

OLD PEOPLE

Their Pains and Ailments



Any taint of the blood quickly shows itself with old people, and troubles, which a younger, more vigorous constitution holds in check, take possession of those of advanced years. A mole, wart or pimple often begins to inflame and fester, terminating in a sore that refuses to heal. Wandering pains of a rheumatic character are almost constant, the joints get stiff and the muscles sore, while sleeplessness and nervousness make life a burden. The natural activity of the body is not so great in old age and all the organs get dull and sluggish, failing to carry out the waste matters and poisons accumulating in the system and they are taken up and absorbed by the blood, rendering it weak and unable to properly nourish the system. There is no reason why old age should not be as healthy as youth if the blood is kept pure and strong. S. S. S. is purely vegetable and is the safest and best blood purifier and tonic for old people, because it is gentle, but at the same time thorough in its action, purifying the blood of all poisons and foreign matter, strengthening it and toning up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. Almost from the first dose the appetite increases, the general health begins to improve and the pains and ailments pass away.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Best of All Plays.
I do not care for problem plays; give me the kind of play in which the girl is just as pure as are the flowers in May; the play in which in time of need the hero's right on deck, and where the scheming villain gets it always in the neck.
I love to hear the girl refuse the villain's gold to take, and say that rags are royal duds when worn for virtue's sake; I love to see her beau decline to heed the rich man's beck, and await the villain with a club athwart his ugly neck.
O not for me the Gallic farce, the Ibsen fol-de-rol, Where man is but a jackanapes and woman is a doll; I'll take the sturdy plot in which the villain tries to wreck The hero's life, and in the end just gets it in the neck.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Those Loving Girls
Miss Elderleigh—You may not believe it, but I refused offers from three different men last month.
Miss Youngbud—Oh, I don't doubt it. But what were they selling?

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

The Polite Editor.
Caller—I have a little poem which— Editor (busily)—That gentleman over there, sir.
Caller (genially)—Is he the literary critic?
Editor (politely)—No; he's the bouncer.

Why They Came Late.
Husband (in hat and overcoat)—Good gracious! Haven't you got your coat on yet?
Wife—It's all fixed except tucking in my dress sleeves so they won't get mussed. I'll be ready in half an hour.

FITS Permanently Cured. No motor 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., 511 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No Time Left.
"Winter wheat looking well?" he asked of a street car passenger who looked like a farmer.
"Dunno," was the brief reply.
"Good deal of snow out in the country?"
"Mebbe."
"Price of hay gone up any?"
"Can't say."
"But aren't you a farmer, my friend?"
"Yes, I'm a farmer; but this winter I've been courtin' a widdier woman wuth \$8,000 and I haven't had any time to fool around with snow or hay or anything else."—Chicago News.

Wasn't Ashamed.
She was a member of a North Side church, and she was trying to impress the fact upon the mind of the friend who rode out with her on a late elevated train the other night.
"I'm as good a church member as any one, and I don't care who knows it," she said in the course of her talk.
"Well, it's nothing to be ashamed of," said the friend. "I was also once a church member, and I never was ashamed to own up to it."
"Ashamed! Who says I am ashamed?" shouted the first woman, until every one in the car turned to look.
"Ashamed? Well, now, I rather guess not. I'm a good church member, and who dares say I am ashamed of it? The person who told you I am ashamed of it is a liar. There!"
"Why, no one told me you were ashamed of it," said the friend.
"Well, then, why are you saying it?"
"I didn't say it."
"You did!"
"Well, then, I suppose I did."
"Well, I'm not ashamed, I'll give you to understand that, and you can put it in your last summer's bonnet that I am not."

And then as the train stopped she added: "Good-by, dear. I get off here."

Probably the youngest general in the world is a nephew of the late Shah of Persia, a boy not yet 14 years old. He holds the rank of full general in the Persian army.

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

Criticisms.
Joe—What do you think of Miss Gobleton?
Fred—Yes; but her intellect isn't in it with her conversational abilities.

One Good Feature.
Jimson—If there's one thing I dislike more than another it's a shallow man.
Samson—Yes, but there's one thing in his favor.
Jimson—I'd like to know what it is.
Samson—A shallow man doesn't require as much watching as a deep one.

To Break in New Shoes.
Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists, shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Same Old Plait.
The Lady—It seems to me these berries are rather small.
The Peddler—I'm sure they have got their full growth, ma'am.
The Lady—Possibly; but I'm quite sure your quart boxes haven't got theirs.



Such a Mistake!—Physician—Your ailment lies in the larynx, thorax and epiglottis. Hooligan—Indade! An' me afther thinkin' th' trouble was in me throat.

Long Distance Appreciation.—Mrs. Jordan—Did you ever hear my daughter sing, Mr. Johnson? Mr. Johnson—Oh, yes; I only live five blocks from your house, you know.

Baby, the Biggest.—Mr. Bigger, Mrs. Bigger, and Baby Bigger, which of this interesting family is the biggest, and why the biggest? Answer—Baby Bigger, because he is a little Bigger.

Excused.—I say, if you are so awfully smart at problems, tell me how far off thunder is when you hear the first roll. Calculator—I can't do that, sir. Crawford—You can't? Calculator—No; I'm the lightning calculator.

A Pun?—A man driving in the country lost a nut off his wagon wheel. Meeting an Italian, he asked if he had a monkey wrench. The indignant Italian wrathfully replied, "Me no keep a monkey ranch; me keep a sheep ranch."

Convincing.—"Certainly, I am sure it's a counterfeit note," said the receiving teller. "It has one very noticeable flaw; it's in the paper." "But, my dear man," protested the depositor, "in these days you can't believe everything you see in the paper."

A Hint.—Mr. Highhive (looking up from the paper)—Well, well! Wonders will never cease! They've got so now that they can photograph in colors. Mrs. Highhive (glancing at his nose)—I think, my dear, you'd better get your picture taken before the old process is abandoned.

Exemplary Punishment.—A mother brought her little son for his first time to school, and said to the teacher: "This boy o' mine is very delicate, as he is rather a fit of harmonia on the loons; but if he does anything boud, an' I know he will, bate the wax next to him, an' 'twill frighten him."

He Won Easily.—Mr. Subbubs—You know you're only talking nonsense. What do you want a couple of new gowns for? Mrs. Subbubs—Why, Mrs. Payne has got a dozen gowns, all of them much handomer than the two or three that I've got. Mr. Subbubs—Yes, I know. But a homely woman like that needs rich attire in order to attract attention.

Seizing the Opportunity.—"Always," advises the pompous person who has accumulated several millions, "always say, 'I will.' Never allow yourself to be dismayed by the outlook! Overcome the outlook! That's the way to succeed." "One, then," comments the poor person to whom he addresses this homily, "should always say, 'I will!'" "Yes, sir." "And you always say it?" "I do." "Will you lend me half a million to get my airship in running order?"

Proved His Teacher Wrong.—Little Willie's father found his youthful son holding up one of his rabbits by the ears and saying to him: "How much is seven times seven, now? Bah," the father heard the boy say, "I knew you couldn't. Here's another one: Six times six is how much?" "Why, Willie, what in the world are you doing with your rabbit?" asked the father. Willie threw the rabbit down with disgust. "I knew our teacher was wrong," was all he said. "Why, how?" asked his father. "Why, she told us this morning that rabbits were the greatest multipliers in the world."

HOME OF MACBETH UNCHANGED
Cawdor Castle Still Mocks the Tooth of Devouring Time.

Hamlet's castle at Elsinore, which still remains precisely as in his day, is not the only habitat which still mocks the tooth of comorant devouring time. The castle of Macbeth, thane of Glamis and of Cawdor—Cawdor castle—built in the year 1448, also still stands just outside of the village still called "Cawdor," at Inverness, in Scotland, says Shakespeareana, and if it does not happen in rain when the tourist approaches it (and it sometimes does not rain in Scotland) he will exclaim as Duncan did, "this castle hath a pleasant seat, the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself to our senses."

During its many centuries of life, Cawdor castle has accumulated many wings, "outer walls" and new interiors, and so the great hall where the deed of dreadful note was first resolved may not be at present located (and, for once, tradition has not selected one of them). But a chamber where the deed may have been done there is in one of the oldest parts of the old pile. For several years this chamber has been tendered by the present thane of Cawdor—on of the Campbell family (the present owners of the property) as a bedroom for a night's lodging to any artist who will as quid pro quo paint upon its walls a picture of some incident of the tragedy according to Shakespeare.

That not many artists have cared for such a night's lodging on any terms we are led to guess from the fact that only four pictures are on that chamber's walls. Lady Macbeth in her nightgown; Macbeth with the fatal dagger drawn; the bridle cat that mewed thrice, and the owl, the fatal belman! as well as the three secret black and midnight hags over the cauldron!

Everything else in the house is more quiet when there is illness, but did you ever notice the impudence of the clock, which ticks all the louder?

VETERAN MILWAUKEE EDITOR DEAD.

William E. Cramer, aged 88, editor in chief of the Evening Wisconsin of Milwaukee, died recently of pneumonia. Mr. Cramer had been for over half a century one of the leading figures in the affairs of Wisconsin. He had been in the editorial harness constantly from 1847, when he went to Milwaukee, until his death, although for over forty years he was almost blind.

Mr. Cramer was the last of the old-line editors. For fifty-seven years he directed the policy of the Wisconsin, going to the office every day. Though sadly handicapped by blindness and defective hearing, he kept closely in touch with the events of the day, and up to the last not only took an active part in the publication of his paper, but few issues went to press without something on the editorial page from his pen.



WILLIAM E. CRAMER.

Mr. Cramer was a lawyer by profession, but his leaning toward newspaper work led him to become a writer on the Albany Argus, where he was on intimate terms with Martin Van Buren, Horatio Seymour and other Democratic leaders, State and national. In 1847 he went to Milwaukee on the invitation of prominent Democrats and purchased the Courier, the name of which was soon after changed to the Evening Wisconsin. The paper was Democratic, but when the Civil War broke out Mr. Cramer became a war Democrat and enthusiastically supported the Union cause. Since then the paper has been Republican in politics.

In 1869 Mr. Cramer married Miss Harriet L. Barker, who survives him. While visiting Europe Mr. and Mrs. Cramer were beleaguered in Paris at the time of the siege during the Franco-Prussian war, and went through the scenes of the commune.

HAS TRAVELED 2,421,500 MILES.

Great Distance Covered by a Surgeon on Trans-Atlantic Liners.

Dr. J. Fourness Brice, surgeon on one of the great trans-Atlantic liners, has crossed the ocean probably more times than any other man living. He has lived on ocean liners for over fifty years and though he is now 79 years old he hopes to make many more trips. He has crossed the Atlantic 885 times, or a total of some 2,421,500 miles.

It is quite probable that he has exceeded this many thousands of miles, for in his fifty years on the Atlantic the steamers on which he sailed were not confined to any particular route. The greater part of the time he sailed between New York and Liverpool, and the routes between these points vary from 2,900 to 3,000 miles or more. The distance between Boston and Liverpool is not as great, but there are times when these steamers take routes longer than those sailing from New York. So that in the case of a man who has sailed the Atlantic for more than fifty years, and crossed it 885 times, a few thousand miles does not cut so much of a figure.

Making the most conservative estimate, Dr. Brice has sailed enough miles to take him around the earth about ninety-seven times. The longest distance around is at the equator, the circumference of the earth at this point being about 24,899 miles. Assuming that on each of his trips across the Atlantic Dr. Brice traveled 2,900 miles, he could have gone around the earth 97 1/2 times.

The Case of Jim.

Maw's callin' from the milkhouse, Callin' stern:
"Jim, yer lazy good fer nuthin',
Come an' churn."

Paw's callin' from the cornpatch, Callin' loud:
"James, yer hulkin', stupid loafer,
Time yer plowed."

Nature's callin' from the trout brook, Callin' whist:
"Son, yer poor tired, lazy feller,
Come and fish."

Stranger, if we just swapped places, Pupt it clear,
Which of all the three a-callin'
Would you hear?
—New York Sun.

A Cautious Youth.

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up the road. "What are you going to do with the dog, my little man?" inquired a passer-by.
"I'm going to see where—where he wants to go, first," was the breathless reply.

When a couple gets married they ought to be prevented from having their pictures taken with her hand on his shoulder for one year.

I'm Growing Old Fast

And you know why, too. It's those gray hairs! Don't you know that Ayer's Hair Vigor restores color to gray hair? Well, it does. And it never fails, either. It stops falling hair also, and keeps the scalp clean and healthy. Do not grow old too fast!

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for many years and I should indeed be sorry to be obliged to do without it. It keeps my hair from turning gray, and also keeps my scalp clean and healthy."—E. S. FENFIELD, Canyon City, Oregon.



Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.

Wasted Energy.

Sometimes head and heels work well together, but it was not so in a case reported in the Yonkers Statesman. Cam, a colored man, was an hour late, and his employer asked him to explain.

"Yes, sah, I'll explain, sah," Sam replied.
"Well, what excuse have you?"
"I was kicked by a mule on my way here, sah."

"That ought not to have detained you an hour, Sam, if you were able to come at all."
"Well, it wouldn't have if he'd only kicked me in dis direction. You see, boss, he kicked me de other way."

Cannot Reduce a Rate.

It is stated in Washington, that under the Townsend rate bill, if a rate is fixed by the commission it cannot be lowered by a railroad. Should an emergency arise calling for a decreased rate, the railroads or shippers would have to appeal again to the commission, there being no latitude allowed, whatever the circumstances. Hitherto a maximum rate has been the rule, but no such concession is made under the proposed legislation.

Method in His Madness.

Caudles—I was reading in the paper this morning of a man who sleeps in the stable with his horse every night.
Mrs. Caudles—What's the matter with him—is he crazy?
Caudles—No, I guess not. A horse can't talk, you know.

Swapping Compliments.
"I have just invented a new sausage," said the butcher, handing some to the poet for him to try.
"Ah!" exclaimed he, "it is a poem! By the way, have you read my latest poem?"

"Indeed, yes," replied the butcher with a light of appreciation in his eyes; "it is a sausage."—Houston Herald.

His Health Was Wrecked Pe-ru-na Gave New Life



HON. JOHN TIGHE

Assemblyman Tighe's letter should be read by every brain worker leading a strenuous life.

Hon. John Tighe, No. 98 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y., Member of Assembly from the Fourth district, Albany county, N. Y., writes as follows:
"Peruna has my hearty indorsement as a restorative tonic of superior merit. At times when I have been completely broken down from excess of work, so that my faculties seemed actually at a standstill, Peruna has acted as a healing restorer, starting the machinery of mind and body afresh with new life and energy."

"I recommend it to a man tired in mind and body as a tonic superior to anything I know of and well worthy serious consideration."—J. Tighe.
Excess of work so common in our country causes impaired nerves, leading to catarrh and catarrhal nervousness—a disease that is responsible for half of all nervous troubles.
Peruna cures this trouble because it cures catarrh wherever located.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, 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, O.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc.
In time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Not the Kind.
"I had an uncle die up in Vermont last week," said the Boston man, "and, though there is nothing so very queer about an uncle dying, this relative of mine didn't have a fair show."
"As how?" was asked.
"Well, when he was 20 years old a tin peddler advised him to always carry snuff around in his pocket to throw into a mad dog's eyes, in case he met one. He carried that snuff for forty years and never used it."

"Well?"
"One day, after he had carried it for thirty years, he was crossing a field and an old bull got after him and gave him a toss. When he came limping into the house and told us about it I said:
"Why didn't you throw snuff in his eyes, Uncle Jerry?"

"Why, that peddler told me to use the snuff on dogs, and that if ever a bull got after me I was to use ground cinnamon. I hadn't any of the blamed stuff with me!"

His Preference.

Wife—Which of these photographs of mamma do you like best, dear?
Husband—Let me see. Why—er—I think I prefer this small one.
Wife—Do you think it is a better likeness?
Husband—Oh, no; but it shows her dressed in a traveling costume.

Each Day's Supreme Event.

Every day's work should be a supreme event in every life. We should come to it as carefully prepared as the prima donna who is trying to hold the world's supremacy in song comes before her audience. Then our work would breathe out the vigor and vitality and freshness which we put into it. Then life would be glorified, and the work of the world illumined, transformed.—O. S. Mardén in "Success Magazine."

Malli Makaroff, only daughter of the Russian admiral, who was drowned by the sinking of the warship Petropavlovsk, has been chosen maid of honor to the Czarina and to the dowager empress of Russia. Her mother, a woman of Polish origin, is a profound linguist and accomplished musician. She has dabbled in occultism and his written books and plays. At present she is engaged upon a biography of her husband.

1905 LEWIS & CLARK EXPOSITION

For First Class Hotel and Room Accommodations in PORTLAND during the EXPOSITION apply at once and send your reservation fee of \$2.00, to apply on rent of your room. Rooms in all parts of the city. \$10 to \$20 per day. RESERVE YOUR ROOMS WITHOUT DELAY AND GET YOUR CHOICE. Write for full information to Department 1, EXPOSITION ACCOMMODATION BUREAU, The Only Official Bureau of the Lewis & Clark Fair, Goodnough Building, Portland, Oregon.



Electric lighted rooms. Baths and modern conveniences. Rooms 50c, \$1 and \$1.50 per day. A new, permanent hotel, directly opposite main entrance to Fair. All street cars for Fair land you at Hotel door.

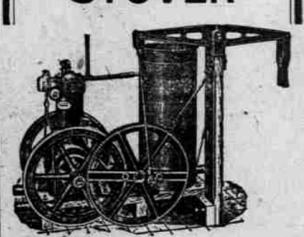
OUTSIDE INN



Electric lighted rooms. Baths and modern conveniences. Rooms 50c, \$1 and \$1.50 per day. A new, permanent hotel, directly opposite main entrance to Fair. All street cars for Fair land you at Hotel door.

Dr. G. 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, buds, bark and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of those harmless remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung, throat, rheumatism, 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 stamp. CONSULTATION FREE.
ADDRESS
The G. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co.
251 1/2-253 ALDER ST., PORTLAND, OREGON
No mention paper

STOVER



GASOLINE ENGINES

2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 and 25-Horse Power. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hundreds in use in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Send for Catalogue.

Mitchell, Lewis & Stover Co.
PORTLAND, OREGON
Seattle and Spokane, Wash.
Boise, Idaho.

P. N. U. No. 24-1905

When writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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.
CLEANED OUT ALL THE LICE AND MITES.
Albert Blocker of Channahon, Minn., bought a can of Prussian Lice Killer and used it thoroughly three times and cleaned his poultry house entirely free from lice and mites. Before using, the poultry house was alive with red lice and mites.
JUST THE THING FOR LICE ON HOOPS.
J. H. Malone, of Adel, Mo., says the Prussian Lice Killer is just the thing for lice on hoops, and is worth five times its cost.

PORTLAND SKEED CO., Portland, Or., Coast Agents