How Many Birthdays?

You must have had sixty at least! What? Only forty? Then it must be your gray hair. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops these frequent birthdays. It gives all the early, deep, rich color to gray hair, and checks falling hair. And it keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"I was greatly troubled with dandruff which produced a most disagreeable itching of the scalp. I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and the dandruff soon disappeared. My hair also stopped falling out until now I have a splendid head of hair."—DAVID C. KINNE, Plainfield, Conn.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

By the Hour.

In these days the rich and the poor both appreciate the services of the trained nurse, but until within a comparatively short time the more well-to-do member of society has not had the opportunity to enjoy one branch of her professional ministrations. Now, however, the hourly nurse is becoming an important member of society. Among the poor, says the Boston Transcript, the district nurse comes in by the day or hour, as the case demands; in the families of those in more comfortable circumstances, the ordinary trained nurse is usually engaged by the week, and she rarely cares to go for a shorter time.

The hourly nurse, who has had the same training, holds herself ready to answer calls at all times, for one, two, three or twenty-four hours, as the case may be. She assists doctors in minor operations, goes each day to change the dressings, and makes it easier for the family to care for the patient during the rest of the day.

Again, in these days of apartment-houses, there are many homes where it is inconvenient to have a nurse stay at the house. Here the hourly nurse is the right person in the right place. She comes for the necessary time, planning to meet the physician when he makes his visit, thus enabling the patient to have, at little expense, all requisite care, if not the luxury of constant attendance.

There are many aged people who are too feeble to take care of themselves. They do not need a trained nurse nor even an attendant all the time, but the assistance that a competent person can give them for an hour or two daily greatly adds to their comfort. New avenues of usefulness open for the hourly nurse in all directions.

In Italy the value of land is considered to be thirty-four times the annual rental.

MISS ELLA OFF, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

SUFFERED FOR MONTHS

Pe-ru-na the Remedy That Cured.

Miss Ella Off, 1127 Linden St., Indianapolis, Ind, writes:

"I suffered with a run down constitution for several months and feared that I would have to give up my work.

"On seeking the advice of a physician, he prescribed a tonic. I found, however, that it did me no good. On seeking the advice of our druggist, he asked me to try Peruna. In a few weeks I began to feel and act like a different person. My appetite increased, I did not have that worn out feeling, and I could sleep splendidly. In a couple of manths I was entirely recovered. I thank you for what your medicine has done for me."—Ella Off.

Write Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence is held strictly confidential.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

OLD Favorites

Jim Bludso.

Wall, no, I can't tell wha' he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar' have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-hill,
Another one here in Pike.
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
An awkward hand in a row,
But he never funked, and he never lied—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,
To treat his engine well,
Never be passed on the river,
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last;
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle, she wouldn't be passed;
And so she come tarin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she cleared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night;
And, quick as a flash, she turned and made
For that willer bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar:
'I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word;
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.
—John Hay.

PRINCE OF MISERS.

Incidents Which Illustrate the Meanness of Russell Sage.

While many of the stories that are told of Russell Sage's miserly habits and eccentricities are fictitious, none of them are exaggerations. It would be almost impossible for anyone to imagine a man more economical and stingy than he, says a writer who has been looking up facts about the multi-

USSELL SAGE.

millionaire. Although his income is reckoned at $5,000 a day, at least, and some people think it is twice that amount, he has lived at the rate of $5,000 a year or less, and his personal expenses have not been $1,000 a year. That is a very liberal estimate. He has two suits of clothes, one for week days and the other for Sunday, and he has worn them as long as anybody can remember. He has not bought a new overcoat for 15 or 20 years, and his hat is quite as old as that if not older. A few years ago he sent for a gentleman who had done him a favor, and in a confidential way said that he was going to reward him with a "tip" that he could work for a profit. Then, to the man's astonishment, Mr. Sage gave him the address of a store on Seventh avenue where he could get shoes for $2 a pair.

To save time the Western Union Telegraph Company serves a free lunch to its operators, and Mr. Sage appeared every day at a certain hour. A seat was kept for him at a certain table up to the last day he came downtown. He never paid fare on the elevated railroad, because he was a director, and the ticket takers had instructions to let him go by without paying. He invariably helped himself to newspapers from the stand at Fiftieth street in the morning when on his way downtown, and did the same at Rector street when he was going home in the afternoon. He has stolen his newspapers for a generation in the same way, of the same men, and they never dared say a word about it. He has always compelled the bootblacks on the elevated stations to shine his shoes for nothing. At first, years ago, they used to remonstrate. He would climb into one of the chairs and wait until they served him. If they demanded pay he would threaten to have them put off the platform.

The omnibus drivers and cabmen on Fifth avenue point out a crack across the top pane of glass in one of his parlor windows which, they say, has been there for 21 years. The story goes that Mrs. Sage negotiated with a glazier to replace it with a whole pane for $12. Mr. Sage would not pay more than $10. The glazier would not yield, and the deadlock has continued for almost a quarter of a century.

He has a quiet little country place down on Long Island, with a good deal of lawn, but he does not keep the turf shaved down like his neighbors. He lets the grass grow until it is high enough to make good hay and then sells it for $3 to a livery stablekeeper in the vicinity.

"BOTHERATION PRIMUS."

Argumentative Youth Gave the Instructor Something to Think About.

The dignity of the old-time clergyman of a small town enwrapped him so entirely in the eyes of his people that jests concerning the foibles of his youth were likely to be frowned upon rather than cherished. But of the college days of the estimable and much respected Nathaniel Niles, of West Fairlee, Vermont, who was graduated from Princeton in 1796, N. N. Withington in a recent interesting article tells us that traditions still survive.

He and his younger brother Samuel were both of them able but excessively argumentative youths, and during their student days they were known as "Botheration Primus" and "Botheration Secundus."

Just how much of a bother the first botheration could be to an unwary professor is revealed in the famous anecdote of the jack-knife. It has been related of other men than Nathaniel Niles; but at least if he cannot be proved to be the one and only proper hero of it, his attested character lends strong support to his claim.

His instructor in philosophy was lecturing upon "Identity," and had just argued that parts of a whole might be subtracted and other matter substituted, yet the whole would remain the same, instancing the fact that every part of our bodies is changed in seven years, yet we remain the same individuals.

"Then," said Niles, "if I had a knife and lost the blade and had a new blade put in, it would still be the identical knife?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then if I should lose the handle from the new blade and have another handle made to fit it, the knife would still be the same?"

"That is so," said the professor.

"Then, in that case," triumphantly rejoined young Botheration Primus, "if I should find the old blade and the old handle and have the original parts put together, what knife would that be?"

Story of a Woman Crusoe.

Beginning due west of Point Conception on the California coast and continuing at irregular intervals as far south as the Bay of Todos Santos in Lower California lie the Channel Islands. In this ideal region for the yachtsman, the fisherman and the hunter one comes to feel like a new Crusoe on his primitive isle. And in very truth Crusoe's semi-mythical story was enacted upon one of these same islands, though minus the man Friday and the happy ending.

The castaway in this case was a woman, a Danish emigrant, left ashore through some mischance by the crew of a vessel that had sought shelter behind San Nicholas during a storm in the early '50's. For over seventeen years the lone creature had lived unsought and forgotten, though the time at length came when, on the days the mist-clearing north winds blew, she could climb to the island's highest point and view the ranchers' herds grazing upon the mainland.

And at last, when hope and reason had both long died, the poor, wild, gibbering creature was found in her wolf's burrow among the hills by the advance guard of the otter hunters' fraternity, who had long wondered at the mysterious footprints they found marked upon the lonely sands.—Forest and Stream.

Nature's Armored Cruisers.

Some of the papers are poking fun at the story which comes from the Bay of Biscay of crabs weighing sixteen pounds and possessing claws eighteen inches in circumference. The joke would have seemed the funnier, perhaps, had the crabs been described as opening and eating oysters. As a matter of fact, there is a species which does crack cocoanuts. As students of Darwin will remember, this extraordinary creature grows to an enormous size; so large is it that in the larger ones there is sufficient fat to yield a quart of palm-oil, derived from their diet on cocoanut. These nuts they first denude of their tough fibrous covering, then with their hammer-like claws beat upon the shell until an opening is made, and the rest is simple. These giants live on land, but bathe each night in the sea.

Ambition Gratified.

First Bookworm—Well, I'm working on a file of newspapers now and am entirely satisfied. Second Ditto—You always did have a sneaking ambition to get into the papers.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

We lately met a large, fine looking, assertive sort of woman. "My mother lives with us," she said. We sort of expected it.

Invistigate it closely, and you will find that the successful men do not take many chances.

JOLLY JOKER

"Is she sentimental?" "Very! She will even weep over her old divorce papers."—Judge.

Hewitt—How many meals did you have on the voyage, Jewett—Gross or net?—Brooklyn Life.

"It seems Woodby has discovered that he has a family tree." "Yes, it's an outgrowth of his successful business plant."

"So the lawyers got most all the estate. Did Ethel get anything?" "Oh, yes. She got one of the lawyers."—Judge.

Employer (to new office boy)—Has the cashier told you what you are to do this afternoon. Office boy—Yes, sir; I'm to wake him when I see you coming.—Scraps.

Magistrate—You say your machine was beyond your control, Chauffeur—Yes, your honor. If I could have controlled it the cop wouldn't have caught me.—New York Mail.

Poet—I see you accepted one of my poems and refused the other. Editor—Yes; I took one of them out of sympathy for you, and refused the other out of sympathy for the public.—Ex.

"George certainly is a man of action." "What has he done?" "Why, the very next day after the heiress accepted him he gave up his job at the bank and joined the Don't Worry Club."

"You'll take a couple of tickets, of course. We're getting up a raffle for a poor cripple in our neighborhood—" "None for me, thank you. I wouldn't know what to do with a poor cripple if I won him."

"Well," asked the architect who had been commissioned to make a set of plans for a New York hotel, "how do you like them?" "They won't do. You have provided for only six different kinds of dining-rooms."—Ex.

Kind lady—You can get work beating carpets two doors from here—they are cleaning house. Homeless Holmes—Thanks, mum. I mighter bumped right inter it if youse hadn't warned me. I'll steer clear of it, mum—Cleveland Leader.

Jones (to Brown, who has been relating his wonderful adventures in Russia)—And I suppose you visited the great steppes of Russia? Brown—I should rather think so. And walked up every blessed one of them on my hands and knees.

Office boy—Miss Keyes, please let me look at your face? Miss Keyes—What for? Office boy—Why, the boss said some of the paint was scratched off his typewriter. I didn't know whether he meant you or the machine.—Chicago News.

The three-year-old daughter of a leading minister resents too great familiarity. A few evenings ago, though she seemed a little unwilling, a caller took her upon his lap, whereupon she said with great gravity: "I want to sit in my own lap."

Mabel (not in her first youth)—First of all he held my hand and told my fortune; and then, Evie, he gazed into my face ever so long and said he could read my thoughts! Wasn't that clever of him, dear? Evie—Oh, I suppose he read between the lines, darling—Puneh.

"What did you discuss at your library club this afternoon, dear?" asked the husband in the evening. "Let me see," murmured his wife; "oh, yes, I remember now. Why, we discussed that woman who recently moved into the house across the street, and Longfellow."—Ex.

Pausing uncertainly before a desk in the big insurance office, the Hibernian visitor said to the clerk: "Oi want to tek out a pawlicy." "Life, fire or marine?" drawled the dapper clerk with infinite sarcasm. "Al three, O'im thinkin'," retorted the applicant; "Oi'm goin' fer a stoker in th' navy."—Puck.

Mrs. Younglove—Our cook' says those eggs you sent yesterday were ancient, Grocer—Very sorry, ma'am. They were the best we could get. You see, all the young chickens were killed off for the holiday trade, so the old hens are the only ones left to do the layin', Mrs. Younglove—Oh, to be sure. Of course. I hadn't thought of that.—Chicago Record-Herald.

From Appearances.

When the six-year-old son was taken in to see the new baby, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, he exclaimed:

"O mamma, it hasn't any teeth! O mamma, it hasn't any hair!"

Then clasping his hands in distress, he cried, "Somebody has cheated us! It's an old baby."

Geehaw and Giddap

Farmer Geehaw—Sim Walton has got forty gals comin' to board with him this summer.

Farmer Giddap—Dew tell! How did he manage to git so many?

Farmer Geehaw — He advertised that nuthin' but college students wuz employed on the farm.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The people down in their hearts admire the father who refuses to sit on the back porch for any daughter's beau.

When a young man asks for the hand of an heiress he means the one in which she carries her purse.

A HOPELESS FIGHT

It is as impossible to conquer the king of diseases—Contagious Blood Poison—with Mercury and Potash as it would be to conquer the king of the forest in a hand-to-hand encounter, as thousands who have had their health ruined and lives blighted through the use of these minerals will testify. They took the treatment faithfully, only to find when it was left off, the disease returned with more power, combined with the awful effects of these minerals, such as mercurial rheumatism, necrosis of the bones, salivation, inflammation of the stomach and bowels, etc. When the virus of Contagious Blood Poison enters the blood it quickly contaminates every drop of that vital fluid, and every muscle, nerve, tissue and bone becomes affected, and soon the foul symptoms of sore mouth and throat, copper-colored blotches, falling hair and eyebrows, swollen glands, sores, etc., make their appearance. Mercury and Potash can only cover up these evidences for awhile; they cannot cure the disease. S. S. S. has for many years been recognized as a specific for Contagious Blood Poison—a perfect antidote for the deadly virus that is so far-reaching in its effects on the system. S. S. S. does not hide or mask the disease, but so thoroughly and completely cures it that no signs are ever seen again. S. S. S. while eradicating the poison of the disease will drive out any effects of harmful mineral treatment. A reward of $1,000.00 is offered for proof that S. S. S. contains a mineral ingredient of any kind. Treatise with instructions for home treatment and any advice wished, without charge.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Pilgrims to Mecca.

Last year about 200,000 pilgrims went to Mecca, representing a Moslem population of about 200,000,000 in Turkey, Arabia, Egypt, Soudan, Zanzibar, Barbary states, South Africa, Afghanistan, Persia, Baluchistan, India, the East Indian and Philippine Islands, China, and Russia in Asia. The governments of Turkey and Egypt pay toll (blackmail) to the Bedouin tribes, through whose territory the pilgrimages pass, but the system is not entirely effective. Last year some 20 per cent of the pilgrims were reported ill-treated, wounded or killed, and it is estimated that during the pilgrimage season travelers to Mecca were robbed of more than $1,000,000. Caravans of 3,000 to 5,000 camels are no rare occurrence.

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

Prose vs. Poetry.

The poet raves of the beautiful hair that crowns his fair idol's head and calls the man a prosy old bear who ignores its splendors instead. Yes, the poet of it makes a fad, its glories in verse he will group; but, like other men, he gets mad if a strand of it gets in his soup.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Rhymed All Right.

A school teacher was trying to impress upon a scholar's mind that Columbus discovered America in 1492. "Now, John," he said, "I will tell you the date in rhyme so that you won't forget it. 'In fourteen hundred and ninety-two Columbus sailed the ocean blue.' Now, can you remember that, John?"

"Yes, sir," replied John.

Next day the teacher said, "John, when did Columbus discover America?"

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-three Columbus sailed the dark-blue sea!"

A New Kipling Story.

It is nearly a year since any American magazine has been fortunate enough to secure a story from Kipling; but the August Century prints a tale, "An Habitation Enforced," which gives us Kipling at his best. Someone, in comparing Kipling with the old, three volume novelist, has said that he gives us "the Liebig extract of those cattle lowing on a thousand hills," so here, where two Americans,' a nervously broken millionaire and his wife, take up an enfored habitation in an enchanted corner of England, he contrives to give a quintessence of American and British civilization—a commentary, in brief, with vistas such as only a Kipling can open up. A delightful vein of satire crops out wherever the British way and the American way meet, a vein which will charm readers on both sides the Atlantic. Most readers, too, will find in this latest story of the greatest of living English story writers the spiritual touch which was so strongly manitest in "They" seemingly marking a new and higher phase of development in man and writer.

No Pension Yet.

"Well, to be honest with you," said the tramp, "I can't exactly say that I'm a veteran and have witnessed the horrors of war, but I think I deserve a pension, though."

"For what?"

"Well, I was once locked in a freight car for a week, with the weather at zero and nothing but a frozen turnip to eat, and nothing but blocks of building stones to keep me warm, and if I am not entitled to a pension nobody else ought to have one. The horrors of that old turnip beat the horrors of a battlefield all to pieces."

Not Desirable.

He—They say a ghost appears at the parlor window of that old house at 12 o'clock every night.

She—Well, I don't think I should fancy that style of window shade.

For bronchial troubles try Piso's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

A common screw with a stout string tied around the top makes a fair substitute for a corkscrew.

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., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.—Disraeli.

MALLEABLE IRON STUMP PULLERS

Fastest, lightest and strongest Stump Puller on the market. 119 Horse power on the sweep with two horses. Write for descriptive catalog and prices.

REIERSON MACHINERY CO.
Foot of Morrison Street Portland, Oregon

OREGON PORTLAND

ST. HELEN'S HALL

A GIRL'S SCHOOL OF THE HIGHEST CLASS corps of teachers, location, building equipment—the best. Send for catalogue.

Term Opens September 15, 1904

BAD DEBTS COLLECTED EVERYWHERE-SEND THEM IN- MERCHANTS PROTECTIVE ASS'N. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

PRUSSIAN HEAVE POWDERS

CURE HEAVES, COUGH. Distemper, all trouble that cause heaves. Sold on guarantee over 15 years. 50c pkg., by mail, 60c. CURED 34. "The past 8 months I have cured 11 horses of heaves, 14 of distemper and 9 of chronic cough."—E. Behncke, Newark, N. Y. Write how many head stock you have, we send stock book FREE. Prussian Remedy Co., St. Paul, Minn.

PORTLAND SEED CO., Portland, Or., Coast Agents.

IF YOU STAMMER WE CAN CURE YOU

The Lewis Phono-Metric Institute and School for Stammerers of Detroit, Michigan. Established eleven years. Have cured thousands. Gold Medal awarded World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904. Recommended by physicians, educators, clergymen, and graduates everywhere. This institution has a Western Branch at Portland with a very large class of pupils in attendance—men and women, girls and boys—all ages, ten to sixty. Many have been cured in three weeks, but five to six weeks is the time usually required. Will close in Portland on October 15th. Will accept pupils until September 1st. A POSITIVE, ABSOLUTE CURE GUARANTEED. Write at once for particulars and terms. If you mention this paper and send 6 cents in stamps, to cover postage, I will send you our cloth bound, 200 page book, "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering," free of charge.

Address WILLIAM T. LEWIS
Western Representative Associate Principal
S. W. Cor. 18th and Raleigh Streets
PORTLAND, OREGON

Note—No pupils accepted at Portland after Sept. 1st.

THE DR. C. GEE WO CHINESE MEDICINE CO.

Formerly located at 253 Alder St. for the past 5 years

HAVE MOVED

To the Large Brick Building at the S. E. Corner of First and Morrison Streets, Entrance No. 162½ First Street.

Successful Home Treatment

DR. C. GEE WO is known throughout the United States, and is called the Great Chinese Doctor on account of his wonderful cures, without the aid of a knife, without using poisons or drugs of any kind. He treats any and all diseases with powerful Oriental Roots, Herbs, Buds, Bark and Vegetables that are unknown to medical science in this country, and through the use of these harmless remedies. He guarantees to cure Catarrh, Asthma, Lung Trouble, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Female Weakness and All Chronic Diseases. Call or write, enclosing 4 2c. stamps for mailing Book and Circular. Address

The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co.
No. 162½ First St., S. E. Cor. Morrison
Please mention this paper. Portland, Oregon.

P. N. U. No. 31—1905

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

Sure but Not Slow

SIMPLE, STRONG, SWIFT
12 to 18 Tons Per Day SOUTHWICK PRESS

40 Inch Feed Opening. 4 Feet Stroke. Automatic Plunger Draw. Puts Full Weight Into Ordinary Box Cars. No Small Weak Parts.

MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAVER CO.
PORTLAND SEATTLE SPOKANE BOISE