For Thin, Poor Blood

You can trust a medicine tested 60 years! Sixty years of experience, think of that! Experience with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; the original Sarsaparilla; the strongest Sarsaparilla; the Sarsaparilla the doctors endorse for thin blood, weak nerves, general debility.

But even this grand old medicine cannot do its best work if the liver is inactive and the bowels constipated. For the best possible results, you should take laxative doses of Ayer's Pills while taking the Sarsaparilla. The liver will quickly respond, and so will the bowels.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's HAIR VIGOR. AGUE CURE. CHERRY PECTORAL.

WHO OWNS THE NORTH LANDS?

Question Somewhat Academic, but Very Interesting.

The voyage of the Canadian government cruiser Arctic to the far north suggests for consideration the question of the ownership of some far northern lands. For many years explorers of various nationalities, British, American, Scandinavian and others, have ventured into the frozen wilderness lying between the dominion of Canada and the north pole, and have there discovered lands hitherto unknown, and have named them and planted flags upon them. There has been much international rivalry in the work of elaborating the arctic map and of pushing on toward the pole. But there has been little thought in the minds of the adventurers or in that of the public of the delimitation of international boundaries in the realms of paleocrystic ice and eternal snow. But now the Canadian government brings that thought to mind in the intimation that the dominion extends clear to the north pole, and that all the lands which have been discovered and explored in those regions, no matter by whom, are under the British flag.

Academically, the question is somewhat complicated, and might form the subject of interminable argument. There are those who hold that discovery and exploration give title to new lands, while others insist that title is not perfected without actual occupation and permanent settlement. But how if the lands in question are not fit for or susceptible of settlement?—New York Tribune.

WORN TO A SKELETON.

A Wonderful Restoration Caused a Sensation in a Pennsylvania Town

Mrs. Charles M. Preston of Elkland, Pa., says: "Three years ago I found that my housework was becoming a burden. I tired easily, had no ambition and was fading fast. My complexion got yellow, and I lost over 50 pounds. My thirst was terrible, and there was sugar in the kidney secretions. My doctor kept me on a strict diet, but as his medicine was not helping me I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me at once, and soon all traces of sugar disappeared. I have regained my former weight and am perfectly well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Criminal Sneezing.

Great public interest is being manifested in the case of a man who has been prosecuted for sneezing in a public street. The hero of the incident is one Johann Furtmann, a resident of Muhlhausen, a small town in Prussian Saxony. Furtmann, who is highly respected by his fellow citizens, sneezed somewhat loudly in the main street of Muhlhausen. A policeman arrested him on a charge of creating a disturbance. The local police authorities prosecuted Furtmann on a charge of gross misdemeanor and rendering himself a public nuisance. After a lengthy trial Furtmann was acquitted. The police authorities appealed against the decision, and a new trial is necessary. Furtmann announces that he will call medical evidence to prove that a polypus in the nose prevented him sneezing less loudly than was the case when the arrest occurred.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld. 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Very Like It.

"Mr. Upp," said the merchant, sternly, to Adam Upp, his bookkeeper, "I saw you at the baseball game yesterday. When you asked me to let you off for the afternoon you said you were going to a funeral."

"That's so," replied the bookkeeper, "and I'm pretty near a prophet, ain't I? Did you ever see a slower game in your life?"—The Catholic Standard and Times.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

His Official Title.

A little girl was asked, Who is the head of our government?

"Mr. Roosevelt," she replied, promptly.

"That is right," said the teacher; "but what is his official title?"

"Teddy!" responded the little miss, proudly.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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 seafaring life.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

What little schooling he possessed he had secured in the parish school of Kirkbean. After he had entered upon his apprenticeship he learned the need of wider knowledge, and set out at once to 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.

Cherokees In Awe of a Tribesman They Came Near Burying.

Tooley Catron, a Cherokee Indian of 21 or 26 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 he, 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 will, 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 jam 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 it's naughty. If it wants smacking, 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 from my husband. That's all I have got to say about when I am grown up."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

If a man should advertise to hold a public meeting in which to praise people, would he attract a crowd?

Hot air is cheap enough until you heat a house with it.

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," sad Dr. Beck. "It is apparent that he conveys the idea that an ignorant man may exist with all his functional strength, while an enlightened and learned person with weakened digestive organs cannot. I hold a decisively 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. Hausen, 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 Outing Magazine. This is the desert chauffeur, who opened the trail of traffic between Tonapah 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 locoed 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 a 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 had been shipped into the desert, ornate, 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 iconoclastic 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 trimming, he tossed aside the body, and built a new one from the sides of packing cases, to save weight and make room for more passengers.

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 each and the wearer give a slight hunch forward with the body and a deft push with first the right foot and then with the left and the shore begins to slip behind him as if he were wearing the famed seven league boots, size is of no consideration. A long pull, a strong pull, first with one foot and then with t'other and he is slipping down stream as easily and poetically and as noiselessly as sneaks the Indian in his birch bark canoe.

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

The Beautiful Way.

The beautiful way
We are going to-day,
Every rude winter shall bloom like the May;
And sorrow still 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 'fiver' 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.

OLD Favorites

When the Cows Come Home.

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
'Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low
The airy tinklings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow—
Ko-kling, ke-klang, koklingelingle,
'Way down the darkening dingle
The cows come slowly home.

Soft sounds that sweetly mingle,
With jingle, jangle, jingle,
The cows are coming home;
Malime, and Pearl, and Florimel,
De Kamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue—
Across the field I hear loo-oo,
And clang her silver bell,
Go-ling, go-lang, golinglelingle,
With faint, far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home;
And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys, and childish tears,
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and three and single,
The cows are coming home,
Through the violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown.
To-ring, to-rang, toringleringle,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home.

The same sweet sound of worldless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.

With a tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Starine, Peachbloom and Phoebe Phyllis
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream.
To-link, to-lank, tolinklelinkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home;
And up through memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen.

With a klinkle, klangle, klingle,
With a loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin hill,
Hear the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill;
The dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines;
And over the silent mill,
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
With a ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.
Let down the bars, let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain;
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.
—Agnes E. Mitchell.

CATECHISM OF CIVICS.

Questions and Answers of Interest to Americans.

What are the principal products of the United States?

Historical Novels and Health Foods.

Where is the Corn Belt located?

It extends from the Chicago Exchange to Trinity Church in Wall street.

Does the climate vary much in different parts of the Union?

Yes.

What is considered to be the hottest region in the country?

Zion City.

And the coldest?

John D. Rockefeller's safe deposit vault.

What common product is raised in the same proportions all over the country?

Babies.

Are there any exceptions to this?

Yes. Newport and South Dakota.

What are these babies used for?

In the South, to run the factories; in the North, to furnish New Educational Systems.

How is the Trust Crop grown?

By magnates and the common people.

What is a magnate?

Almost any dishonest man who has money enough to keep out of jail.

And when the common people have gathered the Trust Crop, how are they paid?

In common stock.

Does this yield anything?

Oh, yes. When you squeeze it it yields water enough to make a good circus lemonade.

What are the principal trades of the United States?

Operating for appendicitis, writing advertisement poetry and going out on strike.

The Forgotten Gift.

She had been cleaning up her "den" and came across various and sundry unfamiliar books in the process. After thinking hard she had restored them all to their rightful owner with a fine and conscious sense of virtue. Only one remained and one night the man with whom she connected this particular book called. She brought it out.

"Here's a little old book of yours," she announced in her usual flippant way, "and I wish you'd take it home. I've given it house room long enough."

He took the book and looked at her rather queerly.

"All right," he said, but there was no enthusiasm in his tone.

"It's yours, isn't it?" she demanded.

"Well, not exactly," he replied. "I gave it to you for a birthday present about two years ago."

Now she is writing her name in every book she owns.

What They Got.

"I believe," said Hi Tragerdy, "that they had hoped to catch the town with 'Hamlet,' but it was quite a fruitless effort."

"No, not exactly fruitless," replied Lowe Comerdy. "I understand the hen fruit was there in plenty, although somewhat aged."—Philadelphia Press.

CAREER OF THE TEXAS.

Warship Completed in 1895 Looked Upon as a "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 Philip 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 1896, while she was lying in the Brooklyn navy yard, one of her seacocks became unfastened and she sank. In February, of 1897, she went ashore at the Tortugas, and in December of the same year in the Waltabout channel. In November of 1902, while she was at target practice, her big guns broke the recoils 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 as well 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 accosted 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 Bait.

The boy wanted some worms for bait. 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 soapsuds."

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 the old man now discovered them in dozens.

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

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 flurried 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.

CASTORIA

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.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria 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 Diarrhœa 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.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The "400" Defined.

"Pop," said Tommy, "what do the newspapers mean when they say 'a member of the 400'?"

"They refer, Tommy, to certain society men and women who think they are better than anybody else, and that's about all the thinking they do."

"Did you ever see one of 'em, pop?"

"I don't know, Tommy; but you can easily tell one if you happen to run across it."

"If it's in a street car it talks so loudly that you can't hear the roar of the wheels.

"If it's in church, the plumes on its hat hide the preacher.

"If it's at a party, the most of its clothes are in the dressing room.

"If it's in an automobile, dodge it, if you are quick enough, and come home to mamma alive.

"If it's walking on the sidewalk, it usually strides along as if it was taking the street home with it.

"If it's in a theater, you can tell by the stony stare in its face that the actors are doing good and intelligent work.

"If it's in a railroad station, in full dress, you'll wonder why the locomotive doesn't jump the track and take to the woods.

"You can't miss it, Tommy."

The Faith of the Boy.

The four-year-old son of a certain western senator had a very high opinion of the importance of his father. The latter tells how, on one occasion in their western home, the lad came across a magazine in which, by some chance, there were engraved side by side portraits of the President and the Senator mentioned.

When the lad caught sight of his father's features he broke into a broad smile. "That's a good picture of you, daddy," said he.

"Very good, my son."

"Who's the man next to you, daddy?" asked the youngster.

"Why, my son!" exclaimed the Senator, "don't you know? That is one of the greatest men of the world, a man more admirable and more powerful than any king. That, my son, is President Roosevelt."

The lad again looked at the picture of the President. Then, after a thoughtful pause, he observed:

"Say, daddy, the people in the east will be awful proud when they see the President's picture next to yours, won't they?"—American Spectator.

The Origin of Salmon.

The name salmon is given in England and all western states to a large trout-like fish which lives in the sea, chiefly about the mouths of rivers, and which enters the streams to spawn, running for a considerable distance up the stream and returning to the sea after the act of spawning is accomplished, says a writer in the Pacific Monthly. The old males become somewhat distorted, especially through the lengthening of the jaws, but the changes with age and season are not much greater than in any large trout. The true salmon, like the true trout, is black spotted. It is called in science Salmo salar, and along with the true trout it belongs to the genus Salmo. There is only one species of Atlantic salmon; it is found on both sides of the ocean, and on both sides it becomes sometimes land-locked and dwarfish when it is shut up in a lake and when it cannot or does not go to the sea.

The Bad Months.

It was 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 lovellest 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 near 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!"

When you buy WET WEATHER CLOTHING you want complete protection and long service.

These and many other good points are combined in TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING

You can't afford to buy any other

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON U.S.A. TOWER CANADIAN CO. LTD. TORONTO, CAN.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Portland Trade Directory

Names and Addresses in Portland of Representative Business Firms.

CREAM SEPARATORS—We guarantee the U. S. Separator to be the best. Write for free catalog. Hasselwood Co., Fifth and Oak.

MEN'S CLOTHING — Buffum & Pendleton, sole agents Alfred Benjamin & Co.'s correct clothes. Everything in men's furnishings. Morrison and Sixth streets. Opposite postoffice.

PIANOS & ORGANS—Many fine instruments received on account sickness or removal of buyer. Write for description of pianos now on hand, terms, etc. Write today. Gilbert Co., Portland.

At the Conversazione.

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