rheum, Psoriasis, or your skin is rough and pimply, send for our book on Blood and Skin Diseases and write our physicians about your case. No charge whatever for this service. SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

CURE FOR THE BLUES.

HOW TO GET RID OF SPELLS OF MORBIDNESS.

An Absorbing Interest or Occupation Is Best Remedy—Victims of "Blue Devils" Are Too Much Taken Up with Their Own Sensations. Is there anyone of the human family who does not suffer occasionally from that "loathed melancholy" called "the blues"? If such a person exists he is as rare as the great auk.

From whatever cause the blue devils take possession of us, whether from derangements of the liver or nervous system, or from simple ennui, the cure for them is the same, unless, indeed, they are bred by organic disease which has taken vital hold of the system.

And this cure—an absorbing interest or occupation. People who ride their hobbies in season and out of season very rarely have the blues. Enthusiastic collectors are also apt to be aggressively cheerful. If you suffer from depression of spirits, then take the advice of authorities on the subject and look about for an interest in life.

Ursula Gesterfeld, in one of her books handles the blue devils without gloves. She frankly informs the victims that what is the matter with them is not that they are "too fine for earth's coarser uses," and that their delicate natures suffer from contact with the rude, boisterous world, but that they are abnormally selfish, too absorbed in their own sensations to heed the fact that they are enveloping themselves in an atmosphere of gloom which must necessarily depress all about them.

Her prescription is to smile, smile; smile in season and out of season; smile whether you feel like it or not, and gradually the mental state will adapt itself to the bodily expression.

A charming young woman was heard to say the other day: "I am too much in love ever to have the blues." "Too much in love?" echoed her astonished auditors, surprised at this frank revelation. "Yes," she replied, provokingly, "too much in love with myself. I regard myself as a mirror, don't you see, put on earth to reflect all the joy and gladness of the universe, and so I cannot think of letting myself become obscured and dimmed by such ugly clouds as the blues. Ah, never! I am too vain."

Charles Newcomb, that collier of epigrams, says: "There is no stimulant that is more speedy and thorough in its action than the thrill of joy and gladness. It is a natural tonic, and the entire system responds to its exhilarating vibrations."

Anything that arouses confidence in life, with a larger sense of its use and beauty, increases human energy and prepares the best conditions of success in all undertakings. We are never left in life with an entirely empty cupboard. There is always some little portion of fat to eat and sweet to drink if we will only go our way and look about us, and not allow the leanness of our grief to absorb our thoughts or tears to blind our eyes and fill every cup with bitterness.

There is a very old story about the famous clown, Grimaldi, who once called in a physician to see if he could offer any alleviation for the depression from which he suffered. "Go and see Grimaldi," advised the physician. "I am Grimaldi," replied the "melancholy Jacques" in the jester's garb. "Poor clown! He was suffering from the reaction occasioned by the constant effort to be funny. He needed change of thought, interest and occupation. 'It isn't the 'unting as 'urts the 'orses, it's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'igh road.'"

There is an exceedingly bitter tonic that all of us must gulp down sooner or later, and that is that no one cares a straw about our woes. The man who laughs is the man who has friends by the score, whose society is eagerly sought and who is always welcome, but the woman who weeps very soon learns that she must weep alone. "This sad old earth has heard of our mirth."—Chicago Record-Herald.

CHINESE EGGED AN ACTOR.

Celestial Edwin Booth Meets with a Rather Forceful Criticism. The artistic temperament is, perhaps, more highly developed in the Chinese theater-goer than in his American counterpart. It certainly was manifested strongly enough the other night in San Francisco, for Chew Foo, the great Chinese star who recently went to that city after winning the highest praise from the critics of the Chinese press in New York, was pelted with decayed eggs and then made the target of innumerable light firecrackers, all because he failed to dress the part he was acting in a paper manner.

Chew Foo stands in practically the same light to the Chinese play-goer that Edwin Booth stood to the English-speaking public. Yet there were occasions in the career of that great actor, when he played "Hamlet" arrayed in a long frock coat, his head covered with a silk hat in place of the raven hair of the mad Danish prince. There he, however, no record that the audiences did not make all allowance for delayed trains and washed away bridges, which were the causes of the lack of costumes.

Hundreds of instances might be cited of indulgences shown by American audiences to actors who failed to dress the parts they were playing as they should be dressed. These are instances right in this city, says the San Francisco Call, where—never mind, these cases have nothing to do with the riot which took place in the Washington street theater because Chew Foo wore the dress of a young man when he should have worn that of an old man.

Sergeant Conboy was there. He is always there when any trouble arises in Chinatown, but he cannot tell the cause of the row. He saw Chew Foo on the stage. For a moment no one in the audience moved, and then pandemonium broke forth. There were yells and catcalls in Chinese and then a fusillade of Chinatown eggs began. The eggs that a Chinaman will throw away are beyond description. Just

plain, ordinary stale eggs they eat and profess to like.

These had got beyond that stage and were only fit to be thrown away. Chew Foo got about a bushel basket of them. After that the men in the audience began to throw lighted firecrackers on the stage. To those outside the theater it sounded like half a hundred men engaged in pistol practice and word was sent to police headquarters that half of Chinatown was engaged in battle, murder and sudden death, and that the war of the Tonga had finally broken out in real earnest.

SAVED BY AN INDIAN.

How a Bloody Revolt of Negro Slaves in New Jersey Was Averted. A bloody and desperate revolt was once threatened by the negro slaves of the Acquackanonk district of New Jersey, and were it not for a drunken Indian there would have been an awful slaughter of the whites. Shortly after the Revolution the slaves demanded their emancipation. Some of the New York farmers had freed their slaves, most of whom went to the Ramapo mountains, where they found uncoupled land. Stragglers appeared among the New Jersey slaves and had little trouble spreading dissonance. The Dutch farmers were not yet ready to abolish slavery and refused the demands made upon them. The slaves became insolent and hard to manage. They even went so far as to threaten dire vengeance, but little attention was paid to their mutterings.

The negroes formed a secret society, and held meetings in the woods and in deserted houses. At last their plans were about complete for a general revolt. A meeting was called in an old distillery which used to stand near Passaic. Negroes came from every direction, and by midnight nearly a hundred were gathered there. The leaders made excited speeches advocating the slaughter of all the men in the community. They were eager for a revolt and were to be informed just when to strike. The slaves of each family were to take care of their own masters. What was to become of them afterward was not considered, nor were there any plans of escaping the punishment which would surely be inflicted on them. They were for blood, regardless of consequences.

An old Indian had spent the day at the distillery, and the man in charge of the vats had amused himself by getting the redskin drunk. He fell just outside the door, and lay there in a drunken stupor. He was awakened about midnight by the loud voices of the excited slaves, and after a time realized the purpose of the meeting. He knew that the farmers would reward him with whisky and tobacco if he carried them the news, and lost no time in doing so. He went to several farm houses before he could find any one who would believe the story, for no one thought that the slaves really intended to make trouble. Investigation showed that he was telling the truth, and the farmers surrounded the distillery. The leaders were arrested and carried to Newark in chains. Many of the slaves were lashed by their owners until all thought of revolt was beaten out of them.

BLOWING UP OF THE MAINE.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's Theory of the Destruction of the Yessel. In his interesting address in this city Monday evening General Fitzhugh Lee gave his theory regarding the destruction of the battleship Maine, says the Indianapolis Journal. After relating the circumstances of the explosion and describing the scene of fire and carnage he witnessed on visiting the locality a few minutes after the event, he said:

"My theory is that it was done by young officers who had been attached to Weyler. After the catastrophe he disappeared. Young officers of the Spanish army did not take the trouble to hide their pleasure over the horrible affair. Many of them dropped their usual potatoes of red wine and opened bottles of champagne in the cafes. The government of Cuba immediately tried to forestall European opinion by sending a dispatch which stated that the explosion had been caused by the carelessness of the Americans themselves. As to that I want to say that the keys to the magazine of every American man-of-war are brought to the captain and are hung on hooks at the head of his bed so that he can know where they are all the time. When the divers went to work on the Maine Captain Sigbee said to them: 'Go into my cabin and see if the keys to the magazine are hanging where they ought to be.' The divers came up with the keys. They had found them hanging by the side of the captain's bed. Furthermore, the investigation brought out that the plates of the forepart of the ship were bent upward, showing clearly that the force of the explosion had been directed from the bottom. The court of inquiry heard plenty of testimony which showed that there had been two explosions; one when the torpedo went off and tore its way to the ship's magazine, and the other when the magazine itself exploded with a roar."

The real cause of the destruction of the Maine is still a mystery, though there is strong reason for accepting General Lee's view. The report of the United States court of inquiry sustained the theory of an outside explosion, but said "the court has been unable to obtain any evidence fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the Maine upon any person or persons." The solution of such mysteries come in time, when those who are in possession of the secret think the right time has come.

Used It in His Business. "I tell you," exclaimed the slim individual, "that water is the greatest gift to man." "Are you a Prohibitionist?" asked a bystander, taking him cordially by the hand. "No, sir," was the contemptuous reply. "I sell milk."

DOG'S LIKE THEIR MASTERS.

Association Causes the Brute to Imitate the Human Being. One of the most curious traits to be found in the animal nature, said an observant citizen, is that which grows out of the unconscious imitativeness of creatures of the lower order. I have observed many instances of where the creatures of a lower order have taken on the characteristics in some noticeable degree of members of the human family. One might know, for instance, the beggar's dog, just from the look of the dog, from the droop of the eye, the pathetic hang of the lip and a certain general air of despondency and hopelessness which seem to speak in the very nature of the animal. I mention the beggar's dog because it is a familiar example. The beggar's dog never looks cheerful, never smiles, never frolics, but simply sits by his master and broods and begs for whatever charity may give.

"I have seen the dog character moulded under happier influences and the dog become more cheerful. He was a light-hearted, free-and-easy sort of creature and seemed to get something of the sunnier side of things. I am almost tempted to say that if you will show me a man's dog I will tell you what manner of man the owner is, with particular reference to temperament and his moods. The melancholy man, the man who grovels mentally along the gloomier grooves; the pessimistic man, who is always looking at the dark side of the picture; all the men who come within these unhappy classifications rarely own a cheerful dog. The dog unconsciously takes to the ways of his master, and in his moods imitates the master's way of thinking. But turn to the dog of the jolly, cheerful fellow. Watch him show his teeth in laughter when the master approaches. He is darting across the yard and dancing and frisking around the master's feet in the happiest way imaginable, and he is up to all kinds of pranks and does all kinds of little things to indicate the good nature that is in him. He does as his master and seems to take the same general view of life. These are small things, I guess, but they show just how important one's actions are in life. Even one's way of thinking may influence one's dog and change his whole view of life."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Three Ages of the West.

Twenty-five years ago potatoes were so high in price in certain towns of the Rocky Mountains that the merchants handling them often reserved the right to retain the peelings, which, in turn, were sold for planting purposes, the eyes of the potatoes thus having a considerable commercial value, obviously in proportion to the distance from the nearest railroad or steamship line, says the Century. This situation could not forever endure. There must come a day when we could afford to throw away our peelings, and throw them away cut quick and carelessly. Equally true is it that the time is coming in America when we shall gather up our potato peelings and cherish them. There you have the three ages of the West.

Another instance of changed standards in the West may be seen in the revolution as to petty prices. Up to twenty years ago, in most Rocky Mountain communities, the quarter dollar was the smallest coin in circulation. With the railroads came the dime, the nickel, and at last the penny; but they came to the West that was no more.

An Ancient Chinese Gun.

There have been placed on exhibition in Memorial Hall in the park at Philadelphia an interesting old Chinese cannon and a remarkable piece of carving in the form of an antique Japanese sword and sheath of heavy ivory, measuring over three feet in length, made from sections of elephant tusks and elaborately carved over the entire surface with battle scenes and Japanese warriors in curious armor. The cannon was taken from the great wall of China at Shanhai-kwan in 1899 by E. E. Diffenderfer and presented to the Pennsylvania museum. This wall is supposed to have been erected about 250 B. C. The cannon, which is apparently made of iron and is a yard in length, was found built in the top of the masonry, with only the muzzle and touch-hole exposed, where it had been imbedded for probably 2,250 years. A remarkable feature of this venerable relic, says the Philadelphia Record, is that, while it is thick and clumsy and much corroded, it rings when struck with the clear, rich, sustained tones of a silver bell.

NERVINS GAVE WAY—PE-RU-NA CURED.

Mrs. X. Schneider. Mrs. X. Schneider, 2409 Thirty-seventh Place, Chicago, Ill., writes: "After taking several remedies without result, I began in January, 1902, to take your valuable remedy, Peruna. I was a complete wreck. Had palpitation of the heart, cold hands and feet, female weakness, no appetite, trembling, sinking feeling nearly all the time. You said I was suffering with systemic catarrh, and I believe that I received your help in the nick of time. I followed your directions carefully and can say to-day that I am well again. I cannot thank you enough for my cure. I will always be your debtor. I have already recommended Peruna to my friends and neighbors and they all praise it. I wish that all suffering women would try it."—Mrs. X. Schneider.

Mrs. Fanny Klavadtacher, of Summitville, N. Y., writes as follows: "For three months I suffered with pain in the back and in the region of the kidneys, and a dull, pressing sensation in the abdomen, and other symptoms of pelvic catarrh. "But after taking two bottles of Peruna I am entirely well, better than I ever was."—Mrs. Fanny Klavadtacher. Send for "Health and Beauty," written especially for women by Dr. S. B. Hartman, president Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Not Exactly Comforting. Admiral Schley was strolling around the picturesque naval cemetery at Annapolis, the other day, when, happening to meet an old sailor, he said, in a kindly way: "Jack, this is a beautiful spot." "Saluting, the weather beaten salt, replied: "Aye, aye, sir. And it'll be still finer, your honor, when some of our good admirals get planted here."—New York Times.

BANKING BY MAIL.

A Convenient and Helpful System for Rural Residents. Special attention is called to the announcement of the Portland Trust Company of Oregon, which appears in another column. This is a very old and well established trust company, and its certificates of deposit are in use throughout Oregon, as well as in California, Maryland, Wisconsin and other points. Farmers and stockmen, who have money lying idle, can by the use of these certificates get interest up to the very date on which they withdraw the money. If, for example, a farmer had to make a payment on the 15th of December, and he held one of the Portland Trust Company of Oregon's 90 day certificates, he could give notice on the 15th of September, and would receive his money on the 15th of December, with interest up to that very date. The trust company will be glad to furnish additional information upon request.

Spring School Days. Teacher—Didn't you write this excuse for being late yourself, Henry? Henry—Yes; but father told me to write it for him. Teacher—And he signed it? Henry—Yes! Teacher—But I didn't know your father's name was Henry. Henry—Guess he must have forgot. Teacher—I think it was you who forgot Henry.—Boston Transcript.

THE OLDEST TRUST COMPANY IN OREGON. PORTLAND TRUST COMPANY OF OREGON. INCORPORATED APRIL 22, 1887. BENJ. L. COHEN, President. B. LEE PAGET, Secretary. The Portland Trust Company of Oregon issues Interest Bearing Certificates of Deposit on the Following Terms: On Special Certificates of Deposit, not less than \$500 each, payable upon ten days' call by the holder or ten days' notice by the Trust Company, 3% per cent per annum. Payable on thirty days' call or thirty days' notice, 3 1/2 per cent per annum. Payable on ninety days' call or ninety days' notice, 4 per cent per annum. On certificates of \$5,000 or over interest will be paid quarterly or semi-annually if desired. PORTLAND TRUST COMPANY OF OREGON, 109 Third Street, Portland, Oregon.

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The Better Choice.

"Ze Miss Miltons, it is said, spends thousands of dollars on set bonnets alone, my dear count," observed the baron. "She is ze one for oyu." "No, my dear baron," was the reply, "I will make ze proposal to her milliner!" Nothing quite so good to allay pain from many causes as Hamlin's Wizard Oil. 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Bolivia's Tin Mines. The Bolivian tin mines are situated at an altitude of 14,000 feet above sea level in the departments of Oruro, Potosi, La Paz and Cochabamba. Ladies Can Wear Shoes One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Powder. Cures swollen feet, blisters and callous spots and is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all Druggists. Each Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lockport, N. Y. Fine Bust of McKinley. Mrs. Emma Cadwalader Guild has just completed a fine bust of the late President McKinley. It is pronounced one of the most life-like productions yet seen.

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With every can of Monopole Coffee, Spice and Baking Powder we pack a numbered coupon which entitles you to certain valuable prizes, depending on the number of coupons you have. If you want a sample coupon and a sample tin of the finest spice you ever used, send us two 2-cent stamps and give us the name and address of your grocer. Send to Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Portland, Oregon.

Sarcastic.

Wife (reading)—Another mysterious suicide—man throws himself from a cliff. Husband (thoughtlessly)—Bet his wife was at the bottom of it. Wife—Charles! Husband (hurriedly)—Of the cliff, my love; not the suicide.—Collier's Weekly.

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