

Buy Hair at Auction?

At any rate, you seem to be getting rid of it on auction-sale principles: "going, going, g-o-n-e!" Stop the auction with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, and always restores color to gray hair. A splendid dressing also. Sold for over sixty years.

"My hair came out as badly I nearly lost it all. I had heard so much about Ayer's Hair Vigor I thought I would give it a trial. I did so and it completely stopped the falling, and made my hair grow very rapidly."—MARY H. FRENCH, Northfield, Mass.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufactured by
SARAPARILLA, PHILS., CHERRY PECTORAL.

Ivory Difficult to Judge.

The next time you have a billiard cue in your hand and expect to run the game out just stop and ponder over the age of the pieces of ivory which are rolling tantalizingly about the table. That white ball which has just received too much "English" belonged to an old elephant who was wandering through the Congo jungles when Napoleon was still alive. Those balls cost from \$8 to \$10 apiece. Study the history of the billiard ball and their case and you will have more respect for the game.

The elephant's tusk which is large enough to furnish the product for a good billiard ball must be at least twenty-five years old. If it is fifty years old, so much the better. The tusk of the elephant grows much like an oak tree, and the grain of the ivory looks not unlike the grain of a seasoned piece of oak lumber. If it is "green" the ivory will shrink just as the wood shrinks. If it is too "dry" it will "chip" in the same fashion.

The buying of billiard balls at best is a gamble. A ball may have the right weight, the proper gloss and appear to be well seasoned, but for some unaccountable reason will chip off and become totally ruined by a fall on the floor. Buy a dozen balls like a setting of Plymouth Rock eggs, three or four balls will last for years, while the others will have to be replaced again and again.

Logical Education.

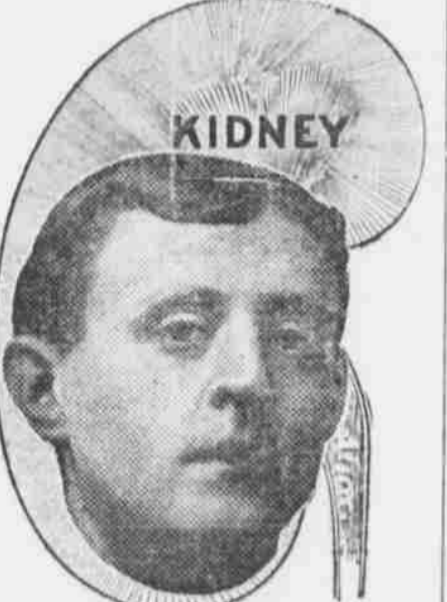
"How many commandments did the Lord give Moses?" asked the Sunday school teacher of small Bobby.

He could not remember, so in order to prompt him she held up her ten fingers.

"Oh, I know," he exclaimed, triumphantly, "two hands full."

The sugar cane is mentioned by Strabo as known in India as early as 325 B. C. It was then used in its raw state, no method being known of extracting the sugar.

KIDNEY TROUBLE DUE TO CATARRH



The Curative Power of PE-RU-NA In Kidney Disease the Talk of the Continent.

Nicholas J. Hertz, member of Ancient Order of Workmen, Capitol Lodge, No. 140, Pearl Street hotel, Albany, N. Y., writes:

"A few months ago I contracted a heavy cold which settled in my kidneys, and each time I was exposed to inclement weather the trouble was aggravated until finally I was unable to work.

"After trying many of the advertised remedies for kidney trouble, I finally took Peruna.

"In a week the intense pains in my back were much relieved and in four weeks I was able to take up my work again.

"I still continued to use Peruna for another month and at the end of that time I was perfectly well.

"I now take a dose or two when I have been exposed and find that it is splendid to keep me well."

Hundreds of Cures.

Dr. Hartman is constantly in receipt of testimonials from people who have been cured of chronic and complicated kidney disease by Peruna. For free medical advice, address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

She jumped at it. Mr. Laylor—We traveling men are thinking of organizing. Miss Niederman (vaguely)—Yes? Mr. Laylor—Yes. I wonder what the public would think of our union? Miss Niederman—Oh, Mr. Laylor, this is so sudden!—Philadelphia Ledger.

They talk about the ability of "young blood." Our experience has been that it requires a good deal of training.

OLD Favorites

Over the Hill to the Poor House, my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart and chipper, for all the years I've toiled,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the Hill to the Poorhouse—I can't quite make it clear—
Over the Hill to the Poorhouse—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a-tollin' to and fro,
But this is the sort of Journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heighin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? Am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout,
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin' an' pay my house rent;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more, too,
If anybody is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' handsome—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of heart's people sayin'
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'Tain't no use of heighin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a handsome offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he had all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together, and life was hard, but gay,
But now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all grew clean an' neat,
An' went to school, like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the child'n, and raised 'em every one;
Worked for 'em summer an' winter, just as we ought to've done;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But very coupl' of child'n a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God He made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing; when our boys an' girls was grown,
When Charley, Charley, Charley, they'd left us there alone;
And John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord or liars He come one day, an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—
She was quite conceited, and carried a heap of style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an education, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 't was carryin' things too far;
An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never allowed a grammar, or 't a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—
It was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eyes;
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with child'n there,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas's buildin's'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But as the child'n was on me—I couldn't stand their snuff—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to buss.

And then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for anyone so old,
And 't other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soiled me, an' wave my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the postmaster, an' put me on the town.

Over the Hill to the poorhouse—my child'n's eyes goodly;
Mary Charley I've watched you when only God was high;
And God'll judge between us, but I wish I says pray,
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

—Will M. Carleton.

FOR UNIFORM DIVORCE.

Action Toward Uniform Legislation for Correction of Shocking Abuse.

The Governors of the various States of the Union are to be the leaders of a great national movement for the correction of the present loose laws of divorce. The present unfortunate lack of uniformity which makes it possible for dissatisfied couples to go from one State to another, and gain a divorce for trivial causes, is to be corrected by having a law that shall be uniform in all parts of the United States. Then there will be no more trips to Dakota, a six months' residence, and divorce granted that are really crimes against laws of morality.

The leader in this important fight is Gov. Samuel W. Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania. At a recent session of the Pennsylvania State Legislature an appropriation of \$10,000 was made for the purpose of having the Governor call for a national congress, consisting of three men from each State, to be appointed by the Governors. These are to draw up a uniform law which is afterward to be adopted by the Legislatures of each State. In this way a uniform law can be secured, and at the same time each State retains its right to regulate its own laws on the subject of matrimony.

The bill was introduced into the Legislature by Senator William C. Sprout, of Delaware County. Gov. Pennypacker knew all its provisions in advance, and was the more in favor of them because President Roosevelt in a message to Congress has thought the matter of sufficient moment to devote to it a considerable amount of discussion, and to recommend action to secure uniform laws.

In his speeches and arguments Gov. Pennypacker contends with great force that the laws should be so arranged that no person could obtain a divorce without very grave cause, and that above all it should not be possible to get in a legal way in a foreign State that which is not legally possible in one's commonwealth. He points out the farce of letting persons take up a six months' domicile in another commonwealth, and says that the first provision of the new law should be a strict order that the divorce must be granted in the State in which the applicants lived. He shows convincingly that the evil of divorce has been permitted to grow until it has become a national menace.

"A few years ago," he says, "there were unhappy marriages, as there will always be, but the divorce was comparatively rare, for people considered marriage a serious thing, a tie that could only be dissolved for the most flagrant causes. That a change has come over the general public is due in the first place to the publicity given to the decency-defying divorces of the rich. Others have felt that if the rich dare quickly and openly cast off ties that begin to bore, they could do likewise. As a result, divorce is extending all over the country, and the good effect of preventive legislation in some States is nullified in others, where divorce is granted to all who apply."

Numerous messages from more than a score of States have been received by Gov. Pennypacker in reply to his call to the different Governors to unite in concerted action for the preservation of the purity of the American home. Gov. Dawson, of West Virginia, writes: "I am thoroughly in sympathy with this movement and shall be glad to appoint delegates to such a congress." In practically similar strain other Governors write, all pledging support of the movement, which its advocates believe will put an end to the present shockingly indecent system of divorce.

Domestic Economics.

The man whose thrifty choice of a wife is chronicled in the Rochester Herald will doubtless make a success in the business of life. His talents destined him for a wider sphere than that of a simple farmer's life. He was an Alabama youth, and courted two girls at the same time. One was Sally; the other was Mary.

Sally was a very fine girl, thrifty, industrious, and of a domestic turn. She was not so pretty as some other girls, but James, the swain in question, had courted her in his early years. When he had prospered and earned a little money, he became infatuated with Mary, sweet, pretty, but always idle. The neighbors at first were puzzled by the double courtship, but after a while they decided that Mary was the favored one.

Suddenly James married Sally.

The Methodist preacher who performed the ceremony had a little of the curiosity which possesses all mankind.

"James," he said, "we all thought you were going to marry Mary."

"Yes," replied James, "but I thought if I married Mary I should have to engage Sally to wait on her. If I married Sally she would wait on herself."

Spiteful.

"She got so many freckles last summer and she says they worry her so."

"The ideal I should think they'd be a comfort to her. She can blame her bad looks on them."—Philadelphia Press.

No Exception.

Burglar—All I want is your money, lady!

Old Maid—Go away, wretch—you're just like all the other men I know!—Smart Set.

Uses of the Mesquite.

"The mesquite tree is the boon of the Western American desert, and it is the only sign of apology nature has yet given for making certain parts of the earth well nigh uninhabitable," said G. A. Long, of Pueblo, Col. "The white people first learned from the Indians that the mesquite affords the coolest shade of any tree, and the sight of the low bushy growth is hailed with a shout of joy by the traveler. It also furnishes the only fuel of those regions, and lately still another use has been found for it.

"By cultivating a row of mesquite in much the same way as willows are used in low and swampy places to keep the soil from washing, the sands of the desert are held in check from the action of the shifting winds, and thus great tracts of otherwise barren lands will in time be reclaimed for the use of mankind. Even the desert can be made to yield to the cunning hand and brain of man."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Two of a Kind.

The lightning bug is brilliant, but he hasn't any mind; he meanders through the darkness with his headlight on behind. Likewise the foolish merchant, whom no one can advise; he declares there's "nothin' doin'," when asked to advertise.

Frenzied Advertising.

In these days of frenzied advertising, it is hard for all of us to tell the real thing, and it naturally follows that the safest way is to pin our faith to those articles and products which are backed and guaranteed by the oldest and most reliable concerns.

The Pillsbury company, of Minneapolis, with a world-wide reputation for best quality, guarantees to you that in buying their ideal breakfast food, "Pillsbury's Vitas—the Meat of the Wheat," you actually purchase a product which is free from impurities, and at the same time a most economical food. It is truly the white heart of the wheat kernel, sterilized, nothing added, nothing taken away; no flavoring, no cooking, and a two-pound package will make you twelve pounds of delicious white food. Figure the economy of this.

If you are looking for the best, and are willing to accept the statements of the largest and most respected of firms, whose products are the yard stick by which all competitors measure their lines, you will not hesitate.

Ask your grocer today for "Pillsbury's Vitas—the Meat of the Wheat." Put up only in two-pound air tight packages. Price 20 cents.

Tickled Him.

The major found Remus sprawled out in the blazing sunshine.

"You don't seem to mind the heat, Remus?"

"No, sah; it jes' suits me. De bot-tah it is de sweetest de melon grow."

"But don't your garden suffer?"

"Nuffin' in deh now, sah, but 'tatehs. Like to see et so hot dey'd roasht right in de ground en deh wouldn't hab de trouble ob buildin' a fish to 'cook dem."

Charged His Time.

"The treasury deficit for the fiscal year is nearly \$24,000,000."

"Eh? That doesn't seem much for a big and prosperous nation, does it?"

"And your share of the deficit—if there are 80,000,000 in our nation—will be close to 30 cents."

"What's that? My share? Say, only the grossest carelessness and bad management could run up an enormous deficit like that."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Women generally consider consequences in love, seldom in resentment.—Colton.

The Home of the Wave Circle



is the home where good cooking is loved, where the family enjoy the finest of biscuits, doughnuts, cakes, and pies and other good things every day. The baking is always delicious and wholesome because

K C Baking Powder

—the baking powder of the wave circle, is used.

Get K C to-day! 25 ounces for 25c. If it isn't all that we claim, your grocer refunds your money. Send for "Book of Presents."

JAQUES MFG. CO.
Chicago.

In Arizona.

The Coroner—Have you any idea what caused the stranger's death?
Broncho Pete—Yep. He died from heart trouble.

The Coroner—Are you sure?
Broncho Pete—Sartinly. The heart was an ace an' he had it up his sleeve. See?

\$75 PERMANENT

salary and expenses paid reliable men, outside of the city; pleasant work. H. Hecker, room 3, 127 1/2 St. Portland.

Well Supplied.

The young man with the black box and big brass horn entered the exclusive hotel.

"What have you there?" asked the clerk.

"A talking machine. Can I sell you one?"

"It would be superfluous here. This hotel is patronized exclusively by ladies."

Piso's Cure is a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, at druggists.

His Bad Blunder.

City Grocer—We have some extra nice country hams, madam, if—
Mrs. Platt (interrupting)—For goodness sake, don't say "ham" to me. I've just got back from a three-weeks' visit with a country cousin.—Chicago News.

He Owed the Butcher.

"What's the matter now?" asked the village editor as the "devil" rushed excitedly into his sanctum.

"Your wife has just eloped with the butcher," replied the inky imp.

"Oh, is that all?" exclaimed the editor, with a sigh of relief. "Well, that makes one less bill I'll have to settle, anyway."

MALLEABLE IRON STUMP PULLERS

Patent, lightest and strongest Stump Puller on the market. No horse power on the sweep with two horses. Write for descriptive catalog and prices.

REIBERSON MACHINERY CO.
Foot of Morrison Street Portland, Oregon

Fruit Farm Bargain

On White Salmon River

Two hundred acres (40 leased school land) with 1150 young fruit trees, mostly Spitzenberg and Newton apples. On stage and R. F. D. route; 3/4 mile from school. Irrigating ditch covering gardens and small fruits. Stock and tools with place. Price \$4,000; \$2,500 down. For further particulars address

H. H. AHRENS, White Salmon, Wash.

Positive, Comparative, Superlative.

"I have used one of your Fish Brand Slicers for five years, and now want a new one, also one for a friend. I would not be without one for twice the cost. They are just as for a friend of a common cost as a common one is ahead of nothing."

(Name on application.)

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR, 1904.

Be sure you don't get one of the common kind—this is the mark of excellence.

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TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED,
TORONTO, CANADA.

Makers of Wet Weather Clothing & Hats.

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Clip this out, return to us with the names and addresses of yourself and two of your friends, and the date when you will probably enter a business college, and we will credit you with \$5.00 on our \$65.00 scholarship. Our school offers exceptional advantages to students of Business, Shorthand, English, etc.


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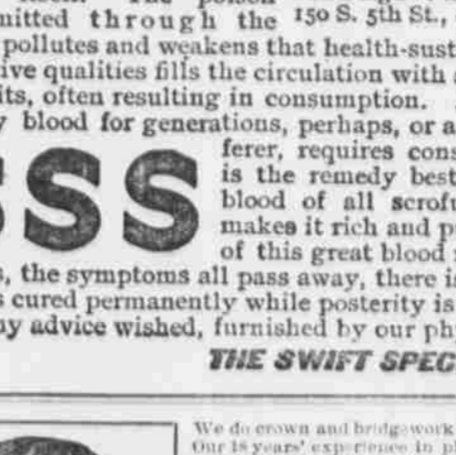
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SCROFULA A Disease We Inherit

The tainted blood of ancestors lays upon the shoulders of innocent offspring untold suffering by transmitting to them, through the blood, that blighting disease, Scrofula; for in nearly every instance the disease can be traced to some family blood trouble, or blood-kin marriage which is contrary to the laws of nature. Swelling, ulcerating glands of the neck, catarrh, weak eyes, sores, abscesses, skin eruptions, white swelling, hip disease and other deformities, with a wasting of the natural strength and vitality, are some of the ways this miserable disease manifests itself. The poison transmitted through the blood pollutes and weakens that health-sustaining fluid and in place of its nutritive qualities fills the circulation with scrofulous matter and tubercular deposits, often resulting in consumption. A disease which has been in the family blood for generations, perhaps, or at least since the birth of the sufferer, requires constitutional treatment. S. S. S. is the remedy best fitted for this. It cleanses the blood of all scrofulous and tubercular poisons, makes it rich and pure and under the tonic effects of this great blood medicine the general health improves, the symptoms all pass away, there is a sure return to health, the disease is cured permanently while posterity is protected. Book on the blood and any advice wished, furnished by our physicians, without charge.

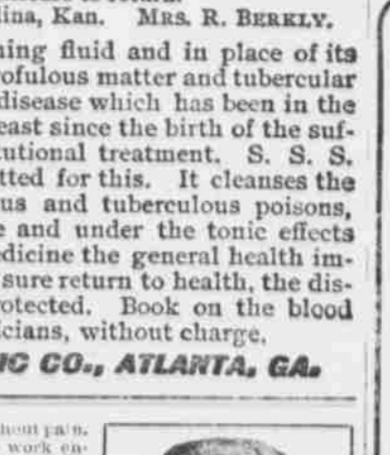
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