

Economy

Is a strong point with Hood's Sarsaparilla. A bottle lasts longer and does more good than any other. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

Gave Him Away.

Two young fellows at Liverpool, partners in the tea trade, were the best of friends, and their intimacy extended to personal as well as to business matters.

One of them, a simple-minded fellow, was a bachelor, and was in the habit of reading to his partner extracts from letters of an ardent and affectionate nature from a lady in the North of England, who signed herself "Susie."

The married one went to China for twelve months, and returned just in time to attend the wedding of his partner.

"I hardly feel like a stranger," he said, in his sweetest tones, addressing the bride. "In fact, I feel as though I ought to be well acquainted with my partner's wife, since he has often done me the honor to read to me extracts from his dear Susie's letters."

The faces of the husband and the wife were studied, as the bride drew herself up and said, emphatically and distinctly, "I beg your pardon—my name is Helen!"

It's no sign that stocks are feverish because they absorb water freely.

Toned Him Down.

"This photograph doesn't look a bit like me," said Snarley to the photographer.

"I know it," said the photographer. "I was afraid to make it exactly like you for fear you wouldn't take it."

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CROSBY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 70c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Economical.

Friend (to amateur artist)—I suppose you'll give up painting when you marry?

Amateur—Oh, no! It'll be so convenient and economical when we have to make wedding presents.

Mexican Salutations.

Mexican gentlemen tip their hats to each other or at least salute in passing and shake hands both at meeting and parting, though the interview may have lasted only two minutes.

Lucky Fishermen.

A fisherman at Phippsburg, Me., pulled up a jug of gin on the cod hook the other day. The date of the jug was 1821.

Proof of Insanity Shown.

Anbrey—Yotiah daughtah has consented to marry me, and—er—I'd like to know if there is any insanity in youah family?

Old Gentleman (emphatically)—There must be!—Boston Globe.

AS OLD AS THE PYRAMIDS

That blood poison existed among the ancients has been proven beyond question. It has been traced back thousands of years, and is as old as the Pyramids. This blighting curse has been handed down from nation to nation and from individual to individual till it has spread to all parts of the world.

Contagious blood poison, as it is called in modern times, begins with a small sore or ulcer through which the virus enters the blood. This is followed by inflammation and swelling of the glands of the groins, a red eruption breaks out on the body, sores appear in the mouth and the throat becomes ulcerated, and as the disease takes a deeper hold and the blood becomes more thoroughly infected, the hair and eyebrows drop out, the skin is spotted with copper-colored spots, the bones and muscles ache, and it seems to the victim of this monster scourge there is not a sound spot in the whole body.

The horror of this awful disease can never be told. The one who contracts it suffers in body and mind, and if the poison is not eradicated transmits the taint to his children, and Contagious Blood Poison thus becomes responsible for many of the ills of childhood—Skin Eruptions, Catarrhal Troubles, Sore Eyes, Scalp Disease, White Swelling, Scrofula and others just as bad. S. S. S., the great vegetable blood purifier and tonic, has long been recognized as a radical and safe cure for Contagious Blood Poison. It counteracts the deadly virus and cleanses and purifies the diseased blood, and under its tonic effects the general health improves and soon all signs of blood poison are gone. The strong mineral remedies, Mercury and Potash, which are so often prescribed for the disease, dry up the sores, skin eruptions and all external signs, but leave the stomach and digestion ruined and the system in such condition that the disease usually returns in worse form than ever.

S. S. S. is guaranteed a purely vegetable remedy. \$1.00 is offered for proof that it contains a single mineral ingredient. If you have blood poison write for our special book, describing the different stages and giving all the symptoms, with directions for treating one's self at home. Our physicians will furnish any information or advice wanted free of charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SSS

QUEER STORIES

Burnt gypsum is called plaster-of-paris, because the Montmartre Gypsum Quarries, near Paris, are, and have been, famous for affording it.

The most economical processes are used in the Lake region for the recovery of copper, so that it is found that ore yielding 1½ per cent will pay costs.

Old as the history of the world itself is that of the queen of flowers. The ancient Greeks and Romans revelled in roses. They were used lavishly at their feasts.

In a bog on the island of Zealand, Denmark, a votive bronze chariot has been found with the image of a horse ten inches high in front and with an inlaid gold sun on one side.

Alabaster is a fine-grained variety of gypsum, either white or delicately shaded, and occurs in fine quality at Castellino, Italy, whence it is taken to Florence for the manufacture of vases, figures, etc.

One of the oldest coins in the world, the German thaler, is disappearing. It is to be replaced by a four-mark piece, equivalent to our American dollar, as the five-mark silver pieces have been found to be too heavy.

The electrical roads of the country have a nominal capital of \$1,000,000, employ three hundred thousand persons who are paid \$250,000,000 a year, and run sixty thousand cars over twenty thousand miles of track. Ten miles of electrical road are building to one of steam road.

The word Bible furnishes a striking instance of a world's rise from very low to high estate. To the bulk of English-speaking folk it now means the book of books. In Chaucer's day it meant any book whatever, or scroll—to speak by the card, lest equivocation undo us. Tracing the word Bible straight home we find it as bublos, but another name for the papyrus reed of Egypt.

HE FELT LIKE A SWINDLER.

Man Who Fooled the Doctors Reproached by His Conscience.

Here and there, along life's busy and diversified pathways, curious reasons for curious moods in man are sometimes encountered, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Ever since I've begun to get well," said a pale-looking gentleman who was strolling along a sunny sidewalk with a comrade, "I've had the blues, now and then. Naturally, I'm very glad I'm alive; but there are circumstances which rather make me feel myself a humbug—an out-and-out humbug. It's this way, you see. All the doctors said I could not get well—I positively could not get well. Of course, that aroused the neighborhood; everybody began to shower me with attentions and kindnesses. All kinds of invalid food—delicately prepared—poured in upon me; flowers and fruit came nearly every day. The men of our block clubbed together and sent me a beautiful Morris chair; and the club fellows, downtown, sent me a loving cup, touchingly engraved with sentiments of friendship. Dainty china articles for my invalid's table were given me; and so on—I can't recount the half.

"Well, I gave the doctors the slip, and here I am, almost well, and feeling that I shall soon be sounder than ever before my illness. Now, what gives me the blues is this: I have got these things on false pretenses. I've fooled all these people and it makes me sad. They can't have any confidence in me hereafter. No, you can't console me—I'm a fraud and I feel like a fraud."

SHEEP NONSENSE

Fond Parent—I understand the faculty are very much pleased with your work. Dropped Junior—Yes, they enjoyed my sophomore year.—Princeton Tiger.

Caller—Your sister is a long time making her appearance, Johnny. Johnny—Yes, she's got to make it, of course, 'fore she comes down.—Chicago Tribune.

"His wife has been the making of him." "Why, he doesn't seem to be much." "That's it. She has made him perfectly miserable."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Politician—Congratulations, Sarah. I've been nominated. Sarah (with delight)—Honestly? Politician—What difference does that make?—Detroit Free Press.

The Mother—Bobbie, didn't your conscience tell you that you had done wrong? Bobbie—Yes; but I don't believe everything I hear.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Do you know anything about dirting?" "No," he replied sadly. "I thought I did, but when I tried it I found the girl didn't marry me."—Chicago Post.

"What can I do for my little boy," asked mamma, "so that he won't want to eat between meals?" "Have the meals ficker together," replied the greedy young man.

Farmer Ragweed—Has Bill learned anything new college? Mrs. Ragweed—No; an' wuss'n that, he's forgot what he uster know! Says he can't eat pie without a fork.—Chicago News.

Doctor—Do I think I can cure your catarrh? Why, I'm sure of it. Patient—So you are very familiar with the disease? Doctor—I should say so! I've had it myself all my life.—Judge.

Miss Muddle—I wish I knew of a really good way to preserve my complexion. Miss Snapper—If you keep the box in a cool place it will be all right, won't it?—Philadelphia Press.

Jonathan—I say, Britisher, can you spell horse? Englishman—Orse? Why, certainly. It honly takes a haitch and a ho and a har and a heas and a he to spell 'orse.—Kansas City Journal.

"Within the last decade," remarked the progressive citizen, "woman has gained considerable standing in the business world." "Yes," rejoined the female breadwinner, "especially in the street cars."

Teacher—You notice that boy who stands at the foot of the class? Well, last summer he was the brightest boy in school. Committeeman—He is now. I notice the foot of the class is nearest the stove!

Mrs. Knox—So you met Mrs. Tomlyn to-day. What did she say? Mr. Knox—Nothing. Mrs. Knox—You surprise me—she usually talks an awful lot! Mr. Knox—Oh, she did that to-day, of course!

Missus—We're going to give a dance on Friday, Jane, and I want you to do all you can to help us. Jane—Well, mum, I'm afraid I ain't much good at that sort of thing. I only know a barrel organ jig and a cake walk.

Mrs. Ascum—Did you see Mrs. Locuttee at the ball? Mr. Ascum—Yes, Mrs. Ascum—She was dressed entirely in white, the paper said. Is that so? Mr. Ascum—Well—er—no, she didn't appear to be dressed entirely.—Philadelphia Press.

"Seen Ezzy's new horse?" asked one citizen of another. "I have," was the reply. "Well, what does it look like?" asked the questioner, impatiently. "Well, he looks," said the other man, slowly, "as if Ezzy had taken him for an old bed."—Christian Register.

"Who's the slowest man you ever knew?" "A chap in New York. He fell out of a third-story flat window and did not reach the ground for an hour." "How was that?" "He caught in a tree at the second story and went in to visit some friends."—Detroit Free Press.

"I don't believe in paying fancy prices for custom-made clothes," said Kloseman. "Now here's a suit I bought ready-made for seven dollars. If I were to tell you I paid twenty dollars for it, wouldn't you believe it?" "I might if you told me over the telephone."—Philadelphia Press.

Biobbs—What a touchy little chap Hotspur is—he's always ready to take offense. Sharpe—I've known him when he wouldn't. Biobbs—When was that? Sharpe—When we were following the Atherstone hounds. He'd always rather go half a mile round—sooner than take a fence.

"One week from to-day, Uncle John, I will be a married man. Yes, in seven short days I will be initiated into the mysteries of matrimony." "No mysteries about it, my boy. It is just the plain, simple rule of three." "Rule of three? Eh—what three?" "Wife, mother-in-law, and hired girl."—Kansas City Journal.

"Are you sure you really and truly love me, John?" asked the fair bunch of home-grown sweetness. "Sure, I'm sure," replied he the end of the transaction. "But Tom loves me, too," persisted the fair party. "He said he'd gladly lay down his life for me." "Oh, all right," answered John. "If you want a dead man you're his and he's it."—Chicago News.

HOW TO CRIPPLE RUSSIA.

Other Powers Can Make It Helpless by Cutting Off Its Money.

An article on Russia published in L'Europeen, a Journal of International Influence issued in Paris, has attracted no little attention in the European press. The author is a Danish publicist, Bjornstjerne Bjornson. He assumes that Russia is an undesirable and dangerous element in Europe and Asia, and as a means of thwarting her further advance proposes that other nations stop supplying her with money. Since 1890, the writer estimates, Russia has borrowed abroad \$700,000,000 with which to build fleets and to maintain an army, no less than to establish the gold standard and build railways, and M. Bjornson seems to take it very much to heart that "the larger part of this foreign gold, which has maintained the Russian institutions and served its plans of oppression and of conquest, has flowed from the country of 'liberty, equality and fraternity.'"

"It is admitted in France and America," M. Bjornson goes on to say, "that without French gold the Russian institution would have gone to smash long ago. No centralized power, even the best, is, for any length of time, capable of governing so many and varied peoples. No hand, no matter how powerful, can stretch over such an enormous territory or unite so many contrary destinies, created by varied climates and by numerous racial and religious differences. But what the best government, what the most powerful hand cannot perform becomes chaos and misery under a feeble autocratic power or a bureaucratic institution that is mercenary and mendacious, unstable and oppressive. Without the foreigner's aid it would have destroyed itself, whether by revolution or by asphyxia. What, however, would have been most natural, would have been a general disintegration of the administration of the colossal masses of Russia according to a scheme of federalization.

"With the aid of the foreigner's gold all the inflammable material of this formidable accumulation of injustice and distress has been able to subsist until it has become a danger to us all. Unless a war precipitates her upon her neighbors—a war which would be followed through long years by thunderings and tumults—she will continue to court them as of yore. On this point Russian and foreigner agree. But war will come. If up to the present time the all-powerful Russian institution has not recoiled before any of the means taken to prolong its existence, why should it recoil before war? Whatever the result of the war, one thing is certain—the payment of interest will cease; Russia will thank the aid given her by state bankruptcy."—Public Opinion.

A FAMILY OF OPOSSUMS.

Southern Mother and Her Family of Interesting Little Ones.

The first young opossums I ever saw were in their mother's pouch, which is one of the most interesting stages of their development, to my way of thinking. I was examining a hollow tree in a forest in the South, when I discovered an old opossum curled up, apparently asleep. The sight was not a new one, and I should probably have left her to finish her nap had I not caught sight of a little white head, with a long, pointed snout and a pair of beady black eyes, which peered at me from beneath the larger animal. This was entirely another matter, so I took the old lady opossum gently by the tail, and lifted her out of the tree. As I did so she growled angrily, and opened her mouth in a horrible grin, displaying a mouthful of white teeth of many sorts and sizes. But I knew that this was done chiefly for effect, for an opossum will rarely bite unless you put your hand in its mouth, or in some other way give it a good chance to get hold of you. Her scaly, muscular tail squirmed in my hand like a snake, and before I got her quite to the ground I dropped her. Slight as was the fall, it killed her, apparently, for there she lay, with lips drawn back, and curled up in the very attitude of death. But she was only "playing possum," and as I had seen the trick played before I was not deceived. Not a young one was in sight; even the one which had betrayed me to the presence of the family had retired to the depths of its mother's pouch. So I rolled her over, and putting in my hand drew out the babies one by one. There were twelve of them, and when I laid them out on the grass they crawled slowly about, opening their mouths to yawn or to give vent to explosive little squeaks, which sounded more like suppressed sneezing than anything else I can think of. Very soon they found their mother, and began to climb upon her body, holding to her long gray fur with their hand-like paws. When I tried to detach one little fellow it was amusing to see the efforts he made to retain his position. He grasped a tuft of long hair in each of his tiny fists, seized another tuft in his mouth, and twisted his flexible tail firmly around another. Left to his own devices, his mother need have had no fear of his falling off.—Ernest Harold Baynes, in the Woman's Home Companion.

Not Very Loud.

Senator Matthew Stanley Quay drifted into the lobby of the Arlington in Washington in a spic and span new suit of clothes, and a Southern member of Congress congratulated him upon his appearance.

"Good fit—eh?" said Quay, much pleased.

"Fit! Sets better'n a hen, Senator!" was the reply.

When a man snores he ought to be rapped in slumber.

Mother

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. Then she tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was speedily cured." D. P. Jolly, Avoca, N. Y.

No matter how hard you cough or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you can take. It's too risky to wait until you have consumption. If you are coughing today, get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

GORDON M'KAY.

Death of the Man Who Revolutionized the Shoemaking Industry.

Gordon McKay, whose death occurred recently at his cottage in fashionable Newport, was a notable figure in the social and business world.

Although starting in life comparatively poor, he accumulated millions through his inventive genius. McKay was born in Pittsfield, Mass., in 1821, and on the death of his father in 1833, began to study for the career of a civil engineer. When 21 years old he had a machine shop in his native town. He studied machinery and his opportunity came when the shoe stitching machine, invented by L. B. Blake, proved to be an utter failure. He bought the patent outright and perfected a machine which has revolutionized the shoemaking industry. This machine did away with the little cobbler shops, with their pegs and wax ends, and opened up big factories. In a few years every man, woman and child in America, who wore shoes, paid tribute to him, and McKay gained millions.

McKay's partner was Robert H. Mathes, a practical man of inventive genius. When the war broke out in 1861 they offered to the government, something unheard of, machine made shoes for the army. In less than ten years it is estimated that more than 10,000,000 pairs of boots and shoes in America had paid royalty to McKay and his companies. In 1878 he formed the McKay Sewing Machine Association, and in a series of lawsuits defeated all rivals, established his patents and became the central power in one of the greatest monopolies.

Gordon McKay married Miss Minnie Treat, of Cambridge, many years younger than himself. They lived together only a few years. There were two sons, who have always been with their mother. Mrs. McKay finally secured a divorce, and became the wife of Adolph A. von Bruening, an attaché of the German embassy at Washington, and now charge d'affaires of the German legation to the Sultan of Morocco. McKay, who had always been attached to his wife, sent her jewels and other gifts on her wedding day, and it is said, gave her a check for \$100,000. The Kaiser became angered at such attention, and the young man was in the background for several years. Then, through family influence in Germany, he was restored to favor, after having returned to Mr. McKay the money given his wife.

Mr. McKay did much good with his money. He educated a number of young women abroad in music, gave generously to Harvard college and founded a training college in Rhode Island for negroes, which college bears the name of the McKay Institute. He was a good violinist and left a large collection of musical instruments. It is understood that the greater part of his estate will go to Harvard University, including his large library. His next to kin are Mrs. Dexter and Miss Catherine Dexter, of Boston.

There are times when originality is impossible—in describing a wedding, and in saying good-by to the hostess at a party.

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