

Is Your Hair Sick?

That's too bad! We had noticed it was looking pretty thin and faded of late, but naturally did not like to speak of it. By the way, Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair restorer. It keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"I am well acquainted with Ayer's Hair Vigor and like it very much. I would especially recommend it as an excellent dressing for the hair, keeping it soft and smooth, and preventing the hair from splitting at the ends."—MIRIAM FRITZ, Veedum, Mich.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA,
PILLS,
CHERRY PECTORAL.

His Hard Luck.

Brown—Jigsmit is anything but grateful to Dame Fortune.
Green—How's that?
Brown—He found a two-carat diamond in the gutter the other day, and what do you suppose he said?
Green—Give it up. What did he say?
Brown—"This is hard luck."

Marketing Potato Crops.

In line with the classic case of the oyster shippers, cited by President Hadley of Yale university in his book on Railroad Transportation, is the case of the Aroostook potato growers brought by President Tuttle of the Boston & Maine railroad before the senate committee on interstate commerce. Nothing could better show how a railroad works for the interest of the localities which it serves.

A main dependence of the farmers of the Aroostook region is the potato crop, aggregating annually eight to ten million bushels which find a market largely in Boston and the adjacent thickly settled regions of New England. The competition of cheap water transportation from Maine to all points along the New England coast keeps railroad freight rates on these potatoes always at a very low level.

Potatoes are also a considerable output of the truck farms of Michigan, their normal market being obtained in and through Detroit and Chicago and other communities of that region.

Not many years ago favoring sun and rains brought a tremendous yield of potatoes from the Michigan fields. At normal rates and prices there would have been a glut of the customary markets and the potatoes would have rotted on the farms. To help the potato growers the railroads from Michigan made unprecedentedly low rates on potatoes to every reachable market, even carrying them in large quantities to a place so remote as Boston. The Aroostook growers had to reduce the price on their potatoes and even then could not dispose of them unless the Boston & Maine railroad reduced its already low rate, which it did. By means of these low rates, making possible low prices, the potato crops of both Michigan and Maine were finally marketed. Everybody ate potatoes, and that year everybody had all the potatoes he wanted.

While the Michigan railroads made rates that would have been ruinous to the railroads, had they been applied to the movement of all potatoes at all times, to all places, they helped their patrons to find markets then. The Boston & Maine railroad suffered a decrease in its revenue from potatoes, but it enabled the Aroostook farmers to market their crop and thereby to obtain money which they spent for the varied supplies which the railroads brought to them. If the making of rates were subject to governmental adjustment such radical and prompt action could never have been taken, because it is well established that if a rate is once reduced by a railroad company it cannot be restored through the red tape of governmental procedure. If the Michigan railroads and the Boston & Maine railroad had been subjected to governmental limitation they would have felt obliged to keep up their rates as do the railroads of France and England and Germany under governmental limitation and let the potatoes rot.—Exchange.

Natural Deduction.

"You should stable your cows in wet weather," remarked the customer who never overlooked an opportunity to register a kick.
"How do you know but what I do?" queried the owner of the village dairy.
"Because your milk has a rain flavor," explained the party of the first part.

Never expose the eyes needlessly to dust or flying particles of any kind.

IF YOU STAMMER WE CAN CURE YOU

The Lewis Phonometric Institute and School for Stammerers of Detroit, Michigan. Established eleven years. Have cured thousands. Gold Medal awarded World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904. Recommended by physicians, educators, clergymen, and graduates every where. This institution has a Western Branch at Portland with a very large class of pupils in attendance—men and women, girls and boys—all ages ten to forty. Many have been cured in three weeks, but five to six weeks is the time usually required. Will close in Portland on October 15th. Will accept pupils until September 1st. A POSITIVE, ABSOLUTE CURE FOR ALL STAMMERS. Write at once for particulars and terms. If you mention this paper and send 4 cents in stamps, to cover postage, I will send you our cloth bound, 50 page book, "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering," free of charge. Address: WILLIAM T. LEWIS, Associate Principal, Western Representative, 18th and Raleigh Streets, PORTLAND, OREGON. Note—No pupils accepted at Portland after Sept. 1st.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

OLD Favorites

The Miller of the Dee.

"There was a jolly miller,
Lived on the River Dee;
He danced and sang from morn to night;
No lark so blithe as he.
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
'I care for nobody; no, not I,
If nobody cares for me!'"

These lines, no doubt, suggested the poem of Charles Mackay, here given:

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night—
No lark so blithe as he;

And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
'I envy nobody—no, not I,
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal;

"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm a king,
Beside the River Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap;
"I earn my bread," quoth he;

"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the River Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,

"Farewell, and happy be!
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill, my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"
—Charles Mackay.

The Child's First Grier.

"Oh, call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?"

"The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh, call my brother back!"

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh, call him back to me!"

"He could not hear thy voice, fair child,
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like springtime smiled
On earth no more thou'lt see."

"A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven!"

"And has he left his birds and flowers,
And must I call in vain?
And, through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?"

"And by the brook, and in the glade,
Art all our wanderings o'er?
Oh, while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more!"
—Mrs. Hemans.

WILES OF THE HORSE TRADER.

Tricky Arts to Make Old Ones Young and Doctoring and "Doping."

Probably in no business are so many tricks and wiles practiced as in that of horse dealing. It is safe to affirm that thousands of horses are sold throughout the country every year under false conditions, and so skillful have "fakers" become that it takes a very clever and experienced man to detect the doctoring tricks of those who are anxious to sell a bad animal to the best advantage.

Perhaps the commonest of all faking or blushing, as it is often called—a term derived from a man named Bishop, who during the eighteenth century obtained a great reputation for making old horses appear young—is in relation to a horse's teeth. At full age a horse has forty teeth, and not until the fifth year are they all visible. Six months later the "nippers" or front teeth become marked by a natural cavity and it is the presence or absence of these marks that certifies the animal's exact age.

As the horse gets older, these marks wear away, and it is then that the copier or faker sets to work to make fresh cavities, as found in a horse of the age he wishes to represent. The surface of the teeth is cut out with a steel tool and the black lining of the groove, which must be visible, burnt in with nitrate of silver or some other chemical. In this way horses which are often over 8 or 9 years of age are sold as 5-year-olds.

The age of a horse is often increased as well as reduced by means of faking the teeth. A 3-year-old will often be transformed into a 5-year-old by means of chiseling out the side milk teeth with which horses are furnished up to their third year, when they are supplanted by the permanent ones. The extraction of the former, of course, brings on the latter much quicker than would be the case in the natural order of things, thus making a horse appear much older than it really is.

There are various other things, however, besides the teeth, which give away the age of a horse and which have to be faked if the animal is to fetch a fair price. In old horses there is generally a certain cavity or depression

of the skin in the forehead immediately above the eyes. This disfigurement is remedied by a process known as "puffing the gums." A fine-pointed blowpipe is introduced under the skin above the eye, through which the copier blows gently until the deep hollow is filled and is replaced by a perfectly smooth surface.

The faking of broken-winded horses is an art in itself, so to speak. It is generally accomplished by means of drugs, arsenic being chiefly used. The "copier" also pays strict attention to such an animal's diet previous to a show. If during the trial a horse is a little short-winded the owner will turn furiously upon the groom for giving his horse too much hay, when in all probability it has had nothing to eat or drink for hours.

The groom will thereupon explain how the animal got loose and ate a bushel of oats and half a truss of hay in the night and that he was afraid of losing his place if he said anything about it. This explanation will, in nine cases out of ten, satisfy the intending purchaser and remove any doubts which he might have had.

A singular dodge is resorted to by the "copier" when he comes into possession of a lame horse out of which he desires to make some profit. The method is called "beaming" and consists in making a horse which is lame, say, for instance, in the left fore foot, lame in the right one also.

Perhaps a small pebble is inserted between the shoe and the hoof of the latter foot, the pain of which causes the animal to limp with the right as well as the left leg, one thus counterbalancing the other and making it appear as though it was the horse's natural gait. In lieu of a small pebble a small iron wedge is sometimes driven underneath the foot corresponding with the lame one, thus causing both legs to go lame alike, which only gives the horse a different motion.

"Doping" is a term usually applied to the trick of making horses appear sprited and high-steppers by means of drugs or chemicals. An animal is often made to pick up its legs in the quick, nervous style of a thoroughbred by having the back tendons of the leg rubbed with turpentine, cow-itch and ammonia, which burns like fire and makes the animal prance with pain.

Occasionally, says a writer in the Boston Herald, the "copier" is successful in selling what is known as a "rogue" horse—one who resists all attempts to be put into harness. With a sharp razor the sides of the horse will be shaved in certain places, making it appear as though the animal was just out of harness and a thorough carriage horse.

The same performance will be gone through just below the withers, where the collar chafes, while, if the horse be a tricky one, chlorhydrate and opium will be administered. It is not until the unlucky purchaser tries to harness the horse to a carriage that he discovers the animal's temper and its unmanageable ways.

TAKES TOOTH-PICK'S PLACE.

Dentals Cleared by the Use of a Gum Band.

The dentists have been preaching for the past decade the virtues of dental floss and the dangers of the tooth-picks, but without much avail. Unfortunately, dental floss is not often conveniently available, and a good substitute that is always at hand is a slender rubber band. The illustration, to



TAKES THE TOOTH-PICK'S PLACE.

repeat the circumlocution of the inventor, shows "a device for removing obstructions from between the teeth." It comprises a forked handle having branches provided with slots adapted to secure a rubber strip slipped therein. Tiny knobs fixed on said strips prevent the rubber from pulling out and likewise serve to protect the cheek and tongue when using the device. The elasticity of the rubber permits it to enter the interstices between teeth, even when these are abnormally minute.

Women Not Artistic.

During the last hundred years in France and England the education of women has been more artistic than that of men. Far more emphasis is put upon music and drawing in girls' schools than in the corresponding institutions for their brothers. And yet Galton found, in investigating nearly 800 cases, that 28 per cent males and 88 per cent females showed artistic tastes. In spite of the larger opportunity which the modern woman has to develop her artistic faculties, the results in the two sexes are practically the same.

A Discrep. boy.

Johnny—Pa, half-fare is 3 cents and whole fare 5 cents, isn't it?
Papa—Yes, my boy, that is right.
Johnny—But you said two halves always equal a whole.—Puck.



JOLLY JOKER

He—I hope you don't make a fool of your husband?
She—No; I don't have to.—Yonkers Statesman.

Appropriate.—A Southern cornetist, named Burst, has three children—Alice May Burst, James Wood Burst, and Henry Will Burst.

So Natural.—Mrs. Cassidy—"Twas very natural he looked fur all the world like a love man layin' there dead.

Breaking the News.—Mistress—"If you want eggs to keep you must lay them in a cool place. Bridget—O'll mintion it to the hens at wast, mum.

His Experience.—"Regarding a woman," said Henpeck, "To this said conclusion I've come: When man puts a ring on her finger He puts himself under her thumb."

Awful.—Uncle Hiram—"They say that the sun never sets on the British Empire. Aunt Hannah—Doesn't it now? And we have such lovely sunsets over here!

Very Likely.—"Have you any taste for Thackeray?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "No, I can't say that I have," replied her hostess; "is that anything like this paprika they're puttin' in everything now?"

Correct.—"Pa," said little Reginald, "what is a bucket shop?" "A bucket shop, my son," said the father, feelingly, "is a modern coöperage establishment to which a man takes a barrel and brings back the bung-hole."

Insinuation.—Patron (in restaurant)—"What are you bothering me for? Head Usher.—The gentleman at the next table wanted me to ask if you wouldn't please face the other way. He says he was nearly eaten by an alligator once and can't bear to see you eat."

The Realist.—Alexis came home one night with his clothes full of holes. "What has happened to you?" exclaimed his mother. "Oh, we've been playing shop ever since school closed," Alexis replied. "Shop?" echoed his mother. "Yes, we opened a grocery, and everybody was something," Alexis explained. "I was the cheese."

Could Do Without It.—"You remember that I gave an order for a pound of liver a while ago?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, I find that I do not need it, and you need not send it." Before she could put down the telephone receiver she heard the market-man say to some one in the store: "Take out Mrs. Blank's liver. She says she can get along without it."

Recommendable.—"My husband is so poetic," said one lady to another in a car the other days. "Poor dear!" interrupted a good-natured looking woman with a market basket at her feet, who was seated at the lady's elbow and overheard the remark. "Have you ever tried rubbin' jints with hartshorn liniment, mum? That'll straighten him out as quick as anything I know of."

The Secret of Harmony.—Young Mrs. Mead had just engaged two servants, a man and his wife. "I am so glad you are married!" she said to the man. "I hope you are very happy, and that you and your wife never have any difference of opinion." "Faith, ma'am, I couldn't say that," replied the new servant, "for we have a good many; but O! don't let Bridget know of this, an' so we do be getting along well."

Generals Saved Him.—When General Robert E. Lee was fighting Grant in "the last days" an old darky besieged headquarters with requests to see "the gin'ral." "Well, where do you belong?" demanded General Lee. "I b'longs to y'r company, gin'ral," returned the darky. "No, you don't," declared the General, snarply. "Everybody in my company has been shot. How is it that you haven't been?" The darky scratched his head. Then from his twisted mouth came a confidential whisper: "Well, yo' see, gin'ral, it's this a-way. I ain't been shot 'case when dey's a fight goin' on I always stays with the gin'ral's."

Take It for Granted.
When Lady Davy was advanced in years there came to Rome a very foolish Russian on whose credulity his friends used to practice. Among other things they informed him that there had till shortly before been in the city an English lady at whose house her friends used to assemble. After her death they found it so inconvenient to lose their point of meeting that they had her embalmed and placed every evening on her accustomed ottoman. As he became very anxious to assist at one of these strange reunions, some one agreed to take him there. When he arrived, there, sure enough, sat the shriveled old lady. He circumnavigated the ottoman several times, finding all that he had been told was too true, then threw up his arms and with the cry, "It is too horrible!" rushed from the room.—Sir Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary."

Take It as Personal.
Daisy—Why was Maude Oldgirl so angry about her photographs? Didn't they flatter her?
Maudie—Oh, they were as pretty as the artist could make them, but on the back of each one it said, "The original of this picture is carefully preserved."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There are times when a man doesn't want things to come his way—bills, for example.

GOOD BLOOD TELLS ITS OWN STORY



And tells it eloquently in the bright eye, the supple, elastic movement, the smooth, soft skin, glowing with health, a body sound and well, an active brain, good appetite and digestion, refreshing sleep, energy to perform the duties and capacity to enjoy the pleasures of life. The blood is the most vital part of the body; every organ, muscle, tissue, nerve, sinew and bone is dependent on it for nourishment and strength, and as it circulates through the system, pure and strong, it furnishes to these different parts all the healthful qualities nature intended. When, from any cause, the blood becomes impure or diseased, it tells a different story, quite as forceful in its way. Itching, burning skin diseases, muddy, sallow complexions, disfiguring sores, boils, carbuncles, etc., show the presence, in the blood, of some foreign matter or poison. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Contagious Blood Poison and Scrofula, are effects of a deeply poisoned blood circulation. These may either be inherited or acquired, but the seat of trouble is the same—the blood. S. S. S., a purely vegetable blood remedy, cleanses and purifies the circulation and makes it strong and clean. Under its purifying and tonic effects all poisons and impurities are expelled from the blood, the general health is built up, all disfiguring eruptions and blemishes disappear, the skin becomes soft and smooth and robust health blesses life. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all diseases of the blood are cured by S. S. S. Book on the blood and any medical advice, free of charge. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

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Retort Courteous.

He—Girls are queer creatures—they marry the first fool who asks them, as a rule. I suppose you would do the same, wouldn't you?
She—Suppose you ask me and find out.

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The Proper Word.

Clara—I was tempted to give her a piece of my mind, only I didn't want to make a scene.
Minnie—You mean, dear, you didn't want to make a production. That's the proper word nowadays.—Boston Transcript.

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 and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Lucky, Indeed.

"This is what I get for marrying a poet," pouted the tall brunette. "We are too poor to hire a girl, so I have to cook the beefsteak and onions."
"My dear girl," said the matron, whose husband is an editor, "you should be very proud."
"Proud of what?"
"That you should have found a poet who can really afford beefsteak and onions."

The Last Perry Expedition Survivor.

The newspapers chronicle the death, June 22d, of two members of the Perry expedition to Japan, 1853-54. The July Century contains the personal recollections of this expedition of John S. Sewall, who was a member of Commodore Perry's party, and who is probably the last survivor of the famous expedition.

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

Yellow Art.

Tommy Figjam—Paw, whose picture is that feller there where you're readin'?

Paw Figjam—Why, that's a half-tone of a second cousin of the stepbrother of an aunt by second marriage of the foster sister of the chap who is suspected of being in possession of information as to who was an accomplice of the mysterious unknown who assisted in kidnaping Sloppy Sadie the Sad-Eyed Shop Girl.—Baltimore American.

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CURED 34 HORSES.
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