

FOR THE BLOOD

"S. S. S. for the blood" has grown to be a household saying. When the blood is out of order, or needs treatment from any cause, this great remedy is the first thought of and used by thousands of people all over the country, because it is superior to all other blood purifiers. It is a purely vegetable remedy, and while it penetrates the circulation and forces out all poison and morbid matter, it also builds up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. During the winter months the natural aversion of bodily waste have become dull and weak and failed to perform their full duty, the blood has been sluggish and an extra amount of poisons and waste matters have accumulated in the system and been absorbed by it. With the coming of Spring and warm weather the blood is aroused and stirred to quicker action and in its effort to throw off these acids and poisons the skin suffers. Boils, pimples, blotches, rashes and eruptions break out and continue until the blood is cleansed and made pure. S. S. S. is the ideal remedy for this condition; it clears the blood of all impurities, makes it rich and strong and these skin troubles pass away. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all other diseases of the blood are cured by S. S. S. Book on the blood and any advice desired, free of charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

GOOD Short Stories

One afternoon, during ex-Ambassador Choate's recent return to this country, the waves were unpleasantly high, and the ship was rolling a bit to the discomfort of some passengers. Mr. Choate remarked: "It is better to have lunched and lost than never to have lunched at all."

A San Francisco Chinaman, with the sententiousness of his kind, after some experience of American law, once remarked: "Chinese law, first-class; man killee man, China, head off; no ketchee him, somebody head off, mebbe cousin head off. English law, second-class; him ketchee man, mebbe allee same head off. Melican law, no good; too muchee stuppene court."

Two sailors were once seen together, one reading a letter aloud, the other holding his hands tightly over his companion's ears. An observer inquired the reason for this queer attitude. "Why," was the answer of the one who was holding the other's ears, "the letter is from my sweetheart. Jack is reading it because I can't read myself. That is all right, but I don't want him to hear a word of what is written."

General Miles has a story of a corporal in a regiment under his command in the old Indian fighting days. This corporal was much chaffed by his comrades for his oft-repeated expressions of belief in "fatality" and "destiny." One day it appears that the corporal, while on duty, was preparing to take a little horseback exercise and recreation. A private observed that the corporal took care to attach a brace of pistols to his saddle. "Hello!" shouted the private to the corporal, "what are you taking the guns for? They won't save you if your time has come." "True for you," grimly responded the corporal, "but I may happen to meet an Apache whose last day has come."

Major General "Willie" McBean, V. C., who rose from being a private soldier to the command of a division, got his Victoria Cross for killing no fewer than eleven mutineers, one after the other, at the storming of Lucknow. When the order was bestowed upon McBean and others, there was a general parade of "every man who wore a button," and Sir H. Garrett, who planned the decoration on the hero's breast, made the customary little speech, in the course of which he alluded to the episode as "a good day's work." "Toots, toots, mon!" replied Willie, quite forgetting that he was on parade, and perhaps a little piqued at his performance being spoken of as a day's work. "Toots, mon, it did not tak' me twenty meentees."

Mark Twain says that during his career as a pilot the worst boat on the Mississippi was the Stephen J. Hill. This boat's untidiness was only equaled by her slowness. Only strangers, only the tenderfoot, used her.

One afternoon, while the boat was picking along down the river, a thick fog drifted down, and the Stephen J. Hill had to heave to for the night. As she lay there, swathed in gray, a passenger said to the captain: "It is too bad we're going to be late, captain." "We ain't goin' to be late," replied the captain. "But I thought," said the passenger, "that we had to tie up to this bank here all night." "So we do," said the captain, "but that ain't goin' to make us late. We don't run so close to time as all that."

SKINS OF WILD ANIMALS.

Becoming Very Scarce and Fast Increasing in Value.

Skins of wild animals are daily becoming more rare and valuable, says the Shoe and Leather Reporter. The spread of civilization is the extermination of the monarchs of the plain and forest, the jungle and the hills, and their hides now ornament many a museum, clubhouse and drawing room.

The skin of the lion, the king of beasts, is among the most valuable of the rare skins. It is highly, even as was the animal himself, and reveals the great strength and courage of the mighty form that it once protected. The skin of the full-grown lion is about three yards long and one and one-half yards wide. Its hair is neither bright nor pretty, but its great shaggy mane crowns it like a rare jewel and makes it valuable.

The skin of the tiger is much prettier than the skin of the lion, and it, too, reveals the character of the beast which it once protected. Its beautiful checks reveal the tiger's ferocity and cunning and its yellow and black stripes and its white belly tell of the stealthy nature of the great cat.

The American jaguar furnishes a pretty skin, despite its reddish-white belly and its spots instead of stripes. The leopard, too, has a pretty pelt, its fur being light yellow with black spots. The skin of the black panther is also much admired.

Bear skins are trophies in many a civilized home. The black or the Canadian bear is the most common. The Polar bear supplies a beautiful, soft, white, furry skin, but it is very rare. The skin of the American grizzly is now also quite rare. Although deer and moose are common game for hunters, yet few have succeeded in preserving their pelts with the fur on for any long period.

The American black wolf skin, with white spots on its snout and breast, is admired by some people. The Siberian wolf furnishes a fine, soft fur skin. Among farder lands in this country it is popular to catch foxes during the winter and to tan their skins for rugs and for ornaments, but the fox skin to-day isn't by any means as valuable as are the skins of larger and fiercer animals, though the fox is growing more and more scarce.

A coat of skins of reindeer fawns only a few days old is said to be worth thousands of dollars. The skins match perfectly in color, and they are doubled so that the coat is the same inside and outside. This coat is as light as an ordinary raincoat, but

warmer than heavy fur, and it is also waterproof.

Some skins of Manchurian tigers are also valuable. One skin is fourteen feet long. A monster skin is that from a 2,200-pound grizzly. It measures fourteen feet long, and the bear's head is two feet thick. Some rabbit skins from New Zealand may also be seen, though rabbit skins are not as rare or valuable.

WILD HORSES.

Roam Nevada Desert and Hundreds Are Captured for Use.

The traveler from Reno to Hawthorne, Nev., on the Carson and Colorado Railway, often wonders at the large herds of horses seen in the desert along Walker Lake, below the Walker Indian reservation. These horses are wild; not range animals gone wild, but wild horses. They are as wild as the horses that once covered the plains with the buffalo and antelope.

If the passenger could cross Walker Lake and travel among the treeless hills on its western side, he would see hundreds and thousands of these wild horses in the course of a few weeks. Walker Lake is 38 miles long, 5 miles wide, 380 feet deep in the deepest place, and, having no outlet, it is alkaline and salt. No boats are permitted on Walker Lake, which is within the Walker Indian reservation.

Up until last winter the wild horses on the Nevada deserts were shot or poisoned by the occasional herdsman. Now, however, they are protected, the legislature of Nevada having passed an act to this effect at its last session. The wild steeds are great rangers. They travel many miles in a day and pick clean the scant herbage—consisting mainly of bunch grass and sage—making it impossible to run cattle in the region, even in seasons when the climate permits herding stock.

As they are swift of foot, it was often difficult to get a shot at them, and a favorite method to accomplish their destruction was to poison the scattered water holes they visit when far from Walker Lake.

Now that the herds are protected by law, they have grown very bold, and come up the Carson valley within several miles of Carson City. They are often seen along the Carson River and in the Walker Indian reservation, where they are seldom troubled by the lazy Indians.

A favorite method of capturing the animals alive is to herd them cautiously up a narrow canyon, with riders on the hills on each side of the canyon. At the head of the canyon is a V-shaped stockade terminating in a corral, into which as many were driven as possible.

The wild horses are as readily broken to saddle as any Western broncho. Some of them are of large size, taller and stockier built, in fact, much larger every way than the average broncho.

It will doubtless be a great many years before these wild horses are exterminated or domesticated.—Reno (Nev.) correspondence Chicago Journal.

BEGGARS' CHILLS.

How the Professionals Base Them on the Public's Emotions.

Never do paupers make the mistake of appealing to the reason. The emotions of the crowd only are attacked. There is always a complete human story in the pose. What, for instance, could be more compelling of sympathy than the spectacle of the bent old graybeard patiently and despairingly as it seemed grinding a wheezy old organ which he had tied into a broken-down baby carriage? The suggestiveness of this perambulation, coupled with the wails of that organ, more forlorn than mortal child ever uttered, was worth dollars a day to the old fellow. It was reprehensible art, of course, but art nevertheless. And the artist grew rich, for when investigated by the police he was found to be the owner of many houses in Holbeek.

Again, could there be anything more likely to excite compassion than the crust throwing trick? It was invented by a German beggar named Lanz, whose French disciple, Lemaire, practiced it subsequently. I have seen a crust thrower operating in Sixth avenue. He was a semi-well-dressed man, who walked swiftly down through the crowds of shoppers. Suddenly he uttered a hoarse cry and darted into the roadway, where, pouncing upon a crust of bread which he had thrown there previously, he began gnawing it ravenously. He did not wait for sympathy. He walked rapidly away, but a number of women who saw the act ran after him and crowded one another for the privilege of giving him money.—Theodore Waters in Everybody's Magazine.

On Time.

War correspondents would have us believe that the entire proceedings of the Japanese army in the present war form a kind of exalted bookkeeping. Not only are victories won, but they are won at the specified moment.

The New York Times says that a certain colonel had sought Field Marshal Oyama, and asked permission to sacrifice himself and his command by capturing a certain redoubt. "Which redoubt?" asked Oyama. The colonel told him. Oyama consulted his notes. "My brother," said he, "such glory is not for you. It has been assigned to another. Besides, it is early dawn now and that redoubt is set down to be taken at half past 10."

The redoubt was captured on time.

A Suggestion.

Mr. Sloman—Now, you're joking again, aren't you?

Miss Waite—Judge for yourself; you should know me pretty well by this time.

Mr. Sloman—But you puzzle me sometimes; I don't know what to make of you.

Miss Waite—No? By the way, did you hear about Jack Brown and May Long? He made her his wife yesterday.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Insanity in the Jury Box.

Citizen—What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer?

Juryman—Insanity.

Citizen—Gee! The whole twelve of you?—Cleveland Leader.



WHAT JOY THEY BRING TO EVERY HOME

as with joyous hearts and smiling faces they romp and play—when in health—and how conducive to health the games in which they indulge, the outdoor life they enjoy, the cleanly, regular habits they should be taught to form and the wholesome diet of which they should partake. How tenderly their health should be preserved, not by constant medication, but by careful avoidance of every medicine of an injurious or objectionable nature and if at any time a remedial agent is required, to assist nature, only those of known excellence should be used; remedies which are pure and wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, like the pleasant laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. Syrup of Figs has come into general favor in many millions of well informed families, whose estimate of its quality and excellence is based upon personal knowledge and use.

Syrup of Figs has also met with the approval of physicians generally, because they know it is wholesome, simple and gentle in its action. We inform all reputable physicians as to the medicinal principles of Syrup of Figs, obtained, by an original method, from certain plants known to them to act most beneficially and presented in an agreeable syrup in which the wholesome Californian blue figs are used to promote the pleasant taste; therefore it is not a secret remedy and hence we are free to refer to all well informed physicians, who do not approve of patent medicines and never favor indiscriminate self-medication.

Please to remember and teach your children also that the genuine Syrup of Figs always has the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package and that it is for sale in bottles of one size only. If any dealer offers any other than the Regular Fifty cent size, or having printed thereon the name of any other company, do not accept it. If you fail to get the genuine you will not get its beneficial effects. Every family should always have a bottle on hand, as it is equally beneficial for the parents and the children, whenever a laxative remedy is required.

His Excuse.

"Ah-hah, squirrel!" chuckled Eli Spry, the village wag and cut-up, upon encountering the old codger next morning after the date of the appearance of the greatest show on earth. "Ketch-ed ye in a yarn! Told me ye was goin' to take boy to the circus and I seen ye right smack up on the tip-top seat last night, without a single sign of a boy with ye!"

"Took the boy I used to be, years and years ago" returned the veteran, crabbily. "I'm in my second childhood, goin'ay ye!"—Puck.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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No more nervousness. No more dizziness. No more headache. No more backache. No more neuralgia. No more sciatica. No more rheumatism. No more gout. No more indigestion. No more constipation. No more hemorrhoids. No more piles. No more skin diseases. No more itching. No more burning. No more stinging. No more smarting. No more itching. No more burning. No more stinging. No more smarting. No more itching. No more burning. No more stinging. No more smarting.

As She Is Spoken.

"Are you going to take that little trip with me I spoke about last week?"

"I haven't thought about it."

"Well, think of it this week, will you?"

"Yes, if I think about it, I'll think about it."

"By the way, I saw you on the street the other day and you never noticed me."

"I never noticed you."—Puck.

For coughs and colds there is no better medicine than Pilo's Cure for Consumption.

Price 25 cents.

Bridge Built on Wool.

At the little town of Wadebridge, Cornwall, England, there is a bridge of a unique character. Owing to the strength of the current, ordinary stone foundations would not hold, and numerous devices were tried without success. Eventually buns of wool were sunk in the stream and the piles driven in, and this strange foundation has proved wonderfully firm and satisfactory.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Paste, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Not that K of a Bird.

Most travelers who have gone into the wyalpences of the Far West have brought back clear remembrances of the voices of the sure-footed little pack-burros which go out there under the pseudonym of "Rocky Mountain canaries."

The meaning of the phrase is not always so well known to those who have always lived East. So it happened that a Boston woman, who was introducing a young Denver music student to her guests recently, caused no little confusion when she said:

"And now, ladies, Miss Converse, our little Rocky Mountain canary, will sing for us."

The Jar of Coughing

Hammer blows, steadily applied, break the hardest rick. Coughing, day after day, jars and tears the throat and lungs until the healthy tissues give way. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral stops the coughing, and heals the torn membranes.

"I always keep Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. It gives perfect relief whenever any of us have cough or hard cold. I have used it for a great many years and so know how to value it."—Mrs. MARY GOSWELL, Verrill, N. Y.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufactured at SALESAGUILLA, PILAR YIGOR, BARCELONA.

Insanity in the Jury Box.

Citizen—What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer?

Juryman—Insanity.

Citizen—Gee! The whole twelve of you?—Cleveland Leader.

A Handy Maid.

Mrs. De Vere—Professor, I'm afraid my waiting is not perfect. Do you think I ought to take a few more lessons?

The Dancing Master—Will madame be so kind as to show me how she executes her movements?

Mrs. De Vere (to her maid)—Marie, show the professor how I wait.—New York Tribune.

Word to the Wise.

After a swing around the circle the happy couple had settled down in a cozy flat.

One morning as she took her customary place at the breakfast table the bride placed a large revolver by the side of her plate.

"W—why, my dear," stammered the astonished husband, "w—what does that mean?"

"It means, George," replied her bridelets, "that we have biscuits of my own construction for breakfast and that no adverse criticism will be tolerated."

He'd Do the Rest.

"Darling," queried the young man with the noisy tie, "do you love me well enough to dwell in a furnished room and live on bread and water after we are married?"

"Yes, I think so," she replied. "And, say, dearest," he continued, "is your salary as typewriter large enough to enable you to furnish the room and the bread?"

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

Didn't Like the Sample.

A Harvey county (Kansas) widower took his second wife home and introduced her to the children by saying: "This is your new mamma."

They looked at her critically and the youngest blurted out: "Is that the boy you could do, papa?"—New York Tribune.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Low in Price. Sold by Druggists.

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Castorin is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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