

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Not in Pills. Sold by Druggists.

PAYING THE POSTAGE.

Postage was always a sore point in the old days. It might be either prepaid or collected on delivery, and unlucky recipients of long-winded epistles or other useless matter often had a substantial grievance. The author of "The Old Farmer and his Almanac," gives a few of Mr. Thomas' frequent hints to his contributors to pay the postage on what they sent to him.

His first allusion to the matter was in the Almanac for 1806, and is appended to a compliment which he pays to a highly respected Quaker correspondent:

"Friend R. D. is tendered the editor's best thanks, for his several valuable communications, at the same time solicits a continuance of his correspondence. The postage the editor will ever be happy in paying, though in some is a great loser."

One of the "loosing" cases appears in 1809:

"A. R. Q. is thanked for his reasonable information. Though we would remind him that his communications come so coated up that we are obliged to pay double postage on them, we would advise him in future to leave off the wrapper or pay the postage."

Again in 1810: "E. W. and others will be kind enough to pay postage on answers to Riddles in future, or they will not be noticed."

A little later: "G. S. our Boston querist, have no objection to his asking questions every day in the year, provided he pays the postage."

E. F. in 1812 appears as a sinner against several principles: his "anecdote is of the coarsest kind, and not capable of being polished without injuring the pith. His Meteorological observations, if correctly taken, would be useful. He will do well to remember the postage in future."

By 1814 the postage nuisance seems to have become intolerable. "J. H. Jr." is informed that "we conceive his Questions to be unimportant, and not worth the money we paid for them," and finally there is an emphatic pronouncement to the world at large: "No notice will in future be taken of any answers to queries unless post paid."

Different Views of it.

(Nellie Munson Holman in "Success Magazine.")

"What is the secret of success?" asked the magazine.

"Do write," said the pen.

"Be progressive," said the enchanter.

"Be exact and on time," said the clerk.

"Be careful not to break your word," said the typewriter.

"Don't be afraid to strike when you find your match," said the lamp.

"Push and pull," said the door.

"Stand firm and unyielding," said the flagstaff.

"Don't change with every wind that blows," said the weather vane.

"Never become dull and rusty," said the hoe.

"Climb steadily up," said the hill.

"Keep bright and don't mind the clouds," said the sun.

"Cultivate a calm exterior, but be ready for emergencies," said the innocent flower; "even I always carry a pistol."

Not a Favorite Breed.

Lovers of good, plain dogs, which have been allowed to grow naturally, will appreciate the story of the English peddler who went to a dealer in dogs and thus described what he wanted:

"Hi wants a kind of dog about so 'igh an' so long. Hit's a kind of gry'ound, an' yet it ain't a gry'ound, because 'is t'yle is shorter nor any of these 'ere gry'ounds an' 'is nose is shorter, an' 'e ain't so slim round the body. But still 'e's a kind of gry'ound. Do you keep such dogs?"

"No," replied the dog man. "We drown 'em."

At the present moment there are 194 monuments in Germany that have been completed to Prince Bismarck, while forty-four others are in process of construction or are planned.

MALLEABLE IRON STUMP PULLERS

Fastest, lightest and strongest Stump Puller on the market. 112 Horse power on the sweep with two horses. Write for descriptive catalog and prices.

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P. N. U. No. 27-1905

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

Humorous

Mrs. Jenks—You acted awfully silly when you proposed to me. Mr. Jenks—Well, I was!—Cleveland Leader.

He—Do you read all the popular novels of the day? She—Gracious, no! I have just time to see how they end.—Ex.

He—As I sat there alone, Hilda came along and offered me a penny for my thoughts. She—The extravagant creature!—Boston Transcript.

Old Gent—My poor child! Did not your parents leave you anything when they died? Poor Child—Yes! They left me an orphan!—Boston Transcript.

"Oh, papa, the duke has proposed to me!" "He has?" "Yes, papa. And he says I can wear a coronet! Here's the pawn ticket for it!"—Cleveland Leader.

Duffer—I've been figuring on the expenses of an automobile, and I find the greatest cost is the operation. Puffer—Mechanical or surgical?—Indianapolis Star.

Jim—Say, Bill, wot would yer do if yer had a million dollars? Bill—Oh, I s'pose I'd blow about half uv it makin' meself sick an' de other half tryin' ter find out wot wuz de matter wid me.—Ex.

"What does the first expert say?" "He says the prisoner is guilty." "And the second expert?" "Not guilty." "There's a third expert, isn't there?" "Yes; he says both the other experts are liars."—Houston Chronicle.

Officer—What is the complaint here! Orderly (offering basin)—Taste that, sir. Officer (tasting)—Well, I think it's excellent soup. Orderly—Yes, sir; that's the trouble; they want to persuade us it's tea.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Fond Young Mother (with her first born)—Now, which of us do you think he is like? Friend (judicially)—Well, of course, intelligence has not really dawned in his countenance yet, but he's wonderfully like both of you.—Punch.

Broadway—Too bad about old Gottrocks. Manhattan—Why, what's the matter with him? Broadway—He started in to make enough money to retire on, and made so much that he's got to work overtime to take care of it.—Life.

"Which do you think counts for the most in life, money or brains?" "Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "I see so many people who manage to get on with so little of either, that I am beginning to lose my respect for both."—Washington Star.

Guest—This is the fourth time I've rung for ice water! Bell Boy—I know it, sir, but the hotel is full of people that were at that same banquet, and every time I started down the hall to your room somebody reached out and snatched the pitcher!—Detroit Free Press.

The Actor—Look here, old man, I wish you'd lend me five dollars in advance, and take it out of my first week's salary. The Manager—But, my dear fellow, just supposing, for the sake of argument, that I couldn't pay you your first week's salary—where would I be?—Life.

The managing editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered. "Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out." And the office boy, gathering them all into a large waste basket, did so.—Washington Life.

"Give you a nickel?" said Miss De Style; "oh, no. I never dispense promiscuous alms. Why do you not obtain employment?" "Please, mum," was the timid reply, "I have a small baby, and people won't be bothered by a woman with a child." "Then, you absurd creature, why not leave the child at home with its nurse?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Gen. "Phill" Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident did he laugh the most. "Well," he said, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day, when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule, which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked: 'Well, begorra, if you're goin' to get on, I'll get off!'"

"It's mighty easy to make a mistake in a person," remarked John A. McCall of the New York Life Insurance Company a few days ago to a friend. "It's like the case of a sea captain I once knew. He got married late in life and progressed little further than the honeymoon when his wife packed up her buds and ran off with a handsome man. 'Well,' remarked the captain ruefully, as he contemplated the deserted home, 'seem like I got things wrong. I thought I had got a mate, but it seems I got a skipper instead.'"

In Doubt.

"Is your invention a success?" "I don't know yet," answered the mechanical genius. "It is such a simple and effective device that I don't know whether I can develop enough imaginative eloquence concerning it to make people subscribe for stock."—Washington Star.

There Are Others.

Rhymer—I say, old man, are you ever troubled with writer's cramps? Spacer—Sure thing, especially when the expected check fails to arrive.

FAMOUS FRIGATE FOUND.

Philadelphia, Destroyed in Tripoli Harbor, is Located.

Charles Wellington Furlong made a systematic search at Tripoli of Barbary for the lost remains of the famous American frigate Philadelphia, destroyed in the harbor of Tripoli 100 years ago. He tells in Harper's Magazine the romantic story of how he found the vessel at last:

"In less than an hour my search was rewarded by seeing the broken ends of the great ribs of a vessel protruding through dull-colored sea-grass. I noticed that this grass seemed to follow the line of the ribs, and carefully noted its character, further to aid me in my search. Examining these closely, no doubt was felt in my mind but that they belonged to a large vessel, and ordered the boatman to let fall the anchor.

"The lead gave us two and a half and three fathoms. Hastily undressing, we dived several times. Mr. Ripley first succeeded in buoying the spot by going down with the line and slipping it over one of the ribs. While on the bottom I carefully examined the timbers. These were honey-combed in certain parts in a peculiar way. The continual sea-wash of a century seemed to have made its inroads at the softest places, and they gave every appearance in form of partially burned stumps. The wood seemed almost as hard as iron. Much of it was inclosed in a fossil crust, and only by repeated efforts I succeeded in breaking off a small piece. The many winds from the desert and the shifting shoals of sand had filled in and around the frigate and her keel must have lain buried nearly two fathoms deeper than the present sea-bottom. The freshening breeze made further investigation impossible; so, after taking bearings and leaving the spot buoyed, we returned to the shore, landing amid an awaiting, curious crowd of Turks, Arabs and blacks.

"Six days later, through the courtesy and interest of the officers of the Greek warships Crete and Paralos, a ship's cutter and machine-boat with divers were placed at my disposal."

A PIECE OF THE TOWN'S MIND.

About fifty years ago Justice William T. Spear was a well-known lawyer in Plymouth, Mass. He took a deep interest in the affairs of the community, and his acquaintance with parliamentary usage lifted him above those who simply vote others into office. As nearly as might be, he was the "Town's Mind," to use the large phrase invented by the forefathers.

In this character Judge Spear never failed to attend town meeting and rarely failed to speak with force and clear intention, but on one occasion he faltered unexpectedly in setting the little state in motion. He rose in the house of freedom with all his accustomed dignity, and began with authority:

"I am not here, Mr. Moderator." He hesitated a moment, then began again:

"I am not here, sir." Again he paused, and in the silence a young man in the assembly cried out:

"Tell us where you are, then!" Fifty years ago it was considered indecorous for a young man to take an active part in the proceedings of the town meeting. He was there to vote—silently—and was expected to restrain the speech of his deep, attentive mind. No wonder, then, that Judge Spear turned upon the audacious speaker with a mighty frown.

"I am not here, sir," he thundered, "to be barked at by every puppy that crawls into the town house!" Then, turning to the moderator, Judge Spear proceeded as usual to regulate the calendar of the town year.

A Tantalizing River.

The suit of Kansas against the ditch owners of Colorado, to prevent them taking water out of the upper Arkansas river, had a round in Hutchinson when depositions were taken before the United States commissioner. The State of Colorado conducted the side of the ditch owners, and was represented by four lawyers, while Kansas had but two. The Arkansas river is hard to depend on when it comes to giving evidence on its own hook. Just as the stream almost disappears and the cattish have to go ashore to get a drink and the Kansas attorneys think their side is proven, along comes a flood, and the Colorado folks rejoice. And then when the torrent is raging, knocking out bridges and filling the hearts of the Denver attorneys with joy, the bottom drops out and it requires a pump to prove that there is such a stream as the Arkansas at all. A year ago the Kansas side of the case was given by witnesses along the river. Now the Colorado people are having their inning. But the evidence thus far given by the witnesses at Garden City, Great Bend, Larned and here, subpoenaed in behalf of the Colorado contention, is against Colorado and in favor of the view of the case taken by the Jayhawkers.

Identified.

Mrs. Jawback—James, you're a perfect fool!

Mr. Jawback—I knew something like that would happen when marriage made you and me one. —Cleveland Leader.

Among the hard things in this world to understand are mules, women, gasoline engines, automobiles and wireless telegraphy.

JUDICIAL DECISIONS



The right of a municipal corporation which has a contract right to purchase waterworks from one who undertakes to construct and operate them, to sell and transfer it to a third person, is sustained in De Motte vs. Valparaiso (Ind.) 68 L. R. A. 117.

A municipal corporation is held, in Bowden vs. Kansas City (Kan.), 68 L. R. A. 181, to be performing a ministerial public duty in maintaining a fire station, and to be liable in damages to an employe for personal injuries sustained, resulting from neglect on the part of the corporation to furnish him a reasonably safe place in which to work.

A carrier which issues, in exchange for bills of lading surrendered to it, orders directing the delivery of grain en route to certain purchasers or the consignee or his order on presentation of the orders and stamps across the face of them a statement, signed by its agent, that cars will be delivered on them the same as on the bills of lading taken up, is held, in National Newark Banking Company vs. Delaware, L. & W. R. Co. (N. J. Err. & App.), 68 L. R. A. 585, to be thereby charged with notice of the rights of a bank to which the orders are transferred upon the indorsement of the consignee and to be liable to it in an action for the conversion of the grain by delivering it to the purchasers from the consignee upon the latter's written instructions without presentation of the orders.

POOR CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

One Man Says Reading of City Directory Excites Him Unduly.

"Insomnia" said the man wearing the medical vandyke. "Ah, my friend, don't monkey with opiates or sleeping drafts. Just take a copy of the city directory, start at A and before you have read many pages you'll fall asleep. Try it."

"That's just what another fool told me to do," retorted the man with the dark circles under his eyes. "And I tried it."

"Wasn't successful, eh?" "Well, not by a jugful. Only last night I took a copy of the city directory and started up and down the monotonous array of names. I got through the A's all right and was just getting drowsy when I hit the B bunch."

"Well?" "Before long I came to the name J. Herkimer Browne. Well, sir, that man is my landlord and I don't mind telling you that I am behind two months in the rent. Do you think that jolt to my memory was the slightest aid to slumber, hey?"

"But you persevered?" "I did, sir; I kept right on like a fantastic fool and that's why I am a nervous wreck this morning."

"Before long my optics were trailing down the D column and my head was wearily sinking back on the pillow. Just then my eye lit on the name, Davies, David H., M. D."

"Well, that happens to be the name of the medico who pulled me through a bad case of the grip last winter. I owe him \$25 for medical attendance. Getting wiser, I skipped the E bunch, because I knew it contained the names of a coal man and a grocer that have been writing me dunning letters."

"With a sort of delirious determination I started through the F department and in less than five minutes I struck the name 'Firkins, J. Fenimore,' a gentleman who went bankrupt recently and swindled me out of a lot of hard-earned money. Of course that recollection had a sweet soporific effect on my nerves, didn't it?"

"But then you stopped reading?" "No, I kept right on and received a most crushing blow to my self-esteem right in the G column, where I ought to have been at home. My name, sir, the name of J. Archibald Guffkins, was not in the blame directory. Think of that, sir, think of that! And it will be a whole year before I can have it inserted! Cure for insomnia, tush!"

Whereat the sleepless one stalked angrily out of the car.—New York Sun.

The Dutchman's Revenge.

The Lidgerwood, N. D., Broadaxe tells of a Dutchman who refused to pay 25 cents fare to Hankinson. He stated that before he would pay more than 25 cents he would get off and walk. The conductor stopped his train and put him off. The Dutchman ran ahead of the engine and started to walk. The engineer began to blow the whistle. The Dutchman said: "You can visse all you vant to, I won't come back."

The Old Man's Joke.

"Young man, do you mean to tell me that you indulge in cigarettes?" "Ye—yes, sir."

"And I wouldn't be surprised if you had a box in your pocket right now?" "Ye—yes, sir."

"Then give me one; I'm dying for a smoke."—Houston Post.

Enough Said.

"Flanagan called ye a liar, did he?" "He did thot."

"An' what did ye do?" "Flanagan."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE MOTOR OMNIBUS.

Comparison of Merits of Electric Car and Self-Driven Carriage.

In England, where the use of electricity for the operation of street railways is more of a novelty than in the United States, the wisdom of the practice is occasionally challenged. "For instance, an engineering expert, writing to the London Times a few days ago," expressed the opinion that some of the smaller English cities which had authorized the construction of trolley lines might in time regret their "precipitation." He then proceeded to point out the merits of the self-propelled omnibus, which is probably more common in the streets of London than in New York or other American cities, although still too new to admit of a thoroughly satisfactory comparison with the electric car.

In at least one respect the omnibus is distinctly superior to its rival. In extremely narrow streets it is less of an obstruction to drays, cabs and private carriages and is less liable to be delayed by a blockade than a vehicle which must follow a line of rails. The first cost of a motor omnibus is estimated by the correspondent of the Times as about the same as that of the trolley car, but the latter requires an additional investment of capital for track, overhead wire or conduit and power house. An omnibus line, then, calls for a smaller outlay to begin with. On the other hand, less power is needed to move a car than a carriage which runs on the ordinary pavement of a street. Rails facilitate movement by reducing friction. Again, a vehicle which generates its own power experiences greater difficulty in climbing steep grades than one which derives power from a central station. Finally, the trolley car has from two to three times the capacity of the omnibus. Theoretically, if not practically, therefore, its earnings should be larger.

The contributor to our London contemporary has undertaken to get a little light on this last point, but confesses that he has not been able to obtain as much as he could wish. Here, however, is the result in a nutshell: For the omnibus the cost of operation is 9 or 10 pence per car mile and its receipts 13 or 14, an excess ranging from one-third to one-half. For the trolley car the cost of operation averages 6 pence and the receipts 10 pence, the margin being two-thirds of the operating charges.—New York Tribune.

Just Discrimination in Railway Rates.

All railroad men qualified to speak on the subject in a responsible way are likely to agree with President Samuel Spencer of the Southern railway when he says: "There is no division of opinion as to the desirability of stopping all secret or unjust discriminatory devices and practices of whatsoever character."

Mr. Spencer, in speaking of "unjustly discriminatory" rates and devices, makes a distinction which is at once apparent to common sense. There may be discrimination in freight rates which is just, reasonable and imperatively required by the complex commercial and geographical conditions with which expert rate makers have to deal. To abolish such open and honest discrimination might paralyze the industries of cities, states and whole sections of our national territory.

This distinction between just and unjust discrimination is clearly recognized in the conclusions of the international Railway congress, published yesterday:

"Tariffs should be based on commercial principles, taking into account the special conditions which bear upon the commercial value of the services rendered. With the reservation that rates shall be charged without arbitrary discrimination to all shippers alike under like conditions, the making of rates should be as far as possible have all the elasticity necessary to permit the development of the traffic and to produce the greatest results to the public and to the railroads themselves."

The present proposal is, as Mr. Walker D. Hines, of Louisville, how in his remarkable testimony the other day before the senate committee at Washington, to crystallize flexible and justly discriminatory rates into fixed government rates which cannot be changed except by the intervention of some government tribunal, and by this very process to increase "the temptation to depart from the published rate and the lawful rate in order to meet some overpowering and urgent commercial condition"—New York Sun.

Off Duty.

"Hello!" cried the policeman, "reading a paper, eh? I thought you were a blind man."

"So I am during business hours," the blind beggar replied, "but I'm off duty now."—Philadelphia Press.

Idleness is many gathered miseries in one name.—Richter.

Come Now Own Up

You don't like those gray hairs, do you? And your husband certainly doesn't like them. Then why not try a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor? It restores color to gray hair every time, all the deep, rich color of early life. And it cures dandruff also.

"I certainly believe that Ayer's Hair Vigor is a splendid preparation for the hair and scalp, for I have used it more or less for six years. I can cheerfully recommend it to anyone in need of such a preparation."—Mrs. Kate Scott, Minneapolis, Minn.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's SASSAPARILLA PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

In Nation of Chauffeurs.

The French nation so closely guards her supremacy in the motor world that plans are being made so that every French boy will be made familiar with the operation and the principles involved in the construction of the automobile, says the Philadelphia Record. A course of instruction is being arranged for introduction into the public schools. There are a number of technical schools where the details of automobile instructions are imparted to those who desire such knowledge.

It is said that no city in the world gives the same encouragement to automobilism as Paris. It has been decided that all the public hospitals shall be equipped with self-propelled ambulances and a very speedy car has been ordered to be attached to the municipal laboratory, where all the bombs found on the streets of that city shall be taken for investigation and destruction.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

Her Purpose.

"Mother thinks you'll make me a good wife," said the girl's intended.

"Indeed?" replied the girl with the determined jaw, "you tell your mother I'll make you a good husband."—Philadelphia Ledger.

For coughs and colds there is no better medicine than Piso's Cure for Consumption. Price 25 cents.

A Son's Suggestion.

Father (cutting the whip smartly through the air)—See, Tommy, how I make the horse go faster without striking him at all.

Tommy—Papa, why don't you spank us children that way?—Glasgow Times.

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

A Jealous Elephant.

Large elephant, formerly the center of attraction in a certain Zoo, found itself supplanted in public favor by a new arrival—a young camel. This camel was the latest acquisition, and very naturally engaged the attention of visitors.

The elephant for a long time showed signs of dissatisfaction, and at last his jealousy reached a point where it must find expression. When the usual crowd gathered about the camel the elephant prepared for action. He filled his trunk with water, and with deliberate aim discharged the water all over the people who stood looking at the baby camel.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free #2 trial bottle and treatise, Dr. R. H. King, Ltd., 303 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Too Deep for Him.

"There's one thing I can't understand about farming," said the city chap who had contracted with a farmer for a week's board, as he watched the hired man turning the soil.

"What be that, young feller?" queried the honest old granger, as he bit off a generous hunk of home-made tobacco.

"I can't understand," said the city chap, "why the ground was placed bottom side up, so that it has to be turned over with a plow before the crops can be planted."

ECZEMA A FLESH FIRE

—Those afflicted with Eczema know more than can be told of the suffering imposed by this "flesh fire." It usually begins with a slight redness of the skin, which gradually spreads, followed by blisters and pustules discharging a thin, sticky fluid that dries and scales off, leaving an inflamed surface, and at times the itching and burning are almost unbearable. While any part of the body is liable to be attacked, the hands, feet, back, arms, face and legs are the parts most often afflicted. The cause of Eczema is a too acid condition of the blood. The circulation becomes loaded with fiery, acid poisons that are forced through the glands and pores of the skin which set the flesh aflame. Since the cause of the disease is in the blood it is a waste of time to try to cure it with local applications; the cause must be removed before a cure can be effected. S. S. S. has no equal as a remedy for Eczema; it enters the blood and forces out the poison through the natural channels, and builds up the entire system. The skin becomes smooth and soft again, and the Eczema is cured. Cases that have persistently refused to be cured under the ordinary treatment yield to its purifying, cooling effect on the blood. Book on Skin Diseases and any advice wished, without charge.

Mayetta, Kan. J. H. SPENCER.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.