

The Song of the Hair

There are four verses. Verse 1. Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. Verse 2. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops falling hair. Verse 3. Ayer's Hair Vigor cures dandruff. Verse 4. Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. The cure is by millions.

Before using Ayer's Hair Vigor I had very thin and very bald hair. But after using the Vigor my hair grew and my scalp was soothed. I have now a thick growth of hair. MRS. M. D. DUNN, NEWARK, N. J.



Old Age and Work.

Old people make a great mistake when they give up work. Many men who have made a competency in business and feel entitled to retire from active work find themselves declining in health and becoming prematurely old for want of occupation. In most aged persons the vital functions continue in active exercise under normal conditions, but if the regularity and moderation of business life are departed from trouble will surely follow.—London Lancet.

Longevity of Car Wheels.

Has anybody ever stopped to think how many miles the wheels of a railroad car travel before they wear out? Statistics gathered from various roads show that perfect car wheels often run from three hundred thousand to four hundred and fifty thousand miles before they have to be turned down. Wheels with flaws in them run only about fifty to ninety thousand miles.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Children's Syrup the best and surest for their children during the teething period.

For Home.

"No, Mr. Smalley," said the beautiful young girl, "I never can marry a man as little and short as you are."
"Oh, I'm not short, am I?" he said, with a hollow, throatless laugh. "Well, Miss Ermytrude, with your permission I'll just go out and stretch myself a little."
Drawing himself up to his full height, such as it was, he took his hat, cane, gloves, and *bonnet*.

Care for a "Nagging" Woman.

Having advertised as a widower in search of a wife No. 2, a man of St. Gall, Switzerland, showed the fifty replies and photographs which he had received to his wife, and stating that if she did not want him there were others who did, he effectively cured her of her "nagging" habits.—Pettit Parisian.

Dr. Wm. Vance and All Nervous Diseases.

Remedies for Dr. Wm. Vance's Great Nerve Restorer. Read for FREE trial bottle and directions. Dr. H. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Not So Grasping as Phila.

Elderly Uncle—Like all other young chaps just out of college, you'll be wanting to marry, of course, some of these days.
Nephew Harold (with a bright blush)—Not "some of these days," uncle. Only one of 'em—Muriel, the youngest.

Down at Bacon Ridge.

Hiram Hardapple—Old Josh Wheat killed his red cow yesterday and found a peck of nails and railroad spikes in her stomach.
Zeke Crosby—Do tell! Josh always was lucky. Now he'll have beef and iron for a spring medicine without getting it at the drug store.
Influence of Scotchwomen.
It is not surprising to find that those qualities—intellect, grit and strenuous endeavor—that have brought the manhood of Scotland to the front should also be a marked characteristic of Scotchwomen.—Englishwoman's Review.

Making Progress.

Neighbor—How's your boy Milton getting along at college?
Uncle Hayeroff—Fine. Milk's going to be a regular orator. Fine. Talk about the personal equation, an' other things being equal, an' questions for academic discussion, an' all that sort of thing, just like an old hand.

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North Beach, Washington, the leading resort in the Northwest. Now open.

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Right on the edge of the ocean beach. Electric lights, steam heat, hot and cold salt water in every bath, public and private bath, and postoffice in the building. Excellent private and public dining, private and public garden, private poultry yard.

Amusements:
Two tennis courts, four bowling alleys, roller skating, golf, horseback riding, with private teacher. A beautiful lake in the hotel grounds, best fishing, billiards, pool, private hotel orchestra, two pianos, phonos, orchestras, excellent dancing parties.

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THE BREAKERS HOTEL
Breakers, Washington

CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTICE—The following announcements are from leading business firms. Some are well worthy your careful reading. The list may contain just the proposition you are looking for.

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BEECHER & THOMPSON
Spokane, Washington. 130 Stevens

LONGING FOR THE OPEN.

I am longing for the hillsides and the pastures wide and green,
Where the blossoms of wild berries are beginning to be seen;
I am longing to be straying where the sod is newly turned,
Where the lambs are lilywhite getting mottled that they have never earned;
I am longing for the orchards with their blossoms sweet and pure—
I am longing to be out there, just to stroll around and think.

I am longing for the open, where there are no whirring wheels,
Where the speckled hen is clucking as she searches for her meals,
Where the long-legged coots are playing while their mothers pull the yow,
Where the farmer wears the offspring of the faithful bride cow,
Where the toilers work till sunset, having started at the dawn—
I am longing to be out there, merely as a looker-on.

I am longing for the freedom that the farmer's boy enjoys,
Far from where the freedom tinker mocks the boy which it destroys,
Far from all the angry rabble, far from smoke
And from all the agitating bellow, magnifying people's wrongs—
Oh, I long to be there, caring little how the world is run,
Calmly watching other people do the work that must be done.
—S. E. Kiser.

Lazy Tom Blake

Tom Blake was lazy—at least, all the neighbors said so; and his sharp-tongued maiden aunt impressed the fact upon his mind very forcibly, at least a score of times each day.

Four Tom! He was a dreary boyhood. Nature had given him a big, clumsy frame, and a shambling gait, while his rugged, homely features were liberally bespattered with freckles. He was 19 years old, and "Lazy Tom" was the only name by which he was ever called by the inhabitants of the Maine village where he had always lived.

He was the youngest of a large family. All the older children had left the household, and, since his mother died and his elderly aunt had kept house for him, life had not been a bed of roses for Tom.

The boy had ambition. Under his unprepossessing exterior there was a wealth of undeveloped energy, which had never been awakened. He did not like to split wood and carry water, but this was more on account of the dislike he felt for the old man, Marcia, from whom the orders always came, than from the trouble of doing the work, for Tom was almost a man in his strength already.

No matter what he did, it was always wrong. He had honestly tried to please her many times, but his boots would leave mud on the spotted, silt-strewn floor, and the wood was never cut to her liking; or, after a while he fell into a fashion of doing everything in a mechanical, listless way, which she called "stupidity."

Now Tom was not stupid. He knew every inch of the forest for ten miles around. He was a good shot, so many other boys did not know how to use a fat partridge found its way into the family larder and many a string of speckled trout was turned over to his aunt without a word of thanks.

He had learned all the village school-master could impart, and no plans had been made for his future, but he had an ambition of which no one dreamed. He wanted to be a civil engineer.

His knowledge of the science itself was very vague, until he had watched the surveyors prospecting in the neighborhood the previous summer for a route for a proposed new line of railroad. Then his curiosity was thoroughly aroused.

The theodolite was a mystery to him, but he saw at once that the life itself was a free, out-of-door calling, exactly to his liking. He overcame his natural shyness sufficiently to ask countless questions of the men in and out of the woods he had found an old cave, while out hunting, and there he would pass hours at a time, poring over a few books which he had obtained from the old man who had once been the local surveyor.

Slow in speech and deliberate in his movements, he had gained the title of "Lazy Tom," but this deliberation was of great benefit to him in his studies. What he learned, he learned thoroughly, and although sadly handicapped by the want of a teacher, he had made good progress in the months he had devoted to this all-absorbing delight.

But this was not all. He had a tremendous secret on his mind, which he had never mentioned.

When his aunt was usually cross, he would steal off to his little retreat in the woods and indulge in dreams which, to his boyish mind, seemed certain of fulfillment.

Summer had rolled around once more, and his aunt said, one day:
"That ought to be earning his bread and butter."
Tom was not consulted in the matter, but he was afterwards hired by his father that he was to be tried out to a neighboring farmer.

Now, if there was one life more distasteful than all others to Tom, it was that of a farmer. He hated it cordially, and this announcement aroused him to action.

He stood meekly while Aunt Marcia delivered a long lecture on "whiffiness," and then went to his little room in the attic.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Aunt Marcia, a half-hour later, as Tom appeared again. "What on earth is going to happen? If he hasn't gone and put on his best clothes! You ain't going to run away, are you?"
"No, aunt," said Tom, quietly.
Then he hesitated, and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.
"Well, what are you dressing up for?" demanded she.

Tom looked at her steadily.
"I'm going to try to get a job more to my liking than working on a farm," he replied, firmly.
Aunt Marcia was speechless. She was a many, self-confident ring in the boy's voice that she did not recognize, and she found no words at command as he walked out of the door.

Tom's eyes shone with a new light as he strode along the dusty road toward the village hotel, for he had made

"I want to make a trade with you," he began.
"A trade? What do you mean?" cried the Colonel, in astonishment.
"My folks want to make a farmer of me, and I want to be a civil engineer," said Tom.
"Well," repeated Tom, doubtfully.
"Oh, I see," went on the Colonel. "You give me a clue to what you want. Now, what can you give me in return? A trade is a trade, you know."
"I can show you a cut through Black Mountain," replied Tom quickly. "Yes, I can," he repeated, as the Colonel looked incredulously at him. "I can do it, sure."
"But it's impossible, my boy! The surveyors—"
"They didn't half look, sir," interrupted Tom. "I can take you to it in two hours, if you will only come with me. I'll have done through it myself, and it will save more than fifteen miles of track between here and Thompsonville."

Just then the landlord came out of the hotel, and the Colonel called him.
"Is this boy reliable?" the Colonel asked, bluntly.
"That? Oh, that's Lazy Tom Blake!" was the reply. "Yes, he's perfectly honest as far as I know; but he's lazier than an old soldier, from all I've heard."
"He's all right here," asked the Colonel, tapping his forehead significantly.
"Bless you, yes!" laughed the landlord. "He's too lazy to overwork his brain."
Tom stood like a statue, but the Colonel saw the flashing eyes, and noted the strong young hands clenched, and it struck him that the stout young fellow before him was sadly misunderstood.

The landlord turned away, and the Colonel looked straight at Tom.
"How far is this wonderful ravine you claim to have found?"
"Five miles by road, and two more through the bush sir," was the prompt response.
"Very well, I'll go with you myself."
The Colonel was a man of action. In fifteen minutes he was seated by Tom's side in a light road wagon, while a small boy was stowed in behind to care for the team while they were in the bush.

As they drove along the Colonel questioned Tom closely in regard to the discovery, and the replies he received were so consistent that, when Tom announced they could drive no further, he was convinced that the boy had stumbled upon a passage through the hills which meant the saving of thousands of dollars, besides shortening the time of transit between the two stations.

It was not easy work, plunging through the thick undergrowth, but Tom went forward without hesitation. The Colonel nudged and wheezed at the unusual effort, but he struggled manfully on after a youthful guide.

At length he paused, until his companion stood beside him. They had arrived within a few yards of what seemed to be a solid ledge of rock, two hundred feet high, and nearly perpendicular.

"There," said Tom proudly, "your men came right here, but they didn't know what I know, or they would have stopped. I was shooting one day, and a wounded partridge ran in behind that bush there, and by the bottom of that big rock, I went after him and just see what I found!"
The Colonel followed him to the clump of bushes, and Tom drew aside a mass of gnarling vines from the face of the rock and disclosed a narrow opening, scarcely wide enough to admit a man's body.
"Come," said Tom.
And the Colonel followed him without a word.

The bushes turned sharply; after a few feet, and to the Colonel's amazement, he found himself standing in a clean cutting between two rocky sides, at least two hundred feet high, and with the exception of a few small stones, was as smooth as a floor underfoot. It had evidently served as a water course at some previous time before the memory of the neighboring inhabitants.

An exclamation of surprise burst from the Colonel as he grasped Tom's hand and shook it heartily.
"Young man," he said, "you have saved us a big pile of money, and I haven't forgotten it. Now let's see a little more of this wonderful place."
It is needless to follow them in their explorations. The Colonel saw that Tom had told the simple truth. At either end of the ravine a few clearings of dynamite would be sufficient to clear a passage, while very little grading would be needed on the way. Then the two returned to the hotel.

"I want to buy my time," he announced, briefly, to his father.
"What?"
"I want to buy my time until I'm of age," stoutly repeated Tom. "How much will you take?"
"Well, I never!" said Aunt Marcia. "What's got into the boy? Where has he been?"
Tom told his story modestly, and produced a check for \$500.
"Colonel Thornton gave me this," he concluded, "and if you'll give me my time till I'm of age you can have the check."
Mr. Blake assented, and the bargain was soon made.

Next week "Lazy Tom" went to work in an engineer's office in the city, and from that time his rise was steady. Persistent application, added to his intense love for his chosen profession, soon placed him in the front rank, and when the infirmities of age gripped his father, it was "Lazy Tom" who smoothed the old man's declining years with every comfort heart could wish.—Montreal Family Herald.

When a woman shows a tendency to wear gayer clothes with age, so need to argue with her; she can't be coaxed out of the notion.

If you don't laugh at a man's joke, he says you have no sense of humor; it never occurs to him that he looks the same of humor.

HEALTH NOTES FOR JUNE.

PERU-MIA
FOR
SPRING CATARRH.
LASSITUDE.
SLEEPLESSNESS.
IRRITABILITY.
SPRING FEVER.
FATIGUE.
SKIN ERUPTIONS.
LOSS OF APPETITE.

Spring Catarrh is a well defined Spring disease. The usual symptoms are given above. A bottle of Peru-Mia taken in time will promptly arrest the course of the disease known as Spring Catarrh.

Thackeray's Pantomime.

William Makepeace Thackeray was always too generous, too good handed, to be an accumulator of this world's goods, and in spite of the large earnings of his pen he died a poor man. Shortly before his death his friend, John Leech, the cartoonist, called upon him and found him in his study writing—writing and sighing at the monotony of his work.

"Why don't you have a holiday," said Leech, "and take your girls to the seaside?"
The great novelist made no verbal answer, but, rising slowly, plunged his hands to the very bottom of his pockets, brought these receptacles out, shook them vigorously without eliciting a rattle of coin, replaced them and then resumed his seat.

Not Floral.

The dapper young man was very much tickled. "I think this is an outrage!" he snapped.
"What is an outrage, sir?" asked the pretty girl with the pyramid of saucers.

"Why, the bunco game. Here you advertise a 'strawberry festival,' charge a quarter to get in and then we find there is only one strawberry in the whole festival. Isn't that a misrepresentation?"
The pretty girl smiled serenely.

"Not at all," she laughed. "What if there is only one strawberry in the whole festival? We didn't say anything about 'strawberry festival,' did we?"
During the honeymoon.

The Bride—And you and George have excellent appetites for every meal. What kind of appetizers do you use?
The Bride—Kisses, dear. And we have the grandest dessert.
The Friend—Gracious! And what does it consist of?
The Bride—The same, of course—kisses!

One Afternoon of Content.
You can't make a woman believe there is any real trouble in the world on the first afternoon she wears her new hat.—New York Press.

BAD BLOOD

THE SOURCE OF ALL DISEASE

Every part of the body is dependent on the blood for nourishment and strength. When this life stream is flowing through the system in a state of purity and richness we are assured of perfect and uninterrupted health; because pure blood is nature's safe-guard against disease. When, however, the body is fed on weak, impure or polluted blood, the system is deprived of its strength, disease germs collect, and the trouble is manifested in various ways. Pustular eruptions, pimples, rashes and the different skin affections show that the blood is in a feverish and diseased condition as a result of too much acid or the presence of some irritating humor. Sores and Ulcers are the result of morbid, unhealthy matter in the blood, and Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., are all deep-seated blood disorders that will continue to grow worse as long as the poison remains. These impurities and poisons find their way into the blood in various ways. Often a sluggish, inactive condition of the system, and torpid state of the avenues of bodily waste, leaves the refuse and waste matters to sour and form uric and other acids, which are taken up by the blood and distributed throughout the circulation. Coming in contact with contagious diseases is another cause for the poisoning of the blood; we also breathe the germs and microbes of Malaria into our lungs, and when these get into the blood in sufficient quantity it becomes a carrier of disease instead of health.

S.S.S.

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The slightest trace of the trouble for future outbreaks. The whole volume of blood is renewed and cleansed after a course of S. S. S. It is also nature's greatest tonic, made entirely of roots, herbs and barks, and is absolutely harmless to any part of the system. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores. Book on the blood and any medical advice free to all who write.

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