

What Ails You?

Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bilious or bad taste in morning, "heart-warm," belching of gas, acid risings in roat after eating, stomach gnaw or urning, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or ible appetite, nausea at times and ired symptoms?

If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from biliousness, torpid liver with indigestion, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made up of the most desirable medicinal principles known to medical science for the permanent cure of all abnormal conditions. It is a most efficient liver invigorator, stomach tonic, sweel regulator and nerve strengthener.

The following leading medical authorities, among a host of others, extol the foregoing as the best cure for such ailments as the above symptoms indicate: Prof. K. Bartholow, D. of Jefferson Med. College, Phila.; Prof. C. Wood, M. D., of Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Edwin Hahn, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Leans; Prof. John King, M. D., Author of American Dispensary; Prof. J. M. Sendell, M. D., Author of Specific Medicines; Prof. J. M. Johnson, M. D., Med. Dept. Univ. of N. Y.; Prof. Finlay Ellingwood, M. D., Author of Materia Medica and Prof. in Bennett Medical College, Chicago. Send name and address on Postal Card to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive free booklet giving extracts from writings of all the above medical authorities and many others endorsing, in the most possible terms, each and every ingredient of which "Golden Medical Discovery" is composed.

The young and bashful professor was recently embarrassed by jokes his pupils would play on him. These were so frequent that he decided to punish the next perpetrators, and result of this decision was that two sons were detained an hour after school made to work some difficult problems as punishment.

Respect at Last. I think, one of the latest lawyers in this state, "Why, I heard you say once that you didn't consider him any good."

Long Winded. It takes you a pretty long while to shave yourself, doesn't it? "Not so very long. I can shave myself quicker than my old barber could."

RECIPE MIXED OFTEN.

Aggists Hear Much Praise for This Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Some remarkable stories are being told about town and among the country people coming in of this simple home-made mixture curing Rheumatism, Kidney trouble. Here is the recipe and directions for taking: Mix by adding well in a bottle one-half ounce of Extract Dandelion, one ounce of Compound Kargon, three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Take as a one teaspoonful after meals and bedtime.

No change need be made in your diet, but drink plenty of good water. This mixture, writes one authority leading Philadelphia newspaper, has a peculiar tonic effect upon the kidneys; cleansing the clogged-up tubes of the eliminative tissues, forcing the kidneys to sift and strain from blood the uric acid and other poisonous waste matter, overcoming Rheumatism, Bladder and Urinary troubles a short while.

A New York druggist who has had hundreds of calls for these ingredients sees the first announcement in the papers last October stated that people who once try it "swear by it especially those who have Urinary and Kidney trouble and suffer with Rheumatism." Druggists in this neighborhood can supply the ingredients which are easily mixed at home. There is no better blood-cleansing or system tonic known, and certainly none more harmless or simple to use.

LONDON'S EAST SIDE.

Fearful Picture of Poverty and Dissipation.

A SATURDAY NIGHT SCENE.

The Awful Spectacle That a Bitterly Cold Evening in Winter Disclosed to the Wayfarer in the Streets—The Hucksters and Their Customers.

Let me show you something which is more terrible than tragedy and more hideous than vice. It is a close wedged procession of thousands of happy but shabby men and women and children passing at a crawl between shop windows and costermongers' barrows on a Saturday night in winter in southeast London. The wind from the Thames blows hither and thither the flames and naphtha lamps and makes them tug and hiss at the greasy burners. It is bitterly cold. Women draw their gray shawls closer over their heads; men turn up their coat collars, hump their shoulders and thrust their hands deeper in their pockets, and the blue faced children, squeezed between the legs of the crawling multitude, shiver and snuffle as they creep so slowly forward with chattering teeth and purple lips, which twitch and shudder, half from cold and half from hunger.

Look at some of the faces. The women have their hair dragged back from their foreheads. The eyes are hardly visible. The noses are short and broad. The blubber lips reach across their swollen faces. The men have shifty eyes. Their underjaws project. There is nothing in their faces which suggests dignity or kindness. On all the faces you read satisfaction and content. Even the starving children peep about with excitement.

On the top rail of a stall, stuck upon books and just high enough to grin above the multitude, are the heads of two sucking pigs. The eyes are half open and wear a glassy smile. Round the rim of the ears and at the edge of the open grinning lips is a line of blood. They seem to hang there like the presiding deities of the market, the gods of this sordid festival.

Butchers stand before their open windows, calling loudly and briskly for customers and reaching down joints of meat from steel hooks, which they fling to a man inside to be weighed. Children, bareheaded and in rags, thrust themselves among the crowd, offering beet roots on pieces of dirty newspaper. The street is filled with cries. There is a smell of fish and fusty garments. Into our faces as we go forward foul, fat women with hoarse voices shove handfuls of animal matter—things all bloody and dreadful—and tell us that the cost is only two pence. At another barrow an old woman and her three daughters are selling for pennies, twopences, threepences and fourpences the loathsome oddsments from their rag shop. Blouses, stays, petticoats, nightdresses, trousers, waistcoats and caps—all of them so sodden and musty that we doubt if they would burn—are snatched up from the wide stall, flourished in the light of the naphtha lamps and flung across to the highest bidder for a few coppers.

And, while this marketing is going on and while the air is filled with the hoarse shouts of the hucksters, out from the public houses, like bees dislodged from a swarm, drop men and women, many of them carrying babies in their arms, and slouch away into the darkness of some neighboring court. The gin shops are crammed with men, women and children. The more careful housewives are flung bits of meat scarce fit for dogs and haunting the stalls till they have collected enough for Sunday's dinner, but when this is done they, too, fight their way into the gin shops and drink till closing time. In and out of the pawnbrokers' shops pass the mothers who wish to rescue their best clothes for the Sunday. The money lenders' doors are never still. And the crowd in the street grows denser and noisier. The smell of it fills the soul with nausea.

A young man, with a child or two in his arms, comes out of a public house. His wife and a girl friend follow after him, mocking him for going home so early. The wife carries a baby of three or four months in her arms. In the middle of the road the girls begin to dance and sing. The husband turns round and laughs. The child in his arms, with dazed eyes, watches her mother singing and dancing. The dirty linen cap on the baby's head slips off as the mother whirls about, and we see the poor little bald head going round and round in the glare of the naphtha. How it must wonder at the shrill laughter of its swaying mother! The baby is no larger than a skinned rabbit. Round and round, round and round, to the shrieked tune of "Sally, Sally, Was in the Ballet," while the husband stands grinning and the girl friend suddenly reels and goes down behind a barrow, chuckling and cursing.—Detroit News.



Hunting a Grave.

[Original.] My cousin Mary and I were very intimate, and our fathers' farms adjoined, though the distance by the road between the two houses was half a mile. I had been at Mary's one evening, staying much later than usual. There was no man to escort me home, and I was forced to go alone. Mary suggested that I take the dog with me, and I did so. It was 11 o'clock when I started, and it was bright moonlight. We farmers' daughters are used to going about alone in the country, and I didn't feel afraid. If there was timidity in me it was rather due to superstition than any real danger, a superstition that every one feels, more or less. Of course I made figures out of the stumps and patches of moonlight, but they always turned out to be stumps and moonlight, and I was becoming more or less used to them when suddenly the dog set up a howl and, putting his tail between his legs, ran off in the direction from which we had come.

I was the more astonished when I saw the object that had frightened him, a man, for I had relied on the dog for protection. I proceeded on my way, and the figure advanced slowly toward me. When we met I saw a young man about twenty-five years of age, very handsome and evidently a gentleman. I was not unused to seeing city folk in the region, for we were near the ocean, and there were summer resorts above and below us, though the season had passed, and the visitors were mostly gone. I felt no fear of injury, for the man raised his hat politely, though with apparent effort. Whether it was the moonlight that shone full in his face or not I couldn't tell, but he seemed to be very pale. It seemed also that there was an odor of the sea about him, but this may have been borne on a light puff of air that passed as I met him. "Can you direct me to the churchyard?" he asked. "Follow the road in the direction you are going for about a mile," I replied, "and you will come to it. It lies the road. You can't miss it." For heaven's sake, what did the man want at the churchyard at that time of night? "Do you know the hour?" he asked. "A little past 11." Was he ill, staggering about in the road, or was there something the mat-

A STEADY DRAIN

Sick Kidneys Weaken the Whole Body—Make You Ill, Languid, Depressed

Sick kidneys weaken the body through the continual drainage of life-giving albumen from the blood into the urine, and the substitution of poisonous uric acid that goes broadcast through the system, sowing the seeds of disease. Loss of albumen causes weakness, languor, depression. Uric poisoning causes rheumatic pain, nervousness, nausea, cricks in the back, gravel and kidney stones. The proper treatment is a kidney treatment, and the best remedy is Doan's Kidney Pills. Great Forest Grove cures prove it.

Mrs. E. H. Colman, living on Sixth and Third St., Forest Grove, Ore., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills proved of great benefit to me. Some time ago I was attacked with sharp pains through my back and limbs and pain through my back so acute that I was hardly able to get around. Doan's Kidney Pills were so highly recommended to me, that I procured a box, and they helped me from the first. I have had no return of the complaint since and feel that I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills with great confidence." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and and take no other.

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For the general news of the World also for information about how to obtain the best results in cultivating the soil, Stock Raising, Fruit Growing etc. You can secure this excellent paper and the Washington County News for a short time for \$2.25

AT THE CHURCHES M. E. Church Regular preaching services at the Methodist church every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and at 8:00 p. m. Sundays school at 10 a. m.; Epworth League 7:00 p. m.; Mid-week Service, Thursday, 8:00 p. m. REV. H. GOULD, Pastor. German Lutheran Church The German Lutheran hold services on the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month at 2:30 p. m. H. C. KREILING, Pastor. Christian Church. SCHEDULE OF SERVICES. Bible School, Sunday, 10:00 a. m. Communion and preaching, 11:00 a. m. Junior Mission Band, 11:30 a. m. Christian Endeavor, 3:00 p. m. Praying, 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday night. REV. S. S. SIA, Pastor. Congregational Church Sunday School at 10 a. m. Morning Preaching Service at 11 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Young People's Meeting held at 6:30 p. m. Mid-week service on Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. REV. H. W. BOYD, Pastor. Free Methodist There will be preaching services in the Free Methodist Church every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. REV. H. K. BOWMAN, Pastor. Christian Science. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. at the Christian Science Hall, 115 South Fifth Street. Notice for Publication. United States Land Office, Portland, Oregon, November 12, 1907. Notice is hereby given that Flora A. Dudley of Portland, County of Multnomah, State of Oregon, has applied to purchase, under the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, as extended by act of August 4, 1892, the SW 1/4, Lots 3 and 4 and NE 1/4 of Section 30, T. 3 N., R. 3 W., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes and to establish his claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Portland, Oregon, on the 6th day of February, 1908. He names as his witnesses: Orlin Ohlson of Portland, Oregon, Mary E. Wilson of Portland, Oregon, Charles Reed of Portland, Oregon, Will Kelley of Buxton, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 6th day of February, 1908. ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

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