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ENGLAND'S ROCK DWELLERS.

Hiding Place of Ancient Highwaysmen Occupied by an Old Woman.

There are perhaps many people here who don't know that England has cliff or cave dwellers, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. It is so, nevertheless, and they are the most ancient houses in England to-day. These dwellings are at Kluver, which, by the way, is from the old English words, Kluver Van, which signifies a great ridge. The ridge referred to overlooks the valley of Stour and rises to the height of 540 feet. The rock is of sandstone and along it the rock dwellings have been hewn out. The only rock houses at present inhabited are situated in the huge isolated boulder at the end of Kluver Edge, known as Holy Austin rock.

The whole of this vast natural fortress is literally honeycombed with rock dwellings which have been constructed at three different altitudes. The method of construction has been to hew out the rooms and cut small apertures in the rock face for windows, in which the modern dwellers have inserted glass. The chimneys are particularly curious structures, being formed of a groove cut in the face of the rock, supplanting with brickwork.

Nanny rock has been so long uninhabited that all traces of the blockwork have disappeared.

This cave is known locally as Mea-Fox hole and it is credited with having been in the early part of the last century the stronghold and hiding place of a notorious band of highwaymen. The oldest inhabitant of Holy Austin rock is the venerable Mrs. Chase, who dwells in one of the houses on the first floor, as it might be termed, and dispenses tea and light refreshments to visitors. Upon the third or top story is to be seen the most curious stable in England, perched high up in the rock, the only approach being by a narrow pathway running round the face of the rock itself. The animal who occupies this unique stable is quite a local celebrity, as he makes a weekly journey into Stourbridge to bring out supplies to the rock dwellers. This part of the rock is honeycombed through from side to side.



JOLLY JOKER

She (looking away off)—How clear the horizon is! He—Yes, I just swept it with my eyes.—Boston Transcript.

"Promise me that you'll never marry again when I'm dead."—"Of that, my soul, you may be perfectly sure."—Kurgor.

"Say, Dick, what is the new fad they call phonetic spelling?"—"It's the kind, Jim, they used to fog you and I at school for using."—Baltimore American.

"What did old Gruff say when you told him you would like him to find you an opening in his office?"—"He showed me the door."—Baltimore American.

"Patient—When you're ill, doctor, do you treat yourself?"—"No, I call in one of my colleagues."—"Then can't I call in one of them—the one that cured you?"—Kurgor.

Tommy—Pa, what is the isthmus of Panama? Pa—The Isthmus of Panama connecting Central America and the United States Territory.—Horn's Horn.

Mrs. Highbridge—Do you find it more economical to do your own cooking? Mrs. Burham—Much more. I find my husband does not eat half so much as when we had a cook.—Scraps.

Timkins—I hate that fellow Plantin. He is always talking shop. Simpkins—Plantin, the undertaker? Timkins—Yes. Every time I meet him he asks after my health.—Detroit Tribune.

"John's done right well up in the city, after all."—"Do tell."—"Yes; I've seen his letter that he's recovered from one appendicitis, two arteriosclerosis, one heart failure and three business ones."—Atlanta Constitution.

"How much postage will this require?" asked the young author. "It is one cent," answered the post-office clerk. "That's first-class matter."—"Oh, thank you!"—Judge.

Laundryman—I regret to tell you, sir, that one of your shirts is lost. Customer—But, here, I have just paid you 12 cents for doing it up. Laundryman—Quite right, sir; we laundered it before we lost it.—Harper's Weekly.

"Things are not as they used to be," said the man of melancholy reminiscences. "No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax regretfully. "The times was when good wealth would get a man out of trouble. Now it gets him into it."—Washington Star.

"This is a queer world," sighed Mr. Spurling. "While I was wondering where I was going to get the money to pay the rent this month, I happened in the kitchen and heard the washerwoman say she'd just paid down \$1,000 on a new house."—Detroit Free Press.

Doctor—What's troubled with sleeplessness? Eat something before going to bed. Patient—Why, doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed. (With dignity)—Pooh, pooh! That was last January. Science has made enormous strides since then.—Ex.

"You'd make a pretty good clerk," said the employer, sarcastically. "If you only had a little more common sense."—"Indeed!" replied the clerk. "But did it ever occur to you that if I had a little more common sense I wouldn't be a clerk at all?"—London Tit-Bits.

Housekeeper—I hear your brother, who died in California, left you \$1,000, Dinah. That will be a great help to you. Washday—Deedy it will, miss! Ah's been needin' a planner an' a photographer an' a oil painter an' malsalf in a gilt frame fo' yeahn, an' now, bress de good Lord, Ah kin hab 'em!—Pack.

Lawyer—(examining witness)—Do you know the man who formerly owned this gun? Witness—Yes, sir. Lawyer—Is he in the courtroom? Witness—No, sir. Lawyer—Where is he? Witness—I don't know. Lawyer—When and where did you see him last? Witness—Six months ago—at his funeral.—Chicago News.

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in this package?"—"Not very," replied the still belligerent wife, indifferently. "Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world."—"Ah! I suppose it's those suspenders you said you needed."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust. "Them chug wagons must cost a hape av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money."—"An' be the smell av it," sniffed Pat, "it must be thot tainted money we do be hearin' so much about."—Success Magazine.

They Didn't Talk.

"That society newspaper published some very flattering remarks about me," began Miss Devane.

"Yes," replied her best friend; "but it was horrid of the editor to go and spoil it the way he did."

"Spoil it, indeed! Why, he said I was a beautiful belle of the younger set and—"

"Yes, and then he put your photograph right under it."

Long Ago and Now.

Miss Gaddie—Enemies, are you? Why, I thought she loved you not long ago?

Miss Bright—So she did, and she loves me not now.—Philadelphia Press.

If a man knows that other people are not any bigger fools than he is he knows all about human nature that is worth knowing.

There is something the matter with a woman when she is willing to let a man do all the talking.

Our idea of a charming woman is one who is ignorant of her charms.

NATURE STORIES BY SAILORS.

Snake that Killed a Monkey and Lived in Victim's Skull.

President Roosevelt's attacks upon the authenticity of other person's nature stories and the men who tell them may lead to international complications if continued, for to-day several new brands of anecdotes of animals came to town, and the authors are ready to stand up for their rights and their veracity.

On board the British freight steamship Indrapura, in port from Japan and India, is Chow, a chow dog. Chow would rather fight than eat, and he demonstrated his predominant desire on several occasions during the 30,000-mile journey that the Indrapura, under Captain Kelway's command, ended upon her arrival in New York. Besides Chow, the Indrapura boasts of three, a wire-haired Irish terrier, a white gamecock, and a black and white pig.

"All this talk about nature faking is not, for I can tell you things that happened on this ship that neither President Roosevelt, Dr. Long, Mr. Roberts, nor Chauncey M. Depew has ever seen. You wouldn't believe, for instance, that the gamecock can clean the deck in ten seconds of every living thing. And Mr. Roosevelt would perhaps not believe that Pickles has a habit of jumping on the back of Chow, digging his spurs into the Chinese dog's hide, and then calmly attempting to pick Chow's eyes out. The last time we rescued the dog it took the entire crew of forty-seven men to get Pickles off his back. We tried to clip Pickles' spurs, but they resisted the sharpest knife, and finally the smith shaped some metal caps, nicely rounded, so as to make the spurs harmless.

"Next day Pickles began picking the dog in the port side with his back. He did it up every day for a week, and then he switched to the starboard side. Finally one day the howls of the chow dog again resounded through the steamship. Pickles was in his accustomed place, his capped spurs dug deep into holes which he had picked, and he was again trying to pick out Chow's eyes."

Vivian Tutbill, the Indrapura's third officer, told a nature story about a snake and a monkey which he got at Singapore and which fought a battle to the death. The snake was a beautiful reptile of the garier variety, and the monkey was a bushy-faced little fellow of sweet temper and great agility. One morning the snake and monkey were found in deadly battle. The monkey was killed and the snake crawled into its skull and circled about in it, entering it at one eye and out of another. Finally he got all knotted up and died. Mr. Tutbill dried the outfit under the fierce tropical sun in the Red Sea and to-day he shows his friends the fantastic souvenir of the bleached monkey's skull with the little snake, practically petrified, still entwined through the monkey's head.

Second Engineer Fraser, of the freighter Indrapura, lying almost alongside the Indrapura at the Bush stores in South Brooklyn, told of a battle between a cheetah on board the Indrapura and a bulldog in this harbor. If Roosevelt decides against the cheetah he will have to do so over the words of seven British marines, staunch and true.

The cheetah was chained to the port rail on the sun deck and was unconcernedly washing his face as the two men discussed him.

"I've got a dog that can do that cat in about two minutes," said the longshoreman.

"Bring along the dog," said the stow-bore.

The cheetah paid no particular attention to the dog when the latter was let go and made for the chained animal. It went calmly on wiping its face in its morning ablutions. The dog was within a foot of the cheetah when the latter suddenly raised both his front paws, caught the building between them at the neck and in a twinkling ripped him open. The cheetah then continued his washing exercises as if nothing had happened.—New York Evening Telegram.

The School of Experience.

Stevenson says in his essay on "Youth and Crabbled Age" that when the old man reproves the youth and points his folly by saying: "I thought so, too, when I was your age," he is really proving the case of the youth. This idea, that youth must keep to its own kind of wisdom and cannot take to itself ready-made the wisdom of age, appears in a dialogue which the Chicago Tribune prints:

"Daughter, you ought not to wear those high heeled shoes. They will make corns on your feet."

"How do you know, mamma?"

"By experience. I used to wear them when I was a girl."

"Did grandma tell you they would make corns on your feet if you wore them?"

"She found out by experience, just as I did."

"Hadin' she any mamma to warn her against wearing them?"

"Oh, yes."

"But she wore them, just the same?"

"To be sure."

"And you did, too?"

"Yes; that was what I was telling you."

"Well, if I ever have any daughters I ought to be able to give them a warning against high-heeled shoes from my own experience, oughtn't I?"

Then she put them on.

The Hane and the Antidote.

Gabe Gashall (on the southeast corner of the dry goods box)—It must be terrible 't be ketched out in a brain-storm. Hi Hemlock (on the southwest corner of the dry goods box)—Why, all a fellow's her 't do 'ud be 't he one o' them parolanas, an' he'd never know 'twixt rainin'—Puck.

Well Meant Prayers.

Sydney Smith declared that the children of Bishop Fellows used to end their usual prayers by praying for Earl Grey, explaining that "papa tells us it is our duty to pray for our greatest enemies."—London Spectator.

No man need feel hurt if people say he is not good-looking.

Sagacity of Ravens.

A case of remarkable sagacity in a pair of ravens is related in the Field. Two collie dogs were hunting rabbits and the ravens were soaring overhead. As the dogs drove the rabbit out into the open near the top of a hill it ran straight into a trap and was caught. As the dogs came near the ravens came down and by loud croaking managed to deprive away both. They then started to devour the rabbit, which they quickly dispatched.

"Bumper."

The word "bumper," meaning a drinking vessel, derived its origin from the Roman Catholic religion.

It was the custom in England in ancient times to drink the health of the Pope after dinner in a full glass of wine. This was called "au bon pere," from which we have the contraction "bumper."

Look in Small Numbers.

"I hear," said Hi Tragedy, "that while you were playing in one of the country towns a fire broke out in the theater."

"Yes," replied Low Comedy, "and there might have been a horrible panic but for one thing."

"What was that?"

"There weren't enough people in the house to create one."

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

Poor Thing.

"I don't suppose Miss Passay ever had any beaux when she was a young girl."

"No, she was too dignified and old-fashioned."

"And the men don't like her now, either?"

"No, she's too kittenish now."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Always Safe.

"Don't you think a man ought to tell his wife all about his business affairs?"

"I don't suppose Miss Passay ever had any beaux when she was a young girl."

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"No, she's too kittenish now."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wily Woman.

"Women are such convenient liars," declared Mr. Jefferson Judg. "When the Wiggletons were here to dinner you kept saying Mrs. Wiggleton didn't eat enough to keep a bird alive. You know that wasn't so."

"Well," retorted Mrs. Judg. "There's different kinds of birds. You may have had a canary in your mind while I was referring to an ostrich."—Kansas City Times.

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Candor.

Borem—Hello, old man! What's the matter? You look disgusted.

Cutting—Yes, I feel that way.

Borem—Why, what have you run up against now?

Cutting—You. I didn't see you soon enough to escape.—Philadelphia Press.

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Allen's Foot-Powder. A powder, it makes tight shoes comfortable. It is a certain cure for itching, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Sold in all drug stores. Price 50c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Glimsted, Lenoir, N.C.

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Longevity.

"My State," said the Virginian, "is the mother of Presidents."

"Yes," said the Ohio man, "but the old lady has outlived her boys half a century or more."

Professional Advice.

Physician—You'll have to be careful this summer and not overexert yourself.

Patient—Then you think I ought to take a vacation, eh?

Physician—Certainly not. Didn't I just tell you not to overexert yourself?

The Conversation of Cola.

"Money talks," said the succinct person.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "and some of it seems at present to be quite gossip and scandalous in its remarks."—Washington Star.

A great irrigation project involving an expenditure of about \$25,000,000 has been authorized by the Secretary of State for India.

Worst Thing About Them.

"Appearances," remarked Mrs. Highness, "are so deceitful."

"I don't mind that so much," sighed Mrs. Ambigh, "but they're so expensive to keep up!"

During the lifetime of a healthy hen she will lay from 300 to 500 eggs. Her best laying capacity is during her second year.

Sixteen out of the twenty-one English coronations that took place between William II. and Elizabeth, both inclusive, were held on a Sunday.

Knaw Better.

Nan—O, that story looks too long. I don't want to read it.

Fan—Yes, you do. It's a story about a woman you don't like.

Japan has very few millionaires and practically no multi-millionaires.

Trace of the Teddy Bear.

When it sits up on its haunches, in a pose for catching flies; When it ogles you, my children, with its wicked little eyes; When it reaches out caressingly, its forepaws in the air— That is the time of year! No trace with the Teddy Bear!

Peculiar Hindoo Drama.

Drums used in Hindoo religious processions are called doles. They are made of baked earth, and sometimes a yard long, and twice as large at the center as at either end. Kettle drums are thin copper basins or bowls, covered with parchment or cat-skin, which is held in place by an iron hoop.

Headquarters for Information.

Dicky—You don't believe that story about Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf, do you?

Kitty—Course I do.

Dicky—Well, if you'll let write to President Roosevelt an' ask him about it, he'll tell you it's a fake.

No Fears.

Manufacturer (showing him around the workshops)—With our improved machinery we can make one of these giant fire-crackers every minute in the day.

Visitor—Aren't you afraid you will overlook the market?

Manufacturer—Not at all. There's a fool born every minute.

Her Falling.

"What a chronic blunderer Mrs. Hitt-termis is! She had several engaged couples at her house for dinner the other evening, and she didn't do a thing but pair them all off wrongly."

"Yes; she doesn't seem to know how to put two and two together."

A perfect head, viewed from the side, falls within a perfect square, averaging nine inches for a man, and eight and a half for a woman.

OLD SORES FED AND KEPT OPEN BY IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD

Whenever a sore refuses to heal it is because the blood is not pure and healthy, as it should be, but is infected with poisonous germs or some old blood taint which has corrupted and polluted the circulation. Those most usually afflicted with old sores are persons who have reached or passed middle life. The vitality of the blood and strength of the system have naturally begun to decline, and the poisonous germs which have accumulated because of a sluggish and inactive condition of the system, or some hereditary taint which has hitherto been held in check, now force an outlet on the face, arms, legs or other part of the body. The place grows red and angry, festers and oozes into the surrounding tissue until it becomes a chronic and stubborn ulcer. Nothing is more trying and disagreeable than a stubborn, non-healing sore. The very fact that it resists ordinary remedies and treatments is good reason for suspicion; the same germ-producing cancerous ulcers is back of every old sore, and especially is this true if the trouble is an inherited one. Washes, salves, nor indeed anything else, applied directly to the sore, can do any permanent good; neither will removing the sore with caustic plasters or surgeon's knife make a lasting cure. If every particle of the diseased flesh were taken away another sore would come, because the trouble is in the blood. BLOOD CANNOT BE CUT AWAY. The cure must come by a thorough cleansing of the blood. In S. S. S. will be found a remedy for sores and ulcers of every kind. It is an unequalled blood purifier—one that goes directly into the circulation and promptly cleanses it of all poisons and taints. It gets down to the very bottom of the trouble and forces out every trace of impurity and makes a complete and lasting cure. S. S. S. changes the quality of the blood so that instead of feeding the diseased parts with impurities, it nourishes the irritated, inflamed flesh with healthy blood.

Then the sore begins to heal, new flesh is formed, all pain and inflammation leaves, the place scabs over, and when S. S. S. has purified the blood the sore is permanently cured. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores. Write for our special book on sores and ulcers and any other medical advice you desire. We make no charge for the book or advice.

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