

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has won success far beyond the effect of advertising only.

The secret of its wonderful popularity is explained by its unapproachable Merit.

Based upon a prescription which cured people considered incurable.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Unites the best-known vegetable remedies, by such a combination, proportion and process as to have curative power peculiar to itself.

Its cures of scrofula, eczema, psoriasis, and every kind of humor, as well as catarrh and rheumatism—prove

Hood's Sarsaparilla the best blood purifier ever produced.

Its cures of dyspepsia, loss of appetite and that tired feeling make it the greatest stomach tonic and strength-restorer the world has ever known.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a thoroughly good medicine. Begin to take it TODAY. Get HOOD'S.

Proof Enough.

Victim—You sold me that as a "burglarproof" safe.

Dealer—Well?

Victim—Well, this morning I found it cracked open and rifled of its contents.

Dealer—What more do you want? Isn't that proof that burglars have been at it?—Philadelphia Ledger.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Spaniards as Gamblers.

In Europe and the New World the most inveterate gamblers are the Spaniards and their descendants. Among African tribes the Haussas run the Chinese very close; and there are some Kanaka tribes in the South seas who push the hazard of gambling beyond the grave.

A BAD DISORDER

In the fall of 1895 I contracted that fearful disease, Blood Poison. It gained such headway that I was forced to resign my position and seek relief at Hot Springs. After spending all the means I had I went to Memphis. In less than three weeks I was in a hospital, and after nine weeks of suffering I was discharged as cured. In less than a month every bone in my body seemed to be affected and felt as if they would break at the least exertion. Again I was compelled to resign, and I returned to the hospital for a seven weeks stay. When I came out I was advised to try farming. When I first went on the farm I prevailed on the only firm who handled drugs to get me one dozen bottles of S. S. S. At that time both of my hands were broken out with blisters and I was covered with boils and sores. In the meantime my druggist had gotten two dozen bottles of S. S. S. for me and I began its use, and after taking the thirteenth bottle not a sore or boil was visible. R. B. POWELL, East 9th St., Little Rock, Ark.

Of all human diseases, Contagious Blood Poison is the most hideous and hateful. The victim is tortured with eating ulcers, sores and abscesses, unsightly blotches, eruptions and other symptoms of the miserable disease. S. S. S. has been used successfully for nearly fifty years for Contagious Blood Poison. It contains no mercury, potash or other mineral. Our home treatment book gives all the symptoms of this disease. Medical advice free.

SSS

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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

Topics of the Times

HOW TO EAT.

Don't bring worries to the table.
Don't bring anger, hate or scowls;
Banish everything unpleasant,
Talk and eat with smiling jowls.
It will aid your own digestion,
If you wear a smiling face;
It will jolly up the others,
If you only set the pace;
Knowing something funny, tell it;
Something sad, forget to knell it;
Something hateful, quick dispel it
At the table.

Cares domestic, business troubles,
Ills of body, soul or brain;
Unkind thoughts and nagging tempers,
Speech that causes others pain,
Public woes and grim disasters,
Crimes and wrongs and right's defeat—

None of them are to be mentioned
When you sit down to eat.
Knowing something funny, tell it;
Something sad, forget to knell it;
Something hateful, quick dispel it
At the table.

—What to Eat.

ONE OF FATE'S TRICKS.

MOLLY stepped lightly over the low wall and came toward the house. Hobson, seated on the lowest step of the piazza, turned his eyes from the contemplation of a glorious sunset to the neat, girlish figure. His experienced eye took in every detail of the slender form from the crown of her fluffy brown head to the trim ankle which peeped out from below the clean calico gown. He wondered if there was among the ladies who lounged in his mother's drawing room one who could show such an ankle, such a fresh complexion, such radiant eyes. Hobson doubted it. But, after all, he thought what were Molly's charms compared with Molly herself, the sweetest little woman in the world.

"Betsy generous to-night, Miss Molly?" he called out.

"Yes. See," she exclaimed triumphantly, exhibiting a foaming milk pail. "Only she stepped on my toe," she added regretfully. She deposited the pail on the ground, and, seating herself on the step beside Hobson, calmly removed her slipper. "It's torn," she said, inspecting it, "and the stocking, too." And she ruefully regarded the little pink toe which looked out bravely from the rent stocking. "But it didn't hurt much," she added with a smile.

At that moment Hobson was trying to imagine Miss Felicia Deerington removing her slipper and exhibiting a torn stocking in his presence. The thought tickled him and he laughed aloud. The girl turned quickly and regarded him, then, with the crimson slowly suffusing her cheeks, she thrust her foot hastily into the slipper, and, lifting the milk pail, walked silently up the steps and into the house. Hobson bit his lips in vexation. "What a fool I am," he muttered impatiently, as he went in search of her. However, it was some time later that he succeeded in finding her alone. The moon was just rising and Hobson, with Molly's hand on his arm, was strolling down the narrow path to the old bridge. "Are you angry with me, Miss Molly?" he pleaded. "I know—I—" but the girl checked him. "Please don't say any more, Mr. Richard," she said quickly. "I—I did not realize that—you see, I—" she paused in confusion, and Hobson caught her fingers. "I'm a brute," he whispered, and then because something welled up into his throat he could say no more, but with a sudden movement he crushed the fingers against his lips.

Then the face of Miss Felicia flashed

into vividness in his brain and with a sigh he released the hand.

"I am going away in the morning," he said, presently.

"Yes," she replied in an even voice, but with averted face. "We shall be sorry to have you go, Mr. Richard."

There was a long silence. Hobson was cursing himself and fate and society and the whole universe, but aloud he said simply. "Thank you, Miss Molly."

Then after a pause he added, "I am to be married next week." He watched her face intently through the twilight, but all she said was, "And I am to be married next month."

There was another long pause.

"And the man?" he questioned, his heart strangely heavy.

"Just Sam," she said with a little sigh. "And the lady?"

"Miss Felicia Deerington," he replied, with just a touch of pride in his voice.

"I have read about her," she said sofly. "She is very beautiful, is she not?"

"Yes."

They had reached the bridge, and the moonlight slanted across the ripples of the water and shone upon the girl's white face. "Perhaps we had better go back," she whispered, with a little shiver, "it seems cold down here by the water," and she turned again toward the path, with Hobson following. The silence was oppressive, yet neither of them seemed to care to break it. At the foot of the steps she paused and held out her hand. "Good-by, Mr. Richard," she said sofly. Hobson caught her fingers again to his lips and his breath came quickly.

"Molly," he breathed, "if I were not Richard Hobson, if I were just a simple farmer, if—"

But she tore her hands from his. "Don't," she gasped, "don't make it harder—for me. Good-by," and the door closed upon her.

Hobson stood like one dazed, the croaking of the frogs seeming in his ears like the pounding of his own heart. A merry crowd of farmer boys passed down the road, their shrill whistle echoing through the night air. Hobson looked after them with a sigh.

"And I would give my millions," he whispered, as he turned wearily away, "just to be one of them."

And Molly, stumbling up stairs in the darkness, was crying sofly and pressing against her face the hand which Hobson had kissed.—Indianapolis Sun.

BEGAN LIFE PENNILESS,

And Now Owns and Conducts 28 Valuable Publications.

One of the greatest newspaper publishers in the world—perhaps the greatest—is Cyril Arthur Pearson, of London. Mr. Pearson is now 38 years old, and began life without a penny and with an ordinary education.

His first position paid him \$10 a week, and he was then 19 years old. Soon he was the manager of the business, at a salary of \$1,500. This did not satisfy

him, and soon afterward he founded a publication of his own, which proved wonderfully successful. He is now the owner of nine daily newspapers, four weekly newspapers, nine weekly periodicals and six monthly publications. Beside, he conducts a large book publishing business. Four of his newspapers are among the greatest dailies in London, one of them having an earning capacity of \$750,000 yearly. Few men have risen so rapidly as this young London publisher.

Serious.
"The trouble with many actors," said the man of ponderous wisdom, "is that they do not take their work seriously."

"You do us an injustice," said Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Hundreds of miles away from home, hotel bills and railway fares to pay, salaries due and weather uncertain—who could help taking everything seriously?"—Washington Star.

Ayer's

Take cold easily? Throat tender? Lungs weak? Any relatives have consumption? Then a cough means a great

Cherry Pectoral

deal to you. Follow your doctor's advice and take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It heals, strengthens, prevents.

"For 40 years I have depended on Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. I know it greatly strengthens weak lungs."

Mrs. F. A. ROBINSON, Saline, Mich.

25c., 50c., \$1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for

Weak Lungs

Ayer's Pills increase the activity of the liver, and thus aid recovery.

Self-made opportunities are a great help to the man who would break into the self-made class.

There is a great deal of difference between being a "sooner" and a prompter.

There may be two railways to the top of Mt. Blanc.

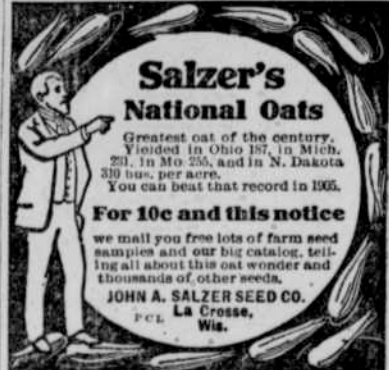
Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Money a Little Scarce.

Hustler—I want to advertise for capital; partner wanted, you know. Here it is. Get it in to-morrow.

Advertising Clerk—Yes, sir. Two dollars and a half, please.

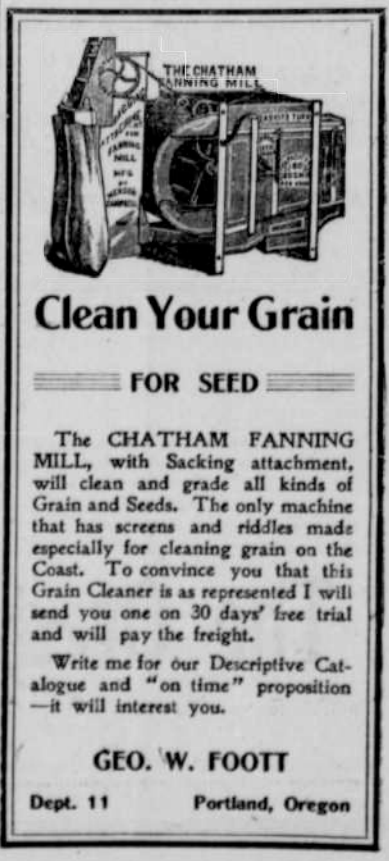
Hustler—Oh, that's all right. I'll pay for the advertisement when I get the capital.



Salzer's National Oats
Greatest oat of the century. Yielded in Ohio 187, in Mich. 231, in Mo. 255, and in N. Dakota 319 bush. per acre. You can beat that record in 1905.

For 10c and this notice
we mail you free lots of farm seed samples and our big catalog, telling all about this oat wonder and thousands of other seeds.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO.
La Crosse, Wis.



Clean Your Grain
FOR SEED

The CHATHAM FANNING MILL, with Sacking attachment, will clean and grade all kinds of Grain and Seeds. The only machine that has screens and riddles made especially for cleaning grain on the Coast. To convince you that this Grain Cleaner is as represented I will send you one on 30 days' free trial and will pay the freight.

Write me for our Descriptive Catalogue and "on time" proposition—it will interest you.

GEO. W. FOOT
Dept. 11 Portland, Oregon