

The Main Thing.
 "I hear you have been selected to deliver the valedictory at your commencement."
 "Yes," replied the fair graduate to be, "and it's just worrying me sick. I don't know what style to adopt."
 "Why, there's only one style to a valedictory address. I should—"
 "Stilly! I'm speaking of my gown."
 —Philadelphia Press.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 20 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.
 Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Why They Gushed.
 "But his letters are so gushing," they protested to the fair young thing who was corresponding with a sentimental youth.
 "I know they are," she said, "but you must remember that he writes with a fountain pen."—Baltimore American.

Just a Husband.
 Mistress—Mary, you had a man in the kitchen last evening. Was he a relative of yours or a friend?
 Maid—Neither, marm; he was only just my husband.—Boston Transcript.

Not a Violent Purge.
 The day of the cannon-ball pill is past. Sweet, fragrant, mild, but effective Cascarets Candy Cathartic takes their place. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

In a Nutshell.
 "How did you like the finale to my first act?" inquired the playwright.
 "I didn't see it," replied the first-nighter.
 "Ah! Got there too late, eh?"
 "No; went away too soon."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 14.—The value of Garfield Tea, the herb cure, is suggested by these facts: it is a specific for all diseases of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels; it purifies the blood and lays the foundation for health.

Goggles or Nothing.
 "No, doctor; I won't wear plain spectacles. If I'm compelled to wear glasses, I'll try goggles."
 "But, my dear sir, there is nothing fashionable in goggles."
 "Oh, yes; people will think I run an automobile."—Philadelphia Press.

An Ethical Sidelight.
 Harris—If you knew he was lying, why didn't you tell him so?
 Buck—What would have been the use? He knew he was lying fast enough, and he would not have felt so pleasant toward me if I had let him know I knew it, too.—Boston Transcript.

Sure to be arrested!—Any ache or pain—by Hamlin's famous Wizard Oil. Your druggist sells it.

A Real One.
 "Whew! exclaimed the first pigeon, "wasn't that sparrow mad when I swiped that grain of corn from him?"
 "I should say," replied the other, "Talk about your 'small hot bird'!"
 —Philadelphia Press.

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

Plenty of That.
 Askit—So you think there was glory enough to go around at Santiago?
 Tellit—Yes; and there was loss of memory enough to go all the way around Cuba and back again.—Baltimore American.

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 TAKE THE **Keeley Cure**
 Sure relief from liquor, opium and tobacco habits. Send for particulars to
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 Best Cough Syrup, Taste Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION.

The New Fire Net
 Recently adopted by one of the metropolitan fire departments has proven a wonderful success as a life saver. Every one takes special interest in any invention that will save or prolong life. This is the reason so many people have been praising the merits of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters during the past fifty years. It cures dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, nervousness, and liver and kidney troubles. Many physicians prescribe and recommend it. Do not fail to try it.

Bound to Sell.
 Barber—Wouldn't you like a bottle of our hair restorer?
 Customer—No; thank you. I prefer to remain bald-headed.
 Barber—Then our hair restorer is just the thing you want, sir.—Tit-Bits.

Compensation.
 Driver—Waiter, this chop is very small.
 Waiter (a raw hand)—Yes, sir; but you'll find it will take a good while to eat it.—Glasgow Evening Times.

CLAIMANTS FOR PENSION
 WITH IN NATHAN BICKFORD, Washington, D. C., they will receive quick replies. B. 25th N. E. Vols. Staff 25th Corps. Prosecuting claims since 1876.

Badly Mixed.
 "Your new dog seems to sleep in the daytime in order to bark at night."
 "Yes; I guess he's a Chinese dog."
 "Chinese dog?"
 "Yes; of course you know that when it is day in China it's night here."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Eye to Business
 Tommy (on a visit)—Do your specs magnify, grandma?
 Grandma—Yes, Tommy.
 Tommy—Do you mind taking them off while you cut my cake?—Tit-Bits.

FITS Permanently Cured. 50 Cts. or 10c. per bottle. After the first trial of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KING, Ltd., 321 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Good Prospects.
 Neighbor—I saw the doctor call at your house this morning. Is your father very ill?
 Boy—Not yet. The doctor only come today for the first time.—Tit-Bits.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 14.—People who have headaches know what they are, and those who take Garfield Headache Powders know how completely and how quickly they can be cured. This remedy is regularly adapted to the needs of nervous women.

He Wasn't.
 Costigan—Don't say you aint done nothin'.
 Madigan—And why not?
 Costigan—Because that isn't good English.
 Madigan—Faith, I'm glad to hear it, for by the powers, nayther am I.—Catholic Standard and Times.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Naturally Puzzled.
 "He ees," said the French traveler, "what you call ze roundsman." He say he have been long on ze beat. I ask: "What you go around?" He say ze skevairo. O, zees language!"
 —Chicago Herald.

SEAFARING MEN KNOW THE VALUE OF TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING. IT WILL KEEP YOU DRY IN THE WETTEST WEATHER.
 LOOK FOR ABOVE TRADE MARK ON SALE EVERYWHERE. CATALOGUES FREE. SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

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Has ball bearing in turn-table. Turns freely to the wind. Insuring ball bearings thrust in wheel, insuring latest running qualities, and reserving greatest amount of power for pumping. Galvanized after making. Put together with galvanized bolts, double-nutted; no part can rust or get loose and rattle. Weight regulator; perfect regulation. No spring to change tension with every change of temperature, and grow weaker with age. Repairs always on hand. These things are worth money to you. Then why not buy a STAR?

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Consolation.
 Farmer Mossbacher—The principal of the academy says my daughter has got elocutionary talent.
 Farmer Hornback—Wa-al, don't take it too much to heart, Enoch; she may outgrow it.—Puck.

An Omission.
 "Sue declares that she is single from choice," said Miss Kittish.
 "But did she say whose choice?" asked Miss Frocks.—Free Press.

What Ought To Be.
 "But perfect lovers are so plentiful in books, and so rare elsewhere!"
 "Yes." It's a pity one doesn't go with every engagement ring.—Puck.

In the Blood.
 Jack I've resolved to give up drinking and betting and all that sort of thing.
 Tom—Oh, you'll never keep that resolution.
 Jack—I'll bet you the drinks I do.—Glasgow Evening Times.

None to Imitate.
 "Now, Johnny," his mother said, as they started for church, "I want you to behave like a good little boy."
 "I can't," blubbered Johnny. "I don't know any good little boy."
 —Chicago Tribune.

Celestial Costumes.
 "Husband—I wonder what we shall wear in heaven."
 Wife—"Well, if you get there, John, I imagine most of us will wear surprised looks."—Smart Set.

To The Very End.
 An old lady, being told that a certain lawyer "was lying at the point of death," exclaimed: "My gracious! Won't even death stop that man's lying?"—Tit-Bits.

His One Sorrow.
 First Office Boy—What's Jimmy cryin' for?
 Second Office Boy—His grand-mother's dead an' goin' to be buried on a holiday!—Tit-Bits.

Quite Strange.
 Blobs—It seems funny that living altogether on the ocean they should never get their sea legs on.
 Slobbs—Whom are you talking about?
 Blobs—The mermaids.—Philadelphia Record.

Tommy's Little Hint.
 Tommy—Tell me a story, uncle.
 Uncle—A story! But I don't know what to tell a story about.
 Tommy—Oh, tell me a story about a little boy who had a good uncle who gave him 10 cents.—Indianapolis Sun.

Her Glad Surprise.
 "I have found out one thing about my husband," said the bride who had been married before, "that surprises me greatly."
 Her friends moved up a little nearer, so that they could whisper, and asked: "What is it?"
 "His salary is just as big as he told me it was."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Hopeless Case.
 "Are the Guggletons in such reduced circumstances?"
 "Oh, yes. Why, I understand they are obliged now to live within their income."—Life.

PRUSSIAN LICE KILLER
 Kills Lice on Poultry. You paint the perch, the fumes kill the lice. Does not cost food lice and feed you. Price, 50c and \$1.00 a can. Sold by dealers.
 PRUSSIAN REMEDY CO., St. Paul, Minn.
 Gentlemen—I am a breeder of Chickens at Lake Waukegan, I won a can of your PRUSSIAN LIQUID LICE KILLER as a special premium at the St. Paul Poultry Show of 1900, and find it is all right. There are several here that want a reliable lice killer, and yours is all right. I have used it on my chickens, and it has done just the thing for lice on hens, and is worth five times its cost.
 E. J. Bowen, Coast Agent, Portland, Ore.