

Difficult Digestion

That is dyspepsia. It makes life miserable. Its sufferers eat not because they want to, but simply because they must. They know they are irritable and fretful; they complain of a bad taste in the mouth, a tenderness at the pit of the stomach, an uneasy feeling of puffiness, headache, heartburn and what not. The effective remedy, proved by permanent cures of thousands of severe cases, is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills are the best cathartic. **Eradication.** "Remember," said the Boston boy's uncle, "that children should be seen and not heard." "My dear sir," was the courteous rejoinder, "that is one of the theories whose fallacy has long since been admitted by civilized nations. The emperor of China is about the only person in the world who gives it serious consideration."—Washington Star.

Who's Your Croaker? If he doesn't handle Monopole Spices he ought to. If you want to try them, send us his name and address with two 2-cent stamps for postage and we will send you a 10 cent tin of Monopole Cayenne or Ginger or White Pepper or other variety. We know you'll say it is the finest you ever used. Send at once to Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Portland, Oregon.

Retaining Fee. Guest—Are tips expected here? Waiter—No, sah; we don't accept no vulgar tips, sah. We is free-bohn American citizens, sah, we is, and we wish to preserve our self respect, sah. "I am glad to hear that."

"Yes, sah, all we require is a retaining fee, same as lawyers, sah."—New York Weekly.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a good medicine; pain and suffering cannot abide with it; your druggist will tell you so.

Noah's Troubles. "Confound that dinosaur!" exclaimed Noah, as the ark gave such a lurch to starboard that the waves dashed against the roof. "I wish it would learn to stay on its own side of the boat!"

Then Noah seized a handspike and started below deck to shift the cargo.—Ohio State Journal.

Domestic Troubles. Mr. Nagget—Oh, what's the matter with you? You're forever finding fault.

Mrs. Nagget (sweetly) Well, that equalizes things. You're forever losing one.

Mr. Nagget—Losing one? Mrs. Nagget—Yes, your temper. Surely that's a fault.

FITS Permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first use of Dr. Sime's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for circular. Price 25c. Dr. H. H. Kline, Ltd., 331 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Sure Way. "How dare you send a collector to my home?"

"To tell the truth, sir, we were a little doubtful about you."

"Then why not have me looked up? You would then have known that I never pay my bills."—Life.

Don't Get Footsore! Get Foot-Ease. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Makes new or tight shoes easy. Try it today. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept a substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy N. Y.

Only Time Could Tell. "Hey!" shouted the cycling policeman, as the man in the big racing car started to go past him like a railroad train.

"Ain't you riding a trifle more than eight miles an hour?"

"How do I know?" howled the speed maker over his shoulder. "I haven't ridden an hour yet."—Automobile Magazine.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *W. A. Stearns*

A Windfall. "You say his money fell to him?"

"No, he fell to it—tumbled through a coal hole and sued the city."—Chicago Herald.

CANCER

Sufferers from this horrible malady nearly always inherit it—not necessarily from the parents, but may be from some remote ancestor. For Cancer often runs through several generations. This deadly poison may lay dormant in the blood for years, or until you reach middle life, then the first little sore or ulcer makes its appearance—or a swollen gland in the breast, or some other part of the body, gives the first warning.

To cure Cancer thoroughly and permanently all the poisonous virus must be eliminated from the blood—every vestige of it driven out. This S. S. S. does, and is the only medicine that can reach deep-seated, obstinate blood troubles like this. When all the poison has been forced out of the system the Cancer heals, and the disease never returns.

Cancer begins often in a small way, as the following letter from Mrs. Shirer shows. A small pimple came on my jaw about an inch below the ear on the left side of my face. It grew a pain or inconvenience, and I should have forgotten about it had it not begun to inflame and itch. It would bleed a little, then scab over, but would not heal. This continued for some time, when my jaw began to swell, becoming very painful. The Cancer began to eat and spread. It was as large as a half dollar when I heard of S. S. S. and determined to give it a fair trial, and it was remarkable what a wonderful effect it had from the very beginning. The sore began to heal and after taking a few bottles disappeared entirely. This was two years ago; there are still no signs of the Cancer, and my general health continues good.—Mrs. E. Shirer, La Plata, Mo.

S. S. S. is the greatest blood purifier, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable. Send for our free book on Cancer, containing valuable and interesting information about this disease, and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge for a medical opinion.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

TEACHING A SCHOOL.

POSITION OF SCHOOLMASTER IS NO SINECURE.

Sometimes He Has to Fight to Maintain Discipline—One Pedagogue Who Whipped Entire Class—Muscle as Important a Requisite as Is Scholarship.

Who hath bleeding at the nose? He who teacheth a country school. Wherefore I say unto you, go not gaily forth to teach them that dwell in the land round about lest ye have wounds and sores, for verily it booteth more to compass ye back than to read the stars.—O. K. HIS MAXIMS.

It is truth the poet sings that he who essays to handle the unruly in a country school has educational work cut out for him not laid down in any reputable text book.

No person on earth is subjected to as many petty persecutions born of sheer devilry as the country school teacher. For a week, maybe, after he "takes in" the school he has a fairly easy road to travel; the boys have not finished sizing him up. But woe to him if he becomes unduly confident, for things will happen not set forth in the simple rules he has pasted up above the blackboard. The second Monday is generally the time set for the opening of hostilities. The big leader, likely as not bigger than the teacher, has used Saturday and Sunday napping out his program.

Subdued snickers, inattention to the business in hand, poorly prepared lessons or lessons absolutely unlearned mark the day's proceedings. The teacher reprimands and orders the school to stick to those tasks until they are learned. Nobody is kept in at recess or noon rest, for as yet no open defiance has marked the demeanor of the pupils. They go slowly, for the temper of the master is not a revealed thing yet. Just before school "lets out" the teacher rises, taps his bell and, having secured attention, delivers a curt lecture concerning what has been done—or, rather, not been done—and his anxious desire to see immediate improvement. Then the bell taps in dismissal and the boys rush tumultuously out, firing back buccolic shouts of scorn and defiance as they scuffle away.

Then the teacher, if he is wary, knows he is in the position of the man who has bet his sole remaining dollar on a losing horse—he is up against it good and plenty. He arrives at the scene of his labors on Tuesday with tense muscles and hard face, for there will be some kind of a row before the shades of night fall. It is very seldom that a coward can be induced to take a country school, for his dominion will not last five days. The boys can tell a shirker at a glance and they lose no time with such, but get busy at once.

The little boys begin the racket, for they have been incited thereto by their elders, who wish to take a few notes. The big boys have said they are behind the little ones and they are, so far behind that no help comes in the long aching day. Some small boy fails to learn his lesson. When asked why, he says with a wildly beating heart, but bold front, "I don't have to." This causes a snicker to run all over the room, wherein the bold youth joins, closing with a gasp as the ruler drops on some soft spot in his anatomy. He knows he cannot whip the teacher and looks in vain for the promised help. So he takes his licking and snuffling promises to be good. Rage is in his heart against the teacher and the big boys both.

Possibly three or four such happenings reduces that school to a condition of somber thought; the teacher is not so easy after all. Morning recess calls for a conference. Usually the teacher stays inside the school house in deep thought. He sees his work and plans to have it out as soon as possible, for delays are dangerous. He sits at his desk, fingers his ruler and once in a while glances out of the window. He marvels that the children do not seem to be playing, but he has things to chain his thoughts and fails to hear the stealthy footfall on the roof. Then as the children file in, bobbing in awkward courtesy as they enter, he becomes aware of a large amount of smoke in the room. He is being "smoked out."

"Jack Simpson," he says to the big fellow he has picked out as the ringleader; "see what is the matter with that stove?"

Jack obeys—it is part of the play—and a huge volume of white smoke rushes into the room. He closes the door, coughs explosively—it is all put on—and backs away. "She's full of snuffin'," he gasps.

"Why is the pipe choked?" "Smokers must 'a' built their nests in the chimney."

This snail is greeted with a roar. "Silence!" cries the teacher, his words cutting like knives. "I will do the laughing for this school. That chimney was not choked when school assembled this morning; why is it in this condition now?"

"Reckon they built their nests while we wuz at recess."

"What were you doing on the roof a while ago?"

"Wuzn't up on no roof 'tall."

"Open those windows. Nobody is to leave the room until bid," says the angry teacher, seizing the ruler in a firm grasp. "You stuffed something in that chimney, Simpson, and you're going up there and take it out right now."

"Think so?" is the impudent retort. "You will either do it or I will have to punish you severely."

THROUGH THE TELESCOPE.

Humble Tragedy of the Siege of Ladysmith.

When the Boers besieged Ladysmith they permitted a "camp of refuge" and a field hospital to be established at Intombi, a few miles distant. Here the non-combatants were gathered. And to the hospital, writes George Lynch in the London Daily Express, came every morning the train from Ladysmith, bearing its burden of sick and wounded.

To the dwellers at Intombi that train brought the history of the siege, the daily bulletin written in blood and disease. Women who had husbands and brothers and sons in Ladysmith crowded around always to see what news it brought, and went away with a sigh of respite and relief when it carried nothing for them.

And yet, after a fashion, these women at Intombi were more fortunate than the men in Ladysmith, since they could learn from the new arrivals how their loved ones fared. But men were not allowed to go backward and forward to Intombi; those who went had to remain, and somehow or other little or no news seemed to reach the garrison.

In the death of news one man in Ladysmith had arranged that twice a week, when he could get off duty, his wife at Intombi should go at 12 o'clock and stand in front of a big marquee where he could see her through the ship's telescope at the 4.7 battery.

She went there regularly with her child, and straining her eyes toward that sandbagged point above Convent's Hill, sometimes fondly imagined that she could see him. And as the months passed her child, like the others in the camp, grew more sickly, thin and pale, till it seemed as if the Erl King spirit of the miasmic fog had wrapped it round and entered it, and made it a changeling of his own.

But delicate as the child was, the mother was the first to fall sick, and the news of her illness reached her husband by his seeing one tiny figure standing alone at the appointed place, waving a handkerchief. And there came a day when it, too, was no longer to be seen. He could not go to them, but had to stay and fight on with bitterness in his heart.

A Vanishing Bird.

If the north German farmer looks with equanimity upon the gradual disappearance of the stork, the Northern tourist in quest of the quaint and picturesque will hear of the vanishing of the long-legged, red-beaked bird with

BUYING BINDING TWINE.

The Following Points Should be Kept in Mind.

Beware of unscrupulous dealers who misrepresent the quality of this important article.

The best material for Binding Twine is pure Manila fibre. The poorest material for Binding Twine is Sisal fibre. The best Binding Twine is Pure Manila, selected fibre, 650 feet to the pound. The next grade is made partly of Pure Manila fibre and runs 600 feet to the pound.

The great question is how many bundles can you bind with one dollar's worth of twine? Notice the length, one pound and figure how many feet of Twine you get for a dollar. The mixed fibre twine is 20 per cent longer than the Sisal grade. The Pure Manila Twine is 30 per cent longer. It is a simple problem in arithmetic. Use a little "horse sense" and you cannot fail to decide right.

Standard Twine is Sisal Twine, colored or dyed to imitate Manila, and is same length to the pound as Sisal, is the same strength and same price at all factories where it is made. Some dealers are selling it for a better grade than Sisal, which it is not. When they misrepresent the twine and use deception to enlarge their profit do they deserve patronage?

If Twine is made of Pure Manila fibre the tag attached to each ball will always bear the words "Pure Manila." If Twine contains any Manila fibre the word "Manila" will always appear on the tag, for no dealer or maker will fail to put on the labels any fact which will recommend his goods.

The "Red Clover Leaf" is the best grade of Twine made and is the favorite with the farmers all over the Pacific coast, and is of guaranteed length and strength.

The Manila grades are the smoothest, strongest and most satisfactory in every respect.

The Sisal grades are rough, coarse and harsh; they wear out the knotters, twine guides and twine holders on the binders very fast and are so stiff and unyielding that the knots are more likely to slip and become untied when the bundle drops from the binder or in shocking and hauling.

Some times are sold merely by the name of the manufacturer and the salesman is careful not to mention the grade or quality. In buying always require specific information, as to the quality of the Twine, and, moreover, be very careful to inspect the tag attached to the balls. The buyer, if well informed, cannot be deceived.

Manila fibre is all brought from the Philippine Islands. The Pacific coast should especially encourage trade with these islands, for they now belong to our country, and in Asiatic trade lies our best hope for the future, for the reason that when this trade is developed the Pacific coast will control it and our commerce will increase a thousand fold.

The only check that can be put upon the rapacity of the producers of Sisal fibre in Yucatan (which is the cause of the present high price of twine) is the largest possible use of Manila fibre.

Reduce the demand for Sisal Twine 25 per cent and you will see twine prices decline at once.

Owing to possible market changes we do not quote prices in this article, but we will at all times sell at reasonable prices based on the cost of the goods, and we will tell the truth about the twine and will not resort to any misrepresentation.

Our grades and brands are: Pure Manila, "Red Clover Leaf" brand, 650 feet to the pound. Mixed Fibre "Manila," 600 feet to pound. Colored "Sisal," Standard, 500 feet to pound. Sisal, "Pure Sisal," 500 feet to pound.

THE PORTLAND CORDAGE CO. Patronize home manufactures. All our twine is made in Oregon. None of the money goes out of the state except the bare cost of the raw material.

Proves His Heroism. "Did you say," asked the author's friend, "that your hero, who is poor, is to marry the rich heiress?"

"Yes, that is the way he proves his heroism."—Indianapolis News.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of *Dr. Wood*

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLON SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Cure Your Horses OF RUSSIAN HEAVE POWDERS. OF RUSSIAN HEAVE POWDERS. OF RUSSIAN HEAVE POWDERS.

DRUSSIAN HEAVE POWDERS.

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Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling out badly. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out."

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

Patent Had Expired. Lou Field met Gus Rodgers on the Rialto a few days ago. After talking a few minutes Field said:

"Gus, what's become of those patent leather shoes you wore last winter?"

"They have gone to the wall, Lou."

"Why, wasn't the leather good?"

"Yes," said Gus with a sigh, "but the patent expired."—New York Times.

Something Wrong. Windig—I make it a rule never to talk on any subject of which I know nothing.

Jabber—If that's true, it's mighty queer.

Windig—What's the matter, queer?

Jabber—The fact that you are constantly talking.

Stilt Racing in Gascony. Until very recently hardly any festivals took place in the villages of Gascony without stilt races. The prizes usually consisted of a gun, a sheep, a rooster, or something of the kind, and young women took part in the exercises.

And it's incurable. Judge—What is your profession? Witness—I'm a poet, your honor.

"Huh! That's not a profession; it's a disease!"—Chicago Daily News.

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JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, ORE. Foot of Morrison Street. Can give you the best bargains in Boilers and Engines, Windmills, Pumps and General Machinery. Wood Sawing Machines a specialty. See us before buying.

HOW ABOUT IT? When you strike a stump with the ordinary push cut mower, something happens about as shown in the above illustration, and they are all push cuts, and all will do this except the Keeley Cut.

This serves to show that pressure against the bar will raise the wheels from ground, decrease traction and cutting power. With the Champion Keeley Cut the contrary is the result—pressure against the bar in heavy cutting drives downward pull, holding the wheels tighter to the ground. Increased traction, more power, making the most powerful cutter on the market. This cut is the only one that will cut you want the best mower made, say the Champion Keeley Cut.

Send for book of testimonials from hundreds of delighted customers all over Oregon, Washington and Idaho. MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAVELAND CO., General Agents, Portland, Or.

SPRINGSTEEN MEDICINE CO. 316 Alky 10th, Third and Morrison Sts. The merits of the Springsteen Medicine Company are well known. Both Male and Female Complaints, many which have baffled medical experts everywhere, have yielded to the benefit of these medicines. To those who cannot call, address as above, and all information will be provided.

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At antic Express 8:30 p. m. via Huntington.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Missoula, Seattle, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee and Chicago and East.	8:10 a. m.
St. Paul Portland 6:15 p. m. via Spokane.	Fall Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	7:00 a. m.

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8:50 p. m. All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—Sail every 7 days.	Columbia River Steamers.	4:00 p. m. Kx. Sunday.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 p. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Kx. Sunday.
4:45 a. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.	Willamette River. Water permitting. Oregon City, Newberg, Corvallis and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill. Water permitting. Oregon City, Newberg, Corvallis and Way Landings.	8:30 p. m. Tues., Thurs. and Sat.
11:00 a. m. Daily except Monday.	Snake River. Riparia to Lewiston.	11:00 a. m. Daily except Monday.

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Drain.....	8:46 P. M.	2:35 A. M.
Arrive Astoria.....	9:10 P. M.	3:00 P. M.
" Sacramento.....	9:10 P. M.	3:00 A. M.
" San Francisco.....	9:10 P. M.	3:00 A. M.
Arrive Eugene.....	4:55 A. M.	7:00 A. M.
" Denver.....	5:30 A. M.	9:15 P. M.
" Kansas City.....	7:25 A. M.	7:25 A. M.
" Chicago.....	7:42 A. M.	8:30 P. M.
Arrive Los Angeles.....	2:00 P. M.	8:05 A. M.
" El Paso.....	6:00 P. M.	6:00 P. M.
" Fort Worth.....	6:30 A. M.	6:30 A. M.
" City of Mexico.....	11:30 A. M.	11:30 A. M.
" Houston.....	5:00 A. M.	7:00 A. M.
" New Orleans.....	6:30 P. M.	6:30 P. M.
" Washington.....	6:42 A. M.	6:42 A. M.
" New York.....	12:10 P. M.	12:10 P. M.

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