

The Bahamas.
The Bahamas have no descendants now of the Indians whom Columbus found there. They were carried away by the Spaniards to work in mines and pearl fisheries elsewhere, when they were not ruthlessly exterminated. Of the white population many are the descendants of the Loyalists of Georgia and South Carolina who fled hither when the United States became independent. The blacks' speech presents one specially curious feature: they exchange their vs and ws, exactly as the Londoner did when Mr. Weller insisted upon spelling his name with a "We."

Protestant Churches in Rome.
There are now 14 Protestant church buildings in Rome: Three English Episcopal, one Presbyterian, two Methodist, four Baptist, one Walden sian, one German Lutheran, and one of the Free Italian church.

It's Pettit's Eye Salve
that gives instant relief to eyes; irritated from dust, heat, sun or wind. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Manners vs. Mannerism.
There's a vast difference between manners and mannerisms. For instance, manners takes its soup softly and quietly, while mannerism gorges it. Manners says: "Pass the butter, please;" while mannerism bites a chunk out of a piece of bread and stutters: "Slip me the grease, will you?"—Detroit Free Press.

VALUE OF PINEAPPLE JUICE.
Delightful Drink is Now to Be Had in Convenient Form.

The man who thinks out and brings out a new food preparation usually has to create the "long-felt want" which he fills. In tackling the pineapple juice problem, no such difficulty confronted James D. Dole, of Honolulu. When we eat pineapple it is for the juice alone, and less fibrous and more tender the fruit, the juicier it is and the better we like it.

When the doctor orders pineapple in cases of throat trouble or certain stomach and intestinal difficulties it is the pure, uncooked juice pressed from the ripest obtainable fruit which he wants his patient to have. It is this same refreshing juice which the nurse gives fever convalescents where cooling and slightly acid drinks are desirable. So pineapple juice already had a place.

The problem then, to be solved, was how to get the pure juice of pineapple on the market in such a form that it would please the healthy lover of the fruit, and be useful to the doctor and the nurse. A syrup would not do, because of the impossibility of suiting individual tastes. Even the juice of the finest Hawaiiian canned pineapple would not answer with its small quantity of preservative pure cane sugar, because the physician needs to regulate the amount of sugar prescribed. To make a long story short, Mr. Dole spent years in experiments which finally resulted in the Hawaiiian Pineapple Juice which bears his name.

Dole's is the Juice of "Picked Ripe" Hawaiiian Pineapples pressed out and bottled on the islands where the fruit grows. Filtered, refined, sterilized in the bottle, retaining all the natural flavor and aroma, not a bit of sugar, water, preservative, or anything else is added. It has been four months on the market. During this time the Juice has been distributed all over the United States, in some parts in ample quantities, while in others the supply has been very restricted.

Its success has been most gratifying and unprecedented.

In its favor were the previous favorable reception of Hawaiiian Pineapple, the general knowledge of its high quality, the therapeutic values of pineapple juice known to the medical profession, and the remarkable product itself. So, four months have sufficed to give this new drink a large hold upon the people of the country until the demand is practically unlimited.

Hallbut.
Hallbut is the "holy but" or flounder. The flounder place or but was called holy, it is supposed, because it was chiefly used as food on the fast days of the church. "Hollyhook" is the holy hook or mallow, which got that name because it was brought from Palestine.

One of Tom Hood's Last Jokes.
Shortly before his death, being visited by a clergyman whose features as well as language were more lugubrious than consoling, Hood looked up at him compassionately and said, "My dear sir, I am afraid your religion doesn't agree with you."—From Planché's Reminiscences.

"Salt River."
That imaginary stream called "Salt river," up which defeated candidates are supposed to be rowed, is one of the most felicitous of all our political Americanisms, although its authorship is unknown.

In Sunday School.
Teacher—"What happened to Lot's wife?" Young America—"I suppose you mean about her turning to salt, but that looks to me like a yellow journal story."

CAP and BELLS



WISE YOUNGSTER AN EXPERT

Garrulous Young Man Sure He Knew Fresh Oysters but Didn't Recognize Rubber Ones.

The garrulous young man who thinks he "knows it all," and some more besides, stood in front of the restaurant window.

"Fine jar of oysters you have in there," he commented.

"Yes," responded the corpulent proprietor, who was standing in the doorway.

"So plump and fresh-looking. When it comes to telling a fresh oyster by its appearance, I'm the candy."

"Regular expert, eh?"

"You bet! They say oysters are not running good this year, and yet those in that jar look the same as those you had in the window two years ago when oysters were plentiful."

And the restaurant proprietor's features relaxed into a pleasant smile.

"They are the same," was the quiet response. "Those are rubber oysters, for show only."

Ultra-Swell.

Little Madge of Shantytown is no so fortunate as her well-dressed sisters and is often forced to wear her mother's "hand me downs." When she appeared out on the river pier in a skirt that was so long she could scarcely walk all the gamins started to jeer her. "Get onto de umbrella cover she has on," bantered Jimmy Finn. "What do yer call it, anyhow, Madge?"

And Madge elevated her little sun-peeled nose and retorted:

"Get some sense about yer, Jimmy Finn, an' read de Paris styles once in a while. Dis is one of de new 'hobble kirts.'"

Melodrama.

As the eighteen-carat villain leaped down from the pasteboard castle the beautiful heroine gave a shriek of despair.

"Harold McDuff!" she moaned, as the great crystal tears welled in her eyes, "you have been my undoing!"

Turning as white as a summer-boarding house sheet, the eighteen-carat villain vanished among the paper foliage. And the beautiful heroine spoke the truth.

By stepping on the train of her gown the arch conspirator had loosened two tiny hooks up near the neck.

AWFUL.



The Trust Magnate—They tell me that I am accused of being two-faced.

His Secretary—Worse than that. Why, the newspaper illustrators have run your face up into the hundreds.

A Luckless Family.

"His father had a leg broken, his brother was run over by the trolley, and another brother had an arm broken while cranking up his auto."

"And did he escape all such serious things?"

"He got married."

A Resemblance.

"What drink is a complaint of bad electric service like?"

"I can't see that it resembles any drink."

"Why, isn't it a current whine?"

FARM FOR A FIDDLE

WOMAN GIVES LAND WORTH \$2,000 FOR A \$3 VIOLIN.

Mrs. Lightner of Paris, Mo., Defrauded by Man Representing Self as Music House Agent—Prize Hopf Violin Proves Bogus.

New York.—Carrying a carefully wrapped bundle in both arms and mumbling excitedly to herself, "I've got it," a little old woman stepped nervously into the violin department of Lyon & Healy, this city.

Five minutes later she was carried to a car, moaning hysterically. What she believed to be a genuine Hopf violin, an almost priceless instrument, proved to be a fiddle not worth \$3. She had been swindled, she said, out of her home a farm worth \$2,000 bought with her life's savings.

The woman was Mrs. J. M. Lightner of Paris, Mo., she told a pathetic story to the officers of the piano house. Early in July, she said, she was approached by a man giving the name of N. M. Ewing, representing himself as an agent of Lyon & Healy. He said that he was searching for a rare Hopf violin for which he asserted the company would pay \$5,000. A confederate giving the name of Price then appeared in Monroe, Mo., with the instrument and Mrs. Lightner hunted him up and bought the violin.

"I had to go twenty-four miles to find Mr. Price," wrote Mrs. Lightner in a letter to Lyon & Healy. "He had heard that the violin was very valuable and I had to pay him \$2,000 for it. I didn't have that much money and decided over my farm to him."

Ewing never called at the Lightner home to buy the instrument. The victim became suspicious and wrote Lyon & Healy on August 27, making inquiry about the agent and asking what price would be given for the violin. A reply was sent stating that no such person as N. M. Ewing was in the employ of the company. Then Mrs. Lightner was also notified that it would be necessary to see the violin before any price could be made.

After learning how she had been swindled Mrs. Lightner took the first train for home.

SKUNKS INVADE COUNTY SEAT

Don't Make Friends With the Cat, Warring Since Animals Shooed From Farm.

Ipswich, S. D.—Don't make friends with a cat, is the advice given here since the invasion of this county seat town by skunks began several days ago.

As Willard Brown, a prominent resident, was going home after dark, he attempted to pick up what he took to be the old house cat, but he was mistaken and was fined a new suit of clothes.

A day or two later one of the odoriferous animals was found starting upstairs in a business block.

Knute Knutesen, a farmer in Clear Lake Township, has a skunk farm, raising the animals for their oil and fur, and local residents are of the opinion that the visitants are strays from the skunk farm.

OYSTER BITES MAN'S TONGUE

Restaurant Keeper Placed Tiny Shell in Mouth as Temporary Storehouse.

Warsaw, Ind.—L. C. Hamman, a restaurant keeper, was waiting on a customer when he noticed among the raw oysters he was serving one tiny fellow, shell and all. He removed it from the plate and placed it in his mouth for safe keeping until through waiting on his customer.

In response to the warmth, the oyster opened its shell, then closed as nearly as possible, barring the impediment of a tiny bit of Hamman's tongue. This was followed by a series of loud yells by Hamman.

Cow Charges Laundry.

Dayton, Wash.—All work was suspended in the ironing department of a laundry here when a cow, being driven to slaughter by Basil brothers, became infuriated and, dashing through an open door into the washing plant, sent frightened women pell mell through all the available exits. The cow was infuriated by a red apron worn by one of the ironers.

At work in another department of the laundry, R. B. Cady heard the feminine screams for help and lassoed the animal. After the red apron had vanished the animal became quiet and was driven from the building. Then the dozen ironers went timidly back to work.

Steal the Watchdog.

Middleton, N. Y.—Some unusually mean burglars visited the home of Bernard Levinson, on Benton avenue, at night and after stealing \$95 from Mr. Levinson's trousers, which were on a chair, on leaving, stole the family watchdog.

SEEING A BLIZZARD AT SEA

Seemingly Nothing Remained but to Meet the End Without Cowardly Complaint.

The roaring and shrieking of the tempest, the thunder of the waves, that jarred the whole fabric with a shock like earthquake, made fitting accompaniment for the gloomy thoughts that possessed me. Home, friends, life itself—all seemed lost. Only one thing remained—to meet the end quietly, without any cowardly complaint. I fell into a sort of mental stupor, while all my physical energies were concentrated in hanging on to my position on the windward side of the cabin, my feet braced against the deck, my hands hooked inside the edge of the berth. Now and then came a lull in the fury of the gale, and I could hear a faint, walling cry like the call of little turkey chicks strayed from their mother—peep! peep! pee-ee-ee! Here was food for speculation. What in the world could it be that made a noise like little turkeys? To solve that riddle immediately became the most engrossing thing. After much search I discovered the source of the sound; the wind was blowing against the companionway, rebounding from that and whistling through the keyhole of the cabin door.

A door in the bulkhead swung open and in came Manuel, smiling affably and reassuringly.

"Ah-h-h!" he exclaimed, "ver' bad storm. Dees morning I begin maka da soup you like so moch, Meest' Inglees. Ah-h-h! Loavely pea soup wit' ham-a-bone. All morning da soup pot on da galley stove she sim-mer, sim-mer, sim-mer. Den, a twenta minute a twelve, com da greata, beega blank-a-da-blank of a wave an' knock down da sheep, an' al my bee-yootiful soup is gone to —, all over da galley wall!"

There is not enough room on this page to describe the long siege of horror that settled down upon us. It lasted for two days and a half. One by one the pilots came down into the cabin to put on dry mittens and hang up the wet ones that were freezing their fingers. No fire could be made for two days; for should another knockdown happen, the scattered coals might set fire to the ship. I don't think anybody ate anything from Monday's breakfast until next day; but my memory as to meals at this time is vague, inasmuch as fear (not seasickness) had driven away from me all idea about food.—William Inglis, in Harper's Weekly.

Sad Disillusionment.

There were tables, of course, for it was really a very good restaurant and one that I had consistently patronized during my ante-marital career, and now that the wife and baby were journeying in the country for two weeks (sans any soorap, tra-loo accompaniment on my part, however), I seemed to owe it to reminiscent bachelor days to again sit at the horseshoe-shaped counter.

A sweet-faced woman of about 45 took my order, and I found myself speculating upon what strange vicissitudes of fate might have reduced a lady of her age and obvious refinement to such a sphere of action in her declining years.

Had she loved and lost the one sweetheart of her youth, or was she still longing for the letter "that never came?"

However, I had finished my modest lunch and was waiting more or less patiently for my check. When finally I caught her eye she moved leisurely over to the counter, and, after feeling first in one and then in the other pocket of her immaculate white apron and slapping various portions of her ample anatomy without any visible returns, murmured with a faraway look: "Where did I put them checks?"—Chicago American.

"Ready—Present—Fire."

Otto Naumann, a Berlin artist, has invented a firearm for emergency use. It is a small but deadly pistol with a very short barrel and it can be carried between the lips and fired with the teeth.

Suppose you were held up by a highwayman or a burglar and ordered to hold up your hands, you could still shoot him, provided, of course, that you were carrying one of Artist Naumann's firearms in your mouth. The weapon is very carefully constructed, and the inventor claims to have obtained as good results shooting at a target as a good rifleman. As a matter of course, the apparatus has to be used with great care to prevent the powder from exploding inside the mouth. It requires also strong nerves, for the detonation is much louder than when a revolver or a rifle is shot off.

Perseverance.

Seymour—Do you know who that fellow across the street is—that poor-looking fellow on his uppers?

Ashley—That's Wasfrsler; twenty years ago he happened to win the first prize in a short-story competition, and ever since then he has been doing nothing except trying to repeat his performance.

COLDS CURED IN ONE DAY



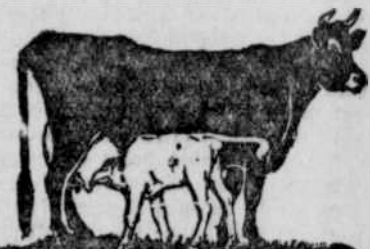
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Fruit of a Good Life.

When you see an old man amiable, mild, equable, content, and good-humored, be sure that in his youth he has been just, generous and forbearing. In his end he does not lament the past nor dread the future; he is like the evening of a fine day.

Copernicus.

Nicholas Copernicus, 1473-1543, first demonstrated the fact that the earth moves around the sun rather than the sun around the earth, which was the universally accepted belief.



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