

MISS LEOPOLD, SECRETARY LIEDERKRANZ

Writes: "Three Years Ago My System Was In a Run-Down Condition. I Owe to Pe-ru-na My Restoration to Health and Strength."



Miss Ricka Leopold, 173 Main street, Monasha, Wis., Sec'y Liederkranz, writes:

"Three years ago my system was in a terrible run-down condition and I was broken out all over my body. I began to be worried about my condition and I was glad to try anything which would relieve me.

"Peruna was recommended to me as a fine blood remedy and tonic, and I soon found that it was worthy of praise.

"A few bottles changed my condition materially and in a short time I was all over my trouble.

"I owe to Peruna my restoration to health and strength. I am glad to endorse it."

Pe-ru-na Restores Strength.

Mrs. Hattie Green, R. R. 6, Iuka, Ill., writes: "I had catarrh and felt miserable. I began the use of Peruna and began to improve in every way. My head does not hurt me so much, my appetite is good and I am gaining in flesh and strength."

A Luxury.

Two gentlemen dining in a New York restaurant were surprised to find on the bill of fare, the item, "green bluefish."

"Walter," one asked, "what sort of bluefish are green bluefish?"

"Fresh—right from the water," said the waiter, offhand.

"Nonsense!" said the man. "You know well enough they do not take bluefish at this season."

The waiter came up and looked at the disputed item.

"Oh, that, sir?" he said, with an air of enlightenment. "That's hothouse bluefish, sir."

His Hand Luck.

"Yes," said Mrs. Heribly, pressing a damp handkerchief to her eyes, "he's an unfortunate man, me Cousin Cella's man is. If Iver there's any chanst of a good thing he's always a little to wane side. If it hadn't been for that he'd be in his home now, instead of in the hospital, ma'am."

"Why, I understood that Timothy stepped backward off the staging and fell clear to the ground," said the district visitor, sympathetic but puzzled.

"He did," said Mrs. Heribly, with a fresh burst of tears, "but if he'd fell a bit more to the right, there was a great pile of bricks, an' it would have broke his fall, anyway."

Why It Didn't Show.

"Has that new friend of yours any business ability?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, it doesn't show on the surface."

"No, he's an official of the underground railway." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Trick at All.

Canby Dunn—Do you take any stock in the story that a man engraved the entire alphabet on the head of a pin?

Y. Knott—Certainly. He could have engraved the ten commandments on it. It was a coupling pin. Ring off.

A Danish colony of 500 families is seeking a location in Mexico. If the colony prospers, it will receive large subsidies later.

COULD NOT KEEP UP.

Broken Down, Like Many Another Woman, With Exhausting Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. A. Taylor, of Wharton, N. J., says: "I had kidney trouble in its most painful and severe form, and the torture I went through now seems to have been almost unbearable. I had backache, pains in the side and loins, dizzy spells and hot, feverish headaches. There were bearings down pains, and the kidney secretions passed too frequently, and with a burning sensation. They showed sediment. I became discouraged, weak, languid and depressed, so sick and weak that I could not keep up. As doctors did not cure me I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and with such success that my troubles were all gone after using eight boxes, and my strength, ambition and general health is fine."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

RUSSELL SAGE.

Like Midas, Everything the Financier Touched Became Gold.

Lacking but a few days of 90 years of age, Russell Sage passed away at his summer home at Lawrence, Long Island. For two or three years his health had been falling, owing to his extreme age, and for half a year he had not been in his office but he confidently expected a summer in the country would restore him to vigor. So long as he retained consciousness he thought he was gaining in health and he planned on celebrating his birthday anniversary as usual. Death came quietly after a period of coma and was solely due to his accumulated years.

With the death of "Uncle Russell" Sage there passed away the greatest private money lender in the world, a man who for many years had had from \$25,000,000 to \$50,000,000 in cold cash constantly lent out to good interest, most of it on call loans. No other man in the world possessed as much cash capital as did he, but he also had great invested wealth, principally in railroads. It had been thought that his death would create a panic on Wall street, owing to the money he had loaned, but he considerably had made provision that in case of his death there should be no sudden call for the loans.

Russell Sage started out as a poor boy controlled by a dread of the poverty which he saw all about him and determined that he would become a rich man. Debt was a thing he abhorred, a weakness which he knew was the curse of men who otherwise would have been successful and happy. He early resolved to live well within his income, to save his money in times of prosperity so as to be always ready for those periods of sudden stress and adversity



RUSSELL SAGE.

which came to all men. From the first he was successful. He saved the first dollar he ever earned and early learned how to make his money work for him. He started when a boy on the hunt for gold and as long as life lasted he never gave up the chase. He never took a vacation because he felt that he could enjoy nothing so well as the constant accumulation of wealth. It was not the enjoyment of wealth and what it would procure for him, but the accumulation of the money, which kept him continually in the harness. He was as joyous over saving 5 cents at a lunch counter or in getting two years' wear out of a ready-made suit of clothes as other men would be over an European trip.

Russell Sage was born in the township of Verona, Onondaga County, N. Y., on August 4, 1816, his father having come to central New York in an ox wagon. When Russell was an infant the family moved to Durhamville, at the head of Onondaga Lake. Like his brothers, Russell left the farm at a very early age.

He began trading in horses. Before he was 19 he had accumulated nearly \$2,000, then he left his brother's employ and opened a store for himself. This he sold at a profit and engaged in the shipping business. At the age of 22 he was worth \$25,000. At 28 he was sole proprietor of a wholesale grocery and commission business in Troy and was rated at \$300,000. He was elected alderman and was sent to Congress for one term.

In 1857, when 41 years old, he went to New York, seeking a wider field for his trading activities. He bought the La Crosse road, part of the Milwaukee & St. Paul system, for \$25,000, kept it six months and sold it for \$1,000,000. From that time forward he was a factor in Wall street, always looking for a sure thing and always getting it. For a time he and Jay Gould were closely associated. He never speculated, as that term is generally understood, but he made most of his enormous fortune by loaning money. At his death his fortune was estimated at \$100,000,000.

Russell Sage had no hobbies. He cared nothing for the things that wealth could buy. Things that other millionaires are wont to spend their money on had no charms for him. He cared nothing for art, music, pictures, steam yachts, social entertainments or books of travel.

As wealthy as Croesus, his tastes to the last remained as simple as those of a \$20 a week clerk who strives to live within his income. His business apparently absorbed his whole life. According to the popular estimate of him he represented the most perfect development of the money making machine in human form.

Russell Sage was twice married, but he had no children. His first wife was Miss Maria Winne, daughter of Moses I. Winne, of Troy. She died in New York in 1867. Two years later he married Miss Margaret Olivia Slocum, daughter of Joseph Slocum, a merchant of Syracuse.

His friends declared that of all the

good bargains he had made in his life his marriage to this estimable woman was by long odds the best. What he lacked she possessed. Her charitable deeds were many. With her Mr. Sage's home life was a very happy one.

EGYPT'S PEASANT WOMEN.

English Government Taking Steps to Educate Them.

The peasant woman of Egypt, the poor, patient creature who through the weary length of centuries, through the vicissitudes and tragedies of dynasties, rulers and queens, remains, like the sphinx, unchanged, is presented to the public in the Fortnightly Review as the mother of rejuvenated Egypt, "the Egypt that will be born not bond, but free." Already one of her race—the beautiful Thewfida—has become mother of the Khedive, and from other peasant mothers, says the writer, Walter F. Mieville, great sons are destined to be born.

At the present time, however, there appears to be few signs of greatness in the Egyptian daughter of the soil. Her very name, fellaha, means to plow or till, and from her earliest years she is accustomed to drudgery.

"In the close season," says Mr. Mieville, "peasant baby girls are posted as sentinels over the horses and cattle tethered in the vividly green barseem fields. Active little maidens carry diminutive hods or baskets of mortar or bricks when building operations are in progress, or are sent to destroy caterpillars when they threaten to destroy the crops. The bigger girls in time of wheat harvest join with the older women in field labor, which is very fatiguing. As a wife and mother the wearisome occupations of the peasant woman's day begins with her household duties, the washing, scouring, baking and cooking; then comes her modest marketing, and much time also is given to her dusky little cherubs, the children who, when small, tread only on her skirts, but who, when they come to man's estate, oft trample on her heart. In the intervals of housework there is even labor in the fields ready to her hand.

The fundamental fact that she is desirable solely on account of her sex is dimmed into the fellaha's ears from girlhood; her upbringing leads out to her no other goal than marriage; her brothers early learn a sensual attitude toward all womankind. From pecuniary necessity, a fellah's means not permitting of his taking into himself many wives, polygamy does not obtain extensively among the peasantry, but the woman who fails to bear children is quickly 'put away' for every adult male is expected to found a family, or, if not divorced, drinks to the dogs a very bitter cup. To politics she is a stranger, and she meddles not even in village concerns which may affect her husband. She is not even expected to have any religion. Humbly in her soul under heaven's blue canopy she cannot bless Allah, the compassionate, the merciful, whose celestial breath she feels in the cool morning air, but religious duties are not obligatory for her as for men, and she may but rarely enter a mosque during the regular hours of prayer.

In conclusion, Mr. Mieville says the British government is taking some steps by means of education to prepare the future mothers of Egypt for their enlarging responsibilities, and, considering the difficulties of the situation, has made encouraging progress.

The Final Touch.

It was known that Anabelle Hobbs had made a good match. From a worldly point of view; just how good, however, nobody in Hillville fully realized until the return of Anabelle's mother from a visit to the new home.

"I guess there's nothing Anabelle can't have if she takes the notion," said Mrs. Hobbs, with a sigh of satisfaction. "I tell her she'd ought to show reason, for of course Henry will get kind of wanted to her after a while, and not be quite so ready; but now he takes up with all her whims. What do you suppose his last gift was?"

The listener dared not venture a supposition.

"I didn't imagine you would," said Mrs. Hobbs, with satisfaction. "Anabelle's always been set on onions ever since she was a child, but her pa and I never encouraged her in it, first because they smell so, and then, too, they cost considerable unless you raise them yourself."

"Well, Henry found out how fond she is of 'em, and he ordered a half-bushel to be there when they got back from the trip; and then when she told him my objections, and he knew I was coming, he bought a pint bottle of that new hyacinth perfume and put it in the guest-room for me."

"When I got it on, why, Anabelle might have eaten the whole of that half-bushel of onions and I should never have known it. Here, you smell of that handkerchief and you'll see I'm not speaking a word beyond the truth."

They're Expensive.

Youth—What do I have to pay for a marriage license?

Clerk—Well, you get it on the installment plan.

Youth—How's that?

Clerk—One dollar down and your entire salary each month for the rest of your life.—Cleveland Leader.

The greatest evil we know anything about in connection with canned meats is the pile of tin cans allowed to accumulate in the alley, and the big packers' trust can't be held responsible for that, can it?

When two big talkers are alone together they don't say much. Neither one is looking for a talker but a listener.

The Polite Burman.

In the cities of Burma, where the natives have been long in contact with Europeans, says the author of "Burma Painted and Described," they have lost some of their traditional politeness; but in the country districts old-school courtesy is still the custom.

An English gentleman who had bought a new pony was trying him out on a Burman road, when the animal bolted, and ran at top speed down a narrow road.

In the way ahead was a native cart, in which was a family party out holi day-making.

The pony dashed into the back of the cart, threw his rider into the midst of the merry-makers, and severely injured the Burman who was driving.

Before the Englishman had an opportunity to explain his unexpected onslaught the Burman picked himself up and bowed low.

"My lord, my lord," he said, apologetically, "the cart should not have been there."

Found He Was a Cannibal.

A new arrival in the town entered a restaurant and ordered his dinner. He had just been served when a large, round person entered and seated himself at the same table, and finally reached over and helped himself to his neighbor's bread; seeing that the other man's boiled potato had not been touched he took that and ate it without removing the skin. A piece of chicken followed.

By this time the waiter reappeared and handed the bill of fare to the newcomer.

"Roast beef; roast pork. Which shall I take?" said he. "Well, I guess you can bring me roast beef, a double order."

"Thank heaven," said the man opposite.

"Eh? What did you say, sir?"

"I said 'Thank Heaven.' I was afraid you were a cannibal."—Pittsburg Press.

Reciprocity.

"I declare," complained Mrs. Duzzit, "I shall certainly have to punish the children," says a writer in Life. "What have they been up to now?" inquired her husband.

"They have simply upset my sewing room. Nothing is where it should be. Needles, spools of thread, scissors, darning balls, everything I have has been packed away into the most unexpected corners. It is perfectly exasperating."

Mr. Duzzit surveyed his wife with a benignant air.

"That wasn't the children, dear," he said. "I did that."

"What possessed you?"

"It was kindness of heart. After you straightened up the papers and books on my desk so beautifully, I thought it was no more than right that I should return the compliment by putting your sewing room in order. So I did."

The Books All Right.

The steamer was to leave in an hour, and Mrs. Lapsing was in a flurry of preparation.

"Mother," asked one of the children, "where are the books we want to read while we're on the boat?"

"Never mind the books," she said, with her mouth full of hairpins. "They're all packed in your father's esophagus."

In Use.

"Where's the box constrictor forty feet long that you've got painted on the sign out in front?" demanded the visitor at the dime museum.

"This is wash day, and we're using him for a clothes line," explained the Circassian beauty.

How He Knew.

Wedderly—That milliner of yours must be a bird.

Mrs. Wedderly—Nonsense! She has neither wings nor feathers!

Wedderly—Yes, but just look at this bill of hers.

Slang Not All American.

Is "fired out" an Americanism? This question is put by a London paper in discussing the use of the expression by the Vienna correspondent of the Times in connection with the dismissal of the American ambassador to Austria-Hungary. Anything that seems slangy is generally stamped as an Americanism, but in this case, as in so many others of a similar nature, it is shown that the phrase can be found imbedded in the classics of the English language. "Fired out" an Americanism? Well, in one of Shakespeare's sonnets, as one of the London papers says, you may read:

Yet this shall I never know, but live in doubt,

Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

An American school teacher—and this is another illustration that comes to mind—decided that his pupils should drop the word "say" because it was inelegant. The tendency to begin a remark or a question with "say" may certainly be overcome, but as a bright pupil pointed out, if "say" is vulgar, how should we regard the use of it in the first line of "The Star-Spangled Banner"—"Oh, say, can you see?"

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. Do not accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Ormsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Met Often.

"Why are you howling to that man? Do you know him?" asked Madge, in surprise.

"Yes," said her chum. "He walked over so many times getting out between acts at the theater last night that we got real well acquainted."—Detroit Free Press.

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

In Confidence.

"I knew," he declared, "that we were meant for each other from the very moment I first saw you."

"I knew it," she replied, "long before that."

"You did?"

"Yes, I may tell you now in confidence, since we're engaged and it's all settled, that mamma had been mapping out our accidental meeting for three months."—Judge.

Discouraged.

Sherlock Holmes had announced his intention of abandoning detective work.

"My dear Holmes," said Dr. Watson, "you don't mean it?"

"Quite so, my dear doctor," he said. "Those Philadelphia detectives have made me look like a bungling amateur."

Shooting another charge of dope into his arm, he assumed a William Gillette pose and stared moodily into the fire.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

Sold by J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Able to Retaliate.

Byron was writing his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

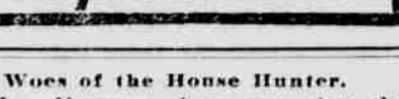
"They'll find I'm no Keats," he exclaimed. "I'm a bad man from the headwaters of Bitter creek, and I can hit back—darn 'em!"

Regretting that his lame foot was not a real club, so he could use it on them, he dipped his pen in the vitriol again and confided some more of his burning thoughts to the sheet of paper before him.

A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong, and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."



Woes of the Horse Hunter.

"Mrs. Nowcome, have you shot the chutes since you came to town?"

"Not yet. I've put in all my time flattening the flats."—Chicago Tribune.



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