

Catarrh
The cause exists in the blood, in what causes inflammation of the mucous membrane.
It is therefore impossible to cure the disease by local applications.
It is positively dangerous to neglect it, because it always affects the stomach and deranges the general health, and is likely to develop into consumption.

Many have been radically and permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses the blood and has a peculiar action on the liver. R. Long, California Junction, Iowa, writes: "I had catarrh three years, lost my appetite and I felt bad all over. My head pained and I had no sleep. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and now have a good appetite, sleep well, and have no symptoms of catarrh."

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Promises to cure and keeps the promise. It is better not to put off treatment—buy Hood's today.

Aggravating Man.
Mrs. Flitey—My husband's the meanest thing. He had the rheumatism when he woke up this morning.
Mrs. Flitey—Well?
Mrs. Flitey—Well, that's a sure sign of rain, and I've got a lawn party on for this afternoon.—Philadelphia Press.

E. W. Groves
This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets** the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

A Formula.
"Aren't you going to buy me one, mamma?"
"Buy you another new hat? That would be extravagant!"
"Oh, we could tell papa it was such a love of a hat I had to have it."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It takes internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It cures every case of Catarrh in one to three weeks. It is sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. **F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.** Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Took the Hint.
"I thought you were going to spend a week with your cousins over in Michigan."
"No, I didn't go. When I wrote to them about it they said for me to come right along and make myself at home—they wouldn't consider me company."—Chicago Tribune.

From the Ouch and Works Off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure. No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Wanted a Test.
The Tramp—Yes, I've tried to cure the drink habit.
Mrs. Good—You have?
The Tramp—Yes, I'm trying the faith cure now, an' I'd like to get a nickel to see if I could keep it without spendin' it for beer.—Puck.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.
Tommy Did It.
"Hello!" cried Noah as the animals were tossed into the toy ark, "here's something new!"
"Please sir," said the strange animal, "I used to be a leopard, but Tommy cut off my forelegs to make me a kangaroo."

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 worth of medicine. Dr. J. C. Allen, 121 West 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Pacemaker.
Woody Booth—Who was the leading man in the company you were with last season?
Knight Stand—The advance agent.

Right!
Phrenologist—Your bump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a soldier or a pugilist?
Subject—Neither. I'm a furniture mover.—Tit-Bits.

The Tip to Golfers.
Putter—But what should I talk to my partner about?
Putter—Her splendid play, of course.
Putter—And if she is a regular duffer?
Putter—Tell her what lobsters the others are.—Brooklyn Life.

CASTORIA
The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind and allays Feverishness. It cures Colic, Teething Troubles, Croup, Constipation, Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years.

A PUZZLING CASE
That Has Attracted Wide-Spread Attention in Medical Circles.

Thousands of dollars have been spent in doctors' bills by those afflicted with epilepsy and, very frequently, it has been in vain. It so often happens that the doctors do not strike at the root of the trouble. A cure which was easily effected, after physicians had failed to accomplish any permanent results, is that of Miss Annie R. Herbert, of No. 507 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass. After years of suffering from this terrible affliction she was made well by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She makes the following statement:

"I was the victim of epileptic fits and spasms of the nerves from the time I was two years old until I reached the age of seventeen, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured me. Ten well-known physicians of Lynn treated me at different times but none succeeded in helping my case. I have even been to the Lynn hospital, but the physicians there failed to cure me, so you can see it was a disease that puzzled a good many doctors."

"My illness at times caused racking headaches and an awful dizziness made my head swim. I had what the doctors called spasms of the nerves about four times a day. The blood would rush to my head and a feeling come over me so that I wouldn't know what was going on around me. The spasms left me very weak. During one year I had eight epileptic fits."

"At last when all the efforts of the doctors had proved in vain I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and hardly three weeks had passed before I found they gave me great relief. I continued using them faithfully and in six months I was entirely cured and have had no return of my illness since."

MRS. ANNIE R. HERBERT.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of April, 1901.
THOMAS F. PORTER,
(Seal.) Notary Public.
The pills which cured Miss Herbert are a specific for all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price. 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Illustrated.
"How do you manage to get rid of bores?" asked Snodgrass as he came in and took a seat by the editor's desk.
"Oh, easily enough," replied the editor. "I begin to tell them stories about my smart youngster. Now, only the other day he said—'What! Must you go? Well, good morning!'"

Yellowish.
The Visitor—Of course you know nothing of yellow journalism up here?
The Visitor—Well, the ad'ter of the Banner he now an' agen puts in items up side down so 's to make the folks read 'em. I reckon they's sorter buff like, ain't it?—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing Equals St. Jacobs Oil
For Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Cramp, Pleurisy, Lumbago, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Soreness, Stiffness, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Backache, Feetache, Pains in the Chest, Pains in the Back, Pains in the Shoulders, Pains in the Limbs, and all bodily aches and pains. It acts like magic. Safe, sure and never failing.

Semblance of Perpetual Motion.
Into a basin of clear water put a few pieces of camphor. They will commence a peculiar motion, traversing every part of the surface of the water, but may instantly be stopped by dropping into the water the minutest quantity of an oily substance.

FIRING THE FIRST SALUTE.
How Old Glory Was Honored by the French Frigate.
The little frigate ran slowly between the towering French frigates, looking as warlike as they; her men swarmed like bees into the rigging, and her colors ran up to salute the flag of his most Christian majesty of France, and she fired one by one her salute of thirteen guns, says Sarah Orne Jewett, in the Atlantic.

MILLINERY MODES.
There was a moment of suspense, the wind was very light now; the powder smoke drifted away and the flapping sails sounded loud overhead. Would the admiral answer back, or would he treat this bold challenge like a handkerchief waved at him from a pleasure boat? Some of the officers on the Hanger looked incredulous, but Paul Jones still held the letter in his hand.

There was a puff of white smoke and the great guns of the French flagship began to shake the air—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine; and then were still, save for their echoes from the low hills about Carnac and the great druid Mount of St. Michael.

"Henry Gardner, you may tell the men that this was the salute of the King of France to our republic, and the first high honor to our flag," said the captain proudly to his steersman; but they were all buzzing now along the Hanger's decks, that little ship whose name shall never be forgotten while her country lives.

The captain lifted his hat and stood looking at the flag.
"We hardly know what this day means, gentlemen," he said soberly to his officers who came about him. "I believe we are at the christening of the greatest nation that was ever born into the world. The day shall come when America, republic though she may be, will salute no foreign flag without receiving gun for gun!"

CAPE MALEA HERMIT.
The Distinction.
"Yes, that's a pretty piece of bric-a-brac. Where did you get it?"
"In Canada."
"What duty did you have to pay on it?"
"None at all."
"Smuggled it through, did you?"
"No, I just slipped it through. It isn't smuggling unless you're caught at it."—Chicago Tribune.

PATHETIC STORY OF AN ENGLISH SEA CAPTAIN.
Stricken While a Young Man by the Drowning of His Bride Luring the Honeymoon, He Lived for Many Years Among Ignorant Greek Goatherds.

About twenty-five years ago there was a young sailor boy, by dint of hard work, integrity of character and firmness of will, reached at the age of 20 the summit of his ambition—becoming a master of what then would be called a good-sized steamship, some 800 tons register. Upon this accession to good fortune he married the girl of his choice, who had patiently waited for him since as boy and girl sweethearts they parted on his first going to sea. And with rare complacency his owners gave him the inestimable privilege of carrying his young bride to sea with him.

How happy he was! How deep and all-embracing his pride, as steaming down the gray Thames he explained to the light of his eyes all the wonders that she was now witnessing for the first time but which he had made familiar to her mind by his oft-repeated sea stories during the few bright days between voyages that he had been able to develop to courtesy. The ship was bound to several Mediterranean ports, the time being late autumn, and consequently the most ideal season for a honeymoon that could possibly be imagined. Cadiz, Genoa, Naples, Venice, a delightful tour with not one weary moment wherein to wish for something else. Even a flying visit to old Rome from Naples had been possible, for the two officers, rejoicing in their happy young skipper's joy, saw to it that no unnecessary cares should trouble him, and bore willing testimony, in order that he should get as much delight out of those halcyon days as possible, that the entire crew were as docile as could be wished devoted to their bright commander and his beautiful wife.

Then at Venice came orders to proceed to Galatz and load wheat for home. Great was the glee of the girl-wife. She would see Constantinople and the Danube. Life would hardly be long enough to recount all the wonders of this most wonderful of wedding trips. And they sailed, with hearts overbrimming with joy as the blue sky above them seemed welling over with sunlight.

Wind and weather favored them, nothing occurred to cast a shadow over their happiness until near Cape Malea at that fatal hour of the morning, just before the dawn, when more collisions occur than at any other time, they were run into by a blundering Greek steamer coming the other way, and cut down amidships to the water's edge. To their peaceful sleep or quiet appreciation of the night's silvery splendors succeeded the overwhelming steam, the hiss and roar of escaping food, the suffocating embrace of death. In that dread light for life all perished but one, he so lately the happiest of men, the skipper. Instinctively clinging to a fragment of wreckage, he had been washed ashore near Cape Malea at the ebbing of the scanty tide.

He was enabled to reach the plateau. Here he was found gazing seaward by some goat-herds, who, in search of their nimble-footed flocks, had wandered down the precipitous side of the mountain. They endeavored to persuade him to come with them back to the world, but in vain. He would live, gratefully accepting some of their poor provision, but from that watching place he would not go. And those rude peasants, understanding something of his depth of woe, sympathized with him so deeply that without payment or hope of any, they helped him to build his hut, and kept him supplied with such poor morsels of food and drink as sufficed for his stunted needs.

And there, with his gaze fixed during all his waking hours upon that inscrutable depth wherein all his bright hopes had suddenly been quenched, he lived until quite recent years, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," a living monument of constancy and patient, uncomplaining grief. By his humble friends, whose language he never learned, he was regarded as a saint, and when one day they came upon his lifeless body fallen forward upon his knees at the little unglazed window through which he was wont to look out upon the sea where his dear one lay, they felt confirmed in their opinion of the sanctity of the hermit of Cape Malea.—London Spectator.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine **Carter's Little Liver Pills.**
Must Bear Signature of **Dr. Wood**
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.
PURELY VEGETABLE.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

WET WEATHER WISDOM!
THE ORIGINAL **TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING** WILL KEEP YOU DRY NOTHING ELSE WILL TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES.
CATALOGUES FREE. SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON MASS.

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300 Positions Secured Yearly.
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Write for Catalogue.

Summer Resolutions
Take The Keeley Cure
More relief from liquor, opium and tobacco habits. Send for particulars to Keeley Institute, Moved to 420 Williams Street, Portland, Oregon.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
33 CENTS
CONSUMPTION

The Story of a Woman's Suffering.
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—When I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was suffering terribly. At times the pain was almost more than I could stand. My heart would nearly stop beating and I would get cold and numb. My husband thought many times I was dying and did not dare to leave me alone. I also suffered severely at times of menstruation. I had tried several doctors and they told me that medicine could do nothing. In the face of all this, and to the astonishment of my family and friends, your remedies cured me. I am now well and do the work for eight in the family. I feel very grateful for my recovered health, and constantly recommend your medicine."—Mrs. CARRIE BELLVILLE, Ludington, Mich.

The record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is written in thousands of such letters as Mrs. Bellville's. When during its whole career of thirty years no physician has to our knowledge criticised this medicine adversely, and thousands are daily prescribing it in their practice, should you, who know less about medicine than they say, "Oh, I do not believe it is any good." Her address is Lynn, Mass. No woman knows the truth about women's ills as thoroughly as Mrs. Pinkham, and no medicine in the world has done so much good as

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
\$5000 REWARD
We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass., which will be paid to any person who can find the above testimonial letter is not genuine, or was published before obtaining our writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

Saved.
Scott—How did you like that cigar I gave you yesterday?
Burns—I liked it so well that I hadn't the heart to burn it.—Boston Transcript.

His Reason.
She—You played a very careless game, Jack. Why don't you keep your eye on the ball?
He—I can't keep it on both of you.—Brooklyn Life.

A Leader.
Papa—So, Robby, you're the president of your bicycle club. That's very nice. How did they happen to choose you?
Bobby—Well, you see, papa, I'm the only boy that's got a bicycle.—Tit-Bits.

Too Early Yet.
"The first game of golf was played in Scotland over 500 years ago."
"Wonder if they've found any of the balls yet that were found in the game?"
The Chastisement.
Kind Lady—Why are you crying little boy?
Little Boy—Cuz mam just made a example out of me for my little brother's sake.—Ohio State Journal.

Why It Was Returned.
New Servant—I found this coin upon your desk, sir.
Master—I'm glad you are honest. I put it there purposely to test your honesty.
New Servant—That's what I thought.

FARM MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES.
THE STAR OF STARS STEEL STAR MILL.
Has built bearing in turn-table. Turns freely to the wind. Ball bearings thrust in wheel, insuring lightest running, quietest, and reserving greatest amount of power for pumping. Galvanized after making. Put together with galvanized bolts, double-headed, so parts can rust or get loose and rattle. Repairs always on hand. No spring to change tension with every change of temperature, and grow weaker with age. These things are worth money to you. Then why not buy a STAR?
JOHN POOLE, Portland, Oregon.
Foot of Morrison Street.
Can give you the best bargains in Buggies, Plows, Boilers and Engines, Windmills and Pumps and General Machinery. See us before buying.

G. P. RUMMELIN & SONS.
120 Second St., Near Washington, Portland, Oregon.
The Leading and Reliable Furriers of the Northwest.
Fur Coats, Caps, Collarlets, Hats, Etc. Made in all the Fashionable Fur. Fur Trimmings, Robes and Rugs. Send for Catalogue.
Furs remodeled and repaired. Write us.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP
25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS.

CANDY CATHARTIC
SWEETEN THE STOMACH
PURELY VEGETABLE
LIVER TONIC
MILD BUT SURE
BOON FOR MOTHERS
CURE CONSTIPATION
NEVER SOLD IN BULK

taste good. Eat them like candy. They remove any bad taste in the mouth, leaving a breath sweet and perfumed. It is a pleasure to take them and put them into sweeten the stomach by cleansing the mouth, throat and food channel. That means they stop undigested food from coursing in the stomach, prevent gas forming in the bowels, and kill disease germs of any kind that breed and feed in the entire system. are purely vegetable and contain no mercurial or other mineral poison. They consist of the latest discoveries in medicine, and form a combination of remedies equipped to make the blood pure and rich and make clean skin and beautiful complexion. tone the stomach and bowels and stir up the lazy liver. They do not merely soften the stools and cause their discharge, but they purify the bowels and put them into lively, healthy condition, making their action natural. never gripes or gripe. They act quietly, positively and never cause any kind of uncomfortable feeling. Taken regularly they make the liver act regularly and naturally as it should. They keep the sewerage of the body properly moving and keep the system clean. Increase the flow of milk in nursing mothers. If the mother eats a tablet, it makes her milk mild, purgative and has a mild but certain effect on the baby. In this way they are the only safe laxative for the nursing infant. taken patiently, persistently, will cure any form of constipation, no matter how old or how often other remedies have failed. They are absolutely guaranteed to cure any case, or purchase money will be cheerfully refunded. cost 50¢, 25¢ a box. Samples sent free for the asking. We publish no testimonials but sell Cascarets on their merit under absolute guarantee to cure. Buy and try a box today, or write us for free samples and booklet. address: STERLING REMEDY CO., CHICAGO or NEW YORK.

\$100 REWARD will be paid to any reader of this paper who will report to us any attempt of substitution, or sale of "something just as good" when Cascarets are called for, and furnish evidence upon which we can convict. All correspondence confidential.