

RHEUMATISM ROBS LIFE OF PLEASURE

Rheumatism does more than any other disease to rob life of pleasure and comfort. It is so painful and far-reaching in its effects on the system that those afflicted with it find themselves utterly unable to enjoy bodily comfort or any of the pleasures of life. Some are bound hand and foot and suffer constantly with excruciating pains, swollen, stiff joints and muscles, and often distorted, crooked limbs, while others have intervals of freedom, during which they live in constant fear and dread of the next attack, when, at the least exposure to damp weather, or slight irregularity of any kind, the disease will return.

I had been troubled with Rheumatism for two years, had been under the treatment of physicians, and tried everything recommended to me, but all to no avail. My knee and elbow joints were so stiff that I could not use them. I was unable to do my household work, and was truly in a pitiable condition. S. S. S. cured me after using it for awhile, and I unhesitatingly give it the credit it so much deserves.

Sta. A., E. Liverpool, O. Mrs. M. A. DECKER.

The cause of Rheumatism is a sour, acid condition of the blood, produced by food lying undigested in the stomach, poor bowel action, weak kidneys and a general sluggish condition of the system. External applications, such as liniments, oils, plasters, etc., do not reach the cause and can only give temporary relief. The blood must be cleansed and purified before a cure can be had. S. S. S. attacks the disease in the right way—it neutralizes the poison and filters on every particle of it from the blood, stimulates the sluggish organs and clears the system of all foreign matter. It cures the disease permanently and safely because it contains no harmful minerals to derange the stomach and digestion. Book on Rheumatism and any advice you wish, without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Railroads and Progress.

In his testimony before the senate committee on interstate commerce at Washington, on May 4, Prof. Hugo R. Meyer, of Chicago university, an expert on railroad management, made this statement:

"Let us look at what might have happened if we had heeded the protests of the farmers of New York and Ohio and Pennsylvania (in the seventies when grain from the West began pouring to the Atlantic seaboard) and acted upon the doctrine which the Interstate Commerce commission has enunciated time and again, that no man may be deprived of the advantages accruing to him by virtue of his geographical position. We could not have west of the Mississippi a population of millions of people who are prosperous and are great consumers. We never should have seen the years when we built 10,000 and 12,000 miles of railway for there would have been no farmers west of the Mississippi river who could have used the land that would have been opened up by the building of those railways. And if we had not seen the years when we could build 10,000 and 12,000 miles of railway in a year, we should not have today east of the Mississippi a steel and iron producing center which is at once the marvel and the despair of Europe, because we could not have built up a steel and iron industry if there had been no market for its product.

"We could not have in New England a great boot and shoe industry; we could not have in New England a great cotton mill industry; we could not have spread throughout New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio manufacturing industries of the most diversified kinds, because those industries would have no market among the farmers west of the Mississippi river.

"And while the progress of this country, while the development of the agricultural West of this country, did mean the impairment of the agricultural value east of the Mississippi river that ran up into hundreds of millions of dollars, it meant incidentally the building up of great manufacturing industries that added to the value of this land by thousands of millions of dollars. And, gentlemen, those things were not foreseen in the seventies. The statesmen and the publicmen of this country did not see what part the agricultural development of the West was going to play in the industrial development of the East. And you may read the decisions of the Interstate Commerce commission from the first to the last, and what is one of the greatest characteristics of those decisions? The

continued inability to see the question in this large way.

"The Interstate Commerce commission never can see anything more than that the farm land of some farmer is decreasing in value, or that some man who has a flour mill with a production of 50 barrels a day is being crowded out. It never can see that the destruction or impairment of farm values in this place means the building up of farm values in that place, and that that shifting of values is a necessary incident to the industrial and manufacturing development of this country. And if we shall give to the Interstate Commerce commission power to regulate rates, we shall no longer have our rates regulated on the statesmanlike basis on which they have been regulated in the past by railway men, who really have been great statesmen, who really have been great builders of empires, who have had an imagination that rivals the imagination of the greatest poet and of the greatest inventor, and who have operated with a courage and daring that rivals the courage and daring of the greatest military general. But we shall have our rates regulated by a body of civil servants, bureaucrats, whose besetting sin the world over is that they never can grasp a situation in a large way and with the grasp of the statesman; that they never can see the fact that they are confronted with a small evil; except by the creation of evils and abuses which are infinitely greater than the one that is to be corrected."

Dog-Matic.

The young person who stood before a picture of the head of a Spanish lady at the London Art Club exhibition read the number slowly. "One hundred and ninety-one"—and Punch overheard the rest.

"One hundred and ninety-one," she repeated, then referred to her catalogue. "Tete Espagnole," or however you pronounce it, what's that?"

"Why, spaniel's head, of course," explained her companion, with the assurance of a man who hoped he knew enough of French for that. "Must be numbered wrong."

No Hurry About It.

The Sunday school class had just finished singing "I Want to Be an Angel, and with the Angels Stand." The teacher, observing that one little fellow had not contributed his voice to help swell the sacred refrain, said: "Johnny, don't you want to be an angel?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Johnny, "but not just now. I'd rather be a baseball pitcher a good deal first."

Name something with two heads and one body. Ans.—A barrel.



"Any germs in this milk?" "Not that I know of. No extra charges if there are."

Kneker—Didn't the doctor build you up? Bocker—Yes; but he seems to think he built a bank.—Harper's Bazar.

William—There's one thing about Miss Charming's house I don't like Arthur—What's that? William—Her father.

Meekly—Yes, we're going to move to Swamphurst. Doctor—But the climate there may disagree with your wife. Meekly—It wouldn't dare!—Tit-Bits.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, if your papa caught one fish of three pounds, one of five and one of four, how much would they all weigh? Johnny—Twenty.—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Flynn—An phwat's yer sor Moike doin' now, Mrs. Casey? Mrs. Casey—Shure, Moike ain't doin' anything, Mrs. Flynn. He's got a government job.—Sis Hopkins' Book.

"He's a thorough Bohemian in Jack," cried an actor in praise of an acquaintance. "He'd give you his last shilling without thought of repayment." "Yes, or borrow yours on the same terms!" responded his friend.

Editor—So you want a position as weather reporter, eh? What do you know about reporting the weather? Hiram Boots—What do I know? Gosh, I've got the biggest corns in this here county.—Chicago News.

Manma—There! You have a black eye and a bloody nose and your coat is torn to bits. How many times have I told you not to play with that bad Brown boy? Bobby—Gee, ma! Do I look like we'd been a-playin'?—Cleveland Leader.

Modern Mother—Why, child alive, what are you taking off that dolly's clothes for? Modern Child—I'm going to 'zamine her to see if she's been vaccinated. I can't have 'erspreadin' 'tagion among my other dollies.—Baltimore American.

"Oh! Ouch! Stop that!" yelled Tommy. "Why, Tommy, aren't you ashamed?" exclaimed his mother. "I wouldn't cry like that if it were my hair that was being combed." "I'll bet you would if I was doin' the combin'," replied Tommy, fiercely.—Catholic Standard.

"You can't show me a single reason," blustered the pater familias, "why we should go to the seashore this summer." "What?" cried his wife, pointing to their quartet of marriageable daughters. "I can show you four single reasons."—Philadelphia Press.

"What a nice little boy," said the minister, who was making a call; "won't you come and shake hands, my son?" "Naw!" snapped the nice little boy. "My gracious! Don't you like me?" "Naw! I had ter git me hands an' face washed jist because you come."

There was a smell of cookies in the kitchen when Tommy made his morning call on his grandmother. "I suppose you have just had your breakfast, Tommy," she said, "and you're not hungry." "Gran'ma," he answered, "boys is always hungry."—Chicago Tribune.

Jim Persimmons—I reckon dat's a ten-horse-power automobile! Pete Possam—Wot! You reckon dat machine's got ten times as much power as his horse o' mine? Jim Persimmons—No; twenty times as much; dat looks like a one-half-horsepower horse dat you got dar!—Puck.

Clara—You don't mean to say you have been out skating all the afternoon! I should think you'd be awfully tired. I suppose there was no place where you could sit down? Kate—Oh, yes, there were places all over the pond. I used them all, I guess.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Miss Sreech—He said something to you about my singing last night, didn't he? Miss Feppery—Well, he did remark how funny the corners of your mouth looked when you sang. "The idea! How could he have seen them?" "Why not? He was sitting directly behind you while you sang."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A lady entered a railway station not a hundred miles from Edinburgh the other day, and said she wanted a ticket for London. The pale-looking clerk asked: "Single?" "It ain't any of your business," she replied. "I might have been married a dozen times if I'd like the providin' for some poor shiftless wreck of a man like you."

The editor of a country paper recently apologized to his readers for the lack of news somewhat after the following fashion: "We expected to have a death and a marriage to announce this week; but a violent storm prevented the wedding, and the doctor himself having been taken ill his patient recovered and we were accordingly cheated out of both."

An Irishman was charged with a petty offense. "Have you anyone in court who will vouch for your good character?" queried the judge. "Yea, sorr; there is the chief constable yonder," answered Pat. The chief constable was amazed. "Why, your honor, I don't even know the man," protested he. "Now, sorr," broke in Pat, "I have lived in the borough for nearly twenty years, and if the chief constable doesn't know me yet, isn't that a character for yez?"

LION INVADED THE CAMP.

An Exciting Early Morning Adventure in a Somaliland Jungle.

"When in Somaliland, Africa, I had an exciting adventure with a black-maned lion," writes a correspondent in the London Chronicle. "I had intended to reach a village one night, but it was getting dark and we were a couple of hours' march off; so, finding an old zereba or thorn inclosure, we went into it. This zereba covered half an acre. It was only about four feet high and four feet thick, the thorny branches composing it having sunk down and fallen apart.

"We repaired about 100 yards of it, pitched our tent and the cook got his fire lighted, gave me some dinner and I turned in. Our nineteen camels all squatted in a circle to the right of the tent, our horses were tethered near to them and our twenty-one men lighted three or four fires, cooked their food and lay down to sleep around the camels. We also had five donkeys tethered to two or three saplings, which were growing about two paces in front of the tent and, therefore, toward the center of the zereba.

"About 2 o'clock in the morning I was awakened by two feeble brays, followed by a third. Lighting a candle, I tumbled out in my pajamas and got hold of my rifle and a couple of cartridges, to meet the Somal hunters showing their woolly heads through the tent door, saying 'Waraba' (hyena). Deep growls were going on and I at once felt sure that it was no hyena, but a lion in the zereba. Fortunately, the camels did not stampede.

"It was pitch dark, but I saw that one of the five donkeys tethered in front of the tent was gazing intently toward the left and center. The other four had disappeared in the center of the zereba, which, however, I found in the morning to be simply a mass of old dried thorn branches, so the six or eight shots I fired at it in the darkness did little harm. The men were now bushing the fires and the cook supplied four or five of the men with sticks and with kerosene rapidly made some torches. I then noticed that the donkey was gazing more to the left of the center and, guided by the growling, which was going on continuously, I crept on my hands and knees past the donkey for a couple of yards. The men with the torches were then a little behind my right shoulder.

"Suddenly the torches flamed up brightly, and the light being behind me somewhat I was not dazzled by it, but saw the lion dragging off a donkey. It did not take me more than one second to snap both barrels at him and his growls at once ceased. After putting in two more cartridges and having the torches retrimmed we again advanced to find the lion lying on his side, giving a few expiring gasps. His nose touched the donkey's throat, a trickle of blood flowed down under his left eye, and as I afterward found he had got my second bullet in the nape of the neck."

WHEN THE CZAR WAS A BOY.

He Had to Study the Same as Other Boys.

The Emperor Nicholas and his two brothers, George and Michael, were educated entirely by private tutors under the direct superintendence of their father and mother. In the magnificent Anitchkoff Palace on the Nevsky Prospekt, a bare, uncarpeted room was assigned as the school room of the imperial children. Its furniture consisted entirely of wooden desks and benches, and the walls were decorated by pictures cut from the foreign illustrated papers and pasted there by the boys themselves.

The boys were sent to the school room immediately after an early breakfast and not allowed to leave it until noon. The afternoon was theirs for play, but the morning hours had to be devoted to study.

They were taught but little mathematics and, in fact, their whole education consisted practically of modern languages, drawing, music and Russian history. Of the history of other countries they were taught more as they grew older, but the most they got of general history was a mere smattering after all. The result is that aside from his knowledge of modern languages the Czar is not so well educated as the ordinary school boy of America.

The Grand Duke George was nearer the age of Nicholas than his brother Michael and was his companion in all sports and studies. George was a stout, robust youth, and "Nicky" always looked up to him and regarded everything he did as just about right. His death nearly broke the heart of his brother.

The other brother, the Grand Duke Michael, being the youngest child, was always the favorite of his mother. At 15 Michael was made colonel of a regiment of Russian infantry and proudly put on his uniform and reviewed his regiment.

Nicholas and George also had titles of honor as commanders in the army and navy of Russia, and were provided with gorgeous uniforms. Nicholas liked to wear his uniform, but hated to go to reviews and other functions where there were soldiers. If possible, he would steal away somewhere and would be found quietly sketching at a time when the heir of the empire was wanted to sit on horseback before the army. The young general of 18 often had to be punished before he would go to a review and he had many a good crying spell when he was told to put on his uniform and go out and play soldier before the nation.

"Woman is man's equal," says a feminine magazine writer. Well, that depends on who the woman is and who the man is. She may be his superior.

The Aesthetic Young Man.

He was an aesthetic young man from the city. The floor manager introduced him to a divine young creature in blue, and they stood in the set waiting for the prompter's call.

"What a charming assembly!" remarked the young man from the city, gazing around upon the array of beautiful faces and costumes. "There is something so captivating, so etherealizing, in these gatherings of culture and refinement, that I am always charmed when I can mingle with such a joyous throng. Do you not pronounce this a fashionable and intellectual soiree—a superior gathering of beauty and gentility?"

"It's the boss," replied the gentle creature in blue, as she arranged the fastening of a neat little glove.

The young man from the city had to be assisted out of the hall.

Willing to Risk It.

"A fool and his money are soon parted, you know," said the stingy man who had a mania for quotations.

"Well," rejoined his good wife, "for the sake of having the money to part with, I wouldn't mind being considered a little foolish."

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen E. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. See. Don't accept any substitute.

Find Petrified Grain.

The drillers at work in a new deep well at Junction City, Kan., are finding all sorts of odd things. Recently the drill penetrated a stratum of what appeared to be petrified rye. The grains were surprisingly like that cereal, and some one has suggested that an anti-glacial elevator or store-house has been discovered.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free #2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 631 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Nearing the Finish.

"How long has the minister been preaching?" whispered the stranger, who had wandered into church and sat down near the door.

"About thirty years, I believe," replied the other occupant of the pew.

"That being the case, continued the stranger, "I may as well stay. He must be near the end of his discourse."

For coughs and colds there is no better medicine than Pisco's Cure for Consumption. Price 25 cents.

Honey and Vinegar.

At a "stag" dinner the other evening an old bachelor gave the following toast: "Woman, the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood and the evening star of old age. Bless our stars—and may they always be kept a telephonic distance."

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

The names of British celebrities are being given by the London county council to municipal steamboats plying on the Thames. Thirty have been so named, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Pepys, Fitz Allwin (first mayor of London), Carlyle, and Caxton being among those remembered. This was the idea of John Burns, the labor member of Parliament, and it has met with general approval from press and public.

THINK OF IT!

This Pretty Matron Had Headache and Backache, and Her Condition Was Serious.

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The reason of so many failures to cure cases similar to the above is the fact that diseases peculiar to the female sex are not commonly recognized as being caused by catarrh.

Catarrh of one organ is exactly the same as catarrh of any other organ. What will cure catarrh of the head will also cure catarrh of the pelvic organs. Peruna cures these cases simply because it cures the catarrh.

If you have catarrh write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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"I had a terrible cold and cough and was threatened with pneumonia. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it gave me quick and perfect relief. It is certainly a most wonderful cough medicine."—KEVA E. WHITMAN, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

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Portland, Oregon.

On account of the impression that has been prevalent in different cities regarding the exorbitant rates that are to be charged by the hotels in PORTLAND during the LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION, in justice to the HOTEL PORTLAND and its many patrons, I deem it advisable to publish the rates that will undeniably prevail at the HOTEL PORTLAND during the said EXPOSITION.

Rooms will be charged for at the rate of \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 for one person, the highest-priced room in the Hotel being \$3.00, which includes a bath room.

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Dr. C. Gee Wo

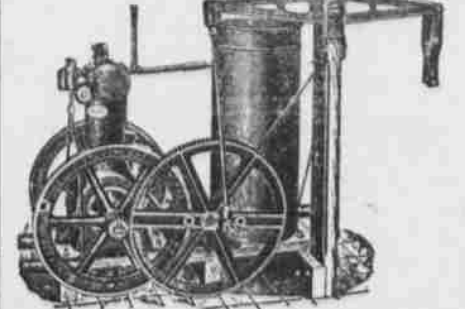
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