

MAN-A-LIN

THE IDEAL LAXATIVE MADE FROM CONJECTIVES AND ADJUNCTS.

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MAN-A-LIN Is An Excellent Remedy for Constipation

There are many ailments directly dependent upon constipation, such as biliousness, discolored and pimply skin, inactive liver, dyspepsia, overworked kidneys and headache. Remove constipation and all of these ailments disappear.

MAN-A-LIN can be relied upon to produce a gentle action of the bowels, making pills and drastic cathartics entirely unnecessary.

A dose or two of Man-a-lin is advisable in slight febrile attacks, la grippe, colds and influenza.

THE MAN-A-LIN CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO, U. S. A.



The Elimination of Eids.

Wuns Henry Beamus had a dog witch had
Sum fleaze and other things almost as bad
And hardly enny hare becaus it wear
It off by skratchin on the kitchen dore
When Henry's mother did not look;
and it
Wood berry bonns in the frunt yard and bit
The preacher wuns on his frunt porch,
ware he
Kood not sit down from bein bit, you see,
Witch maid a fuss in church; and Henry had
To tie it up for fear he wood go mad.

And Henry had to give his dog away
But everywars he went he wood not stay
For he laud Henry so; and he wood bring
A new boan hoam and howl like every-thing
For owrs ann owrs az if he had a fit;
And all the naburs tried to poizen it,
And killed a lot of uther dogs and cats
Belongin to themselves and sed sutch bratts
As Henry shoob de punnisht when they kept
A dog that onley howld and never slept.

And one day Henry fownd him layen dead,
All curld up in the kornur of the shed
As peaceful as kood be, to howl no moar,
Mutch butifuller than he was befor.
And me and Redd and Henry Beamus
drugg
Him over by the crick and then we dug
A graive for him, and Henry Beamus said
A prare, and put a hedstoun at his head;
And Henry's eyes was full of teers, becaus
He noo how good and fatheful his dog was.
—J. W. Foley.

Boys' Summer Camp.

Is there any pastime more delightful to boys than camping out for a few days or weeks during midsummer? And not only do the boys of the family enjoy getting close to nature for a brief while, but the parents and sisters of the boys are happy when visiting the camp for a day's sojourn at a time.



A plan for a summer camp of the "open-face" variety is pictured here, giving boys a very good idea of how to build one of boards and canvas. The site for the camp should be very carefully selected, dryness of ground being the first consideration and proximity to a spring or well of pure water being next considered. If the camp is to be pitched in the mountains do not decide on a spot near a canyon, for a heavy rainfall might prove dangerous, washing away not only the camp, but its occupants. Select a level stretch well up the side of a mountain where the delicacy is not too pronounced.

After the "camp" has been duly erected and the "fire shed" built (a place where the camp fire is to be made for cooking purposes), a ditch about ten inches deep and a foot wide should be dug about them just at their outer base. This ditch is for the purpose of catching the roof-drain during the rains, and should have a "lead" dug from the lower side to carry the water off down the mountain or hillside.

Some boys who camp every year build such durable camp lodgings that they last from season to season. These are often equipped with windows and floor, as well as with bunks for the bedding. But few boys want to go to so much trouble and expense, and the floorless, bunkless, windowless, "open-face" camp, is just what they want for a few weeks' outing.

Before going into camp the campers should see to it that everything necessary for camp life has been supplied. There should be a good-sized mess box of wood, in which to keep the provisions. Matches should be kept in rubber-corked bottles to insure against dampness. Crackers should be kept in thick paper bags, tied tightly at the opening. Let the bread be well wrapped in paper first, and outside that a good, thick cloth. In the way of uncooked provisions there should be a side of smoked bacon, a bag of meal, one of flour, a can of lard (for frying fish and game), a sack of salt, glass jars of coffee, tea and sugar. Fresh eggs can be bought from a near-by farmer, also green corn and new potatoes, if the camping crew cares to consume so much time over the campfire. And they are pretty certain to want all that they are prepared to cook, for living out of doors sharpens the appetite wonderfully, and boys who eat little at home find themselves while in camp devouring all the food they can lay hands on.

The cooking utensils should consist of coffee pot, long-handled iron or steel skillet (never use a frying pan; it is a snare and a delusion), a good-sized iron pot for boiling corn and potatoes, and a tin pail for holding water. The dishes should consist of tin plates, cups, kitchen knives, forks and spoons. If napkins are to be indulged in, sup-

ply a few dozen paper ones. A white olecloth serves finely for a table cover, and a flat rock—or even the ground—will prove as good a table as is wanted. A few weeks in an open camp, living the wild, free life of pleasure and unrestraint, will prove most beneficial to boys that have overstudied during the school year, and they will come home from their outing like "new men," brown and healthy.

Help an Old Lady Across the Street

she was a sweet old lady, but afraid of the confusion of the busy street. As she hesitated, the boy came up. He took off his cap and smiled. "Let me help you?" he said. "With the feeble old arm in his, he led her safely over. It cost him only a minute and a little thought. It was a tribute that youth owes to age. It was simple kindness. It was thoughtful, and, of course, politeness, because politeness is nothing but consideration and thoughtfulness of other people. It was sympathy. The feeling that made the boy want to be of some service to the old lady was the same feeling that makes every one of us who has a heart and is not ashamed of it want to help everybody who is down or in trouble or unable to help themselves. And it was chivalry toward woman-kind. We all possess that—some of it. It is such a tremendous pity, isn't it, that we are growing so selfish that we haven't always time to be courteous? There are still places in big, busy America where men take off their hats in public elevators when women are present. Foolish? Perhaps. But the spirit that prompts it isn't foolish. It is only a survival of that world-old feeling that every man owes all respect to every woman. When the boy helped the old lady he not only assisted her and himself did a kind act, but he furnished a lesson to a whole world full of people.—Cincinnati Post.

Words Ending in O.

The best spellers among the boys and girls may be pardoned if they are sometimes in doubt whether to add es or simply s, when pluralizing a noun ending in o. There is a simple rule that governs such cases, however, and if they would remember that, the doubt would be removed. English nouns ending in o preceded by a consonant takes es in the plural, but those ending in o preceded by a vowel take a only. Echo, motto and potato will serve as examples of the first, the plurals of which are echoes, mottoes and potatoes. Folio and cameo are examples of the second, the plurals of which are folios and cameos. The words solo, junto and canto, and a few others, have not been fully Anglicized, and they take s only in the plural. Another exception is the word two, which is usually pluralized as twos, though some authorities prefer twoes.

The Lamb-Plant.

Old-time travelers in China and Tartary spoke of a plant they found there with the shape and appearance of a lamb. It had, so they said, head, feet and tail distinctly formed, and its skin was covered with soft down. It would turn about on the stalk on which it grew, and would bend towards the herbage on which it fed, and when the grass failed, it would dry up and wither away. A singularly shaped plant, recently discovered, shows that there was some foundation for this remarkable story. This plant has a woolly covering, and the peasants amuse themselves by trimming it, and adjusting the long silky hairs that cover it, in such a way as to give it the appearance of an animal.

THE CHANCE CAME.

Dan's Father Said He Never Would Set the River on Fire.

Several years before the discovery of oil at Pithole an Irishman named McCarthy and his son Dan came to this country from the Emerald Isle. Dan was a young man of twenty, but his father looked upon him as a mere boy and seemed to take delight in ridiculing him before people.

"'Tis Dan is a good by," he would say sarcastically, "but Danny, me by, ye'll never set the river on fire."

This was his stock witticism, and it annoyed Dan very much, but he did his best and soon surprised the old gentleman by securing a lucrative job.

"'Tis, Danny has a job all right," he said. "It's \$150 a day, but the by'll never set the river on fire—not he."

When oil was found at Pithole, Dan hurried to the scene and was soon earning unusually large wages as a teamster. All the petroleum was drawn in barrels, and teams were in great demand. He saved his money, bought an acre of land and soon had a well drilled that was producing 100 barrels of oil per day at \$10 per barrel. The elder McCarthy joined him, saw the well, received a liberal gift of money and then shook his head ominously.

"'Tis a good thing, Danny," he croaked, "ye're doin' well; but, mark me worruds, ye'll never set the river on fire, me by."

A few days later a flood wrecked one of Dan's small wooden tanks, the oil ran down the river, and there was great excitement. As Dan and his father stood on the bank watching the oil float away Dan drew a match and lighted it.

"'Father," he said coolly, "the next time ye say O' never set the river on fire please remember that O' had a chance wanst, and—didn't do ut, bedad."

Then he blew out the match.

Live Like a King.

No crowned head ever pillowed itself for a night's lodging with the satisfaction of knowing that under the same roof there were a thousand persons paid to look after its safety, comfort and luxury, unless that crowned head found itself in a modern New York hotel, where a regiment of "help" is employed, consisting of clerks, chefs, pastry cooks, meat cooks, bakery men, soup cooks, detectives, watchmen, engineers, electricians, plumbers, carpenters, laundrymen, doormen, porters, butlers, waiters, stewards, wine and cigar experts, decorators, messengers, waiting maids and chambermaids.

Any person with \$4 in his pockets can have the advantages of this regimental array of servants for one day by paying the price of a room at any of the greater hotels recently constructed in the metropolis, though, of course, \$4 is the lowest figure. Many of the rooms cost double that sum a day, and some of the state apartments, with bedrooms, gorgeous parlor, private dining room and bath, are not let for less than \$100 to \$125 a day. Even the four dollar rooms have baths, but the price of room or apartment does not include meals.—Rensselaer in Success.

Hardly Ever.

A husband may forget the bird
When wifey leaves the city;
But seldom does the lonely man
Forget to feed the kitty.
—Houston Post.

We don't know, Cordelia, but doubtless Mother Nature and Father Time are twins.



she was a sweet old lady, but afraid of the confusion of the busy street. As she hesitated, the boy came up. He took off his cap and smiled. "Let me help you?" he said. "With the feeble old arm in his, he led her safely over. It cost him only a minute and a little thought. It was a tribute that youth owes to age. It was simple kindness. It was thoughtful, and, of course, politeness, because politeness is nothing but consideration and thoughtfulness of other people. It was sympathy. The feeling that made the boy want to be of some service to the old lady was the same feeling that makes every one of us who has a heart and is not ashamed of it want to help everybody who is down or in trouble or unable to help themselves. And it was chivalry toward woman-kind. We all possess that—some of it. It is such a tremendous pity, isn't it, that we are growing so selfish that we haven't always time to be courteous? There are still places in big, busy America where men take off their hats in public elevators when women are present. Foolish? Perhaps. But the spirit that prompts it isn't foolish. It is only a survival of that world-old feeling that every man owes all respect to every woman. When the boy helped the old lady he not only assisted her and himself did a kind act, but he furnished a lesson to a whole world full of people.—Cincinnati Post.

WOMAN'S SENSE OF HONOR.

Her Special Code for Conduct Toward Her Husband.

A well-known American warden said to me: "I have been in prisons for men and in prisons for women. Discipline in the former is child's play compared with the latter. As soon as a man realizes there is no use in resisting he gives in. But the women, even when we put them in strait jackets, always manage to extricate at least one finger and to agitate that in a rebellious manner!"

In the matter of conduct toward husbands and consideration due to the "better half" there is an especial code of honor, says the Pall Mall Magazine. It has the stability that sanction by women of all countries gives it, but it does not resemble any code that man would observe toward another man, nor which a woman would employ toward any human except her husband. This code includes the right to search pockets, consult notebooks, open letters, read those already opened. It includes the right to confound household and personal accounts, to use on self the money intended by the master of the house for paying bills. This system is not frequently admitted, no doubt, yet we remember one newly married woman who announced as a little triumph, "When I buy for myself something I don't like I just sell it to the house!"

The peculiar indulgence which the conjugal state seems to call for as regards the weaker sex in matters of honor more or less delicate was thus strikingly summarized by a philanthropist accustomed to all sorts and conditions of people. Among the poor whom she visited there was a woman who in a fit of rage or jealousy had killed a man. In relating to me the case the philanthropist concluded sadly, "Yes, she killed him, and he wasn't even her husband!"

A Tale of Red Tape.

Among the tales of red tape the following should hold a high place: M. Roger Cavallion, a young French gentleman rider, who had won his hundredth steppechase, was drawn for a year. He asked to be placed in the cavalry, explaining with due modesty that he was not unknown as a horseman. The military council of revision refused the request on the ground that as his period of service was only one year he would not have time to learn to ride.

Too Strenuous.

"My son tells me you've discharged him," said the office boy's mother, "and I think that's strange; you advertised for a strong boy, and he's certainly—" "He's too strong, madam," interrupted the employer. "In the single day he was here he broke all the rules of this office and some of the furniture."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

When a man has a good job he should take out a fire insurance policy.

SKIN DISEASES

HUMORS IN THE BLOOD

When the blood is pure, fresh and healthy, the skin will be soft, smooth and free from blemishes, but when some acid humor takes root in the circulation its presence is manifested by a skin eruption or disease. These humors get into the blood, generally because of an inactive or sluggish condition of the members of the body whose duty it is to collect and carry off the waste and refuse matter of the system. This unhealthy matter is left to sour and ferment and soon the circulation becomes charged with the acid poison. The blood begins to throw off the humors and acids through the pores and glands of the skin, producing Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and skin eruptions of various kinds. Eczema appears, usually with a slight redness of the skin followed by pustules from which there flows a sticky fluid that dries and forms a crust, and the itching is intense. It is generally on the back, breast, face, arms and legs, though other parts of the body may be affected. In Tetter the skin dries, cracks and bleeds; the acid in the blood dries up the natural oils of the skin, which are intended to keep it soft and pliant, causing a dry, feverish condition and giving it a hard, leathery appearance. Acne makes its appearance on the face in the form of pimples and black heads, while Psoriasis comes in scaly patches on different parts of the body. One of the worst forms of skin trouble is Salt Rheum; its favorite point of attack is the scalp, sometimes causing baldness. Poison Oak and Ivy are also disagreeable types of skin disease. The humor producing the trouble lies dormant in the blood through the winter to break out and torment the sufferer with the return of Spring. The best treatment for all skin diseases is S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and removes the humors so that the skin instead of being irritated and diseased, is nourished by a supply of fresh, healthy blood. External applications of salves, washes, lotions, etc., while they soothe the itching caused by skin affections, can never cure the trouble because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

Influenced with Eczema for forty years and could find nothing to cure me until I tried S. S. S. I suffered intensely with the itching and burning; pustules would come on the skin and when scratched of the skin was left as raw as a piece of beef. I suffered agony in the tonic years I was afflicted, but when I used S. S. S. I found a perfect cure. There has never been any return of the trouble.
C. H. EVANS,
Stockman, Neb.

S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE

because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Time Tables for Clothes.

"I was walking on Pennsylvania avenue in Washington one day at high noon when a 'nigger' loomed up on my horizon coming rapidly toward me," said a well-known negro comedian. "He was wearing the most outlandish outfit I ever saw on a human being, on or off the stage. His trousers were frayed and torn above his shootups. He wore a mask-colored woolen shirt, a celluloid collar and a tattered sack coat. On his head was a sombrero which looked as if several dogs had been trying to pull it to pieces. But the crowning effort was a new and immaculate full dress vest. He had pulled back his coat and shoved his thumbs into the armholes of that vest. As he came sailing before the wind he certainly was the most comical figure I ever saw. I couldn't resist the temptation to stop him. 'Look here,' I said, 'what do you mean by appearing at this time of day in such a dress? Don't you know that you're de trop?' 'De what—what's that?' 'Don't you know that you're de trop?' I repeated, 'that it isn't permissible to appear in full dress before 6 o'clock in the evening?' 'The darky drew himself up very proudly. 'Look heah,' he said, 'I'll have you to know that I don't 'low nobody to make time tables for my cloas.'—Kansas City Times.

The Pygmy Cattle of Samoa.

The Samoan islands are the natural habitat of the most diminutive species of variety of the genus bos now known to the naturalist. The average weight of the males of these ill-fated cattle seldom exceeds 200 pounds, the average being not greater than 150 pounds. The females usually average about a hundred pounds larger and are very "stocky" built, seldom being taller than a Merino sheep. These dwarf cattle are nearly all of the same color—reddish mouse color, marked with white. They have large heads as compared with their bodies, and their horns are of exceptional length.

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Passive.
Bill—Did you see he has horse sense?
Jill—No; why, he hasn't even got mule sense. I never knew him to kick in his life!—Yonkers Statesman.

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Precautions of Old Time Doctors.
It was formerly the practice among physicians to carry a cane having a hollow head, the top of which was gold pierced with holes like a pepper box. The top contained a small amount of aromatic powder or of snuff, and on entering the house or room where a disease supposed to be infectious prevailed the doctor would strike his cane on the floor to agitate the powder and then apply it to his nose; hence all the old prints of physicians represent them with canes in their noses.
Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

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