

# RHEUMATISM CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY

It is perfectly natural to rub the spot that hurts, and when the muscles, nerves, joints and bones are throbbing and twitching with the pains of Rheumatism the sufferer is apt to turn to the liniment bottle, or some other external application, in an effort to get relief from the disease, by producing counter-irritation on the flesh. Such treatment will quiet the pain temporarily, but can have no direct curative effect on the real disease because it does not reach the blood, where the cause is located. Rheumatism is more than skin deep—it is rooted and grounded in the blood and can only be reached by constitutional treatment—IT CANNOT BE RUBBED AWAY. Rheumatism is due to an excess of uric acid in the blood, brought about by the accumulation in the system of refuse matter which the natural avenues of bodily waste, the bowels and kidneys, have failed to carry off. This refuse matter, coming in contact with the different acids of the body, forms uric acid which is absorbed into the blood and distributed to all parts of the body, and Rheumatism gets possession of the system. The aches and pains are only symptoms, and though they may be scattered or relieved for a time by surface treatment, they will reappear at the first exposure to cold or dampness, or after an attack of indigestion or other irregularity. Rheumatism can never be permanently cured while the circulation remains saturated with irritating, pain-producing uric acid poison. The disease will shift from muscle to muscle or joint to joint, settling on the nerves, causing inflammation and swelling and such terrible pains that the nervous system is often shattered, the health undermined, and perhaps the patient becomes deformed and crippled for life. S. S. S. thoroughly cleanses the blood and renovates the circulation by neutralizing the acids and expelling all foreign matter from the system. It warms and invigorates the blood so that instead of a weak, sour stream, constantly depositing acid and corrosive matter in the muscles, nerves, joints and bones, the body is fed and nourished by rich, health-sustaining blood which completely and permanently cures Rheumatism. S. S. S. is composed of both purifying and tonic properties—just what is needed in every case of Rheumatism. It contains no potash, alkali or other mineral ingredient, but is made entirely of purifying, healing extracts and juices of roots, herbs and barks. If you are suffering from Rheumatism do not waste valuable time trying to rub a blood disease away, but begin the use of S. S. S. and write us about your case and our physicians will give you any information or advice desired free of charge and will send our special treatise on Rheumatism.

## S.S.S. PURELY VEGETABLE

At Culross Abbey in Fife, Scotland, a tombstone has been found which is believed to date from the fourth century of the Christian era.

For a violin by Petrus Guarnerius, dated 1695, £200 was given at a recent sale in London; while one by Nicholas Lupot fetched £240.

Americans and American capital are going into Ceylon to assist in the development of the tea-growing industry this year as never before.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.



Hewitt—What did they charge you a day at that summer hotel? Jewitt—I only know the minute price.—Town Talk.

First Commuter—What do you do with yourself evenings? Second Commuter—I take the 5:03 train from the city.—Puck.

"How was the comic opera?" "My wife thought the costumes were disgusting." "I guess I'll go."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cook—Now we've 'ad words, you'll be lookin' for another cook to keep company with? Policeman—Not me, I'll starve first.—Punch.

Hadsun—I want a good revolver. Dealer—A six-shooter? Hadsun—Better make it a nine-shooter. It's for a cat next door.—Ally Sloper.

Newed—Don't you believe that marriage broadens a man? Oldwed—Well, I don't know about that; but it usually makes him shorter.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Now that your son's in college, I suppose he'll be getting very exclusive; he'll be getting into the 400." "Oh, he's more exclusive than that already; he's on the nine."—Philadelphia Press.

"Do you regard baseball as a healthful game?" "Well," answered the physician, "I should say it ought to do a great deal toward strengthening people's lungs."—Washington Star.

Comparative Stranger—What's all the excitement about? Summer Boarder—Nothing; just a lynching. The man who wrote the folders about this place is coming down on the train.—Puck.

Yeast—Our boarding-house lady has been taking cooking lessons, and she says next week she is going to try her hand in her own kitchen. Crismonbeak—Is that a threat or a promise?—Yonkers Statesman.

First Boy—Did you really win three prizes at school? Second Ditto—Yes, and one was for my excellence of memory. "How did you win the others?" "The others? I forgot what they were for."—Black and White.

Father—Well, how does your husband succeed with his art? Does he sell any pictures? Daughter—I should think so! Why, there is not a single one left of those you gave us for a wedding present.—Fillegende Blatter.

Mrs. Goodart—I always feel so sorry for those poor shop girls; they're so overworked, you know. Mr. Goodart—Well, my dear, the best way to help them is to keep away from bargain sales.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Miss Elderleigh—Jane Jones is a mean, spiteful old cat. Miss Younger—What's the matter? Miss Elderleigh—I told her that my family came over in the Mayflower and she asked me if I was seasick.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. McDooley—Faith, an' it do be a question of love for ye, me darlin'. Miss Clancy—Prwat is it, Pat? Mr. McDooley—Whin it comes tolme for the funeral, how would ye like t' be th' Widder McDooley?—Chicago Daily News.

Wise—He's very wealthy. Mrs. Wise—Yes, and very stingy and mean. Wise—Come now, you're not sure of that. You mustn't judge a man by his clothes. Mrs. Wise—I don't. I'm judging him by his wife's clothes.—Philadelphia Press.

"Our engagement will have to be temporarily suspended," announced the summer girl, calmly. "Oh, impossible," the young man vowed. "It will have to be. My husband writes that he is coming down for a week."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"My good man," said the lady missionary, "do you ever pause to think where you are going?" "Sure ting," replied the unlaundersed hobo. "Ef I didn't I might get on de wrong freight an' land back at me startin' place!"—Chicago Daily News.

"Do you think the time will come when there will be no money in politics?" said one boss. "I don't know," answered the other. "It won't be our fault if it doesn't. We have done the best we could to take out all there was in it."—Washington Star.

Russian Official—You can not stay in this country, sir. Traveler—Then, of course, I will leave it. "Have you a permit to leave?" "No, sir." "Then I must tell you that you can not go. I give you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you will do."—Tattler.

"Train holdups," said the old traveler, "are nothing new for me. I've been in lots of them." "How does it seem to be covered with a revolver?" asked the listener. "Can't say," replied the old traveler. "I've always been held up with a whisk broom."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Jigley—We were talking about suburban cottages, and Subbubs remarked that the only thing they ever dreamed of out his way in Boghurst was Queen Anne. Citizen—The idea! Is that the way he pronounces it now? Jigley—Pronounces what? Citiman—Quinine.—Philadelphia Press.

"Can you give bond?" asked the Judge. "Have you got anything?" "Judge," replied the prisoner, "sence you ax me, I'll tell you; I hain't got nuthin' in the worl' 'cept the spring chills, six acres o' no-count land, a big family, a hope of a hereafter, an' the ol' war-rheumatism!"—Atlanta Constitution.

## My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair; beautiful hair, without a single gray line in it. Have a little pride. Keep young just as long as you can.

"I am fifty-seven years old, and until recently my hair was very gray. But in a few weeks Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my hair so now there is not a gray hair to be seen."—J. W. HANSON, Boulder Creek, Col.



As it is undoubtedly true that one man's meat may be another man's poison, so it happens sometimes that what seems like work to one person is regarded as recreation by another.

"Had a good lecture on Alaska, didn't we, Eb?" asked one of Mr. Dodd's neighbors, meeting him the day after the lecture. "To sit there peaceful as pie for two hours, hearing him reel off the information and seeing those pictures cast on the screen, was a grand rest for me, beat out with cranberrying as I be."

"It was a good enough talk," admitted Mr. Dodd, in a grudging tone, "but it didn't rest me up to speak of. Between having to set stock still without a chance to get in a word for two mortal hours and crane my neck looking at those views, I was pretty well wore when I got home."

"But I took the lantern out into the woods, and by the time I'd split up a week's kindlings I felt kind o' rested an' calmed down."

Dogs and Musical Tones. The capacity of dogs to distinguish musical tones has been made the subject of elaborate experiments by Dr. Otto Kallischer, of Berlin, and the results have just been published in the proceedings of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. Dr. Kallischer trained his dogs to pick up and eat morsels of meat set before them only when a certain note was sounded.

How the Ball Wound Up. "Yaas, de beauty an' chivalry ob Smoketown mingled in the ballroom." "Mingled till 'bout 'leven o'clock. Den dey mixed."—Houston (Texas) Chronicle.

The London milkman covers his route on foot, pushing a hand cart with three wheels, which carries his cans of milk and his different measures.

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

Clever at That. "Who is that seedy-looking man over there?" "That's Burroughs. He's a real master at constructing short stories."

"Oh, an author, eh?" "No. I mean he can think up any number of ways of telling you he's broke."—Philadelphia Press.

Water from an artesian well at Ostend which has been wasted for fifty years has now been discovered to possess medicinal qualities similar to the waters of Vichy.

Shake into Your Shoes. Allen's Foot-Powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Free packages mailed. Address: Allen S. Olin, 150 Broadway, New York.

A Distinction. "So you are one of the men who went west to grow up with the country." "No," answered the prosperous and serene citizen. "I am one of the men who went west to show the country how to grow up properly."—Washington Star.

He Had Enough. "Here's a note," said the post clerk, "from a man complaining that his mail isn't delivered regularly."

"What's his name?" asked the chief. "Vladovoldoweschowski."

"Hub! With that name you'd think he had all the letters he needed."—Philadelphia Press.

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### OLD "PINOCHLE."

Old Character Who Is Getting Rich On Needs of Cornell Students. With the close of the school year at Cornell University, Aaron Wells, more widely known as "Pinochle," reaps a golden harvest. Students who are hard up go to him at this time and borrow money, sometimes on notes and frequently "on honor" only, but they one and all have to pay old Pinochle fat interest.

Wells began business there ten years ago practically without a dollar. Too poor to pay rent, he stood on the street offering to buy second-hand wearing apparel of any kind. Now he has a pretentious clothing store and it is as much of a landmark as the Dutch Kitchen or the office of the registrar of the university. Five men are now employed by the industrious clothier, who makes a small fortune in this business alone.

His agents still hang around on the corners, but Pinochle only goes up the hill when telephoned for. Every once in a while swell fraternity men will summon him up to the house and there is a grand clearance sale. Suits that have only been worn for one season, dress clothes that are a bit too small, overcoats of the most fashionable styles, all are thrown toward the little clothing man with the query, "What am I bid?" Sometimes the clothes are fairly worn out; more often the owner is pretty hard up, and in both cases they are sold for a ridiculously low price.

A suit that cost \$40 will go to Pinochle for \$2, and dress coats and overcoats bring from \$5 to \$10. Sometimes the student will kick, but the best he can get out of the imperturbable dealer is: "Well, I'll match you. Five dollars or nothing." And even at this game he usually wins. He makes about 500 per cent on every article he buys, but the students need the money, so they let it go.

But it is in the money-lending business that Wells has acquired the greatest celebrity. Almost any fraternity man in Ithaca with whom he has done business in clothes, or any well-to-do student who can get an introduction to him, can make a "touch" when he is hard up, and thousands of dollars are loaned out every year. Money to go home on, to bet on football, baseball and track games and crew races, to pay bills that are about to be sued on, to play poker with—in fact, money for everything can be obtained from Wells. In small sums or large, it makes little difference. Sometimes the men leave town without paying up; but there have been cases of loans as high as \$500 standing out for years, but in the end they are collected. Either the borrowers themselves pay or their parents pay for them, as Pinochle keeps close watch and knows the addresses of all his clients. He is the best pinochle player in Ithaca.

MUTUAL SERVICE. The experience of Capt. Robert Benham, during troubles with the Indians in Ohio in 1778, is one of the strangest in the history of Indian warfare. The author of "The Ohio River" gives a description of it. "Having broken through the line of Indians during a battle, Benham made his escape, though wounded by a musket-ball in both legs near the loins. He reached an immense fallen tree, crawled under it, and lay still through the ensuing night and the next day, in bitterest pain.

"On the evening of the second day he shot a raccoon on a tree near by, hoping by some means to get and cook it. At the crack of his musket the sound of a human voice reached him. In a moment's time he reloaded and awaited the Indian's approach, resolved to fight to the last extremity. The voice sounded nearer.

"Whoever you are, were the beseeching words, 'answer me.' And at the words a borderer, shot through both arms, came into sight.

"The comrades were unspokenly pleased each to find the other, for between them they had a pair of arms and a pair of legs, and therefore some hope of life and escape. As best he could, Benham dressed all the wounds, and then proceeded to cook some food; all that could be done with arms and hands Benham did, cooking, loading and firing the gun.

"His comrade, having the rims of a hat placed between his feet by Benham, waded into the river and secured sufficient water for their needs; he also drove wild turkeys near enough to Benham to allow him to bring some down, and then he kept tossing them with the toe of his boot toward camp until they were within Benham's reach. By the same means he kept his partner supplied with wood.

"When the wounds healed and the men could travel, they camped at the mouth of Licking River in the hope of being picked up by a passing flatboat. Near the last of November a boat was hailed, and although it took some time to prove that they were not such savages as their appearance indicated, they were taken on board and carried to Louisville."

Too Much of a Good Thing. "Didn't you get an order out of that buyer?" demanded the head of the firm.

"No," replied the salesman, "you see, I didn't begin to talk business to him until I'd given him a good big dinner."

"Maybe the dinner wasn't good enough."

"I think it was too good. It gave him dyspepsia."—Philadelphia Press.

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One Exception. Mrs. Wickler—Dear me! how all the necessities of life have gone up.

Wickler—No; they haven't all gone up.

Mrs. Wickler—Well, I should like you to mention one thing that hasn't gone up.

Wickler—Certainly. My salary.—Illustrated Bits.

Useful. "I hear old Grandpa Jinx has passed away."

"Yes, and the family miss him very much."

"I should think they would be glad for him, he had the palsy terribly."

"Yes, but they used to fasten him to the churn and he'd bring the butter in no time."—Fort Worth Record.

Gesture language still exists in parts of Australasia. Some tribes possess an excellent a code that is almost as efficient as a spoken language.

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