

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't eat and can't get your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

A Variety of Reasons.

"Why is she going to the mountains this year?"

"Oh, she has several reasons. The doctor has ordered her to go, her husband has ordered her to stay at home, and she is sick of the shore and the country.—Judge.

In a Higher Position.

"Me darter Nora is goin' t' marry Casey, that wurrick in the basement of that buildin'. B' Oi do be tillin' her that she might hev looked higher."

"Indeed?"

"'Tis; she end hov hod Murphy, that wurrick on the top story of the same skyscraper."

The well-posted druggist advises you to use Hamlin's Wizard Oil for pain, for he knows what it has done.

Got His Share.

"I am sorry, doctor, you were not able to attend the church supper last night; it would have done you good to be there."

"It has already done me good, madam. I have just prescribed for three of the participants."

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight and new shoes fit easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and swollen, tired, hot, aching feet. Sold today. At all druggists. 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A Comparison.

Grandpa—I had a fellow out walking yesterday and—well I guess I tucked him out. But then he is old.

Bobie—Why, grandpa, you are 82 yourself.

Well, maybe I am; but this fellow was at least a year older."

FITS Permanently Cures. No fits or nervousness after first use of Dr. Sibley's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. H. H. Kline, Ltd., 501 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Out at First.

Schtleigh—I—aw—had a most delightful dream last night, doncher know.

Miss Cutting—Indeed!

"Naw—I dreamed that we were mawwed doncher know."

"Had I dreamed that should have classed it as a horrible nightmare."

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

Wanted Money's Worth.

Mr. Grump—That confounded doctor charged me \$5 for telling me that there was nothing wrong with me.

Mrs. Grump—Outrageous!

Mr. Grump—Yes; if he had discovered dangerous symptoms I shouldn't have minded it in the least.

He Had One.

"Do you guarantee a fit," asked the anxious man as he entered the tailor shop.

"Oh, yes; you'll have a fit all right," said the obliging person with the tape measure. And when the clothes were delivered and he found that the trousers were cut too short, the anxious man had one as he gurgled: "How true them words was spoke."

Taking No Chances.

"Doctor," said the fair invalid, appealingly, "don't you think you could conscientiously advise my husband to send me to the sea shore for my health?"

"Madam," replied the far-sighted physician, "I cannot conscientiously advise him to near any additional expense until my bill is paid."

An Urgent Necessity.

The were on a pleasure trip. Suddenly a thoughtful member of the party paused and said:

"Surely something is wrong. I feel that something is amiss. O yes! It has been almost two hours since we had Mr. Coe Dakk take a group of us."

And immediately the matter was attended to.

Contagious Blood Poison

There is no poison so highly contagious, so deceptive and so destructive. Don't be too sure you are cured because all external signs of the disease have disappeared, and the doctor says you are well. Many persons have been doctored with Mercury and Potash for months or years, and pronounced cured—to realize when too late that the disease was only covered up—Like Bogets Like—driven from surface to break out again, and to their sorrow and mortification find those nearest and dearest to them have been infected by this loathsome disease, for no other poison is so surely transmitted from parent to child as this. Often a bad case of Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula or severe skin disease, an old sore or ulcer developing in middle life, can be traced to blood poison contracted in early years.

The Sin of the Parent. Life, for it remains smoldering in the system forever, unless properly treated and driven out in the beginning. S. S. S. is the only antidote for this peculiar virus, the only remedy known that can overcome it and drive it out of the blood, and it does this so thoroughly and effectually that there is never a return of the disease to embarrass or humiliate you afterwards.

SSS cures Contagious Blood Poison in any and all stages; contains no mineral to break down your constitution; it is purely vegetable and the only blood purifier known that cleanses the blood and at the same time builds up the general health.

Our little book on contagious blood poison is the most complete and instructive ever issued; it not only tells all about this disease, but also how to cure yourself at home. It is free and should be in the hands of everyone seeking a cure. Send for it.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO. ATLANTA, GA.

Science AND Invention

The new sewage disposal scheme of a German chemist, Erich Springborn, is the conversion of the solid matter into blocks for fuel. This fuel is reported to be smokeless and to burn without disagreeable odor, and the cost of the process would be covered by the sale of the blocks at a moderate price for burning under steam boilers. The sewage is so thoroughly sterilized that the liquid portion can be safely discharged into any river.

Some interesting additions to our knowledge, not only of geography but of anthropology, may be expected from the expedition of W. Fitzhugh Whitehouse, an American, and Lord Hindlip, an Englishman, into Abyssinia and the regions of the Upper Nile. Among the curious places to be explored is the district of Walamo, reputed to be infested with devils. Mr. Whitehouse intends to spend a month in Walamo with the intention of discovering the reason why the natives of the country believe that it is possessed by demons.

Father Schreiber, of the Haynald Observatory, at Kalocsa, Hungary, has invented an electric apparatus for recording distant thunder storms. An electric wave, set in motion by a flash of lightning, is registered by a detector resembling in its action that used in the Marconi telegraph system. The impulse is communicated to a pen connected with a disk moved by clockwork, and when the pen makes its record a bell is rung whose vibration resets the coherer. Storms raging invisibly twenty miles away are thus recorded, and on one occasion, on a bright day, the apparatus made known the prevalence of a violent storm in Budapest, sixty-eight miles distant.

An example of the dramatic effects in which nature seems sometimes to indulge is furnished by Professor Hugo De Vries' description, in a recent lecture on the mutation of species, of the appearance sometimes presented by the large-flowered evening primrose in Holland. This plant was introduced into Holland from America about a hundred years ago, and has now escaped from cultivation. The plant attains a height of five feet or more, and is thickly covered with flowers, whose size and brilliant color attract immediate attention, even from a distance. The flowers open shortly before sunset, and this so suddenly," says Professor De Vries, "that it seems as if a magic wand had touched the land and covered it with a golden sheet!"

The biological stations of the New England coast has solved the problem of lobster culture. Several thousand of the young fry are put into a cylindrical scrim bag about three feet in diameter and four feet deep, and the water in the submerged bag is constantly agitated by a dasher driven by a gasoline engine. This prevents the fry from smothering or devouring one another, at the same time keeping their food of soft clam fragments within reach. In nine to sixteen days from the eggs the creatures are able to take care of themselves, this stage being reached by sixteen to more than forty per cent of the fry, although no previous experiment had one per cent of survivors. The fish hatcheries can now save the lobster industry.

STARTING A NEW FAD.

Girl Just Returned from Europe Carried a Nutmeg.

She had just returned from Europe, bedecked with any number of little trinkets she wouldn't have dreamed of wearing before taking a trip abroad. In all this wealth of strange adornment there was one ornament that appealed with especial force to the curiosity of the visitor. This unique decoration was a little ball, oblong in shape and grayish-brown in color. It was partially incased in gold filigree work and was worn suspended from the belt by a tiny gold chain. There was a gold pin at one end of this chain, and every little while the girl from Europe would unbar her trinket and apply it to her nostrils with deep whiffs of satisfaction. The visitor watched this pantomime for several minutes with growing interest, and finally, after an unusually prolonged inhalation, she said:

"I do wish you'd tell me what that thing is."

The girl from Europe laughed. "I was looking for you to ask that," she said. "I was trying to arouse your curiosity. Here, take a whiff yourself and see if you recognize the perfume."

The visitor raised the little ball to the tip of her own nose and drew several long breaths. "Why," she said, "it smells for all the world like a nutmeg."

"And that's just what it is," said the girl from Europe.

The visitor sat down in a state of collapse. "You don't mean to say," she interrogated, "that they are wearing nutmegs over in Europe?"

"Well, no," returned the girl from Europe. "They're not exactly wearing them in loads, but they do have them. They are rather exclusive as yet. The fact is I am reviving an old custom. I always did have a knack, you know, of doing odd things. When I go into strange places I don't go mooning around in a sleepy kind of way, but I keep my eyes and ears open, and the consequence is I see and hear a good many things in the course of a week that other people wouldn't find out in a lifetime. One of the things I discovered in England was the old nutmeg custom. There are a number of them in museums that were used by fine ladies of past generations. Those nutmegs were incased in gold, just like this, but the casings were set with jewels and were naturally very expensive."

"I haven't the jewels, but I've got the nutmeg and the gold filigree for a starter, and when I go around taking refreshing whiffs at this fragrant little knob I feel as if I had been just resurrected from a seventeenth-century mausoleum and was tickling my senses with the odor of a nutmeg of long ago. I always did like the smell of nutmeg, anyway, even in custards and apple pie. I knew a number of people in England this summer who

followed my lead by coming home with gold nutmegs."

The visitor returned the gold case with its 5-cent ball of perfume. "Well," she said, "of all the fads I ever heard of that is the most ridiculous. Do you suppose it will take?"

"Quite likely," said the girl from Europe, according to the New York Times. "History has already repeated herself in all other customs, and I'm doing all I can to push the nutmeg craze along."

ANECDOTES OF CARLYLE.

He Did Not Look with Favor on Revision of the Scriptures.

In a paper in the Century James D. Hague records these recollections of a visit to Thomas Carlyle in company with Professor Tyndall and Rear-Admiral Raymond Rogers.

The talk touched mainly upon topics of the day. I remember that there was some discussion concerning the Revised Version of the Scriptures, in which work a commission of eminent scholars and theologians was at that time engaged. Carlyle seemed to regard the undertaking with but little favor. He thought it useless, and said he believed the old familiar version would retain its place with the common people. Little good was to be hoped for from the new. "One thing is certain," he said: "every man who helped to make the old version believed that unless he did his whole duty he would be eternally damned, while not a single one of the new lot believes anything of the sort."

Early in the conversation Carlyle apparently, interested in the personality of his visitors, turned to me with an inquiry touching my vocation and career. I told him I was a practical geologist, especially concerned in mining pursuits.

"What do you mine for?" he asked. "Gold and silver," I replied. "Gold!" he exclaimed. "You mine for gold! That's a good-for-nothing pursuit. The biggest gold nugget ever found was never half so useful to the world as one good, meaty potato. I sought to defend my position by saying that many a good, meaty potato and many other things of equal value had since grown in California and elsewhere, which never would have grown at all if the way had not been opened by those who went there first to seek for gold. This did not seem to change his mind; but when we came away he went with us to the door, asking after several friends in America and sending personal greetings; and at last, turning to me and placing his hand on my shoulder, he said, as nearly as I can now recall his words, 'Young man, don't let anything I have said to you to-night change your mind about your work. Do your work industriously and stick to it faithfully, and all will be well in the end.'"

LIPTON'S FAITHFUL SALESMAN.

His Persistency in Making a Sale Was Suitably Rewarded.

Sir Thomas Lipton, the famous yachtsman, and head of what is probably the largest retail provision business in Great Britain, is one of those men who believe in personally keeping an eye on their employees.

To this end, when in London, he often pays a surprise visit to one or another of his large establishments, and departments, noticing everything but saying very little.

As might be expected, among the many thousands of men and women whom he employs there are some who, never having seen the head of the firm, possess but a very hazy notion of his personal appearance.

Sir Thomas chanced upon one of these a week or two ago, and for a few minutes the bystanders enjoyed a little quiet fun.

This particular clerk was in charge of one of the cheese-counters at one of Lipton's huge establishments in the city. Seeing a gentleman about to leave the shop without having made a purchase, he immediately seized upon the supposed customer and began to extol the virtues of "Lipton's cheese."

Sir Thomas, for it was no other than he, listened with well-concealed amusement for a few moments and even went the length of tasting several samples. Then he tried to shake off the assistant by saying that he was not requiring any cheese "just at present."

But the clerk was not to be got rid of so easily; and, before his employer quite realized what had happened, he had paid for a pound of his own cheese, and the assistant was inquiring to what address it should be sent. The young man's amazement, when he realized the identity of his customer, made his fellow assistants roar with laughter. But a few days later the laugh was on the other side, for Sir Thomas, ever quick to recognize and reward merit, instructed the cashier to give the persistent clerk a substantial increase in salary.—Saturday evening Post.

Honest Mistake.

The story is told of a little New England girl the workings of whose Puritan conscience involved her in difficulties on one occasion.

She was studying mental arithmetic at school, and took no pleasure in it. One day she told her mother with great depression of spirit that she had "failed again in mental arithmetic," and on being asked what problem had proved her undoing she sorrowfully mentioned the request for the addition of "nine and four."

"And didn't you know the answer, dear?" asked her mother.

"Yes'm," said the little maid, "but you know we are to write the answers on our slates, and before I thought I made four marks and counted up, 'ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen,' and then of course I knew that wasn't mental, so I wrote twelve for the answer, to be fair."

The Place to Show It.

Tess—I suppose she'll go to the mountains this summer, as usual?

Jess—Oh, no. She has become quite plump and has developed a good figure.

Tess—Well?

Jess—Well, she'll go to the seashore, of course.—Philadelphia Press.

A man told three lies this morning to save a dollar, and then put up the money.

INVESTIGATING "WATER CURE."

How Such a Case Would Be Handled Before a Judge and Jury.

If the "water cure," as practiced in the Philippines, were investigated in open court by our judge, jury and witness system here at home, says the Ohio State Journal, we might expect a dialogue between the plaintiff and his attorney, who begins the conversation something like the following:

"What is your name?"

"Jose Emilio de Sogossimo."

"Of course the defendant would at once object to the witness having a name like this and the objection would be noted."

"What is your nationality?"

"I am a Filipino."

"What is your business?"

"I am engaged in the insurgent business."

"How long have you worked at that trade?"

"About three years."

"Did you ever hear of the remedy known as the 'water cure'?"

"Yes, sir."

"From whom?"

"The United States soldiers."

"Did they recommend it highly?"

"Very."

"For what maladies?"

"Insurgentitis."

"Did they prevail on you to take the 'water cure'?"

"Yes, sir; six or seven of them prevailed on me."

"Will you state plainly, Jose, to the jury just how this 'water cure' was administered?"

"The soldiers bound me securely and while five held me the sixth inserted a hose nozzle into my mouth and turned on the water."

"You mean to say, then, that this 'water cure' is an internal remedy?"

"Both internal and external, sir; you see, when my capacity was taxed to its utmost the water overflowed and ran down my neck and over my person."

"Why did you not protest?"

"I was too full for utterance."

"Will you please state, for the benefit of the jury, how much water you swallowed, as near as you can judge?"

"I should say about two barrels."

(At this point the defendant would object and an expert specialist on the capacity of the human stomach would be called on to testify.)

"Will you kindly state to the jury what discomfort this caused you, if any?"

"I experienced a moist sensation and a feeling of fullness that seemed to border on the point of explosion. This was probably due to the fact that I am not accustomed to taking water in such large quantities."

"Did the soldiers hold any conversation with you while they were administering the 'water cure'?"

"Yes, they asked me to tell all the secrets I knew."

"Did you do it?"

"Certainly; I told them all I knew, and more, too."

"Did the operation impair your thirst for water?"

"Yes, I drank enough water on that occasion to last me all summer."

"That is all. Call the next witness."

The Carp Nuisance.

An influence that seems to have a very material effect upon the bass fishing in Lake Erie is that of the German carp. It is very generally believed among sportsmen and fishermen alike that the carp is to our native fish what the English sparrow is to our birds. No one accuses the carp of having sufficient enterprise to cat other fish—even small fry—but it roots among the spawning beds and is believed to devour eggs by the million.

I have heard this complaint about Lake Erie, at the St. Clair flats and along the bays of Wisconsin, showing that everywhere in the lake region the carp is held in the same disrepute. How much truth there is in the stories of his spawn eating would be hard to say, but it is certain that carp are to be found by thousands all about the great lakes. Some of them are monsters in size and all root about the banks of bay and bayon and the bottom of every shallow place.

Many of my lakes have been entered says a writer in Outing, and their waters turned from crystal to mud color by the roosting. There is no doubt that they disturb spawn beds and do an immense amount of harm, whether they are egg-lovers or not.

Office Hours of Reed.

Hon. Thomas B. Reed goes to Maine occasionally and occupies his summer home near Old Orchard Beach during the warm months. He has become so much in demand in New York that he is often asked if he intends to become a permanent resident of the city. This way he parries the question is interesting.

"I find," he said to a group of friends, "that the financial importance of a New Yorker is gauged by the earliness with which he leaves the city, or the lateness of his return; his riches are measured by the length of time he stays away."

"But how about yourself?" asked one.

"Well, he said, slowly, "I am still keeping office hours."—Philadelphia Post.

An Efficient Officer.

A man who was "wanted" in Russia had been photographed in six different positions and the pictures were duly circulated among the police departments. The chief of one of these wrote to headquarters a few days after the issue of the set of portraits and stated:

"Sir, I have duly received the portrait of the six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them and the sixth is under observation and will be secured shortly."

Photography in Business.

The camera promises to become as indispensable in business affairs as the typewriter. It is now being used in the reproduction of documents, statistical tables and other papers whose duplication by hand would be laborious and expensive. In a very brief period the camera reproduces these with absolute correctness and with much labor saved.

About six weeks after the wolf appears at a man's door, it looks to him as if it were holding a family reunion.

People shake hands on mighty small

PELVIC CATARRH CAUSES

Palpitation of the heart, cold hands and feet, sinking feelings, Prolapsus cures catarrh wherever located.



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, Pelvona. 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 Pelvona to my friends and neighbors and they all praise it. I wish that all suffering women would try it. I testify this according to the truth."—Mrs. X. Schneider.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Pelvona write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Perfection.—God endowed humanity with its infinite capacity for improvement in order that at last it may attain perfection. I do not believe any human being can be perfectly happy as long as we see men condemned to suffer without a single moral thought, without a perception of the noble meaning of life.

—Rev. E. C. Worcester, Episcopalian, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Mystery of Life.—Constantly men and women of the most serious nature and of the most devout spirit are asking, "Who can solve for us the mystery of life?" Some killing experience comes into life; some sharp upheaval of conditions unexpected; some sorrow we did not procure and so have no means of knowing its remedy, because we had no preparation for its coming; some unnatural death. These are things before which we stand. There is no explanation. The gate is shut. And it is wise and good. Such experiences of life are a part of the discipline of life, in which we gather power and strength, not to explore, but to believe.—Rev. T. R. Slicer, Unitarian, New York.

His Question of Faith.

A religious old dorky had his faith badly shaken not long ago. He is sexton for a white church in a Fayette County town, and one afternoon as he was in front sweeping the pavement a strong wind arose, tearing a piece of the cornice off and taking a few bricks out of the wall. Realizing that a good run was better than a bad stand, the old man sought shelter in the station house on the opposite side of the street.

Several minutes later a member of the church of which Uncle Isham is sexton came by, and noticing him in his retreat, remarked that he thought the station house a strange place for a man of faith to seek shelter in a storm when a house of worship was near.

"Dat's so, but what's a man gwine ter do when Lord begins to frow bricks at 'im?"—Memphis Scimitar.

In Praise of the Mosquito.

Mrs. Crimsopeak—I see by the papers that the mosquito eggs are hatched in from four to seven days according to the warmth of the weather.

Mr. Crimsopeak—Well there is one thing to be said in favor of the mosquito. She doesn't go about making quite as much noise as the hen after laying an egg.

Can't Dodge Them.

First Credit Man—Does he meet his bills?

Second Ditto—At every turn.

His Wash Schedules.

"I would like something with a check in it," said the slow-paying customer to the tailor.

"So would I?" replied the tailor coldly with an unmistakable meaning in the words.

When it comes to baking powder, every manufacturer says what he makes is the best. The reason we say it is that an analysis of all well known brands, including the Monopole, made by Jas. H. Fisk, Portland, proves that Monopole is the strongest and purest of all those whose ingredients have been put on record. Our custom is not to put up goods under this brand unless we can produce better goods than any others on the market. Ask for them from your grocer.

WADHAMS & KERR BROS., Portland.

Reform Movement in England.

"The Girls' Letter Guild" is the name of a unique reform movement in England. Women of culture pledge themselves to write letters of friendly tone to the girls of the lower classes, to aid them in their mental and moral uplifting. The object is to win the girl's friendship, encourage them, and dispense them of false notions and class prejudices. Good results are said to be already noticeable.

Getting Reckless.

She—I am surprised at Jane's staying out in the boat all this time with a comparative stranger. A woman of 30 is old enough to know better.

He—Aren't you afraid she is too old to know better?

Boers Welcomed to the Northwest.

The arrival of a little party of Boers in the city in quest of homes in the Northwest gives ground for the hope that there will be more to follow. Of the sturdy manhood of the Dutch farmers of South Africa the world has had ample evidence in the last three years, and as many of them as may come to the Northwest will be gladly welcomed.

Took No Chances.

"Mr. Grimes" said the rector to the vestryman "we had better take up the collection before the sermon this morning."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I am going to preach on economy."

DR. C. GEE WO WONDERFUL HOME TREATMENT

This wonderful Chinese doctor is called great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, barks, hanks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science. Through the use of these harmless remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 80 different remedies, which he successfully uses in nervous diseases. He guarantees to cure all cases of rheumatism, rheumatoid, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and circulars. Send 4 cents in stamps. CONSULTATION FREE. ADDRESS: THE C. GEE WO CHINESE MEDICINE CO. 132 1/2 Third St., Portland, Oregon. Mention paper.

FOR SALE.

One Second Hand Nichols & Shepard Separator, size 40-60, with wind stacker, only run 40 days; a bargain. Inquire of JOHN POOLE, Foot Morrison St., Portland, Or.