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But even this great old medicine cannot do its best work if the liver is inactive and the bowels constipated. The best way to keep the bowels regular is to take Ayer's Pills while taking the Sarsaparilla. They will quickly respond, and so will the bowels.

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 GOUT,
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 PAINFUL AFFECTIONS.

DISCUSS RATE LAW

Railroad Men and Shippers Urge Claims Before Commission.

MORE TIME TO FILE TARIFFS

Railroad Men Object to Change in Export and Import Rates—Shippers Favor It.

Washington, Aug. 30.—To discuss certain phases of the railroad rate law, which is now in effect, there was a conference which lasted the greater part of the day, between the members of the Interstate Commerce commission and representatives of the railroads and shippers of the country. The railroad officials present numbered 34, among whom were: Vice President Caldwell, of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western; Vice President Gayer, of the New York Central; Counsel Massey, of the Pennsylvania; and General Counsel Clardy, of the Missouri Pacific, while F. Bentley, of Chicago, J. A. Farley, of Dallas, Tex., and James Maynard, of Knoxville, Tenn. were among the speakers for the shippers. The American Shippers' association and the Illinois Manufacturers' association were represented.

The railroad representatives uniformly gave assurance of their intention to comply fully with the new law, but presented their views as to the operation of certain provisions, among the points urged being extension of time in which carriers may file their tariffs with the commission; continuance of the present method of posting tariffs; objection to any change in export and import rates pending a fall hearing; and the absolute concurrence of all the carriers interested before the establishment of joint rates.

The shippers' representatives urged the protection of their interests, particularly against the railroads shifting classifications so as to put up rates.

STRIKEBREAKERS EN ROUTE.

Four Trains of Armed Men Are Now Rushing to San Francisco.

New York, Aug. 30.—Another special train loaded with strike breakers was started for San Francisco last night by James Farley, who has been employed to put an end to the big street railroad strike in the Golden Gate city. Three Farley trains are now trying to cross the continent in four days, saving a day on the average passenger schedule. Another train will leave Jersey City tonight, and still another may leave tomorrow night.

Farley's headquarters resembled the headquarters of a general in the field yesterday. His expedition is being equipped with ammunition, medical supplies and surgical attendants. Seventy-five rounds of cartridges have been ordered for the men, 1,000 revolvers of heavy calibre have been furnished, and only the pick of men seeking adventure or high wages has been selected. Farley will send a New York surgeon, who will get in San Francisco a staff of assistants. He has already commissioned an agent to provide for the men at New York and at cities between here and Chicago, while other commissary agents will look out for the men west of Chicago.

Society People's Opium Den.

Chicago, Aug. 30.—A sumptuously furnished opium den, which both men and women in fashionable Chicago society are said to have frequented, was raided today by detectives at 2828 Calumet avenue. The den was found to consist of an entire flat of six rooms on the third floor, furnished and equipped throughout in Oriental hangings and most costly furniture. Dozens of bejeweled and silver mounted opium pipes and layouts were found and confiscated. Four persons were arrested. About a dozen others escaped through a secret door discovered by the police in a search of the premises after the raid.

Monarchists Want Dictator.

Moscow, Aug. 30.—The Monarchical party at Moscow, in an address to the emperor just published, openly appeals for a dictatorship, "which will put an end to the demoralization in the army," and also urges complete suppression of parliament and restoration of unlimited autocracy. Should His Majesty insist on retaining the parliament, the monarchists promise loyal participation in the elections upon the condition of a change in the election law providing for the exclusion of Jew suffrage.

Iceland Wants American Goods.

Copenhagen, Aug. 30.—Telegrams from Reykjavik, Iceland, intimate that the Icelanders are planning to bring about the direct importation of American goods instead of by way of British ports, as heretofore. The imports from America, especially petroleum, wheat, sugar and tobacco, have largely increased during recent years. The legislature of Iceland has decided to invite 40 members of the Danish parliament to accompany the king of Denmark on his projected visit to Iceland in the summer of 1907.

Why Not Teach Esperanto?

Washington, Aug. 30.—Shall naval officers be taught Esperanto, the universal language? The Naval Academy board is considering a letter of William Baff, of Worcester, Mass., who says that with a daily lesson of one hour for a period of five months, the midshipmen at Annapolis would readily acquire a complete knowledge of Esperanto and would be able to read, write and speak it fluently as a supplementary language.

Strikers Destroy Mine.

Santander, Spain, Aug. 30.—The strike situation is growing worse and the mine owners have sent an urgent demand for reinforcements of troops. The strikers at Camargo are destroying the mine and the railways have been pillaged of their dynamite stores.

CAN LIVE WITHOUT A STOMACH.

Organ Not Always Necessary to Man, Says Dr. Carl Beck.

A man can live without a stomach. So can a woman. This declaration is based upon the authority of Dr. Carl Beck, head of the department of surgery in the North Chicago Hospital. The assertion of the surgeon was brought out by the recent remarks of Professor John Mason Tyler of Amherst College in a lecture at the University of Chicago. Professor Tyler said: "A man can live comfortably without brains, but no man ever existed without a digestive system."

"I shall not assume that the distinguished professor meant literally that a man could not live without brains," said Dr. Beck. "It is apparent that he conveys the idea that an ignorant man may exist with all his functions strength, while an enlightened and learned person with weakened digestive organs cannot. I hold a decidedly opposite view as to the stomach end of it, backed by personal knowledge and authorities."

"Persons without stomachs not only can but do live, and we have a notable instance of the fact in Chicago to-day. Six years ago I removed the stomach of Mrs. Hansen, who lives on Roscoe, near North Clark street, and she is living, well and hearty to-day."

"Of course it was necessary to make certain intestinal connections to sustain the internal organism, but the stomach was entirely removed. Artificial nourishment was required for a time. Then a new stomach formed and it has restored the victim to perfect health."

"The late Sheriff Thomas Barrett lived for months without functional operation of the stomach. Not because it was affected but because he was unable to swallow, and the nourishment he obtained until physical exhaustion caused his death was by artificial means."—Chicago News.

DESERT CHAUFFEURS.

There is a desert product which is essentially modern, and which must be classed as a type of the twentieth century mining camp, says a writer in the Outlook Magazine. This is the desert chauffeur, who opened the trail of traffic between Tonopah and Goldfield, Nevada, and later drove his machine on south to the camps of the Bullfrog district. It is distinctly picturesque, and is as thoroughgoing a pioneer in his way as the freighter is in his.

"I can spot one of those desert automobile drivers coming up street as far as I can see him," said a man in Goldfield. "After he has been at it a year he looks like a sheep herder. He gets that laced look in his face and the same kind of a wild stare, and he looks as if you couldn't get the dust out of his system if you ran him through a stamp mill."

It is one of the many incongruities of those towns dumped down in the heart of the desert to see the prospector and his burros turning out to dodge the high-powered automobiles which snort through the unpaved streets in squadrons. Nor have so many costly machines been wrecked anywhere as on the road, if you may call it such, between Goldfield and Bullfrog. It is a stretch of sixty miles of lonely desert, without a town or house as a refuge in case of a breakdown.

When I made the trip, says a writer, it was as cheerful a risk with respect to reaching your destination as putting out to sea in a flat-bottomed skiff. The law of the survival of the fittest had wrought its pitiless work among the battered machines, and from the wreckage loomed the commanding figure of one "Bill" Brown, the only driver who guaranteed to get you across, whether his auto held together or not.

He had rebuilt his car several times. So little of the original material was left that it suggested the present condition of the frigate Constitution. The car, elaborate, equipped with many glittering devices which "Bill" Brown began to eliminate with ruthless hand. It should furnish makers and owners of automobiles with food for reflection to learn that this inconspicuous chauffeur took a thousand pounds of weight from this machine before he had it running to please him. When he had discarded a vast amount of machinery and trimmings, "which will put an end to the demoralization in the army," and also urges complete suppression of parliament and restoration of unlimited autocracy. Should His Majesty insist on retaining the parliament, the monarchists promise loyal participation in the elections upon the condition of a change in the election law providing for the exclusion of Jew suffrage.

Walking on the Water. A pair of aquatic shoes has been constructed, writes M. Glen Fling in Technical World Magazine, which enables its wearer to walk on the water as easily as a ship sails the sea. "Canal boats," for sure, are these water shoes, but when a foot is slipped into them and the wearer gives a slight thrust forward with the body and a deft push with the first right foot and then with the left and the shore begins to slip behind him as if he were wearing the fam-darn seven league boots, size is of no consideration. A long pull, a strong pull, first with one foot and then with the other and he is slipping down the stream as easily and pleasantly and as noiselessly as sneaks the Indian in his birch bark canoe.

Lieutenant Arthur T. Sadler, of the United States volunteer life saving crew at Charlestown, Mass., is the discoverer of this new sport, and he is also the inventor of the novel boat shoes.

The Beautiful Way. We are going to-day, Every rude winter shall bloom like the May; And sorrow itself seems But an echo of dreams, While the light of eternity over us streams.

In that beautiful way, We are going to-day, Atlanta Constitution.

Gaining Wisdom. "Yes, he asked me for the loan of a 'five' and I let him have it." "Really, I didn't think you knew each other well enough for that."

"Just about, but now I know him better."—Philadelphia Press.

A LITTLE LESSON IN ADVERSITY.

The father and grandfather of John Paul Jones, the great naval hero, were market gardeners in a Scotch village. John Paul was the fifth of a family of seven children. The boy was 12 years old when he was bound over to a merchant in the American trade, as he had showed a desire to follow a strength while an enlightened and learned person with weakened digestive organs cannot. I hold a decidedly opposite view as to the stomach end of it, backed by personal knowledge and authorities.

John Paul Jones, sea-faring life. What little schooling he possessed he had secured in the parish school of Kirkcubbin. After he had entered upon his apprenticeship he learned the need of wider knowledge, and set out on one of study navigation. Many tales were told of the intensity with which the boy studied in every hour that he could spare from his work.

Just as young Jones was advancing out of the apprenticeship his master failed in business. Jones sailed for America. On the voyage the captain and the mate died of fever, and Jones assumed the command of the ship, bringing it safely into harbor. This entitled him to papers at once, and he started out on his career as a sailing master.

The rest of his life is a matter of national history. Through it all Jones displayed the same courage, the same way of overcoming all obstacles, the same determination that had characterized his endeavors to obtain a knowledge of navigation when a boy.

SAW HEAVEN AND HELL. Cherokee in Awe of a Tribesman They Came Near Burying. Tooley Catron, a Cherokee Indian of 21 or 25 years, who declares he has arisen from the dead, is just now the center of more attention than is usually accorded one who has never been known beyond the narrow confines of his neighborhood, says the Muskogee (I. T.) correspondent of the New York Herald.

Not many years ago young Catron was returning from Tahlequah, a distance of about ten miles from his home. Traveling on foot, he came to a river and he proceeded to wade across when, without an instant's premonition of illness, he suddenly fell unconscious on a gravel bar. There he remained for some time, when he was found by a passer-by, who, supposing him to be dead, carried him to his hut in the forest near Barren Fork Creek.

There Catron was laid upon his bed and efforts were made to restore him to consciousness, but to no avail, and he was given up for dead.

All the next day he lay stark and cold and it was decided to bury him on the following day. Consequently, preparations for performing the last offices were begun, but, after all, the interment was not to be, for before the sun had arisen on the day set for the funeral obsequies Catron began to show signs of returning animation, and by the time the sunbeams were dissipating the mists in the Barren Fork Valley the supposedly dead man was very much alive and ready to partake of food and drink and in a few days, as strong as usual, was to be seen about his usual haunts.

But while he was well physically as ever, the processes of Catron's mind were diverted into other channels. Whereas he had previous to his unconscious state entered into the commonplace conversations of his companions with readiness, he now assumed a greatly changed manner of speech. His demeanor, too, was different. He assumed a more dignified carriage.

All of this was in itself surprising to his neighbors, already mystified by his return from what was supposed by them to be death, but their surprise was even greater when Catron informed them that he had really been dead, had seen both heaven and hell and the position to be occupied in the unseen world by the red, white and black races.

His future on earth, he indicated, would be different from what it had been in the past. In conversation with an old acquaintance, Catron informed him that he (Catron) was like the Lord in that, too, had been dead and had arisen. Claiming at first to be a man of business, Catron purchased a suit case, and, going to Welling, boarded a train, saying that he intended going to Washington for the purpose of consulting the President on the public questions of importance. However, he did not make an extended journey, but was back home in a few days, making preparations for preaching, and addressed a large crowd of fullbloods in the mountain regions, far down the Illinois River.

Catron is a slender, dark man of ordinary appearance and one of the last that would be supposed to have a "mission" to perform, but his having so strangely fallen into what was apparently the state of death and having returned, no doubt, cause him to be regarded with a peculiar veneration and awe by large bands of his people.

She Is Not the Only One. Here is an essay of a small schoolgirl on the subject of "If I were Grown Up": "If I were grown up I should get married and have Jim whenever I like. And I think I shall be a dressmaker. When I am married I am not going out washing clothes, like some people. I shall have a baby, and I shall not let anybody smack it unless I shall smack it. I shall have a little boy. If I have a place where there is a strict lady I shall leave. I want plenty of money for my husband. That's all I have got to say about when I am grown up."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Thorough Job. In the cook's absence the young mistress of the house undertook, with the help of a green waitress, to get the Sunday luncheon. The furried maid, who had been struggling in the kitchen with a coffee machine that refused to work, confessed that she had forgotten to wash the lettuce.

"Well, never mind, Eliza. Go on with the coffee, and I'll do it," said the considerate mistress. "Where do you keep the soap?"

A Stage. All the world's a stage, they say; For each a part is set. And when mosquitoes start this way We play behind a net. —Washington Star.

We have reached the age when we don't see what's the matter with eating the picnic lunch on the dining room table at home, and having no baskets to carry.

CAREER OF THE TEXAS.

Warship Completed in 1896 Labeled Upon as "Hoodoo." The battle ship Texas, the "hoodoo boat" of the American navy, has been placed on the retired list, says the Augusta Herald. She has been sent to the navy yard at Charleston, S. C., to serve there as a station ship, and unless war should break out, which would necessitate the bringing into service of every available vessel, her active days are past.

The Texas is not old. She was completed in 1895, but was never a good steamer, though she consumed tremendous quantities of coal, and ill luck so persistently attended her that she came to be regarded as "hoodooed."

Once in her career the fatal spell departed from her, during the battle off Santiago de Cuba. Her noble behavior during that struggle under command of Capt. Jack Phillip is fresh in memory. But the hopes to which that momentary reinvigoration gave rise were shortly after shattered and she resumed her wonted course of awry action.

When she was out for her first trial, one of her propeller blades cut into a passing schooner and sunk it. Placed on a dry dock for the first time, she could not bear the strain of her own weight, and had to be overhauled at great expense. Later, she ran ashore in Norfolk harbor. In 1900, while she was lying in the Brooklyn navy yard, one of her sea-cocks became unfastened and she sank. In February, of 1897, she went ashore at the Tortugas, and in December of the same year in the Wal-labout channel. In November, of 1902, while she was at target practice, her big guns broke the recoil and wrecked the surroundings works. That was her last accident, but there is no telling what more would have happened to her if she had been required for somewhat active service.

It is altogether likely that her hoodoo days will be as her active days are over. Her 6-inch guns have already been taken from her, and her turret guns will be taken as soon as use can be found for them. She will remain quietly at her dock until at some time in the future she will join other forgotten vessels in the naval graveyard.

MODEL SHOVEL SALESMAN. Story Told of the Duke of Wellington and a Big Contract. A millionaire shovelmaker, as he sat in the smoking room of an Atlantic liner, said to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat writer:

"I have been over to England trying to sell shovels to the British government. I failed. I couldn't sell a shovel. A dead man named Jones was the cause of my failure.

"Jones was alive, very much alive, during the battle of Waterloo. He sat on horseback near Wellington's tent. Wellington, seeing him there in civilian's dress, said angrily:

"Who are you?" "I am a shovel salesman," said Jones, and I came here from Brussels to see the battle."

"Now that you are here," said Wellington, "are you willing to carry a message for me to one of my generals? It will be a dangerous errand, but I have no one else to send."

"I'll carry your message," said Jones, "and as for danger, one part of this battle field is no more dangerous than another to-day."

"So Wellington gave him the message, and Jones delivered it, but failed to return. The duke thought him slain, but one day eight or nine years later a man accented the duke in London.

"Do you remember me?" he said. "I do," said Wellington, shaking the man's hand warmly, "you saved two regiments of mine by the delivery of that message. Why didn't you return to me?"

"Jones said his horse had been killed by a cannon ball as he was returning, and he himself had been shot in the side, but not badly—a few days' abed had brought him around."

"Well, said the duke, 'what can I do for you?' "I am a partner in that shovel house of ours now," said Jones, "the firm name is Smith, Jenkins & Jones, and I'd like to get a government contract."

"He got it," the millionaire ended, sadly. "From that day to this all the shovels used in the British army and navy have been supplied by the house of Smith, Jenkins & Jones. I wasted my time trying to compete with that firm."

How to Find Fish Worms. He had selected a promising spot, a shady and low lying knoll, but, though he had been digging now for fifteen minutes, not a single worm had his spade turned up.

"Here, sonny," said an old angler, "take this chunk of soap and make me a quart or two of soap-suds."

The boy brought the suds, the old man sprinkled them over the ground, and then he, in his turn, began to dig. It was amazing. Here, where the boy before had not found a single worm in dozens.

"You can find worms 'most anywhere, sonny," said the old man, "if you wet the ground with soap-suds first. The soap-suds draws them, the same as molasses draws flies. A weak mixture of blue vitriol and water will do the same thing also."—Providence Journal.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made 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.

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"What for?" "He claims to have unearthed an original manuscript from the pen of Marcellus Farquhar Tupper, author of 'Proverbial Philosophy.'"

"I see. They are trying to get him to suppress it."

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It is mid-October in Vermont, and there was already a hint of snow in the air. The city boarder on his way to the depot shivered slightly, and drew his greatcoat closer about him.

"There's no denying that you have the loveliest State in the Union in the summer, Osgood," he said to the stage-driver, "but I wouldn't live here the year round if you'd give it to me."

The old man slowly flicked a persistent fly off the neck of his horse before he grumbled. "Well, 'tain't a very good State to live in, I'll admit. Have to drag round on wheels about four months out of every year!"

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