Loss of Appetite

loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often precursor of prostrating sickness. This is why it is serious and most serious people that must keep up and doing or get behindhand. The best thing you can do for loss of appetite is to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It will make you ready to eat; give a relish to your food, and assist in its digestion. This great medicine cures all stomach troubles and builds up the whole system.

What England's Navy Costs.

The navy which gives England the supremacy of the seas costs $155,000,000 a year, or a little more than the United States pays in pensions.

Suspicious.

"I'm afraid my husband doesn't love me any more," said the bride of six months, with an overgrown sigh.

"When did you discover the change?"

"When I discovered that he had quit giving any change in his pockets," replied the young wife sadly.—Exchange.

Where They Go Lame.

Mrs. Naggs—Pshaw! Women do not as much thinking as men.

Naggs—Possibly; but they spoil their thoughts by diluting them with words.

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.

Both to Blame.

John—You are always busy when I come in!

Charles—Well, you always come in when I'm busy.

Sanitary Record for Houses.

Paul Strauss, senator for Paris, who is one of the most practical authorities on municipal affairs, is about to propose that a compulsory sanitary record should be attached to every dwelling.

For forty year's Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

The Making of Him.

"It's ridiculous" remarked the tailor, "to say 'clothes don't make the man.'"

"Think so?"

"Sure," replied the tailor; "why, they've made me."

Your Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures aching, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Another R.

"Well, talking about names, said the oyster, "I like May better than any."

"You do?" replied the plain lobster.

"Of course. Now, if it was the month of Mary it would shorten my ration fearfully."

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo,
WALDING KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

To Grace Alger's Washington Home.

The costly paintings in the Detroit residence of Senator Russell A. Alger have been taken to Washington to adorn the walls of his palatial home there.

Syrian Manners.

In Syria people never take off their fez or turbans when entering the house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, which in Moslem houses are kept very clean and used to kneel upon while praying.

Deserved Honor.

Brown—Has Smith named his new country seat?

Jones—Yes, he calls it "Snizzled Fries," after that breakfast food he made his fortune on.—Detroit Free Press.

My Hair

"I had a very severe sickness that took off all my hair. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor and it brought all my hair back again."
W. D. Quinn, Marseilles, Ill.

One thing is certain,—Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. This is because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair and the hair grows, that's all there is to it. It stops falling of the hair, too, and always restores color to gray hair.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

KEEP SWEET.

Don't be foolish and get sour when things
don't just come your way—
Don't you be a pampered baby and declare, "Now, I won't play!"
Just go grinning on and bear it;
Have you heartache? Millions share it;
If you earn a crown, you'll wear it—
Keep sweet.

Don't go handing out your troubles to
your busy fellow men—
If you whine around they'll try to keep
from meeting you again—
Don't declare the world's "agin" you,
Don't let pessimism win you,
Prove there's lots of good stuff in
you—
Keep sweet.

If your dearest hopes seem blighted and
despair looms into view,
Set your jaw and whisper grimly,
"Though they're false, yet I'll be
true."
Never let your heart grow bitter;
With your ear to Hope's transmitter,
Hear Love's songbirds bravely twitter,
"Keep sweet."

Bless your heart, this world's a good one
and will always help a man.
Hate, misanthropy and malice have no
place in nature's plan.
Help your brother there who's sighing.
Keep his flag of courage flying;
Help him try—'twill keep you trying—
Keep sweet.

LUTHER'S LUCKY PENNY.

"HEADS, I ask her; tails, I don't." Luther flipped his old penny in the air and caught it deftly in its downward flight. He gazed at his closed fist in some trepidation, then opened it cautiously.

"Gosh! It's heads," he cried. "I was hoping it might be tails."

But the die was cast. It was Luther's habit thus to leave matters of moment to the decision of his lucky penny.

He thrust the coin in his pocket and went on brushing his hair.

"Heads," he whispered, gloomily. "Heads."

The prospects of Luther Chubb—financial, not matrimonial—were good. Had not Uncle Bildad considerately, if unexpectedly, died and left him the farm?

While Bildad Chubb had lived and Luther lived with him in the rather ambiguous relation of favorite nephew

"LUCKY! I WOULDN'T MARRY YOU."

and hardest-worked hired man, the charms of Myrtle Gillett had seemed an all-sufficient desideratum for future hopes in Luther's view of eventual matrimony.

Miss Gilbert was plump and possessed of some facial beauty, together with characteristics of independence and hustling ability. And she favored Luther.

But with the accession of worldly resources came hesitation on the part of Luther, and from Myrtle a letter of most sympathetic condolence and unmistakable personal interest.

Luther had involved himself by no proposition. Undoubtedly, he could do better. Still people expected it. His attentions had been regular, if not serious, and, after all, it would pain him to lose Myrtle. She had admirers.

Only that morning old Miss Cope had waylaid him in the postoffice.

"I s'pose soon ez the sod sets, you'll start keepin' house. Wall, Myrtle Gillett's a nice gal for ye, Luther," she said noisily, right before Mrs. Bayley and Widow Sweet.

What could he say? He had shaken his head deprecatingly and mumbled something to the effect that it was "no such thing." The gossips had laughed knowingly and nudged one another.

Myrtle's letter had smacked of ownership. In two places he could have sworn she had written "our" in referring to the farm, and afterward prefixed a "y."

Luther's ideas, which had soared temporarily above the Gillett connection, came down with rapidity. He guessed there was no other way. His lucky penny had settled it.

He would impress upon Myrtle and her mother one fact, however. Luther Chubb, the proprietor of Blackbird farm, was now a person of importance, and they might consider themselves fortunate in acquiring him.

Albeit somewhat cheered by this resolve, he spatted his hair viciously and prepared to set out for Gillett's, a mile down the road.

The sun was behind the hills when he tramped up the grass-grown path and beheld Myrtle seated in the wide porch—a fair picture in her white dress, with the fading light softening her strong features.

"Why, Luther Chubb, who'd have thought of you coming over to-night?" she greeted, in feigned astonishment.

"Kind of felt like it," responded Luther, with equal mendacity. "Knew you wouldn't expect me."

The girl made room for him beside her. The clasp of her warm hand seemed to her caller of unusual heartiness. He sat stiffly.

"How's your mother?"

"She's well."

"How's your father?"

"O, pretty fair for him."

"Ain't getting along very well lately, I hear. Too bad."

"Well, the old place isn't what it was, you know, Luther. Hope we won't have to pick up and move over to Fernside. He's talking of it."

"I wouldn't do that."

"Why not?"

Myrtle edged a little nearer.

"That is—no use of your going, I guess."

Miss Gillett sighed softly and looked down.

"Thinks I'm easy," reflected Luther. "I guess I'll make her feel it's some obligation."

He tapped with a foot and whistled innocently.

"Myrtle," he began, after a moment of silence, "do you think——"

"Yes, Luther."

"Thing that 'marriage is a lottery?'"

Miss Gillett faced about in the gathering dusk.

"I—don't—know," in a queer tone.

Chubb laughed.

"Neither do I," he said. "Don't know what to think. Maybe I wouldn't mind taking a chance. I suppose I'll come to it some time. Not 'specially anxious, though."

In the dark he could not see the girl's eyes.

"I'm fixed to do about as I please now," went on Luther. "But you and I are old friends, and people sort of expect it, you know. Folks don't want you to move away. Say, Myrtle, suppose I flip up my lucky penny—heads, we get married; tails, we don't. Eh?"

"All right," said the girl, quietly; "go ahead."

Luther chuckled.

"Guess I'll end her misery," he thought, feeling a sudden sense of shame, and he carefully adjusted the coin in his hand, head up, with a cautious finger. A quick pretense of tossing, a catching slap.

"I'll have to strike a match," observed Chubb, coldly. "Now!"

Holding the light in his left hand, he peered in apparent anxiety into his right palm.

"Heads," he whispered, merrily. "Don't say you ain't lucky, Myrtle."

Turning to draw her to him, he met a fierce push and fell back in amazement.

"Lucky! I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth. Lucky! Yes, I am, to have found you out! Take your hat, Luther Chubb, and go home, and don't you dare to ever speak to me again. Go!"

"Why—why," gasped the discomfited lover, "I thought——"

But the woman was past him and inside, angrily slamming the door and locking it.

Luther rose, dazed and overwhelmed. Slowly he walked across the road, climbed the fence and trod on through the high, wet grass, oblivious to the fact that he was wearing his new shoes.

The glamour of wealth had departed from him. He was no longer the prosperous, envied heir of Uncle Bildad, the man upon whom fortune had so richly smiled.

He was only the country boy who had thought every night for two years of Myrtle Gillett—every night until that fateful one when his uncle died, and his head had been turned.

"Myrtle—why, of course, there could be no other—never has been. Without her——"

Luther groaned and stumbled on, hating himself and cursing.

Funny? Yes, very. What was he thinking of? O, he was not to be overridden by any woman. The Gillettes were to be shown that he was different now. They were poor. He was rich. He intended to have them all see the difference. Myrtle had always been quick of comprehension.

Surely, there was no reason for breaking out like that, not even giving him a chance to explain. Didn't she tell him to go ahead? Who ever supposed good-humored, fun-loving Myrtle Gillett couldn't take a joke? No, he had lost her—lost her!

How dark it was in the woods. What? Was he stepping in water? Yes, and mud—mud. He must have strayed into one of those mires.

Luther plunged wildly about, feeling for firmer ground, and becoming more and more confused. That was the way—no—this.

"Help!"

The frightened cry pealed out in the gloom. Going down, down. Now he screamed, knowing what it meant. Gillett's cow had gone the same way.

His struggles and cries were growing fainter. The mud slowly came up to his chest. It hurt him to breathe. If Myrtle could only know he was sorry.

Almost unconscious with horror and weakness, his breath nearly gone, he wailed feebly, "Myrtle, Myrtle! O-h-h, Myrtle!"

"There he is, father! Hurry! for heaven's sake, hurry!"

"Where, girl? Where?"

"Yonder! Just his head! The rope, quick. Around my waist, so. Throw in some brush for footing. Now! Hold this lantern, mother.

An oozy, pushing slide, a gleam of white arms in the flickering light.

"I've got him. Pull, both of you!"

Half the girl's face was in the slime, but she never let go. Slowly the forlorn objects were dragged to the little line of turf; then up the bank to safety.

"Come!" said old Gillett huskily, gathering up the rope and lanterns, "let's get out o' this. Can you walk, boy? That's it; lean on Myrtle. Good thing she heard you holler and routed us out."

As they turned, Luther thrust a clammy hand in his pocket, extracted his fist with difficulty, and threw something from him with a gesture of disgust. It struck with a spat in the very place which had so nearly terminated his earthly career.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Gillett.

"My lucky penny," replied Luther, with some strength in his tone.

"I wonder if it fell 'heads' or 'tails,'" laughed Myrtle, squeezing his arm.—Utica Globe.

CAT THAT KNEW HER ROLE.

Sagacious Feline Actor Never Mistook Her Cue at the Theater.

"It often happens," said David Belasco while talking about some of the mechanical effects used in "The Darling of the Gods," "that tricks of the simplest description arouse the popular wonder and curiosity to the greatest extent, while on the other hand the most original, delicate and daring work passes unnoticed by all save professional experts. A great many years ago, when I was learning the business of mounting and producing plays, I introduced a cat into 'Hearts of Oaks'—the play that made the late James A. Herne famous. We had a live baby in the play, too, which excited a tremendous amount of interest, but I think the cat created more talk and wonder because every one is familiar with the habits of that domestic animal and knows how difficult it is to teach one to perform even the simplest trick.

"Every night at a certain cue this cat came upon the stage, walked across to the fireplace, stretched herself and then lay down in front of the blazing hearth, for we burned real fire in a gas log in order to make the scene more realistic and natural. The cat did her part so easily and naturally that she frequently got a round of applause, and it always happened that before we had played three nights in a town the most popular topic of conversation was, 'How did they ever train that cat to come on the stage, stretch herself and lie down in front of the fire?'

"Night after night the cat took her cue and went through her little act to the wonder and delight of all beholders. It really seemed like a remarkable performance on her part; but, after all, her education was a very simple matter. A few minutes before it was time for her to go on we used to put her in a basket just large enough to hold her comfortably without giving her a chance to change her position and then leave her in a cool place in the cellar. At the proper time she was brought upstairs and released in the entrance in time to answer her cue. Of course she walked across the stage to where the fire was burning and when she got there what was there to do except to stretch herself as a measure of relief after her cramped position in the basket and then lie down in the warmth of the blazing log? The fact is, it would have very difficult indeed to train her to do anything else under the circumstances."—Collier's Weekly.

ALLOTTING LANDS TO INDIANS.

Incidents of the Opening of the Tishomingo Government Office.

On the morning that the Tishomingo land office was opened recently for the allotment of the Chickasaws Gov. Stanley, who was in charge, in a short speech, cautioned the employes how to conduct themselves, says the Kansas City Journal.

"The most of these Indians are ignorant," said he. "They will ask many questions and probably annoy you a great deal. But keep your head, boys. Don't get rattled. Bear with them with great patience. Don't get mad. I never get mad. Just follow my example"

The doors were thrown open for business and things went swimmingly for a while. Finally a crippled old Indian woman asked one of the bucks to let her get at the head of the line, as she was crippled and sick and unable to stand there long. The bucks refused. Stanley was appealed to, and he urged the Indian bucks to give the woman the right of way. They grunted, but never moved. Stanley took the old woman into the office through the side door and had her registered. As soon as she left another woman bobbed in the side door and said she was with the old woman and would have to register before the old woman could be taken home. She got her number. Then another one darted in and made some excuse about being tangled up in some way with the crippled old woman. When eighteen of them had got in on that pretext Stanley grew suspicious and decided to investigate. He found a couple of Indians outside rounding up the women and putting them on the snap. He began to scold them for it. They wouldn't stand for it. They and the governor were just in the act of tangling up in a fist fight, when some of the employes of the land office and deputy marshals interceded. Stanley apologized to the employes and told them to use their own judgment in dealing with the Indians.

The City Man's Advantage.

Jake (the hired man)—That city boarder's the biggest fool I ever seen. W'y, he don't even know enough tew hitch up a hoss.

Silas—He may not know enough to hitch up a hoss, Jake, but I notice he can hitch up clusser tew your best girl in five minutes than yew kin in a hull evenin'.—Judge.

Better say only half you think than think only half you say.

Miss Alice Bailey, of Atlanta, Ga., tells how she was permanently cured of inflammation of the ovaries, escaped surgeon's knife, by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it **inflammation of the ovaries,** and proposed an operation.

"I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure that I could not survive the ordeal. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, and in the end I was cured by it. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health."—MISS ALICE BAILEY, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.—*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

The symptoms of inflammation and disease of the ovaries are a dull throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with occasional shooting pains. The region of pain sometimes shows some swelling.

OLD INDIAN BATTLE GROUND.

Tokens of Peace and War Found in the Kennewick Valley, Washington.

Where the great steel bridge of the Northern Pacific railway spans the Columbia river, half way between Spokane and Seattle, Washington, and near the confluence of the Snake and Columbia rivers there was fought sixty years ago a battle to the death between two Indian tribes, probably the Cayuses and the Wallahwallhs or the Clhollhs which latter tribe was a reckless and thieving one.

Great Irrigating Ditch Completed.

The railway company has recently completed a great irrigating ditch 25 miles long and 20 feet wide that is turning this valley adjacent to the west bank of the Columbia from a sage brush plane into what a few years hence will be an orchard and garden spot 20 miles square, with a climate peculiarly adapted, it is said, to raising all sorts of vegetables, berries, peaches, apples, plums, cherries and alfalfa. In the tearing up process an old Indian battle ground has been found on the same spot where Lewis and Clark, the pioneer explorres, pitched their camp and from which they pushed their way up stream to the mouth of the Yakima river in the year 1805.

Famous Generals Fought There.

This is all historic ground as at a later date Grant and Sheridan and other noted army officers were stationed in this vicinity—Grant in 1852-3. Sheridan in 1855-6, both of them taking part in repelling Indian uprisings. In this old battle ground, and first by means of a well, there was unearthed recently, skeletons, flint lock rifles, Indian beads, brass badges bearing date of 1846, broken hatchets, spear heads, elks teeth and a piece of cloth or matting spun from threads of weeds or hemp. Everything went to show that this part of the Kennewick valley was at one and the same time an old Indian battle and burying ground, as it is now known that the Indians congregated here in great numbers on account of the mild climate, especially during the winter months when the inclement weather of the higher altitudes drove them into more hospitable regions.

Once a Strong Trading Post.

How many residents of Washington state know that the junction of the Wallawalla and Columbia rivers was, prior to the visit of Lewis and Clark, the cite of a Hudson Bay company post, Ft. Wallawalla, now known as Wallula, and that on their eastbound trip on April 29, 16, Lewis and Clark crossed the Columbia river here and encamped about a mile from the Columbia, at the mouth of the "Wallawollah" river.

Mars Has Longer Day.

Mars has a day forty-one minutes longer than our own.

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

In Boston.

Judge—What do you know about the case?

Witness—I seen him bring the stuff upstairs and—

Judge—That will do: step down. I cannot listen to such an abuse of language. Discharge the prisoner.

Reierson Machine Co.
SUCCESSORS TO JOHN POOLE.
Foot of Morrison St., Portland, Oregon.
Parsons Hawkeye, Automatic, Self Feeding, Faultless Stump Puller, 100 horsepower with two horses. Buckeye Sawmill Machinery, Engines and Boilers. Eli and Stickney Gasoline Engines. Write us when in want of anything in machinery line.

PORTLAND ACADEMY
AN ENGLISH AND CLASSICAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
Fits both for Eastern colleges. Primary and Grammar grades included. A hall for girls, with the appointments and supervision of a careful home. Location in one of the most beautiful regions of the Pacific coast. Climate mild and healthful. For catalogue address
PORTLAND ACADEMY. PORTLAND, OREGON.

OREGON PORTLAND
St. Helen's Hall
Home and day school for girls. Ideal location. Spacious building. Modern equipment. Academic, College Preparation and special courses. Music, Elocution, Art, in charge of specialists. Illustrated catalogue. All departments open September 14, 1903.
ELEANOR TEBBETTS, Principal.

THE Keeley Cure
ALCOHOL, OPIUM, TOBACCO USING
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
First and Montgomery Sts., Portland, Ore.
Telephone, Main 394.

$25 PER DAY
Can be made with an AUSTIN Well Machine.
Made in all sizes and styles for oil or water any depth.
BEALL & CO.
Gen. Agts.
313 Commercial Block
PORTLAND OREGON

BAD BLOOD

"CASCARETS do all claimed for them and are a truly wonderful medicine. I have often wished for a medicine pleasant to take and at last have found it in Cascarets. Since taking them, my blood has been purified and my complexion has improved wonderfully and I feel much better in every way." MRS. SALLIE E. SELLARS, Luttrell, Tenn.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 319

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Dr. C. Gee Wo
WONDERFUL HOME TREATMENT

This wonderful Chinese doctor is called great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, buds, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of those harmless remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies, which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and circulars. Send stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. ADDRESS
The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co.
253 Alder St., Portland, Oregon.
☞ Mention paper.

P. N. U. No 33—1903.

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

NOTHING SO GOOD FOR CHICKENS AS THE PRUSSIAN POULTRY FOOD!
Makes Hens Lay and Keeps them laying. Cures Cholera, Roup and all Diseases. It Strengthens Young Chicks and Helps Them Grow.
WOULDN'T BE WITHOUT IT.—Chas. Lack, Rosalia, Wash., says he wouldn't be without Prussian Poultry Food.
PRODUCES EGGS.—As an egg producer Prussian Poultry Food has no equal.—B. H. Payne, Painsville, Ohio.
Prussian Poultry Book, FREE. PRUSSIAN REMEDY CO., St. Paul, Minn.
25 and 50c Pkg.
PORTLAND SEED CO., Portland, Oregon, Coast Agents.

Southwick Hay Press
The Southwick has the largest capacity, is fastest and easiest worker of any Hay Press made. Send for catalogue. Mailed free.
First and Taylor MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAVER CO. Portland, Oregon