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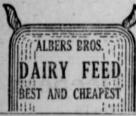
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it is King very respectfully. THOMAS.



Ask your dealer for it. If he does not handle it drop us a postal card and we will furnish you the name of a dealer who does

> ALBERS BROS. MILLING CO. PORTLAND, OREGON ---------

A stroll through the shipping district gives many a wrench to the pur-

ist's soul. "In front of all the commission houses," he said, "I see bales and barrels labeled 'via boat' or 'via Why does not somebody tell the shipping clerks that every time they write that they are insulting the English and every other language? 'Via' can be applied properly only to the place through which a parcel passes, not to the means of transpor-

Misuse of Via.

Petrit's Eve Salve Sore EYES

A Rainfall of 450 Inches.

The rainfall of a village among the hills of Assam, during ten weeks this Cherrapunji, the rainiest spot in Asia and presumably in the world. Its annual rainfall is something over 450 inches-say, fifteen times as much as London. Cherrapunji stands on a plateau, overlooking the plain of Syl-het, and it is 4.455 feet above sea Aunt Mary could g level .- Westminster Cazette.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugarcoated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

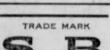
Myth Concerning the Salamander. Newts and salamanders are pretty much like frogs and toads, only they have a tail and look like a lizard, and then in some breeds the pair of hind legs are small and in others lacking. Salamanders often get into old rotten logs and if put on the fire run out without being hurt in many cases, because they are more or less damp and Lord send you a good husband!" may not actually pass through much fire. But folk think a salamander is right at home in the fire.

English Hermit's Strange Life. There died the other day, at the age of eighty-two, a hermit named Lewis, who for the last 20 years has existed on shellfish and lived in his covered trawler, beached at Lower Fishguard. He never varied his dietary, except when shellfish was scarce, and then he substituted bread and cheese. To within two days of his death he was in robust health .- London Answers.

What He Might Expect.

"Trimmins has a first-rate voice," said the critic at the concert; "but he always comes in behind time." "Yes," replied the man who lends money. "I guess it's force of habit. Trimmins' notes are always overdue."-Stray Sto-

Must Have Dined Well. The electric ventilating fan on the wall of the restaurant was whizzing round. A gentleman who had dined extremely well sat looking at it for some time. "Waiter," he complained at last, "that clock's fast!"-Punch.



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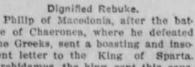
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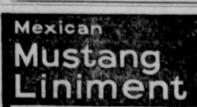
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tle of Chaeronea, where he defeated the Greeks, sent a boasting and insolent letter to the King of Sparta. on!" Archidamus, the king, sent this caustic rejoinder; "If thou wilt measure thy shadow, thou wilt find that it hath not increased in size since thy vic-



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Roasted Chestnuts

By BRYANT C. ROGERS

Aunt Mary Warner lived half a mile below the Fairly manor house on the highway. She was a widow and old and poor and an object of charity. Two or three times a week Miss Minnie Fairly walked down to the little old cottage with a basket of eatables on her arm and a sunny year, was 250 inches. The village is smile on her face, and was always greeted with:

"Lord bless and keep the bonnie maiden! You are helping me to live a little longer, though it seems that there's no place in this world for a

Aunt Mary could go back to the

days when she was a girl herself and talk to interest, and a visit to her had more interest than simple char-She had a bit of garden in which she worked in summer, and often the girl worked with her, and if she happened to be in bed with one of her rheumatic attacks the rooms were swept and things put in order despite her protests.

"It's like the fairy stories I used to read," she would smile. "You are young, wealthy and move with the best, and yet you have a heart for a poor old body like me! May the "But I shall never marry," would

be the reply. "Oh, but you will."

"But when is the young man com-

"Soon, dearie-very soon. You are only nineteen now, and there is lots of time."

"But he must be about twenty-four -black eyes-a drooping mustachecurly hair-white teeth-a deep voice. He must be a hero or I shan't marry

"He will be all that you ask for dearie. I have seen him in my dreams, and he is like a prince."

One October forenoon Miss Minnie set out on one of her visits to Aunt Mary, and reached the cottage to find her missing. The old woman



Set Out to Visit Aunt Mary.

was not in the garden-not hidden behind the currant bushes-not poking around the tumble-down shed where she used to stable her cow.

In her search the girl noticed that the curb of the well had been moved aside, and it came to her like a flash that in drawing water there had been an accident and the victim had met her doom. She knelt and peered down the well, but it was deep and but there was no answer. Aunt out to the highway to summon help, the idle rich. Miss Minnie was just in time to hait an auto in which sat a young man. He was so well dressed and looked so much like a gentleman that she tificial charms replace them. was sure he was the owner, and wringing her hands and never minding who saw her tears she called out:

drowned in the well!" "Who? What?" was asked as the of charms be complete-like this: machine came to a halt,

"Aunt Mary-in the well-come

"Then some one has fallen in?" asked the stranger as he followed to the well and knelt and peered. "Yes-Aunt Mary-a poor

woman living in this cottage." "And you witnessed the accident?" "No, but I know she's down there. were by Dr. Pull."

"Hurry-hurry-hurry!" 'Don't get nervous-don't cry," he

"I'll bring a rope from the auto and go down. It's so dark I can't see, but she may be alive yet." A rope was brought, and the man removed his hat, coat and vest, made one end of the rope fast to the curb,

and then began lowering himself.

He had to do this slowly, and the nervous watcher above kept calling to him: "You must be careful-so very careful! If you should be drowned,

too, what should I do!" "Don't worry about me," he kept answering, and at last he halled from the water:

"I don't think she is down here at The water is only about two feet deep, and I can find nothing of

But if she is not down there,

where is she?" The questioner thought she heard a laugh from the other end of the rope, but the countenance of the man was quite serious as he came up the rope hand-over-hand and reached the ground.

"The case, as I understand it, is that an old lady is missing?" "Yes, she went to draw a pail of

water and fell into the well." "I must beg your pardon. When an old lady falls into a well she stays there until some one helps her out. There is no old lady at the bottom of this well."

"Then it follows that she is some where else. Have you looked through the house and around?" "Yes, everywhere."

"Then-then-

The man glanced all around, and with his eyes on the fringe woods beyond the garden he said:

"I thing I see some chestnut trees up there. We have had a frost and the nuts are rattling down. Wouldn't your Aunt Mary take a wander that way? Let's look." Three minutes later the old woman

was discovered lying in a faint under one of the trees. She had overexerted herself in hobbling the distance and gathering the nuts. "She's dead-she's dead!" ex-

claimed the girl as she threw herself down beside the body.

"She's feeble and has overdone the thing, I should say," quietly replied the man; and he picked Aunt Mary up with the greatest ease and bore her to the house and laid her on her

"Bathe her temples with water and chafe her hands," he said to the girl. "Here is a flask of wine. Get her to swallow some and she'll soon re-

His passing out was hardly noticed. It was fifteen minutes later when Aunt Mary had opened her eyes and regained her senses, that Miss Minnie went out to look for the stranger and found the auto gone.

"Why, no, I didn't fall down the well," explained Aunt Mary. "A cow got into the garden last night, and this morning, when I went to drive her out, she ran against the curb and knocked it aside. I was just after chestnuts. I could see the wind bringing them down. So a stranger brought me into the house?"

"Yes, and he got a rope and went down the well.' "Dear me! What kind of a looking

man was he?" "He was a young man, I think."

"But don't you know?" "Yes, I remember that he was a oung man." "But what else?"

"I can't remember. I was crying, you see. I thought you were dead. Why, here is a card he left on the table when he went out. Mr. Homer Wheeler is his name."

"Minnie Fairly, did you bring the chestnuts I had gathered before my old head began to swim?" asked Aunt Mary.

"Then go after them this minute, and you must be here tomorrow to roast them. That young man will be know how I get along."

got to do with it?"

to be the very young man I've seen forth the best skill of the hunter. in my dreams!

"Pooh, Aunt Mary-pooh!" One year later: Tuesday, the 23d ult., Miss Minnie well-known artist."

NOVEL CATALOCUE OF CHARMS

Where Is the Newspaper Man Bold Enough to Make Such an Innovation as This?

Congressman Fowler of Illinois, at a she could see nothing. She shouted, dinner in Washington elaborated some of the points that he had made in the Mary had been drowned! Running house in his eloquent diatribe against

"The idle rich woman," he said, will not consent to grow old. Hence, as her natural charms disappear, ar-

"We read in the papers of this or that function, that Mrs. Van Guelder's dress was by Paquin and Mrs. Cash's "Oh, sir, but Aunt Mary has been cloak was by Callot Soeurs, but why shouldn't every old lady's catalogue

And Representative Fowler laughed and quoted from an imaginary column. "Mrs. A. B. Bold-Bonds looked love ly in a cloth-of-gold dinner gown by Worth. Her hair was a triumph of Willie Clarkson, the famous Wardourold street wigmaker. Her singularly pure and brilliant complexion was by the Oriental Beauty company. Her teeth

> Curiosity. "I was asked to find out when you

would pay this little account," said the collector pleasantly. "Really," answered the debtor, "I am unable to enlighten you. However, there is a soothsayer in the next block who throws a fit and reveals the future at 50 cents a throw."

"I've no money to waste," growled the collector. "Just add the 50 cents to my ac count," continued the other, "for I have a curiosity on the point myself." -Life.

Necessity for Profundity. "Is that man a deep thinker?" "He has to be. It's his business to

LURE OF THE WILD FOR SPORTSMEN



caves and the wilds. Periodically sounded to the barking of wolves or there occurs in his life moments of in- the yelling of panthers. Under simitense longing to escape from the turmoil and trouble of life to the fair, the average modern hunter would free forest of his dreams. Like a tired starve if he did not first die of fright. child who loves at eventide to climb within the protecting shelter of its mother's lap where it may be soothed roughing it. The pure and invigoratand crooned into dreamy forgetfulness, the grown-up is filled with a longing at times to seek the lap of Mother in some vast wilderness." The petty Nature where he may cuddle down and be calmed by the music of wind- forgotten amid the beauties of his enswept pines or lulled into blissful ob- chanting environment. Life discloses livion by the somniferous tinkling of a new meaning to the man in a forthe rills. Secure in his chosen retreat est.

he rests at ease. In the autumn one may be sure the along the northern border of the United States and across the line in blazing logs before its entrance sends our sister nation, the Dominion of forth curling flames that beckon him Canada, is pretty thoroughly invaded to an hour of ease and comfort while sure to come back. In the first place, by parties of hunters, each in pursuit recounting with his companions the he couldn't help but fall in love with of the game native to the locality it, various haps and mishaps of the day. you, and in the next be will want to has selected for a hunting ground. His ravenous hunger having been sat-The ponderous moose, the noble cari- ised the pipes are filled and the stories "But what have roasted chestnuts bcu, the agile deer, the fierce grizzly begin. Good luck if the ruddy glow and his smaller brother, the black of the fire discloses in the outer cir-"You'll both eat 'em. They'll make bear, are among the larger varieties cles of its light the hanging carcass of you acquainted. It will end in a of game that are to be found in this a fine deer some one of the party has love match. He's going to turn out forest belt, any one of which calls succeeded in bringing down during the

"Married at the camp, for pleasure abounds. A typical told by the successful hunter, which residence of the bride's parents on region is that charming spot where recalls other instances of like nature. nature in her birth-agony thrust and so the stories go on. They are Fairly to Mr. Homer Wheeler, the toward the sky those magnificent usually ended by the guide, who, if he the great Empire state and forever better story than any of the others. preserved as a public park, lies a beautiful expanse of forest-covered ing fire, their pipes aglow, the hunters mountain and valley, gemmed with are silent a moment after the last lakes and filigreed with streams. It is story while they watch the sparks sufficiently attractive in itself, but be- streaming in threads of wavering light cause of its ease of access and near- toward the black dome above. The ness to millions of inhabitants it is guide has completed his preparations perhaps more frequented by fisher- for the night and joined the group. men and hunters than any other spot | Somewhere in the awesome darkness

of like size in the region mentioned. torefathers, but the requirements of a questioning call. present-day camper are vastly different. The modern hunter can ride in a whoo-ah?" comfortable train to the very border the woods.

one essentials of the civilized life to circle. which he has become accustomed tent, a kit of aluminum cooking uten-sils, tableware, a collapsable stove, a "Drat the pesky critters!" crisleeping bag, lantern, ax, and no end irate guide, and flings a last brand of of personal conveniences as well as a the dying fire aloft to frighten them medicine chest. Really, one may be away. pardoned for wondering if the fellow in time to shoot at a deer with his nice, shiny gun before sundown.

What a compaison with the outfit of falls with startling effect. the old-time hunter? The idea of a with laughter. Given a gun and plenty this." of ammunition, a hunting knife, ffint

IKE ash-buried coals, there would roam the interminable forests smoulders within the breast of of his day at will. More often than not of almost every man a spark of he quietly slept beside a log or bethe original fire that animated neath some sheltering bush, although his savage ancestors of the the gloomy forest aisles about him relar circumstances and surroundings

Life in camp is replete with pleasures for those who enjoy a bit of ing air exhilarates the brain-fagg 1 city toiler when he reaches "a lodge worries of his daily grind are speedily

A Beckoning Fire.

At night there greets his eyes when forest stretching from coast to coast returning from a day's hunting the inviting camp. Soon a cheery fire of day. Minute details of the tragedy, for Within this vast expanse of forest it it is at once a tragedy and a triumph matters not where one erects his when a deer is done to his death, are peaks of the Adirondacks. There, in is worth his salt, can tell a bigger and

In restful attitudes about the cheerwithout a night bird utters a plaintive Getting to the camp these modern note and then from down toward the days is usually accomplished with far landing there echoes through the forgreater ease than in the time of our est with startling force a deep-voiced

"Whoo-whoo-whoo, who-whoo, to-

"What's that?" cries out the nervous of his camping ground. Hunters in the young fellow who is having his first earlier days were usually compelled to experience in camp life. He springs to make long trips in cumbersome wagons his feet and peers into the gloom that bounced and swayed over the whence came the solema interrogarough roads of a country in the mak- tion, but before answer is made to his ing before arriving anywhere near wild question a thrilling, weird shriek their final destination and then there sends his hair-raised hat aloft and he was the wearlsome pack trail still nearly plunges through the fire in a ahead of them. But the latter had this hasty retreat to the side of it next the advantage-they carried far less into camp. The unrestrained laughter of his companions is so reassuring that The hunter of today usually thinks he tremulously joins in; but he does he must carry with him a thousand and not return to his former place in the

"Nothin' but an owl," explains Nick. Aside from his expensive gun and its the guide. "Pesky critters Sometimes elaborate appurtenances there are a they'll keep a feller awake half the

"Drat the pesky critters!" cries the

After all is quiet again the solemn. ever gets through his daily grooming mysterious silence of the forest night is broken once more. This time it is the booming crash of a dead tree that

"Going to storm tomorrow, sure," safety razor being added to his pack grumbles Nick. "Always does when a would have convulsed the old fellow dead tree falls on a still night, like

The sleepy hunters once more setand steel, a camp kettle and perhaps the down to their repose, reassured by a bit of sait, with the addition of a his explanation. The fire gives a last blanket in cold weather and perhaps flutter of flame. A rabbit patters by the luxury of a small sack of meal, he on the dry leaves and then-slience.