Impaired Digestion

May not be all that is meant by *dyspepsia* now, but it will be if neglected.

The uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, sourness of the stomach, and disagreeable belching may not be very bad now, but they will be if the stomach is suffered to grow weaker.

Dyspepsia is such a **miserable disease** that the tendency to it should be given early attention. This is completely **overcome** by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which strengthens the whole digestive system

Pa's Idea of Ships.

"What is an airship, pa?"

"A ship that puts on airs, my son."

"Is a airship, like other ships, called 'she?'"

"Certainly; didn't I just say that an airship was a ship that put on airs?"—Smart Set.

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

Railroad Wanted.

"Yes," said the head man of the new settlement, "we're after a railroad now."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, if we could get a railroad to come this way kill a few cows and cut off some of the legs of the older citizens, we'd sue it for damages and get enough to build a town hall and grade the cemetery."—Atlanta Constitution.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Their Activity.

"Yes," said the doctor, "I really believe automobiling will tend to make us a more active and athletic people."

"Ah! You mean the people who walk and dodge."—Philadelphia Press.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease, A powder. It Cures Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept No Substitute. Sample Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Library of Women's Writings.

Mme. Kaissavoff, who recently died at St. Petersburg, had collected a library of nearly 18,000 volumes, all written by women. No book by a male author ever had a place on her shelves.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

More Than One.

Henriques—I hear that a stork visited your house last night.

Newlyblessed (tragically)—Storks—Puck.

The druggist who advises you to use Hamlin's Wizard Oil for the cure of pain, does you a good turn!

Mild Case.

Wife (anxiously)—Is my husband very ill, doctor?

Dr. Stickum—Oh, no. Only about $100 worth.—Chicago News.

Economical housekeepers know that cheap groceries are seldom cheap. The cheapness is nearly always made possible at the expense of weight and quality. The best economy is to buy Monopole canned goods, Baking Powder, Spices, Syrup and Coffees. You not only get the very finest the market affords but at a very little advance over the cheap grades. Don't tamper with your health. Insist upon Monopole. If your grocer doesn't handle them, send us his name.

WADHAMS & KERR BROS., Portland.

Conscientious.

"So you won't chop the wood?"

"No, lady," answered Meandering Mike, in a tone of deep sorrow. "I'm a kleptomaniac. I'm afraid I might steal some of it."—Washintgon Star.

Bankrupted.

She—John shall I have the bill for my new spring bonnet sent to you?

He—No; I'll have a receiver appointed, and you may send it to him.—Ohio State Journal.

With Thanks, of Course.

"I sent a poem complimentary to the editor of one of the best magazines."

"With what result?"

"He returned the compliment."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Scrofula

THE OFFSPRING OF HEREDITARY BLOOD TAINT.

Scrofula is but a modified form of Blood Poison and Consumption. The parent who is tainted by either will see in the child the same disease manifesting itself in the form of swollen glands of the neck and throat, catarrh, weak eyes, offensive sores and abscesses and oftentimes white swelling—sure signs of Scrofula. There may be no external signs for a long time, for the disease develops slowly in some cases, but the poison is in the blood and will break out at the first favorable opportunity. S. S. S. cures this wasting, destructive disease by first purifying and building up the blood and stimulating and invigorating the whole system.

J. M. Seals, 115 Public Square, Nashville, Tenn., says: "Ten years ago my daughter fell and cut her forehead. From this wound the glands on the side of her face became swollen and bursted. Some of the best doctors here and elsewhere attended her without any benefit. We decided to try S. S. S., and a few bottles cured her entirely."

SSS makes new and pure blood to nourish and strengthen the body, and is a positive and safe cure for Scrofula. It overcomes all forms of blood poison, whether inherited or acquired, and no remedy so thoroughly and effectively cleanses the blood. If you have any blood trouble, or your child has inherited some blood taint, take S. S. S. and get the blood in good condition and prevent the disease doing further damage.

Send for our free book and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge whatever for medical advice.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

LOST IN THE DESERT.

PITIFUL FATE OF A LITTLE BOY WHO WANDERED AWAY.

Six-Year-Old Lad Starts in Wrong Direction and, After Searching Parties Had Sought Him for Four Days, Is Found at the Point of Death.

The family of Godfrey Hughes, a member of the firm of assayers owning the Customs Assay office, recently went to spend the summer months visiting friends who own a large ranch about seventeen miles above Albuquerque. The family consists of the mother, two sons and a daughter. One Saturday the children asked permission to go to a corral some 300 yards away from the house and on the other side of a knoll that obstructed the corral from view to play. Permission was granted, and the youngsters bounded away for their afternoon frolic. Soon the little sister wearied and the older brother proposed that they take her to the house. To this the younger brother, Emerson, who was only 6 years old, demurred, as he wished to play more. So the older brother took his sister to the house. Upon arrival there the mother asked, "Where is brother?" "We left him playing at the corral," said the boy.

The mother then sent him back for the little truant. Shortly the messenger came back panting from his hurried running, and exclaimed that his brother was nowhere to be found; that he was not at the corrol. The frightened mother hurried over to the corral and there found the report of her boy to be true. She searched and searched, but could find no trace of the missing child. At last she came upon some little footprints, showing that the child had taken a direction opposite to what he should have taken, and the harassed mother became more and more alarmed as the fact that her child had strayed and was in all probability lost became apparent. She followed the footprints for three miles and only ceased because darkness was approaching and she was powerless and had to call for aid. As rapidly as her nervous and exhausted state would permit she retraced her steps to the house and alarmed the household. Immediately a search party was organized, and, despite the oncoming of night started out in quest of the helpless child.

Through that disheartening night the weary search continued. And the next day the trained services of seventy-five Indians were impressed, and all that long and trying day the search went on, and yet no clew to the wanderer. The grief and agony of the poor afflicted mother were beyond consolation. The continued discouraging reports that were from time to time brought her only added to accentuate her sufferings. The tracks could be followed for a distance of twelve miles and then seemed to double upon themselves and finally became lost. Without rest the searchers continued in what seemed their hopeless quest. The thought of the poor little tot being out upon the dreary plains alone, without shelter or food, wandering on with the helplessness of the lost, crying possibly with fright, tormented by the pangs of hunger and thirst, was simply maddening to the poor mother and friends seeming so helpless to terminate the trying situation.

All of Sunday night the search continued, and early Monday morning the father, who had been ignorant of the tragedy, was wired. He arrived that day and added his untiring efforts to those of the large party already out.

To think of the dreadful pathos of it all. The poor child was not found until Wednesday morning. It was then found by a Mexican, who carried the exhausted little form to his cabin, where the child lingered for three hours and then passed away. The ordeal had been beyond the little one's endurance. The remains were taken back to the ranch and next day were interred in the cemetery of the neighboring village.—El Paso Times.

SPONGES IN HAWAIIAN WATERS.

Fish Commission Believes They Can Be Found.

Believing that there are sponges of a merchantable quality in the waters about the Hawaiian Islands, the last week of the stay of the party representing the United States Fish Commission will be devoted in part to an investigation of reports concerning their presence. Should there be found sponges which will be fit for market these will add materially to the wealth of the islands, more, in fact, than any other product of the fisheries.

There is one State of the Union which now produces all the sponges which are brought to the market locally. Along the coast of Florida the industry has been pushed to its limit, until the annual sales of sponges amount to $600,000. The product sells for as high as $2.50 a pound, which makes the business most profitable. There are sixty schooners in the trade, and the business is the staple of many of the towns along the coast of the State. The fishermen have brought the business to a high state of perfection, and they are able to make large catches in season.

The sponge fishing is done in deep water, the best specimens of the large bath sponges being obtained from fifty feet below the surface. They are located with a long pole carrying on its end a blade like a letter S, which cuts the sponge loose with a twist, and it is then brought to the surface, if there is luck; and if not and it gets away, it is lost forever. The men become very expert in the business, and they will carry it on during high winds, losing very few of the sponges.

There are many varieties of the sponge, those which are generally found about the enclosed waters being of a sort which are not of value. It is the opinion of Mr. Cobb, who is one of the experts of the fish commission on this matter, that good sponges will be found on the reefs outside, and that in time, and a short time, for the organization of this industry will not be an elaborate transaction, there will be one of the most profitable of sea-product industries inaugurated.

Reports have come to the members of the party, says the Hawaiian Gazette, that high-grade sponges have been found at Punaluu and other points on the Kau coast. Small specimens have been seen which are of the finest grade of the satin sponge, and the belief is expressed that there will be found a great supply of the valuable growths. Should beds be found these will be further cultivated and the building of the industry will go on as rapidly as possible.

A WABBLING CLERK CURED.

Head Bookkeeper Puts Up a Job on Him that Quieted Him.

A man who has charge of a roomful of bookkeepers in the Stewart building has broken a young clerk of the habit of singing popular airs during work hours, and he tells the story for the benefit of those who may be similarly afflicted.

The head bookkeeper has pretty good nerves, and he stood the distressing efforts of the musical young man pretty well until the offiender broke out with:

"Has any one seen my cat?"

Most of the morning had been enlivened by this song of Powers', with this oft-repeated line, but at length the head bookkeeper entered into conspiracy with the office boy, and the janitor's apartments were drawn upon for a supply of real live cats.

At the next outbreak of

"Has any one seen my cat?"

The office boy appeared with a sedate tabby in his arms, and, going over to the warbling youth, said:

"Is this it, sir?"

"Is this what?" replied the young man, pausing in his career of doubtful melody and swinging around in his chair.

"Why, is this the cat you have been asking about all morning?" said the boy, imperturbably.

The young man swung back to his work as the others in the office burst into a laugh and the boy retreated.

Presently the song from "The Messenger Boy" broke out again, and the office boy was promptly on the scene with a mewing kitten.

"Is this it, sir?" said the boy with mock respectfulness, and he placed the kitten on the desk.

"Take it away; take it away," exclaimed the young man, and he kept silence for nearly an hour, but again fell into his musical query:

"Has any one seen my cat?"

This time the office boy appeared with a whole family of cats in his arms, says the New York Times, and before the young man could chase him away the boy asked:

"Which one is it, sir?"

The warbling bookkeeper now keeps discreet silence.

THE "WATER CURE."

Punishment that Has Been Practiced for Many Years in Navy.

What has come to be known as the "water cure" treatment is an adoption by the army of a disciplinary measure as old to the navy as wooden hulls and hemp rigging. The deep-sea sailor calls it a "handy-billy wash-down," and its application is only resorted to as the most effective means to stop the brawling profanity of a drunken sailor on shipboard.

Where ships are visiting ports in torrid climates it is considered a hardship to confine a man in the brig, the ship's lockup, because of the heat, and a sailor who goes on board in an unruly, intoxicated condition is usually put in irons and allowed to sleep off on the forward deck. Not infrequently, when "Jack" has been drinking all kinds in sight on a shore leave the "feel" of the irons, combined with the liquor, makes him "swearing mad." No one, from the commanding officer to the ship's boy, escapes his oaths at such times, and finally it becomes necessary for the peace and discipline of the ship, to give him a "handy-billy washdown."

His hands, which are fastened behind him, are lashed to a bolt in the deck, and the "handy-billy"—a small hand force pump—is prepared for action. A rubber house, without a nozzle, through custom held by "Jack's" chum, is pointed close to his face and "Jack" is asked to stop swearing or take the "washdown." The answer generally comes in the form of renewed effort to swear louder and harder. The petty officer in charge orders, "Pump away!" and for four or five seconds a steady stream is played on the sailor's mouth. His spluttering attempts to utter more oaths in spite of the water are drowned in the laugh from his shipmates.—Philadelphia Times.

Abdul Hamid as Editor.

The Sultan of Turkey insists that Turkish papers should never speak of violent deaths when they affect the rulers or leaders of nations. When President Carnot was assassinated the Turkish papers reported as follows:

"We regret to announce, dear readers, that Carnot, the worthy President of the French Republic, who has been ill for the last few days, died yesterday at midnight."

The assassination of Nasir-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, by Moulla Riza, was transformed by the Turkish press into a natural, peaceful death. "Full of years and glory, the king of kings has joined his august ancestors beyond the tomb," terminated the paragraph in question.

The fearful death of the Empress of Austria came as a dread shock to the already high-strung nerves of the Yildiz despot. Izzet Bey, the Sultan's favorite chamberlain, was at once instructed to send an announcement to the Turkish papers that the empress, while staying at Geneva, had died from a cardiac affection declared by her medical advisers to be incurable.

Albert Edward and the Reporters.

"On one occasion," said Sir Edwin Arnold, "when I was at an important function at Marlborough House, Sir Francis Knollys came up to the Prince of Wales and remarked: 'Some gentlemen of the press wish admission, sir.' 'Oh, show them in,' said the Prince, with a laugh; 'if they don't obtain admittance at the door they'll come in through the ventilator.'"

Death Rate in Mexico.

The City of Mexico, with a population of nearly 370,000, still has an annual death rate of 52.2 per 1,000.

Love is supposed to be a tender passion, but sometimes the girl's father makes it a tough proposition.

Science and Invention

The recent sandstorm from the Mojave desert is said to have piled up sand in Santa Ana thirty feet.

Sir Robert Ball, professor of mathematics and astronomy at Cambridge University, says America is doing more and better work in astronomy than the whole of Europe combined.

The American Bridge Company, of Philadelphia, will construct twenty steel bridges along the line of the Uganda Railroad in East Africa, the cost to be about $1,000,000.

The force known as heat is of great importance. The earth is hotter below the surface and probably has a very high temperature toward its center. In some places not very far below its surface it contains highly heated rock, which occasionally flows over the surface during volcanic eruptions. In other places we find hot springs in connection with volcanic action.

One of the peculiar industries of Ireland which has recently received a fresh stimulus is the manufacture of poplin, a kind of goods in which silk and wool are so combined that the silk constitutes the surfaces and the wool the interior part. The silk comes from China, but it is all dyed in Dublin, because they aver in the Irish capital that there is some quality in the Dublin water which insures a brilliance and permanence of color that has not been attained elsewhere.

The charm of the yellow metal seldom asserts itself more clearly than in the account given by Hugues Le Roux, a French explorer, of the method of collecting gold from the placer mines of Abyssinia. The precious metal is found by the natives in small nuggets and dust in the beds of streams. They carry it to market in large quills, which are as transparent as tubes of glass. The brokers who buy the gold work it up into the form of circles of the average size of a heavy finger-ring. But these circles are not quite closed, because the purchaser always insists on twisting them, like strings of molasses candy, in order to detect possible adulterations. Experienced fingers can tell if the yielding metal possesses the exact malleability of gold.

If it were not for the countless trillions of dust particles that float, separately invisible, in the atmosphere, there could be no rain-drops, snow crystals or hailstones. From a perfectly dustless atmosphere the moisture would descend in ceaseless rain without drops. The dust particles serve as nuclei about which the vapor gathers. The snow crystal is the most beautiful creation of the aerial moisture, and the hailstone is the most extraordinary. The heart of every hailstone, as Arthur H. Bell shows in Knowledge, is a tiny atom of dust. Such an atom, with a little moisture condensed about it, is the germ from which may grow a hailstone, capable of felling a man or smashing a window. But first it must be caught up by a current of air and carried to the level of the lofty cirrus clouds, five or six, or even ten miles high. Then, continually growing by fresh accessions of moisture, it begins its long plunge to the earth, spinning through the clouds, and flashing in the sun like a diamond bolt shot from a rainbow.

CHANCE FOR A GREAT STORY.

But the Editor Didn't Enthuse Over Mr. Baxter's "Tootsie Twitters."

The sharp-featured man paused in the doorway and the editor looked up.

"I suppose," said the stranger, "that you are always on the lookout for a good story?" And without waiting for a reply he rapidly crossed the apartment and, seating himself at the editor's elbow, assumed an easy attitude.

"Well?" said the editor, a little doubtfully.

"Did you ever hear of Tootsie Twitters?" inquired the stranger, with much abruptness.

"No," said the editor. "Is it a comic song?"

"No," said the stranger, "It's a beautiful young woman, a young woman of the stage, sir. A young woman with a most interesting story attached."

"Are you an advance agent?" inquired the editor.

"Who, me?" cried the stranger. "No, sir. I'm a friend, sir, a friend of the lady—and a friend of the newspaper profession. Yes, sir. Miss Twitters is a perfect lady. She adopted the stage as a profession, because she had remarkable talent in that direction; talent, sir, that hasn't been fully appreciated as yet—but will be, sir, but will be."

"What's the lady's special line?" inquired the editor.

"She's in the second line now," replied the stranger. "But she'll be in the front row just as soon as a somewhat sluggish manager can learn to distinguish between real merit and envious detraction.'"

"Well, what of it?" inquired the editor.

"I am getting to that," said the stranger. "I'm coming to the story, sir. Miss Twitters is the heiress to the estate of the late Col. Ponsonby-Snickleworth of Berks, England. You've heard of the colonel?"

"No," said the editor.

"He left an estate valued at a million pounds. Just make a note of it, please. Pounds, not dollars."

"Go on," said the editor.

"All this immense estate goes to Miss Twitters on one condition," said the stranger. "Mark the condition. She must marry the eldest son of the Duke of Bubblesqueak."

"That seems an easy one," said the editor.

"Not for Tootsie Twitters," said the stranger, proudly. "She's a true American girl. You can't buy her allegiance with any paltry million pounds. She will marry the duke on one condition only. He must become an American citizen, sir." The stranger paused and smiled at the editor. "There," he said, "you've got the materials for a great story. Work it up right, and trim it with catchy headlines. 'Tootsie Scorns the Title,' or something like that. I leave it all in your hands. But don't forget it's pounds and not dollars.

"You seem to take a remarkable interest in this young woman," said the editor.

"Correct," said the stranger. Then he stooped over the editor. "Fact is," he said in a subdued voice, "Tootsie is really Mrs. Sam Baxter—and I'm Sam."

And merrily patting the editor on the back, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, he strode from the room.

WHERE CECIL RHODES SLEEPS.

Prospectors Dug for Gold 1,000 Years Before Christian Era.

In the heart of the Matoppo Hills, in South Africa, among which Cecil Rhodes, the empire builder, sleeps the last sleep, there are many ruins which appeal strongly to the imagination. It is difficult to realize, writes a correspondent, that the habitations, now ruins, were occupied by gold seekers so long ago as 1000 B. C. When one thinks of Rhodesia it is invariably of the great possibilities which the future holds for the country. But what of Rhodesia's past? Three thousands years ago, prospectors as gold-hungry as the "greenest" prospector of to-day scoured the Matoppos and the surrounding country for the precious metal. These crumbling ruins once contained the furnaces for the retorting and smelting of the gold. In many quarters huge excavations are found where the ancients dug far down into the bowels of the earth in search of the metal. Several of these mines are still the largest on the earth's surface. The galleries are caked with layers of soot from the torches of the workers. One historian estimates that the ancient miners discovered millions of pounds' worth of gold in Rhodesia.

These early emigrants are believed to have been Phoenicians, who, as the Old Testament shows, were a great colonizing people. Several writers have lately arisen to proclaim Rhodesia as the veritable land of Ophir, "a land teeming with gold and precious stones." Hitherto India has been regarded as the Ophir of the ancients, but savants now claim that in the light of recent discoveries India must renounce that distinction in favor of Rhodesia.

How to Roll an Umbrella.

"Why is it," asked an inquisitive customer in a downtown umbrella store, "that one can never roll up an umbrella as compactly and neatly as it is rolled when he buys it?"

"You can if you only know how," said the salesman, "but if everybody knew how it would mean a less business for us. The umbrella would last longer and there would be a lot less work for the repairers.

"Perhaps I ought not to tell you how," the clerk continued, but it's so simple you should know anyhow. If you have noticed, nearly everybody who rolls up an umbrella takes hold of it by the handle and keeps twisting the stick with one hand while he folds and rolls with the other hand.

"Now, that's just where the mistake comes in. Instead of twisting with handle, he should take hold of it just above the points of the cover ribs. These points naturally lie evenly around the stick. Keep hold of these, pressing them tightly against the stick, and then roll up the cover. Holding the ribs prevents them from getting twisted out of place or bending out of shape. Then the silk is bound to fold evenly and roll smooth and tight.

"Roll up your umbrella this way and until it is old enough to get rusty-looking it will look as if it had just come from the shop."—Kansas City Star.

Will It Succeed?

Another experiment in the line of community housekeeping is to be tried, this time in a suburb of Berlin. A large house, containing thirty rooms, situated in extensive grounds of twenty acres, has been rented by a community of mutual acquaintances, among whom are both married and single. A monthly rent of from fifteen to twenty marks will be levied for each room occupied. The housekeeping will be in common, and the kitchen also. One lady and one gentleman will be elected to take charge of all the concerns of the house. These officers will be changed weekly. A bill of fare and all other matters of interest connected with the establishment will be posted up in the hall. For food a daily charge of one mark will be made. This charge is so moderate that it may have to be increased later. There will be a good library and a common drawing room, writing room, working room and dining room. Arrangements are also being made for a common playground and garden. The community will consist at first of forty persons, mostly engaged in literary and artistic pursuits.

Dangers of Celluloid.

Manufacturers of articles made of celluloid should be compelled to stamp plainly upon them the words "highly inflammable." The danger is no imaginary one. A gentleman with a lighted cigar in his mouth was playing upon an "American organ" furnished with celluloid keys. When some red hot ash dropped upon the keys they instantly burst into fumes and flame, which could only be extinguished with the greatest difficulty. A heated curling iron will readily start the evolution of dense and highly inflammable fumes if brought in contact with a celluloid comb or hairpin. The proximity of a naked light adds to the danger enormously, for the fumes of celluloid will ignite fiercely at some considerable distance from the flame.

A Vegetarian Argument.

It is estimated that twenty-two acres of land is necessary to sustain one man on fresh meat. The same space of land if devoted to wheat culture would feed forty-two people; if to oats, eighty-eight; potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 176; and if to the plantain or bread-fruit tree, over 6,000 people.

An Odd Oversight.

A Cincinnati paper, after printing an extensive account of Sol Smith Russell's death, and the arrangements for the funeral, closed the column with the line: "Other amusements on page 9."

Admire a girl's hat, and she will tell you that she didn't like it after she got it home, and tore it all to pieces and retrimmed it.

"I often think I'm cunning," a man said to-day, "until results come in."

A Child Mother's Augury.

When a child refuses to "take" to any one, its mother thinks it pretty good evidence that the person is guilty of some enormous crime.—Atchison Globe.

More Like It.

Lawyer — The idea of the opposing attorney referring to me as a "lobster!" You wouldn't call me that, would you?

Client—Of course not.

Lawyer—Ah, I knew you wouldn't.

Client—No, it's impossible for a shark to be a lobster.—Chicago Daily News.

No Deterrent.

"Sharp is somewhat unscrupulous, isn't he?"

"Yes, it will take more than his conscience to keep him from making a fortune."—Town and Country.

He Knew.

Harriet—They have sighted a whale off to the leeward.

Henpeck—I bet it is a female.

Harriet—Why do you think so?

Henpeck—Because I heard them say, "There she blows!"—Chicago News.

FOR FREE ADVICE

Every Woman Should Write Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium.

Mrs. Joseph Lacelle.

Mrs. Joseph Lacelle, Ottawa, East, Ont., Canada, writes:

"Peruna is better by far than any other medicine sold in the Dominion for the troubles peculiar to the sex. I suffered with backache, headache and dragging down pains for over nine months, and nothing relieved me a particle until I took Peruna. A few bottles relieved me of my miserable half-dead, half-alive condition. I am now in good health and have neither ache or pain, nor have I had any for the past year. If every suffering woman would take Peruna they would soon know its value and never be without it."—Mrs. Joseph Lacelle.

Free Home Advice.

In view of the great multitude of women suffering from some form of female disease and yet unable to find any cure, **Dr. Hartman, the renowned specialist on female catarrhal diseases, has announced his willingness to direct the treatment of as many cases as make application to him during the summer months without charge.**

Those wishing to become patients should address the Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

A Precaution.

"Then when you have finished your lecture," said the professor of elocution and deportment to young Dulle, "bow gracefully and leave the platform on tip-toe."

"Why on tip-toe?" queried Dulle.

"So as not to wake the audience," responded the professor.—Pearson's Weekly.

She Didn't Care.

"Pardon me," said the reporter who had been sent to write up her wedding "but we should have to get out a supplement in order to print the list of your wedding presents."

"O I wouldn't mind that," consented the bride, archly.—Ohio State Journal.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 Cents | GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE | Purely Vegetable. *Brent Good*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Black Hair

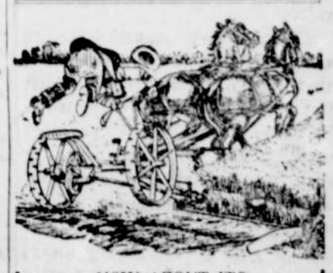
"I have used your Hair Vigor for five years and am greatly pleased with it. It certainly restores the original color to gray hair. It keeps my hair soft."—Mrs. Helen Kilkenny, New Portland, Me.

Ayer's Hair Vigor has been restoring color to gray hair for fifty years, and it never fails to do this work, either.

You can rely upon it for stopping your hair from falling, for keeping your scalp clean, and for making your hair grow.

$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.



HOW ABOUT IT?

When you strike a stump with the ordinary push cut mower, something happens about as shown in the above illustration, and they are all push cuts, and all will do this except the Champion Draw Cut Mower.

This serves to show that pressure against the bar will raise the wheels from ground, decrease traction and cutting power. With the Champion Draw Cut the contrary is the result—pressure against the bar in heavy cutting gives downward pull, holding the wheels tighter to the ground. Increased traction, more power, making the most powerful cutter on the market. This fact stands undisputed, and if you want the best mower made, buy the Champion Draw Cut.

Send for book of testimonial letters from hundreds of delighted customers all over Oregon, Washington and Idaho. MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAVER CO., General Agents, Portland, Or

WITH A

MILWAUKEE MOWER

You can cut more hay with the same team in the same time and with less work than with any other Mower. What more could you want?

J. A. FREEMAN, Genl. Agt.

290 East Water St.,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Walter A. Wood and Minnie Extras

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