

No Appetite

Means loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a precursor of prostrating sickness. This is why it is serious. The best thing you can do is to take the great alterative and tonic **Hood's Sarsaparilla** Which has cured thousands.

Students Broke Them Up.

There are very few things that escape the notice of college students when they appear en masse. This was demonstrated at an uptown theater the other evening when a stirring melodrama was being enacted, says the Philadelphia Record. A group of ten students occupied the front row of the balcony. Just below them sat a party of young women. It was when the beautiful heroine was about to be thrust out on the mercy of a pitiless world that tragedy was turned into comedy. True to feminine emotional nature, the feelings of the group of women aforesaid were so wrought up that tears began to flow. There was a hasty struggle for handkerchiefs, a deep dive into pockets and bags and then a pause. Only one of the six girls had had the foresight to provide herself with a handkerchief.

With a sympathetic glance of comprehension she wiped the tears from her own eyes and then passed the bit of linen along. One by one the weeping maidens dabbed their eyes with the handkerchief and then it was smuggled back to the owner and the game of progressive handkerchief was begun again. The students saw all this, and one of them took a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe away imaginary tears and passed it along the line. Loud "sobs" drew attention to them. In a moment the house was convulsed with laughter, and it was only after managerial interference that the by-play was stopped and the six maidens with the one handkerchief were spared further mortification.

Doing Great Work.

Florian, Mo., Dec. 19.—(Special)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing a great work in curing the more terrible forms of Kidney Disease, such as Bright's Disease, Dropsy and Diabetes, everybody knows. But it must also be noted that they are doing a still greater work in wiping out thousands of cases of the earlier stages of Kidney Disease. Take for instance Mrs. Peter Barbeau, of this place. She says:

"I have been subject to pains in my back and knees for about three years, but since I have been taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I have been entirely cured."

Others here tell similar stories. In fact, in this part of Missouri there are scores of people who have cured the early symptoms of Kidney Disease with Dodd's Kidney Pills. The use of the Great American Kidney Remedy thus saved not only the lives of Kidney Disease victims, but thousands of other Americans from years of sufferings.

New Uses for Roller Skates.

Little Johnny—Say, pa, will you buy me a pair of roller skates?

Pa—What in the name of common sense do you want with a pair of roller skates?

Little Johnny—Why, pa, I want to use them for mowing the lawn in summer and shoveling snow in winter. What else could I use them for, pa—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A man should weigh 26 pounds for every foot of his height.

TAINTED BLOOD

Columbus, Ohio, May 19, 1903.

Some four years ago I was suffering from impure blood and a general run-down condition of the system. I had no appetite, was losing flesh, and had an all-gone tired feeling that made me miserable. I began the use of S. S. S., and after taking seven or eight bottles my skin was cleared of all eruptions and took on a ruddy, healthy glow that assured me that my blood had been restored to its normal, healthy condition. My appetite was restored, as I could eat anything put before me, and as I regained my appetite I increased in weight, and that "tired feeling" which worried me so much disappeared, and I was once again my old self. I heartily recommend S. S. S. as the best blood purifier and tonic made, and strongly advise its use to all those in need of such medicine. VICTOR STUBBINS, Cor. Barthman and Washington Aves.

Wheeling, W. V., May 28, 1903.

My system was run down and my joints ached and pained me considerably. I had used S. S. S. before and knew what it was, so I purchased a bottle of it and have taken several bottles and the aches and pains are gone, my blood has been cleansed and my general health built up. I can testify to it as a blood purifier and tonic. 1533 Market St. JOHN C. STEIN.

If you have any symptoms of disordered blood write us and our physicians will advise you free.

Our book on blood and skin diseases sent free.

SSS

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup
In time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The Old Year goes away; her eyes are sad—
The eyes of one who hopes or fears no more.
Snow is upon her hair; gray mistlets have
A form the venture of the spring which
The new buds quicken now beneath the
clay;
But not for her—the Old Year goes
away.

The New Year enters in; a happy child,
Who looks for flowers to fill her out-
stretched hand,
And knows not fear, although the winds
be wild.
Soon shall the birds be singing in the
land.
On the young leaves the patter of soft
rain.
And violets ope—the New Year comes
again.

So with this mortal life; now young, now
old—
A spring which never dreams of frost and
snow,
Summer and autumn—then the tale is told;
With tired steps in wintry days we go,
God grant a waking on some happier
shore,
Where the lost youth and joy comes back
once more.

—Mary Gorgea.

FATE OF TWO PRESENTS.

THERE, now, we are all ready for Christmas," said Mrs. Slickerby, as she climbed stiffly down from the chair on which she had been standing to deck the chandelier with holly. "How surprised Josiah will be when he comes in, cold and tired, to find the place looking so like holiday times. I declare, I have a good mind to make a fire in the stove just to please him; he kept asking for it so long—though, come to think of it, he hasn't mentioned it lately, though I always told him it only made a dirt for me to clean up and the furnace heated the whole place anyhow. He said his mother used to have a nice fire in the stove when they came in evenings. Of course, she did; his mother never saw a furnace in her life, and wouldn't have known it from a telephone if she had." She paused, with her hands on her hips, to admire the result of her labors. "Yes, I guess I will light a fire in that stove, anyhow, it will serve as a text for more remarks about the cold and a few more hints as to how I do need a new set of furs this Christmas. Josiah is a good man, but he is as close when it comes to a question of money as a potato is to its skin."

She was bustling about as she talked, making her preparations to light a fire in the brilliantly polished stove. "There, I declare," she cried, as she opened the door, "if Josiah doesn't get this stove full filled with papers and trash, after all my talking; it does seem as if you can't teach a man to be careful about a house any more than you can teach a hen to play checkers! Never mind, I'll just lay my kindlings on top of the trash and not scold—Christmas is not the time for scolding, anyhow—though when you've got to live with a man it's best to take every opportunity to teach him what's right."

As the fire began to crackle cheerfully, she left it and went over to the old-fashioned cupboard in the corner, reached carefully to the top shelf and took down a bundle.

"I'll just take a last peep at Josiah's present," she said. "I tell you, there was a lot of work in the knitting of that afghan, and if he doesn't give me those furs he'll feel a good deal ashamed every time he puts it over his knees in the buggy this winter—and the furs are not in the house, I know that, for I've been over every square inch of it in hopes I'd find he'd hidden 'em somewhere." She had unfolded a wonderful combination of colors in wool which would have made Joseph's coat a sadder garment by comparison, and looked at it with great admiration. Then she carefully replaced it. "I don't know as it's just necessary to keep it away up there—he wouldn't see it if it was right under his nose. Dear me, I certainly small something burning. I wonder if it can be my cat in the oven, I had almost forgotten it, with all these other things on my mind."

"There comes Josiah now," she cried ten minutes later, as she heard the door of the sitting room open. "I'll stay out here and see what he does. Well, surely he must be pleased with the decorations and the fire in the stove. It sounds as if he was doing a jig all over the room—and him a professing Christian, too!"

Five minutes later she opened the sitting room door and stood transfixed on the threshold. "Why, Josiah Slickerby, what on earth is the matter?" she shrieked.

"You are as black as a sweep and your beard is all singed, and what is that awful smell in here, and what is that you have in your hand?"

"It's your new set of furs, that's what it is," retorted Josiah, grimly, "a good set of furs that cost a lot of money, too, and looking like a cat that had been sitting on a can of firecrackers when they went off!"

"But how on earth could—"

"I had hid 'em in the stove, that's how! You said you'd never make another fire in it now we've got a furnace, and I hid 'em in it, so's I could surprise you for Christmas."

"Well, goodness knows, you have surprised me."

"Yes, and when I came into this room it was all full of smoke, and flames were bursting out of the stove door, it was so full, and if I hadn't kept my presence of mind and hunted out that old thing to smother the flames with, the whole place might have been burned!" And he held up the afghan, which was scarcely in better condition than the furs!

A Christmas Love Story.

The prettiest Christmas tale of all is that of the blessed Hermann Joseph, the little clockmaker of Germany. He was a very poor lad, who loved to go to church better than anything else in the world. One Christmas eve he entered the cathedral with a little gift for the Christ Child. It was all he had—a rosy apple which someone had given him. He went up to the image of Mary and the Child, and held out the apple to the little one, placing it at last in the chubby hand. Instantly the little marble fingers closed upon the apple and the child smiled with pleasure upon the poor boy's gift. Which goes to show that the tribute of the wise men is not the only acceptable offering to Christmas love.—Abbie Farwell Brown in Lippincott's.

It doesn't seem to throw cold water over Kris Kringle's good intentions when we turn the family hose on him.

HOPE FOR THE SICK



A VICTIM OF LA GRIFFE.

Mrs. Henrietta A. S. Marsh, 769 W. 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal., President Woman's Benevolent Ass'n, writes:

"I suffered with la grippe for seven weeks, and nothing I could do or take helped me until I tried Peruna."

"I felt at once that I had at last secured the right medicine and I kept steadily improving. Within three weeks I was fully restored, and I am glad that I gave that truly great remedy a trial. I will never be without it again."

In a letter dated August 31, 1904, Mrs. Marsh says: "I have never yet heard the efficacy of Peruna questioned. We still use it. I traveled through Kentucky and Tennessee three years ago, where I found Peruna doing its good work. Much of it is being used here also."—Henrietta A. S. Marsh.

Address: Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Nothing But the Truth.

"Yes," said Mr. Stormington Barns, "we did well in the West. At a one-night stand in Arizona we played to a \$10,000 house."

"Say, what are you giving me?" queried Mr. Walker Ties.

"Facts," answered the great footsore tragedian. "The one man who comprised the audience was said to be worth fully that amount."

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

Hero.

Dusty Dennis—A-ho, lady, I have faced the dangers of fire many a time.

The Lady—Were you a fireman, my poor man?

Dusty Dennis—No'm; I smoked a cigar butt in a haystack.

Piso's Cure is a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, at druggists.

Seasonable Inquiry.

"Allow me, Mr. Birkins," said the hostess to a late arrival, "to introduce Captain de Jones, a man who has faced death in a score of battles."

"Pleased to meet you, captain," said Birkins. "By the way, are you a military or football captain?"



Many women are denied the happiness of children through derangement of the generative organs. Mrs. Beyer advises women to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered with stomach complaint for years. I got so bad that I could not carry my children but five months, then would have a miscarriage. The last time I became pregnant, my husband got me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the first bottle I was relieved of the sickness of stomach, and began to feel better in every way. I continued its use and was enabled to carry my baby to maturity. I now have a nice baby girl, and can work better than I ever could before. I am like a new woman."—MRS. FRANK BEYER, 22 S. Second St., Meriden, Conn. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMAN.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass. No woman ever regretted having written her, and she has helped thousands.



Cora—What is your favorite pet in the animal world? Dora—Man.—Chicago Chronicle.

"What are you plunging back in the water for, Pat? You just swam ashore." "Shure, Oi had to save myself first; now Oi'm going back to fetch Moike."

Teacher—Now, Tommy, if you had twelve plums and your little brother asked you for one-half of them, how many would you have left? Tommy (promptly)—Twelve.

Mrs. Backlotz—So your servant girl has left you again? Mrs. Subbubs—Yes. Mrs. Backlotz—What was the matter? Mrs. Subbubs—She didn't like the way I did her work.—Philadelphia Press.

Bright Boy—I'm a chip of the old block, ain't I, pa? Fond Father—Yes, my son. B. B.—An' you're the head of the family, ain't you, pa? F. F.—Yes, my son. B. B.—Then you're a block-head, ain't you, pa?

Clara overheard her parents talking about Bible names. "Is my name in the Bible?" she asked. "No, dear." "Didn't God make me?" "Yes." "Then why didn't he say something about it?"—Harper's Magazine.

Fair Passenger—Won't you have a paper, sir? Hoggly—Why—er—what makes you offer me a paper? Fair Passenger—I thought you'd be more comfortable while women are standing if you could hide your face!—Ex.

Teacher—The sentence, "My father had money," is in the past tense. Now, Mary, what tense would you be speaking in if you said, "My father has money?" Little Mary—Oh, that would be pretense.—London Tit-Bits.

Policeman—Why, my little dear, if you can't tell me your mother's name or where she lives, how are we to find her? Little Girl (lost while out shopping)—Yes, put me in a shop window an' mamma'll be sure to see me.

"What is a counter-irritant?" asked Mrs. Smithers. "A counter-irritant," replied Smithers, "is a woman who makes the clerk pull down everything from the shelves for two hours and then buys four cents' worth of hair-pins."

"Never mind," said the friend, soothingly, "you'll wake up some morning, and find yourself famous." "Not much!" growled the pessimistic poet. "It would be just my luck to oversleep myself that morning."—Philadelphia Press.

Mother—What! Fighting again? Such a black eye! If you'd only follow the lead of the minister's little boy— Tommy—I did try to, but he led agen wid his right, an' dat's where he biffed me.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Professor—Robert, do you know the meaning of the word precipice, or bluff? Robert—Yessir, Professor—You may give me an example. Robert—I can lick you with one hand. Professor—Sir! What's that? Robert—That's a bluff.

Mrs. Dearborn—Were you married in June? Mrs. Wabash—Yes; once on the fifth, once on the eighth and on the tenth, and another time on the sixteenth; but I've switched off to October; that's my marrying month now!—Yonkers Statesman.

Shocked Mother—My boy, my boy, what became of that last piece of pie I left in the cupboard and told you not to disturb? Little Oscar—I ate it. Shocked Mother—And what would you call an act like that? Little Oscar—Disturbing the piece, I suppose.—Buffalo Commercial.

Husband—Why do you scold the butcher? It isn't his fault that the meat comes to the table all dried up. Scold the cook. Wife—I don't dare to; but I'm in hopes that if I keep on scolding the butcher, he'll get mad, and come around and scold the cook.—New York Weekly.

Kilmore—After all, Stedman isn't so bad a fellow. He came to me, man fashion, and took back all the things he had said against my people. Burman—Did it voluntarily? "Practically that. It is true I threatened to shoot him on sight if he didn't retract; but that was only a matter of detail."—Boston Transcript.

Church—Don't you dislike to smell the odor from those automobiles? Gotham—No, I like to smell it. "You do?" "I certainly do. You know, you can't smell the odor until the machine has gone by." "I know it." "Well, if the machine has gone by, and you can smell at all, you're pretty sure that you haven't been struck."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Hallo, Gudger, I've been looking for you a week. Couldn't find you high or low. Met a friend of yours the other day. He's been talking about you, and I felt it my duty to tell you what he said." "Ah, well, I don't care to hear what he said. I know it was something disagreeable." "How do you know that?" "Because you are so anxious to tell it. Good morning."

Lawyer—You have taken your oath, and I want you to answer each of my questions honestly. Witness—Yes, sir. Lawyer—What is your occupation? Witness—I am a driver. Lawyer—Do you drive a wagon? Witness—No, sir; I do not. Lawyer—Now be careful, and remember that you are on your oath. You admit that you are a driver; now, honestly, don't you drive a wagon? Witness—No, sir; I drive a horse.—Albany Evening Journal.

Ayer's

You can hardly find a home without its Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Parents know what it does for children: breaks

Cherry Pectoral

up a cold in a single night, wards off bronchitis, prevents pneumonia. Physicians advise parents to keep it on hand.

"The best cough medicine money can buy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For the coughs of children nothing could possibly be better." JACOB SWILL, Saratoga, Ind.

25c, 50c, \$1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Throat, Lungs

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

Clerical Jolt.

She was wealthy and consequently a target for much flattery.

"Is it a sin," she asked her spiritual adviser, "to take pleasure in having people call me beautiful?"

"Of course it is, my child," replied the good old parson. "It is always wicked to encourage falsehood."

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 331 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

She'd Looked It Up All Right.

Teacher—Have you looked up the meaning of the word "imbibes," Fanny?

Fanny—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher—Well, what does it mean?

Fanny—To take in.

Teacher—Yes. Now give a sentence using the word.

Fanny—My aunt imbibes boarders.—Woman's Home Companion.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

No Flowers.

A Ray County, Missouri, man bet \$2 that he could twist the tail of a dun-colored mule and escape unscathed. In reply to a telegram from the coroner his father, in the East, wired: "Bury the fool where he lit."—Denver Post.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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THRESHERS STACKERS Machinery

Write for Catalogue and Prices

The A. H. Averill Machinery Co. PORTLAND OREGON

His Sphere.

Friend—Do you never take a vacation, doctor?

Doctor—Very seldom. I'm kept busy all summer doctoring people who have been taking vacations.—Puck.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Similar but Different.

"Did you ever attend a cooking school?" asked the Chicago girl.

"No," replied her Boston cousin, "but I graduated from a college of gastronomy."

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—OLDEST HOUSE IN NORTHWEST—

Large and complete stock of Fire Apparatus, Hose and Department Supplies. Our goods are in use in nearly every Fire Department.

HEAVY COPPER BRAZED JOINTS, RELIABLE FIRE EXTINGUISHERS

"Babcock" 250, "Parola" 315, each. These are the Standard Extinguishers. Common Extinguishers, with riveted joints, \$12 each. A. G. LONG, Portland, Or.

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are known by what they have grown. For half a century they have been the standard—have failed once to produce bigger, better crops than any others. Sold by all dealers. 1905 Seed Annual free to all applicants.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

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TAKE ALL OTHERS TOWERS' FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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