

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has won success far beyond the effect of advertising only.

The secret of its wonderful popularity is explained by its unapproachable Merit.

Based upon a prescription which cured people considered incurable.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Unites the best known vegetable remedies, by such a combination, proportion and process as to have curative power peculiar to itself.

Its cures of scrofula, eczema, psoriasis, and every kind of humor, as well as catarrh and rheumatism—prove

Hood's Sarsaparilla

the best blood purifier ever produced.

Its cures of dyspepsia, loss of appetite and that tired feeling make it the greatest stomach tonic and strength-restorer the world has ever known.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a thoroughly good medicine. Begin to take it TODAY. Get HOOD'S.

In Doubt.

Bildad—Did the size of her pile make you hesitate?

Perkins—Yes. For a long time I didn't know how much she had.

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

His Quick Return.

The lady—Yes; it's only men that turn tramps. Why aren't women idle? The tramp—Because most of them are busy bodies, mum.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for swollen, smarting, burning, sweating feet, corns and bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all drug stores and shoe stores. 2c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Ginn, Dept. 1, Lowell, N. H.

Cautious.

Small Man—Yes, sir; he's a contemptible scoundrel, and I told him so! Big Man—Did he knock you down? Small Man—No, I told him through the telephone.

Pico's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. Oakes, 322 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 8, 1906.

An Easy One.

"Sleepless" wants to know: "What would you give a dog to prevent itsarking at night?" "Give it away."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Hooper*

An Acceptable Neighbor.

Blizzer—How does your wife like that lady who moved in next door? Buzzard—Oh, all right! She hasn't as many gowns as my wife.

Stop guessing! Try a certain cure for painful ailments by getting at once a bottle of Handin's Wizard Oil.

It is Running Down.

"I should advise," said the polite compiler, as he raked in another "stack of Lord Rosslyn's blue checks, "that you take something for your system."

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER
TESTED AND TRUE—GUARANTEED.
NOW IS THE TIME TO USE IT.

Why Was the Milk Sour.

Mamma—Bessie, dear, you must not drink that milk. It's sour.
Bessie (aged 4)—Why, mama, has the cow been eating pickles?

A Bad Disease

There is a certain disease that has come down to us through many centuries and is older than history itself, yet very few outside of those who have learned from bitter experience know anything of its nature or characteristics. At first a little ulcer or sore appears, then glands of the neck or groin swell; pimples break out on the breast, back or some other part of the body and fill with yellow pustular matter; the mouth and throat become sore and the tongue is at all times badly coated. Headaches are frequent, and muscles and joints throb and hurt, especially during damp, rainy weather. These are some of the symptoms of that most loathsome of all diseases, Contagious Blood Poison.

This strange poison does not affect all alike; some are literally eaten up with it within a short time after being inoculated, while others show but slight evidence of any taint for a long time after exposure, but its tendency in every case is to complete destruction of the physical system, sooner or later. S. S. S. is a safe and infallible cure for this bad disease—the only antidote for this specific poison. It cures Contagious Blood Poison in every form and stage thoroughly and permanently. S. S. S. contains no Mercury, Potash or other harmful minerals, but is strictly and entirely a vegetable remedy, and we offer \$1,000.00 reward for proof that it is not.

OUR MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, which was established years ago, is doing a noble work in relieving suffering. Give our physicians a short history of your case and get their advice. This will cost you nothing, and what you say will be held in strictest confidence. With their help and a copy of our book on Contagious Blood Poison you can manage your own case and cure yourself at home.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Throat Lozenges, Whooping Cough, Consumption.

GOOD Short Stories

Some years ago at a Mardi Gras ball at the Hopkins Institute of Art, a man, masked, approached a woman, masked, and asked her for a dance, as is considered right and proper at Mardi Gras. "But I don't know you, sir," said the lady in her most icy tone. "Well, I'm taking a big risk as you are," retorted the man.

A tender-hearted youth was once present at an Oxford supper, where the fathers of those assembled were being roundly abused for their parsimony in supplying the demands of their sons. At last, after having long kept silence, he lifted up his voice in mild protest. "After all, gentlemen," he said, "let us remember that they are our fellow-creatures."

It is said that at certain seasons in Scotland, when the fishing is not very brisk, the fishermen net as caddies, and are easily recognized by their costume, a wadded jersey and trousers braced up to the armpits. One of these was asked his name by the gentleman for whom he was carrying, and the reply was: "Well, sir, hereabouts they call me 'Breaks' but my 'maiden' name is 'Broon'."

Charles Stewart, a British lawyer, has lately published a volume of reminiscences, in which he tells the following story of Tennyson, whom he found self-conscious and accessible to flattery: "A little niece of mine was one day standing beside his chair; he lifted her up and placed her on his knee for half a minute, and then he put her down, saying: 'Now you can say you have sat on Tennyson's knee.'"

An error of a new clerk in the mailing department of an Eastern publisher was responsible, the other day, for the mailing of a prospectus to a world-famous statesman, who had been dead for some years. The letter was returned a few days later, with the following indorsement: "In Heaven, —, 1901. Gentlemen: As your publications are not permitted to circulate here, I believe it would be useless for me to subscribe for them. Yours respectfully," and here followed the name of the famous statesman.

When Thomas Snodgrass, ex-collector of Ganjam, Madras, was expelled from the service of the East India Company owing to his extravagance, he applied for a pension. But the company turned a deaf ear to him. Accordingly he arrayed himself in tattered clothes, and armed with a broom, set to work sweeping a crossing in Lendalhill street, in front of the East India house. Immediately all London was agog with the intelligence that an old and distinguished officer of the East India Company, who had ruled over a hundred thousand people and received in a palace, was now reduced, in the evening of his life, to the necessity of earning his bread by sweeping the streets. The king was thunderstruck, and implored Mr. Snodgrass to take himself and his broom away. This he did, when the company gave him his pension.

AN INDEPENDENT GOVERNOR.

Mr. Jones Checkmated the Important Contractor for Convict Labor.

When Thomas G. Jones, whom President Roosevelt has appointed district judge in Alabama, was Governor of the State, the bad practice prevailed of farming out convicts in labor camps. Under the law they were let out by contract to the highest bidder, and were liable to neglect and maltreatment. The Governor had to administer the laws as he found them, but to this law, says a writer in Harper's Weekly, he was stoutly opposed. One day a negro was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. The law required the Governor's signature to a paper before the man could be sent to the convict camp. The Governor did not act as promptly as those who contracted for the labor of the convicts thought desirable, so they sent a representative to him to find out what the matter was.

"I have delayed acting in this man's case," said the Governor, "because I have heard that measles, in a very malignant form, have broken out in your camp, and that many of the convicts are dying. Is it true?"

"Yes," said the agent, lightly; "but what difference does that make? Send him along. He may not catch the measles, anyway, and if he does, and dies, why, it's only one nigger the less."

"That is all I wanted to know," replied Governor Jones. "I send no more persons, black or white, to your camp till the disease is under control."

The agent reddened.

"See here, Governor," he snapped out, angrily, "you don't own the State of Alabama! We have still some courts open. If you refuse to send that man to camp, we shall go into court and get out a mandamus, and then you will have to do it."

It was now the Governor's turn to flush. He wheeled upon his visitor with a gesture toward the door.

"You go into the nearest court and try your best to force me to do what I do not believe is right!" he thundered. "Try it—it will teach you a lesson. The same laws which give me power to sign that paper give me authority to pardon a convict. Now I serve you with fair warning that the instant I see your emissary enter that door with your mandamus in his hand, I sign a pardon for the convict! Now go!"

We have noticed that when there is a band in town there are more men than usual on the streets smoking pipes.

HE WOKE UP A SLEEPY TOWN.

How a Commercial Traveler Had Fun with the Bald-Headed Men.

"One of the most notable features of a certain little Western town I used to cover was its extraordinary number of bald-headed men," said the commercial traveler, who would rather lose an order than fail in perpetrating a practical joke. "Preacher and people, rich and poor, all had heads like billiard balls. It was a dull town, so one night when a vaudeville troupe was billed for the place I regarded it as a golden opportunity to have some fun. I had met the company in my travels—a fly-by-night show, with a ballet that was a choice assortment of animated cadavers.

"I went to the opera house and bought up the front row, twenty seats circling round the stage, which I stamped 'Not Transferable.' Then I picked out twenty of the baldest men in that bald-headed community and spent the day circulating those interesting bits of pasteboard. I had a regular lingo, like this:

"Going to the show to-night?"

"I don't know."

"Well, you'd better go. It's a good thing. Here's a complimentary ticket I'd like to give you if you will surely go, for you see it's not transferable."

"Of course, every victim was wild to get something for nothing, so I nailed my men hard and fast. The town had the usual quota of small boys, and just before the play began I filled the gallery with them. Everything went beautifully. My twenty baldheads sat in an unbroken circle around the stage; the gallery was jammed with youngsters who thoroughly understood their part of the drama.

"Then I took my seat where they could all see me. After the usual prelude by the orchestra the ballet put in an appearance and swung into line—a scrawny crowd of superannuated dancers. The leader stood with up-lifted baton, and the ballet was waiting for the signal. At this moment I raised my hand, and from the gallery came the following chorus:

"Baldheads to the front!"

"In an instant the audience of slow-witted people 'caught on,' as they say that circle of baldheads around the stage. The orchestra had a hard time trying to keep track of the tune; the ballet tied themselves into hard knots, and the gallery gods sent out a deafening tempest of howls and cat calls.

"Each one of the baldheads looked at his fellow and grew red and wrathful. Then they laughed as only bald-headed men can laugh, and I knew there was no necessity for me to sneak out of town. Again the house went wild, and the orchestra nearly smashed their instruments before the pandemonium ceased. It broke up the everlasting calm of that town. The story spread to every surrounding hamlet; business boomed, orders were doubled, and every time I went there the boys 'set 'em up.' I was awfully popular, but never again could I induce any one to accept a complimentary ticket to a show."

GNOMES AND DWARFS.

Tales of Folk-Lore May Have Been Founded on Pygmies of Africa.

It is just possible that this type of pygmy negro which survives to-day in the recesses of inner Africa may have overspread Europe in remote times. If it did, then the conclusion is irresistible that it gave rise to most of the myths and beliefs connected with gnomes, kobolds and fairies.

The demeanor and actions of the little Kongo dwarfs at the present day remind one over and over again of the traits attributed to the brownies and goblins of our fairy stories. Their remarkable power of becoming invisible by adroit hiding in herbage and behind rocks, their probable habits in sterile or open countries of making their homes in holes and caverns, their mischievousness and prankish good nature, all seem to suggest that it was some race like this which inspired most of the stories of Teuton and Celt regarding a dwarfish people of quasi-supernatural attributes.

The dwarfs of the Kongo forest can be good or bad neighbors to the big black people, according to the treatment they receive. If their selfish depredations on the banana groves or their occasional thefts of tobacco or maize are condoned, or even if they are conciliated by small gifts of such food left exposed where it can be easily taken, they will in return leave behind them in their nightly visitations gifts of meat and products of the chase, such as skins or ivory.

I have been informed by some of the forest negroes, says Sir Harry H. Johnston in McClure's, that the dwarfs will occasionally steal their children and put in their places pygmy babies of ape-like appearance—changelings, in fact—bringing up the children they have stolen in the dwarf tribe. These collections of pygmies, which one can scarcely call tribes, certainly exhibit from time to time individuals of ordinary stature and with features not strongly resembling those of the pygmy type.

So He Did.

Mrs. Slimson—Willie, your shirt is dripping.
Willie—Yes'm. Some boys tempted me to go in swimming, and I ran away from them so hard that I got into an awful perspiration.

When a woman goes away on a visit, and her baggage arrives at the house, she always says to her hostess: "Goodness, you would think by the amount of baggage I brought, I intended staying forever."

The respectable way to commit suicide is to have a "dangerous operation" performed.

Mrs. Watson's Message.

She tells all suffering women how she was cured of Ovarian Inflammation by



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I wrote to you a few months ago I had been suffering from inflammation of the ovaries and womb for over eighteen months. I had a continual pain and soreness in my back and side. I believe my troubles were caused by overwork and giving some years ago. Life was a drag to me and I felt like giving up. I had several doctors, but they did me little good. I began to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound four months ago and am in better health to-day than I have been for years. All my pains are gone. Your Vegetable Compound has made me well. I recommend it to all suffering women."—Miss S. J. WATSON, Hampton, Va.

When there is one remedy that is sure, and hundreds of thousands of women know from experience is reliable, is it wise to experiment with untried and comparatively unknown medicines?

\$5000 REWARD

We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lyon, N. Y., \$5,000.00, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letter is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

Cause Enough.

Housekeeper—Why did you leave your last place?
Servant—Faith, the lady and her husband was always quarrelin'.
"What did they quarrel about?"
"Because I wouldn't have till me two weeks was up."

Worth Makes the Price.

"Divorces," said the man who wanted to talk and philosophize, "cost more than marriages."
"Certainly," said the practical man.
"Why not? They are worth more."

The Game of Fame.

Scribb—Do you think your new novel will sell?
Stubbs—Sell? Yes, sir-ee; I've hired a Chicago man to come forward and claim the plot.—Detroit Free Press.

Prostrate With Rheumatic Fever Six Times Within Twenty Years.

This was the case of Mr. Eli Wiltshire, of Laurelwood Terrace, Calne, Wis., who, during this time, suffered the most intense agony. He writes: "I heartily endorse the testimonials which you publish of St. Jacobs Oil as a pain killer, for I have been a sufferer from rheumatism and kindred complaints at different times during the last twenty years. I have been laid prostrate with rheumatic fever six times during that period, therefore I consider I know something about rheumatism. During all of these twenty years I have tried various advertised rheumatic remedies, oils, ointments and embrocations. None of them gave me relief, but when I tried St. Jacobs Oil I found it eased the pain almost immediately, and has done for me what all other remedies put together never began to do.

"I could give you several cases that have been cured, which have come under my notice, and through my recommendation; one of toothache, one of faceache and one of sore throat. "I have recommended St. Jacobs Oil and shall continue to do so by every means in my power, as I consider you deserving."

Limited Ambition.

He—I suppose you wouldn't think of marrying a man unless he could afford to give you a yacht?
She—Oh, I don't know. If I really loved him I would be satisfied with a little snack occasionally.

The Cynic.

"The number of people who speak English," said the amateur statistician, "is now 116,000,000."
"It is a wonder," said the cynic, "some of them do not find their way on to the stage."

Health

"For 25 years I have never missed taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla every spring. It cleanses my blood, makes me feel strong, and does me good in every way."—John P. Hodnette, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Pure and rich blood carries new life to every part of the body. You are invigorated, refreshed. You feel anxious to be active. You become strong, steady, courageous. That's what Ayer's Sarsaparilla will do for you.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and you will be satisfied.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

WEATHERWISE AND OTHERWISE!

WHY DON'T YOU WEAR TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER AND KEEP DRY?



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. LOOK FOR ABOVE TRADE MARK. CATALOGUES FREE. Showing Full Line of Garments and Hats. A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Trying to Explain.

"Josiah," said Mrs. Cornstassel, "what is these negligay shirts I see advertised in the bargain sales?"
"Well, they ain't quite so prim an' scratchy as a b'iled shirt. I reckon a negligay is what you might call a soft b'iled shirt."

CATARH CANNOT BE CURED

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 50c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Place and Greatness.

Joe—I paid \$25 to get into that volume of "Great Americans."
Billy—Well?
"All I got was half a column alongside of a man who is the most notorious humbug in our county."—Detroit Free Press.

Cure Your Horses Of Heaves, Cough or Distemper with PRUSSIAN HEAVE POWDERS.

PRUSSIAN REMEDY CO., St. Paul, Minn.

GRATEFUL—I have been using the PRUSSIAN HEAVE POWDERS the past eight months, and in that time have cured 11 horses of heaves, 14 of distemper and 9 of chronic cough. Your Prussian Remedies have gained a great reputation in this section.

BOWEN SEED STORE, Const Agents Portland, Ore., and Seattle, Wash.

SALZERS New 20th Century OATS

HIGH YIELD 300 BUS. PER ACRE

CLEAR THE TRACK!

Here is the most wonderful yielding Oats ever produced. Salzer's New 20th Century Oats take the prize every year. The fact is, Salzer's Oats are bred to produce. The U. S. Department of Agriculture claims that over 800,000 bushels and 800,000 bushels of Salzer's Oats were the best. How do you like that?

Mr. Farmer? Our new 20th Century Oats that we have completely revolutionized growing and we expect thousands of farmers to report yields in 1907 ranging from 300 to 800 bushels per acre. Price is 40c. Send for the facts and buy this Oats this spring so as to be sure you get the best. It will surely pay you.

Salzer's Marvel Wheat—42 bus. per Acre

The only spring wheat on earth that will yield a paying crop north, east, south, and west and in every state in the Union. We also have the celebrated Macaroni wheat, yielding on our farms 45 bushels per acre.

SPELTZ

The most marvelous cereal and best food on earth, producing from 60 to 80 bushels of grain and 4 tons of rich hay per acre.

VEGETABLE SEEDS

We are the largest growers and our stock of earliest Peas, Beans, Sweet corn and all money making vegetable is enormous. Prices are very low. Oats seed 40c and up a bushel. Catalogue free.

For 10c—Worth \$10

Our great catalogue contains full descriptions of our Seedless Hairy, yielding 100 bushels; our Triple Linnear Oats, going 80 bushels; our potatoes, yielding 800 bushels per acre; our grass and clover mixtures, producing 4 tons of hay; our best corn, with its 9 tons of hay, and Twentieth with 40 tons of green fodder per acre. Salzer's great catalogue, worth \$100 in any wide awake gardener or farmer, with 10 terms and samples—worth \$10 to get a catalogue mailed you, no receipt of 10c, postage.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

PURIFIER

TESTED AND TRUE GUARANTEED. USED AND SOLD EVERYWHERE

BISHOP SCOTT ACADEMY

FOUNDED 1870
A Home School for Boys
Military and Manual Training
Write for Illustrated Catalogue
ARTHUR C. NEWELL
CINCINNATI, O.

We Will Give You

2 Hyacinth Bulbs FREE
Or 6 Tulips.

Together with our Complete Catalog for 1907, if you will send us a mail order, no matter how small. Write us, and make your selections from our Catalog. Springtime is here, and it is time for planting.

LAMBERSON - Portland Oregon

JOHN POOLE, Portland, Oregon,

Foot of Morrison Street.

Can give you the best bargains in Buggies, Flows, Engines and Engines, Windmills and Pumps and General Machinery. See us before buying.

New Year Resolutions

TAKE THE Keeley Cure

sure relief from liquor, opium and tobacco habits. Send for particulars.

Keely Institute, Aves., Portland, Oregon

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