

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.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

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A favoring used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not send 35c for 2 oz. bottle and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wa.

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To have your Clothing thoroughly Cleaned or Dyed. We Clean, Dye and Card and Make Over Suits and Old Outing Suits. Men's, Boys' and Panama Hats Cleaned and Blocked. The Cost is Little compared with the results. We do the largest express and mail order business. Write for particulars.

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"The vindication of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley is a great triumph," said a Washington diplomat, "for pure food. Dr. Wiley tells the truth, and the truth is painful to certain types of food producers."

The diplomat laughed.

"Dr. Wiley was talking the other day about the painfulness of the truth," he resumed. "He said it reminded him of a morning call that he once made on a young lady in his youth. In answer to his ring a tiny tot of a girl opened the door, and Dr. Wiley said to her, as he walked into the hall: 'Where is your auntie, Mabel?'"

"Upstairs in her nightie," chirped the tot, "a-lookin' over the balustrade."

Well, from \$200 Down.

Wife—I do really need a spring bonnet.

Hubby—How much?

Wife—Well, I could get one for from \$10 up.

Hubby—I'd rather know from how much "down."

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In providing the family's meals, don't be satisfied with anything but the best. KC is guaranteed perfection at a moderate price. It makes everything better.

Try and see. Perfect or Money back.

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LONGING FOR THE VILLAGE

I am tired of the city
With its stress and strife and noise,
And am longing for the village
With its simple homely joys.

Where each face is so familiar
When I pass them on the way
As each treads his routine pathway
At a certain time each day.

There the chickens take possession
Of the sidewalk and the street,
And the air of sweet contentment
Broods o'er everything you meet.

And no strangers crowd the sidewalks
Every hour by night and day.
I know them all when strolling
Almost half a mile away.

There no street cars nor steam whistles
Sound alarms by night and noon,
But at eve the lonely watchdog
Starts his baying at the moon.

The secluded little village,
Toward its peaceful scenes I'll stray,
'Tis a green spot to inhabit
When I chance to feel that way.

Lu Brandon's Conspiracy.

"How can you tolerate it, Lu?" exclaimed Mrs. Gorman. "If he is my brother, I say it is a shame!" Then, allowing her listener no time to reply, the energetic little lady rattled on: "I suppose you and Clarence must have an understanding, or you would have discouraged him long ago. Here has Sidney Lawrence been waiting and serving for you no less patiently than Jacob for Rachel, these seven years and more, and yet my recreant brother is the favored one. Unless you take him in hand soon your lilies and roses will wither, and even faithful Sidney will come to worship at a younger, fairer shrine. Everyone supposes that you and Clarence are engaged, and yet he has never in so many words made you an offer of marriage. Now, while we know that he considers you his betrothed, he does not seem to realize the embarrassing position in which this tedious courtship places you, and should therefore be brought to a knowledge of it or punished for his delinquency."

During the earlier portion of her friend's remarks a smile hovered around Lu Brandon's lips, and she continued her task of cutting the leaves of the last new magazine; but as the final sentence was pronounced her face flushed deeply.

"My private affairs need not concern the public, Belle," she replied, with dignity. "But I agree with you that I have been too patient. I acknowledge myself to be considerably at fault, for I proved an easy conquest, and Clarence may have gone lukewarm in his affection, feeling so secure of mine. Of course a word or two from me and I might become a wife within the next twenty-four hours, but all such words must come from my lord himself."

Her bright displeasure gave, with a merry laugh she arose and linked her arm in that of her friend, and leading her to a cozy settee in one corner of the piazza, proceeded to formulate plans by which she could bring her lover to terms without his knowledge of her conspiracy.

That evening, at tea, Mr. Clarence Curtis suddenly inquired:

"Been over to the Brandon's to-day, Belle?"

"Yes, and, by the way, Clarence, Lu requested me to tell you not to call this evening, as she will be engaged."

"All right, sis; I'll go around to the theater with Roberts."

There was a significant twinkle in her eyes as Mrs. Gorman rejoined:

"I hope you'll enjoy the play. The Kendals are drawing large houses."

Two hours later Mr. Clarence Curtis was leisurely scanning the crowded theater, bowing to those he recognized, when, just previous to the rising of the curtain, his friend Roberts exclaimed:

"Why, as I live, there's Sid Lawrence! Who knew he had returned? I wonder who the lady is! Can it be possible? It's Miss Brandon! I never supposed she would accept any other escort save yourself. What is it, Curtis, a lover's quarrel?"

"Not to my knowledge. Then he added, somewhat impatiently, 'I am no ogre. Lu has a right to go where and with whom she pleases.'"

In spite of the indifferent manner and careless tone, Roberts noted that his theater-loving friend took far less interest in the play than in the couple who occupied one of the boxes nearly opposite from where they were seated.

Lu had surely never looked so exquisitely dainty and beautiful as to-night. She seemed the embodiment of health, all aglow with happiness. Yet the lovely face and graceful figure irritated him by the very beauty of which he had always been proud. This radiant piece of flesh and blood did not seem so exactly his property as formerly. Was it because Sidney Lawrence was so attentive? They had been children together, Sid and Lu, and he knew she had always regarded the studious, dignified boy and man as an elder brother, while she gave the love of her young heart to his comrade and chum. How well he recalled the days, years ago, when Sid had told him with sad eyes and tremulous voice that Lu had rejected him! He comforted him as best he could, selfishly exulting in the thought that he possessed her love unasked, unsusht. Strange that his

possession never seemed quite so valuable as to-night! He wondered what Sidney was saying to make her smile and blush so deeply. Well, the act would soon be over, and then he and Roberts would go and see them, and so give the public to understand that matters were as usual between him and Miss Brandon.

With this thought he resolutely turned his attention to the stage, and perseveringly held it there until the curtain fell. Then, turning to Roberts, he proposed that they should go over to the opposite box.

As they entered it Sidney greeted them in his usual sincere and hearty manner, while Lu, with a smile, gave her hand first to Clarence and then to Roberts, at the same time motioning her lover to a seat by her side. As Roberts for a few minutes engaged Sidney in conversation, Curtis managed to ask Miss Brandon why she had not informed him of her desire to come to the theater. She frankly replied that she had felt no special wish to do so until Sidney unexpectedly called and asked her to accompany him. This she told him with a manner so devoid of coquetry that he felt reassured, and left her with a complacent feeling that he was quite sure of her affection.

He called to see her the next evening as usual, and nothing was said of the recent incident. Clarence's brief jealousy was forgotten, and he calmly accepted the old condition of things. Why should he be in haste to marry even the most charming girl in the world?

He hesitated to give up the freedom and luxury of bachelorhood for the restraints which marriage must inevitably bring. Lulu was such a delightful companion and sweetheart! Would she be equally charming as a wife? Whether or not she wished to marry, he never conjectured. He had always lived for his own comfort, and self was his first consideration. So when he left her that evening the words were still unspoken which would bind her to him, and he was yet a free man.

A fortnight passed as usual, with no change in the relations of the two. Lulu was a proud girl, and Mrs. Gorman's look of inquiry every time they now met was hardy to bear. Matters reached a climax on the day when Belle incautiously said:

"I have been scolding Clarence about

years have passed since then.

you, Lulu. I tell him he will rue his indifference when it is too late."

"Indeed!" Lulu's laugh was rather forced. "And what did my lord say?"

"Oh, that he was sure of you, or something of the sort. He is abominably conceited, though he is my brother."

"Are not all men so?" asked Lu, lightly; but her eyes were like sparks.

When, at 8 o'clock next evening, Clarence called to see Miss Brandon, the maid informed him that she had just "went out with Mr. Lawrence."

Again the green-eyed demon seized the tardy wooer, and this time it wonderfully quickened his latent love. He resolved to ask the important question at once. Early the next morning he went to the home of his sweetheart, only to find that she had gone out for the day. Clarence was seriously disturbed. He felt that something was wrong. If he could only see Lulu for a few minutes, matters would be settled to his satisfaction, he assured himself. But alas! that little word "if" has often proved a barrier stronger than prison walls or iron bands.

He was huddled in every attempt to see Miss Brandon alone, until he was forced to admit that she purposely sought to evade a meeting with him. This only made him more eager and determined to bring one about, but more than two months elapsed before he succeeded in securing the long and much desired interview. At last he wrote her a note, requesting somewhat imperatively to be allowed to see her privately. The reply was brief, simply stating that she would receive him that evening at 8 o'clock.

Promptly at the time designated Clarence entered the familiar parlor and was greeted cordially by Lu, who yet evaded the accustomed lover-like caress.

"Great minds run in the same channel," Clarence. At the moment I received your note I was writing you an invitation to call."

This little speech quickly dissipated the suspicion which had arisen in his mind at his reception, and he resolved to state the object of his call without delay.

"Dear Lulu," he said, taking her hand in his, "I have come this evening to ask you to name an early date for our marriage. I want my wife as soon as possible."

She allowed him to retain her hand, but the crimson deepened upon the fair cheeks as she replied:

"Clarence, I have something to say which may give you pain. During the last few years I have been dimly conscious that we are not exactly suited to each other, although a month ago I should have indignantly refuted such an implication from anyone else. I am now fully convinced that if united we should not be happy. More than this," here she spoke very softly and tenderly, "I have been mistaken in the object of my affection, and I now know that I have never truly loved anyone but Sidney Lawrence."

Speechless and pale, Clarence's eyes sought hers beseechingly. At last he realized the magnitude of his love for the woman his selfishness had put forever from his life. But he read no hope in her face, and in silence he rose and left her.

Years have passed since then. Clarence Curtis has never married, and the gossip says the handsome bachelor silently worships the wife of Sidney Lawrence.—Waverley Magazine.

A GREEN OLD AGE.

Enjoyed by a Very Old Tree by the Mississippi.

The most ancient living thing on earth is a tree. Exactly where that tree stands is a mooted question, for many localities lay claim to it, but there have been scientists curious enough to investigate the various claims, and we can probably arrive at a pretty exact result by a few comparisons.

Recently somebody has put forth the claim of the so-called "Old Green Tree of the Mississippi Valley," which stands near the river in Le Claire, Ia. Its trunk is more than 100 feet in circumference and its branches shade a circle of more than 300 feet. It was an ancient tree when the first white man stood under its branches, and has a place in the traditions of the Indian tribes of the Mississippi Valley dating back long, long before the first white face was seen on the shores of the Western world.

There are certain yews in England that were stalwart trees when Caesar landed on her shores. More than a century ago a scientist named DeCandolle proved to the satisfaction of botanists that a certain yew standing in the churchyard of Fortingal, Perthshire, was more than 2,500 years old, and he found another at Hedou, in Buecia, which was 3,240 years old at that time.

Humboldt refers to a gigantic baobab tree in Central Africa as the oldest organic monument in the world. This tree had a trunk twenty-nine feet in diameter, and Adams, by a series of careful measurements, demonstrated conclusively that it had lived for not less than 5,150 years—and it lives today. But even Humboldt was wrong in his premise. It has recently been proved that there is a tree in the New World which, of a verity, has lived to "a green old age," for it antedates the scriptural flood about 2,000 years.

There is a cypress tree standing in the Province of Chepultepec, Mexico, with a trunk 118 feet 10 inches in circumference. This has been shown to be (as conclusively as these things can be shown), about 6,250 years of age. Nor is this so remarkable when one stops to think that, given favorable conditions for its growth and sustenance, the average tree will never die of old age. Its death is merely an accident. Other younger and more vigorous trees may spring up near it and rob its roots of their proper nourishment; insects may kill it; floods or winds may sweep it away, or the woodman's ax may fell it. If no such accident happens to it a tree may flourish and grow for century upon century and age upon age.—New York Times.

FASTEST WAR VESSEL AFLOAT.
Has Made Thirty-eight Knots an Hour Under Pressure.

A series of trials on the River Clyde proves that the Swift, the latest addition to the British navy, is the fastest warship afloat, the New York Evening Post says. She is the largest vessel of the type ever constructed, displacing 1,800 tons of water, or twice as much as any destroyer built hitherto. She is of extraordinary length—345 feet—has a beam of 34 1/2 feet, and draws only 10 1/2 feet of water. Her armament consists of four four-inch guns of a new type, and she burns oil fuel in conjunction with Normal boilers. The Parsons turbines have, of course, been fitted. She was designed to steam at thirty-six knots, and, after she had been fitted with new wing propellers, reached this very remarkable rate of steaming, while, under pressure, she made two runs with two more knots to her credit, equivalent to forty-three land miles an hour. This remarkable vessel was built by Connell, Laird & Co., at Birkenhead. She has cost considerably over a quarter of a million sterling—to be exact, £280,202—and she is intended for duty in the North sea as a destroyer of destroyers. The Mauretania travels quickly, but the Swift could easily steam around her in circles, even when going at her best speed.

Another Theory.
"I have seen illuminations on Mars which I am sure were efforts to communicate with us," said the imaginative scientist.

"Nonsense," answered the practical person; "what you saw was probably a national celebration with street illuminations and fireworks."—Washington Star.

The worst kind of a dead beat is a man who tries to swindle the estate of a deceased friend.



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For the Next Fifteen Days
We will give you a good 22k gold or porcelain crown for..... \$3.50
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Uncle Zeke (back from the city)—You talk about cheap riding! I rode twenty miles on a street k'yar, an' all it cost me was a nickel.

Uncle Jed—Gosh! That ain't nothing! When I was thar last year I rode to the top of the tallest buildin' in town an' it didn't cost me a blamed cent!—Chicago Tribune.

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

A Grave Doubt.
Caller—So your cook has passed away to a better place.
Hostess—Yes, but I don't know if she'll stay; poor Bridget was very hard to suit.—Boston Traveler.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.
Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, itching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All drug stores sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Bless Her!
When lovely woman buys a bonnet Constructed of some shredded hay She piles a lot of fruit upon it And walks along the Gay White Way.—New York Evening Mail.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and other nervous diseases permanently cured by Dr. J. C. Stone's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 50 cent bottle and treatise. Dr. R. B. Kline, Ltd., 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Apprehensive.
Fellow Statesman—Senator, that speech of yours in favor of the income tax was one of the strongest arguments I ever heard.

Eloquent Senator (with some uneasiness)—You don't think it changed any votes, do you?—Chicago Tribune.

DO YOU WANT A TYPEWRITER? The Wholesale Typewriter Co., 37 Montgomery St., San Francisco, will sell you one at 40 to 75 per cent discount from factory list, all makes on market, all fully guaranteed.

The Nova Scotia government has appointed a commission to examine into and report on the feasibility of old-age pensions for workmen.

Cooking Up a Reason.
Fan—I like a play with a stirring plot.
Fan—That's the kind that thickens, isn't it?

PIMPLES

"I tried all kinds of blood remedies which failed to do me any good, but I have found the right thing at last. My face was full of pimples and black-heads. After taking Cascarets they all left. I am continuing the use of them and recommending them to my friends. I feel fine when I rise in the morning. Hope to have a chance to recommend Cascarets." Fred C. Witten, 76 Elm St., Newark, N. J.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grippe. Dr. J. C. Stone, Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 525

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