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When the nerves are weak everything goes wrong. You are tired all the time, easily discouraged, nervous, and irritable. Your cheeks are

Sarsaparilla

pale and your blood is thin. Your doctor says you are threatened with a nervous breakdown. He orders this grand old family medicine.

For more than 50 years I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family. It is a grand tonic at all times, and a wonderful medicine for impure blood. D. C. HOLT, West Haven, Conn.

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Weak Nerves

BOOKWORMS.

They Are Not Worms at All, but Very Industrious Insects.

The name bookworm is made to cover an army of little creatures of various sizes, shapes and kinds which can be found in books. Really no one of them is a worm, though perhaps the fish moth and silver fish come nearer to it than any of the others. There are the book scorpions and mites, which are not insects, but are primarily carnivorous. Their presence in books may be due to the fact that they find there animal as well as vegetable food. This is certainly true of the scorpions, which feed on mites, book lice and other small insects. The book lice, cockroach, silver fish and fish moth can have no reason for infesting books except their liking for farinaceous substances such as are used in and about the labels and bindings of books. The damage done by them is largely confined to the exterior or interior of the bindings themselves. The white ants feed principally on wood, and in and about books there is more or less wood fiber which is to the liking of these voracious feeders. The moths and beetles are the borers and burrowers. They seek retired places to lay their eggs, where the larvae will have plenty of food at hand when hatched. They will sometimes tunnel from one cover to the other.—New York Herald.

MONARCHY IS RAIMENT.

Clothing Is the Power That Governs the Human Race.

There is no power without clothes. It is the power that governs the human race. Strip its chiefs to the skin, and no state could be governed; naked officials could exercise no authority; they would look (and be) like everybody else—commonplace, inconsequential. A policeman in plain clothes is one man; in his uniform he is ten. Clothes and title are the most potent thing, the most formidable influence, in the earth. They move the human race to willing and spontaneous respect for the judge, the general, the admiral, the bishop, the ambassador, the frivolous earl, the idiot duke, the sultan, the king, the emperor. No great title is efficient without clothes to support it. In naked tribes of savages the kings wear some kind of rag or decoration which they make sacred to themselves and allow no one else to wear. The king of the great Fan tribe wears a bit of leopard skin on his shoulder—it is sacred to royalty; the rest of him is perfectly naked. Without his bit of leopard skin to awe and impress the people he would not be able to keep his job.—Mark Twain in North American Review.

DICKENS' PHRASES.

The Extent to Which They Have "Made Language."

Since Shakespeare no writer has "made language" to the extent that Dickens has done, and the number of common colloquialisms taken from his novels and which everybody uses every day is the outstanding proof of the success with which he has appealed to the imagination of the nation.

How often one hears "Barkis is will-in," "Beware of vidders," "Oliver Twist asks for more," "Codlin's the friend, not Short," "I don't believe there's no such a person," "Let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed," "Waiting for something to turn up," "A trifle wearing," "The law is a bass," "The demitition bowwows," and so on!

Not a few actual words have come from Dickens to the dictionary—Podsnappery, Pickwickian, Pecksniffian, Bumbledom and many others. Dolly Varden, the pretty heroine of "Barnaby Rudge," has given her name to a hat, while Mrs. Leo Hunter, the Artful Dodger, Uriah Heep and Mrs. Jarley have become common generic terms.—London Express.

House of Commons Air.

In summer time the air used for ventilating the house of commons in London passes through blocks of ice. In

winter it is heated. In fog the outer air passes through layers of cotton wool six inches thick. During forty-eight hours of fog the cotton wool on one occasion was as black as the back of a chimney. Thanks to these precautions, the house has been absolutely free from mist, and the atmosphere is in normal condition while a dense fog prevails outside. The normal temperature of the house of commons is kept at the level of 62 degrees except in sultry weather, when it is raised to 65 degrees.

Earliest Newspaper.

The first daily newspaper was a manuscript letter written by salaried correspondents and forwarded by them every twenty-four hours from London to the provinces. That was in the days of the early Stuarts. During the Commonwealth these letters were printed in type and circulated in large numbers. Even so long ago as 1680 the law of libel was such as to be characterized by Judge Scroggs as making any newspaper publication illegal and tending to provoke a breach of the peace.

Not Pushing.

Chesterfield Chauncey—Could you spare me an old pair of trousers, mum? Mrs. Winrow—Yes; do you want anything else? Chesterfield Chauncey—Oh, yes; I'd like about fifty millions and a seat in the senate, but dat kin wait.—St. Louis Republic.

Evilous.

"You know, Dick was just mad to marry me," said the young bride. "Yes; that's what everybody thinks," replied her rival.

Time never hangs heavily on the hands of a woman who marries a man to reform him.—Philadelphia Record.

KEEN OF EAR.

Hogs Have a Finer Sense of Hearing Than You Imagine.

"Hogs have a much keener sense of hearing than most people seem to think," said a man from the country. "They can see well and at a considerable distance, but the nose and eyes of the hog must give first place to the ears.

"This is so, no doubt, because hearing is probably the most useful of the senses in the hog life, particularly at that season of the year when the hog in the wild state must rely upon the fruitage of trees in the main for food. Even with this advantage it is frequently a fierce race to see which hog can get there first. It would be interesting to know just how far a hog can hear an acorn fall. It is remarkable how quickly they become cognizant of the fact that an acorn has been blown from its outer shell and tumbled toward the ground, and he seems to catch the sound quicker when he knows a competitor is near who will run him a race for the nut. I have witnessed some fierce and interesting races between hogs with an acorn as the stake. "Put a hog within twenty yards of an oak and in nine cases out of ten he will beat the acorn to the place. In nine cases out of ten the hog will be within a few feet of where the acorn strikes the ground, another fact which argues the superiority of the hog's hearing. He can apparently tell pretty well by the sound where the acorn will fall, and he will rarely miss it more than a few feet."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ZANZIBAR.

Its Fragrant Clove Forests and Its Malodorous City Streets.

It is difficult to describe in fitting language the clove gardens of Zanzibar. The "spicy breezes" which are said to "blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle" blow with equal softness and perhaps no less spiciness through Zanzibar's beautiful clove forests. The whole island abounds in richest vegetation, but the clove forests are its real beauty spots. And what a grateful change their fragrant shade from the oriental odors and genuinely bad smells of the stuffy streets of the old town itself! For Zanzibar is not like an American city in the width of its streets and the architecture of its buildings. There is scarcely a thoroughfare in the whole place wide enough to permit two vehicles to pass, and the system of sanitation is almost as primitive as that of the garden of Eden; hence some of the smells. Fortunately the clove forests are not far away. Zanzibar has no docks or wharfs. All goods are landed or shipped by means of lighters. The tidal rise is about fourteen feet and the fall necessarily the same. Vast stretches of beach are thus left bare at low water; hence more smells. But, with all its drawbacks, Zanzibar is not particularly unhealthy. It is hot, vigorously, viciously hot, but still the people, the white people, manage to live there in comparative comfort and in spare hours play golf, tennis and sometimes even football.—E. Verne Richardson in American Syren and Shipping.

The Spinning Mule.

Samuel Crompton, a boy of sixteen, copied the best features of the spinning machine invented by Hargreaves and Arkwright, added to them some of his own and, after three months of anxious and secret experimenting, produced the first spinning mule, so called be-

cause it was a kind of hybrid between Hargreaves' Jenny and Arkwright's water frame. The raw apprentice lad was, however, no match in cunning for the cotton lords, who soon found out the secret of his new machine and shamelessly robbed him of the fruits of his ingenuity. Many years afterward, it is true, they used their influence to secure for him a parliament grant of £5,000, but he was then a broken hearted and disappointed man, to whom the money came too late to be of any real service.

A Woman's Tongue.

"Woman's tongue is her sword, which she never lets rust," wrote Mme. Necker. "The tongue is not steel, but it cuts," wrote Erasmus. "The tongue kills more than the sword," wrote Vesik, the Ottoman statesman. Solomon, the embodiment of wisdom, wrote, "It is better to dwell in the corner of the house than with a brawling woman and in a wide house." And St. James wrote, "The tongue is a little member and boasteth great things." However, the good King Arthur said, "Deny not to woman the proper use of her tongue."

A Sure Cure.

"I don't care how severe a cold is," said the man who was not suffering from one, "I can get rid of it in one day."

"So can I," replied the man who was carrying three pocket handkerchiefs, "but suicide is repugnant to me."

Erasing the Question.

Mrs. Otto Filit—Now, professor, I want you to be perfectly frank with me and tell me exactly what you think of my voice. Professor Shopang—Ah, madame, how can you ask zat of a member of a race zat ees r-r-renowned for eets pollteness?—Cleveland Leader.

Just Her Idea.

"Have you seen my picture of Ananias?" inquired the artist to a throng hanging on to his long ringlets.

"No," replied a fair one; "I have not yet, but I have never thought Ananias was quite as bad as he is painted."—Kansas City Independent.

Always reliable—The Weekly Oregonian.

HINTS FOR FARMERS

Feeding a Foal on Cow's Milk.

Some time ago I had a young grade coach mare in foal to a German coach stallion. Before the time for foaling she had an attack of disease, from the effects of which she became much run down and poor, writes a correspondent of American Cultivator. The foal appeared all right on being dropped, but as the dam gave but very little milk it made but little growth and was thin and poor.

When two months old, somewhere about the commencement of autumn, it was taken from the mother and put in the barn, where it was fed with fresh green grass. Having a dairy and a separator, the colt was taught to drink the skimmed milk while sweet and warm. It soon became fond of the milk and commenced to grow and fill out. It was kept in a roomy pen all through the winter and given the skimmed milk along with its other feed. As a result it grew finely, became round, smooth coated and handsome, in great contrast with the poor, small, half starved animal at the beginning. By spring there was not a finer looking colt around and it attracted much attention on this account. Where autumn colts are raised the skimmed milk diet might be of advantage along with the other feed.

Terrific Race With Death.

"Death was fast approaching," writes Ralph F. Fernandez, of Tampa, Fla., describing his fearful race with death, "as a result of liver trouble and heart disease, which had robbed me of sleep and of all interest in life. I had tried many different doctors and several medicines, but got no benefit, until I began to use Electric Bitters. So wonderful was their effect, that in three days I felt like a new man, and today I am cured of all my troubles." Guaranteed at Sloan Drug Co.'s drug store; price 50c.

E. E. Snyder has been captured and returned to Olin, Iowa, where he is accused of embezzling \$125,000, and thereby wrecking a bank.

A Noiseless Typewriter Needed.

A noiseless typewriter is something devoutly wished for. The best kind of present machines is said to be very trying on the nerves, not only of the operator, but of those around it as well. There was also a time, many years ago, that a medicine for stomach, liver and bowel troubles was sorely needed, but with the introduction of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, over 50 years ago, this long-felt want was supplied. Today it is recognized by everyone to be the best medicine in the world for the above ailments, and thousands of people are now using it exclusively. It positively cures headache, bloating, heartburn, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, biliousness and malaria, fever and ague. It is also invaluable to delicate girls and women who need a tonic and regulator for their weak organs. Try a bottle.

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