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The wealth of the multi-millionaires is not equal to good health. Riches without health are a curse, and yet the rich, the middle classes and the poor alike have, in Hood's Sarsaparilla, a valuable assistant in getting and maintaining perfect health. It never disappoints.

Scrofula—"Three years ago our son, now eleven, had a serious case of scrofula and erysipelas with dreadful sores, discharging and itching constantly. He could not walk. Several physicians did not help for sixteen months. Three months' treatment with Hood's Sarsaparilla made him perfectly well. We are glad to tell others of it."—Mrs. DAVID LAIRD, Ottawa, Kas.

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Hood's Pills cure liver bilis, the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Poverty has one advantage over wealth. When a poor man is sick there is no desire on the part of the physician to prolong his illness.—Chicago News.

For 30 Days More You Can Try It for 25 Cents.

5 DROPS Cured of Rheumatism.

CANNOT FIND WORDS ENOUGH TO PRAISE YOUR WONDERFUL REMEDY "5 DROPS."

Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Chicago, Gentlemen—I thought that I would write you a statement and tell you how I have got along since I have used your "5 DROPS." I must say that I am entirely well once more, thanks to your wonderful remedy. It has accomplished more good from the manufacturer. I tried all kinds of medicine I saw advertised for Rheumatism but could not get any relief from the dreadful suffering till I got a sample bottle of your "5 DROPS," and after taking the same for a few days I began to have less of those severe pains racking through my body. After I got the sample bottle most used up I could begin to rest some every night; after I had used about half the dollar bottle then all my pains left me. Oh! what a comfort it was! when I could sleep again at night without any more suffering. I am so thankful to you and your "5 DROPS" that I can safely recommend it to all suffering humanity and say that they cannot purchase any better medicine than "5 DROPS" for all their ills. Thanking you, gentlemen, for all your kindness, I remain, forever, your friend,
R. M. LEE, Porterfield, Wis., Feb. 10, 1908.

Suffered the Tortures of the Damned.

President Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Chicago. My Dear Sir—After suffering the tortures of the damned for a long time from an attack of Rheumatism, I wish to say that your Rheumatic Cure medicine has cured me of all my troubles, which were all caused by one complaint—Rheumatism. I had Heart Trouble, Piles, Bladder Trouble and Constipation. I would not take \$500 and do without the remedies even if it only cured the Catarrh for me, which it has done. Therefore, I willingly take the agency for the sale of your medicines, for they are a boon to mankind. Gratefully yours,
J. W. DENNIS, 129 Normal Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1908.

"5 DROPS" cures Rheumatism, Selatic, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuralgic Headaches, Earache, Toothache, Heart Weakness, Croup, Swelling, La Grippe, Malaria, Creeping Numbness.

For thirty days longer to enable sufferers to give "5 DROPS" at least a trial, we will send a sample bottle, prepaid by mail, for 25 cents. A sample bottle will convince you. Also, large bottles (30 doses) \$1.00, 1 bottle for \$2.50. Not sold by druggists, only by us and our agents. Agents wanted in new territory. Write us today.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167-169 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Sassafras Tea.

This is the "blood purifier," and may be used any time—at meals or between times, during the day or at night. It should be taken until the complexion or skin is smooth and clear. Sassafras forms the basis of the best patent-medicine "purifiers." To make the tea, to one teaspoonful of the broken bark add one generous pint of cold water, steep about 20 minutes—longer steeping will not injure it—adding more water if the first has boiled away enough to leave the tea bitter.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Russian officer has been making experiments with very successful results, in the use of falcons instead of pigeons as carriers. It seems that they can fly very much faster. A pigeon covers ten to twelve leagues an hour whereas a falcon can do fifteen. It can also carry with ease a fairly heavy weight.

Professor R. W. Wood, instructor in physics in the University of Wisconsin, has originated the idea of thawing out frozen water pipes with electricity, and has made two successful experiments.

The anti-smoke ordinance in Kansas City was sustained in court. The court held that careful firing of furnaces is preventative of the smoke nuisance.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for chilblains, sweating, damp, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 10,000 testimonials of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Scientists say that the orange was formerly a berry, and that it has been developed for over 7,000 years.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX.

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN,
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It has been found that X rays are fatal to bacteria. In the Hygienic institute of Munich they are used as a disinfecting agent.

Use Dr. Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier now.

The sun gives 600,000 times as much light as the full moon.

HEADACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."
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... CURE CONSTIPATION.
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NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

Ground for Complaint.

Small Politician—I want to talk to you, sir, about a remark you made about me in your paper. You called me a political jobber, sir!

Editor—Yes; it was a very annoying typographical error, and I promptly fired the compositor.

Small Politician—Ah! Then you didn't mean to call me a "jobber"?

Editor—No, sir, I wrote "robber," very distinctly.



The Flower of Death.

"YOU are as good as dead," said the doctor, looking steadily at Anatole.

Anatole staggered. He had come to pass a cheerful evening with his old friend, Dr. Bardais, the savant whose works in poisonous substances are so well and favorably known, but one whose excellence of heart and almost fatherly kindness Anatole had been able to appreciate more than any one. And now all of a sudden, without regard for his feelings, without being prepared to hear it, the terrible prognostic is uttered by so great an authority.

"Unfortunate fellow," continued the doctor, "what have you done?"

"Nothing that I know of," stammered Anatole, greatly troubled.

"Try to recollect. Tell me what you have drunk, what you have eaten, and what you have breathed."

The last word spoken by the doctor was a ray of light to Anatole. That very morning he had received a letter from one of his friends who was traveling in India. In this letter had been a flower plucked on the shores of the Ganges by the traveler—a flower, red, warped, and of bizarre shape, the odor of which, he remembered well now, had seemed to him strangely penetrating.

Anatole searched in his pocketbook and took therefrom the letter and flower in question, which he showed to the savant.

"Without doubt," exclaimed the doctor, "it is the Pyramenis Indica—the fatal flower, the flower of death."

"Do you really think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"But it is not possible. I am only 25 year old. I feel myself full of life and health."

"When did you open that fatal letter?"

"At 9 o'clock this morning."

"Well, to-morrow morning at the same hour, indeed at the same moment, you feel a sharp anguish at the heart, and it will be all over with you."

"And do you not know any remedy, any means of—"

"None," said the doctor, and hiding his face in his hands he sank backward in an arm-chair, choked with grief.

From the emotion displayed by his old friend, Anatole realized that there was no hope. He departed in a dazed manner.

With beads of cold perspiration on his brow and his thoughts confused, Anatole moved along unconscious of what was passing around him, and not even suspecting that the streets were becoming deserted. He wandered a long time thus; but at length, coming to a bench, he sat down.

The rest did him good. Until then he had been like a man who has been struck on the head with a club. The effects of the shock were disappearing, and he began now to collect his vagrant thoughts.

"My plight," thought he, "is that of a person condemned to death. Yet I can still hope for mercy. By the way, how much longer have I to live?"

He looked at his watch.

"It lacks three hours of morning. It is time I was in bed. I go to bed, indeed! To devote the last sad hours of my life to sleep! No. I can certainly do better than that. But, what? Parbleu! I have it. I will draw up my last will and testament."

A restaurant which remained open all night was near by. Anatole entered and sat down.

"Walter, a bottle of champagne and a bottle of ink."

He drank a glass and looked at his writing-paper, reflecting: "To whom shall I leave my six thousand francs income? I have neither father nor mother—a fact which is lucky for them. And among the persons who interest me I can think only of one—Niccette."

Niccette was one of his forty-second cousins, a charming young girl of 18 years, with fair tresses and large, black eyes. Like himself she was an orphan, and this community of fate had long ago established a bond of sympathy between them. His will was speedily drawn up. He left everything to Niccette.

When it was finished he drank a second glass of champagne.

"Poor Niccette," thought he, "Her guardian, who knows little of the world except his class, which he teaches to play on brass instruments at the Conservatory, has betrothed himself to promise her hand to a brute, a sort of bully, whom she detests, because she loves another, as she has avowed to me, although with reticence and an embarrassed air. Who is this happy mortal? But he must be worthy of her, since she has fixed her affection on

him. Good, gentle, comely, and affectionate Niccette deserves an ideal husband. Ah, how well would she have suited me for a wife. It is an infamous tyranny to spoil her life by giving her to a brute. But why should I not be Niccette's champion? I have said it now, and to-morrow morning I will begin to act. But to-morrow morning it will be too late. Now is the time to begin, if at all. The hour is a little mad a propos to see people, but as I shall be dead in five hours I don't care a sou for conventionalities. Yes, I'll do it—my life for Niccette."

It was 4 o'clock in the morning when Anatole rang the bell at the house of Niccette's guardian, M. Bousard. Badly frightened and wearing his night-cap, he answered the door.

"Is the house on fire?"

"No, my dear M. Bousard," replied Anatole, "I have come for a chat."

"At this hour?"

"I am at all hours pleased to see you; but you are not dressed, M. Bousard. Are you going back to bed again?"

"That's what I am going to do. But—suppose, monsieur, that to disturb me in this manner you must have something very important to say to me."

"Very important, M. Bousard. It is necessary that you give up your plan of marrying my cousin Niccette to M. Capendac."

"Never, monsieur, never."

"But I say, yes."

"Monsieur, my resolution is taken. The marriage will take place."

"It will not."

"We'll see about that. And now that you are acquainted with my answer, I will not detain you longer."

"That is not altogether polite. But I am as good-humored as I am tenacious, M. Bousard. I am not offended at your procedure, and I will remain."

"Remain if you like. I consider you as gone, and I will not converse further with you."

And M. Bousard turned toward the wall, grumbling, "Did one ever see the like; to disturb a peaceful man, to rouse him from his sleep, for the purpose of listening to such nonsense."

Suddenly M. Bousard made a bound from his bed.

Anatole had taken up one of the trombones of the professor, into which he blew with might and main, madly moving the slide. Infernal sounds were emitted by the instrument.

"My cherished trombone, given me by my pupils! Leave the instrument alone, monsieur."

"Monsieur," said Anatole, "you consider me as departed. I consider you as absent, and I am amusing myself while waiting for your return. Um-pa! Um-pa! What dulcet melody!"

"You will cause me to receive notice to leave the house. My neighbors will not tolerate the trombone after midnight."

"Then all I can say is, they have no love of music in their souls. Z-z-z-z! Wow! Tootle-too! Um-pa! Um-pa!"

"Stop, for mercy's sake."

"Do you consent, then?"

"To what?"

"To give up the marriage."

"But, monsieur, I can't do it."

"Then, um-pa!"

"M. Capendac is a terrible man. If I affront him thus he will kill me."

"Does that reason influence you?"

"Yes, and others besides."

"In that case leave all to me. Only swear to me that if I obtain the consent of M. Capendac to the breaking of the match, my cousin shall be free."

"Yes, monsieur, she shall be free."

"Bravo. I have your word. Permit me to retire. But where does this Capendac live?"

"Number 100, Rue des Deux-Epees."

"I will go there. Good-by."

"As for you," thought M. Bousard, "you are putting your head in the lion's mouth, and you will be taught a lesson that you deserve to learn."

Meanwhile Anatole hastened to the address indicated. When he arrived there it was 6 o'clock in the morning.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling."

"Who is there?" said a deep voice from within.

"Open. I am the bearer of a very important message from M. Bousard."

He heard the noise of a safety-chain being displaced, and of a key with which three locks were successively opened.

"Here is a man well defended," thought Anatole.

Finally the door opened. Anatole found himself in the presence of a gentleman with a large, curled mustache, who wore a fencing costume as his night-dress

"Always ready, you see, in intervention."

The walls of the antechamber hidden by suits of armor, in the parlor into which Capendac called his visitor he saw only weapons; here; atagahns, poisoned arrows, bows, one and two handed swords, spears, lances; there was plenty to make a timid heart quail.

"Bah," thought Anatole, "what risk now? Two hours and a night the most. Here goes."

"Monsieur," said Anatole, "I am going to marry Mlle. Niccette?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Monsieur, you shall not marry her. Blood and thunder, and what hinder me?"

"I will."

"Ah, young man," said he, "you are lucky to find me in a good humor. Profit by it. Do you know that I have fought twenty duels which I had the misfortune to lose of my adversaries and to wound other fifteen? Once more I want to retire."

"I see," replied Anatole, "that are an adversary worthy of my sword and my desire increases to see you see. Suppose we fight with two swords by the chimney, or with cavalry sabers, or these—or what you say to these curved atagahns, don't decide? Why do you hesitate?"

"I was thinking of your mother's grief your death would cause."

"I am an orphan. Do you have a carbine, the pistol, or the revolver?"

"Young man, do not fool with firearms."

"Are you afraid? You tremble?"

"I tremble? Nonsense, it is the carbine, the pistol, or the revolver."

"Then either fight or renounce hand of Niccette."

"I like your pluck. The brave are always in harmony with each other. Do you wish me to confess something to you?"

"Out with it."

"For some time past I have withdrawn myself from this betrothal. I did not know how to go to work on it. I would consent very willingly what you desire of me, but you understand that I, Capendac, cannot have the air of yielding to threats. You have menaced me."

"I withdraw the menace."

"Then it is agreed."

"Will you write and sign your relinquishment of Niccette?"

"I have so much sympathy for you that I can refuse you nothing."

Furnished with the precious paper, Anatole hurried back to the room of M. Bousard. He reached his room at 8 o'clock.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling."

"Who is there?"

"Anatole."

"Be off to bed," cried the professor wrathfully.

"I have the consent of M. Capendac. Open, or I will have to break the door down. M. Bousard opened it. Anatole entered the room, and going to the door of Niccette's room, called out:

"Cousin, rise, dress yourself quickly and come down."

Some minutes after, Niccette, dressed in the dawn, came into the little parlor.

"What is the matter?" she inquired.

"The matter is," answered M. Bousard, "that your cousin is crazy."

"If that be so there is at any method in my madness," exclaimed Anatole. "This very night, my cousin, I have achieved two things. M. Capendac has renounced his claim to your hand, and your excellent guardian consents that you shall marry whom you please."

"Really and truly, my guardian is free to marry Anatole?"

"Ha!" exclaimed Anatole.

"Then, I love you, my cousin."

At that moment Anatole felt his heart beat rapidly. Was it by reason of pleasure which the unexpected news of Niccette had caused him? Was it pang predicted by Dr. Bardais? Or was it death?

"Wretch that I am!" exclaimed the poor fellow. "The cup of happiness is at my lips, and I am going to die without tasting it."

Then feverishly taking Niccette's hand, he told her all: how he had received the letter which contained the flower whose fragrance he had inhaled, and of the prognostic of Dr. Bardais, how he had made his will in her favor, and the success with which his efforts had been crowned.

"And now," sighed he, "I must die. But it is impossible," said Niccette. "The doctor is deceived. Who is he?"

"A man who is never wrong in his diagnosis, Niccette—Dr. Bardais."

"Bardais, Bardais!" cried M. Bousard suddenly, bursting out laughing.

"Hear what the morning paper says!"

"The learned Dr. Bardais has been suddenly stricken with cerebral alienation. The mania from which suffers is of a scientific character. It is well known that the doctor has special study of poisonous substances. He believes now that all who meet are poisoned, and endeavors to persuade them that such is the case. He was removed at midnight to a big white house."

"Niccette!"

"Anatole!"

The young couple had rushed into each other's arms, and were locked in a fond embrace.—Argonaut.