

The Mission

Of those corpses in your blood that have been called "Little Soldiers," is it for you to fight for the disease germs that constantly endanger your health? The only way to keep healthy and strong is by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is a combination of more than 30 different remedial agents in proportions and by a process known only to ourselves and it has for thirty years been constantly proving its worth. No substitute, none "just-as-good."

Progress.

"Think," said the optimist, "of how civilization has progressed since the terrors of the Roman arena."

"Yes," answered Sirs Baker. "Nowadays when we're looking for thrills we go to a little parade ground and watch some aviator risk his life on short turns."—Washington Star.

See Him There.

"A little less noise, Miss Clara, if you please," said the bookkeeper. "Conversation isn't necessary when there is work on hand."

"That only shows, Mr. Addemup," snapped the typewriter girl, "that you've never read the history of the tower of Babel."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO-QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the world over to cure a Cold in One Day. 2c.

Extremes Meet.

The little traveling man looked admiringly at the big traveling man.

"Gee!" he said. "You sell Corlias engines, don't you?"

"No," answered the big man. "I'm an agent for a needle factory. What's your line? Complex powder?"

"Not exactly," said the little man. "I build suspension bridges."

O, Cheese It.

There was a fair maiden named Jen. Who dreamed she'd been changed to a hen.

It wasn't her habit To eat a Welsh rabbit, And she never did eat one again.

Those Dear Friends.

Nan—I always know when Jack is at the front door. He gives just one little ring.

Fan—Yes—just like that one on your finger.

Otherwise Objectionable.

Alg—Myrtle, what are your objections to marrying me?

Myrtle—I have only one objection, Alg. I'd have to live with you.

Needed Explaining.

"That stocky looking man over there once killed a man with one punch."

"What is he—a pugilist or a bartender?"

Too Much for Him.

"Yes," said the thin party, "I'm going to change my boarding place. Those three-course dinners are too much for my digestive apparatus."

"Three-course dinner!" exclaimed his friend. "Of what do they consist?"

"Napkins, ice water and toothpicks," was the reply.

A Holiday Suggestion.

The best gift is not always the one that costs the most money. It's the thing that strikes a need, that's appropriate and appeals to good taste that makes the biggest hit for a woman of domestic taste here's a happy thought:

A new book of exceptional recipes by Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, of the Boston cooking school, has just appeared, under the title "The Cook's Book." It is a selection of 80 of the choicest creations of this eminent authority. The idea is to present in compact form a number of delicious dishes, cakes and pastries fit for those special occasions when the housewife is anxious to make her best impression.

Every recipe is as clear, and the book contains in addition a fund of valuable household information. "The Cook's Book" is elegantly gotten up, printed on finest plate paper and profusely illustrated with beautiful half-tones and colored engravings.

"If you would like 'The Cook's Book' for yourself or a friend, secure a single certificate from a 25-cent card of K. C. baking powder. Mail it with our address and this article to Dept. 48, Jacques Mfg. Co., Chicago, and it will be sent free. You will be delighted with K. C. baking powder. It is guaranteed to please you or money refunded. You will agree that 'The Cook's Book' would be cheap at a dollar, and remember you get it free of all cost. Take advantage of this special offer at once, while it is good, even if you are not out of baking powder. K. C. baking powder will keep its strength for several years if necessary.

Science.

"Did you know that if all the salt in the ocean were gathered into one solid body it would make a cube measuring 500 miles each way?"

"No, but I don't doubt it. Who has figured it out?"

"Nobody. I was just trying to find out how big a lie you would swallow."

His Record.

Tommy Wrote—You told Dora Hope that you had refused me at least half a dozen times. What a whopper!

Lotta Guph—It wasn't a whopper, either. Don't you remember that you proposed to me six times last Thursday evening?

Across the Backyard Fence.

Woman with the Sun Bonnet—If anybody asks me what I know about you I shall tell 'em the exact truth.

Woman with the Gingham Apron—If you do, Mag Parkins, as sure as I'm standin' here I'll sue you for slander!—Chicago Tribune.

Antecedents.

Convict 411 (in the penitentiary for stealing)—I'm from Truro. Where are you from?

Convict 44 (serving a term for perjury)—I'm from—er—False Row, I think.



FARMERS' CORNER

To keep it from getting lost at

Farm Industry Progress.

No industry has equaled the prosperity of agriculture the past decade. Scientific methods of farming and improved live stock have greatly increased the revenue of the farms in all parts of the country. The land has been cultivated to yield increased crops, and prices have ruled uniformly high and stable. While other industries feel the effects of the financial depression, the soil continues to yield bountiful harvests and values hold firm in contrast with depressed business activities. The government estimates that the value of the agricultural products of 1908 will total the enormous sum of \$8,500,000,000.

Farmers have invested approximately in agriculture \$25,000,000,000, which yields a gross income of 30 per cent on the investment, according to the estimate of the value of this season's output. In some localities where farm lands are cheap the gross return is upward of 100 per cent on the investment, and farmers are able to pay for their land with a single crop. It is estimated that there are 6,000,000 farms in the United States that are putting on the market annually an output valued at \$8,500,000,000. It is the leading industry of the country, and its prosperity has had an ameliorating effect on the late financial panic. The farmers are the only representatives of an industry who are not materially affected by the current dull times.

Live stock husbandry is becoming more paramount in agricultural operations. The assessed valuation of the horses, mules, cattle, sheep and hogs in the United States now totals \$4,331,230,000. Dairy products now equal the combined value of wheat and oats. The value of eggs and poultry equals the

combined appraisal of wheat and potatoes. The combined value of dairy products, eggs and poultry equals the value of the corn crop. The 6,000,000 farms produce a gross output of \$8,500,000,000, or an average of \$1,416 annually. This is an average gross income per farm of \$118 per month. Even the 190,000 New England farms are credited with an annual output of \$200,000,000, or an average of \$1,002 per farm. While there is no magical transition from poverty to wealth in agriculture, there are such liberal returns from the soil and such attractive profits for farm produce that farmers as a professional class lead all industries in stable prosperity. Commercial activity or industrial depression do not materially affect the consumption of farm commodities.—Holland's Farmer.

Farm Notes.

Sheep should not be fed ensilage except in small quantities.

It is said that barley furnishes as much nutriment as the same weight of oats.

Don't overcrowd the chickens. Winter only as many as you can comfortably.

Clean dirty eggs with a woolen rag slightly moistened in water; never wash them.

A teaspoonful of chloride of lime in a pint of warm water is said to relieve wind colic in horses.

The idea of perfect comfort should predominate in every building that is constructed for the hogs.

The failures that we make, if wisely pondered and wisely used, may guide us to the success we long to achieve.

Farmers are a power in the land, but it is only as they stand together on questions that affect their welfare that this holds true.

Fourteen million bushels of wheat were exported through Puget sound ports last year and 13,000,000 through Portland, Ore. New York exported 20,000,000, Galveston 8,000,000 and New Orleans 5,000,000 bushels.

In Holland healthy paupers are set to work at farming. For this purpose the government has six model farms, and on these a man who fails to support himself at another calling is taught the principles of farming. He is then allowed to rent a small piece of land at a very low figure and is compelled to till it and support himself.

It Pays to Steam Fodder.

Fodder can be made much more palatable by moistening the mass with live steam. A barrel or hoghead with a little steam pipe run from a small feed cooker will do for one to half a dozen head of cattle, but for feeding on a large scale the following plans will show how to build a cooker of sufficient capacity:

The shed should be only large enough to house the steamer. There is a small door in the end next to the fire-box beside the boiler.

The bins on the sides should be large enough to steam an ample supply for each day's feeding. The bin is filled one day before using and steamed thoroughly, but not enough to make it soggy. It should be allowed to cool and then fed the next day.

The bin should be provided with hinged lids. The steam pipes are run

from the steamer to the bottom of the bins, where they are connected with more pipes to give an equal distribution of steam.

The pipes inside the bins are pierced with one-eighth-inch holes six inches apart to allow the steam to escape.

To preserve the bins they should be lined, bottom, sides, top and lids, with zinc.

Cellar for Roots and Vegetables.

Root cellars are usually built half below and half above the level of the ground. Excavate sixteen inches below the desired level of the floor, and around the sides build a foundation twelve inches wide of one part Portland cement, three parts clean, coarse sand and six parts broken stone or gravel. Remove form and fill between

the foundations to a depth of twelve inches with porous material, tamping well.

On the foundation and at equal distance from either edge erect a solid wall eight inches thick, with one part Portland cement, two and one-half parts clean, coarse sand and five parts cinders, broken stone or gravel, leaving an opening at one end for the steps. Build up the end walls, so as to form a point in the middle, and high enough to give the roof a sufficient pitch to shed the rain.

Near the top at each end openings

for windows should be left, and the sash fitted and plastered in after the concrete has set and forms have been removed.

If a concrete roof is desired, forms should be erected and a roof two and one-half inches thick laid on. On the top of this, and before the concrete is dry, a layer one-fourth inch thick of one part Portland cement and one part sand should be placed, troweled when partially set and smoothed with a wooden float. Forms should not be removed from roof for at least three weeks.

Roof and steps should be reinforced with a woven wire fabric or with steel rods. The cut shows a small cellar suitable for storing all kinds of roots, fruit and vegetables.—Farm and Home.

Canning Sweet Potatoes.

The Lindale canning factory has been running regularly for several weeks, canning sweet potatoes. This is a new thing and furnishes a market not only for all the sweet potatoes raised in the vicinity of Lindale, but carload lots are being shipped in to supply the canner.—Wills Point (Tex.) Chronicle.

A Snow Flow.

Take two pieces of plank one foot wide and four feet long and bolt them together in the shape of a letter V. To this arrangement attach a horse and by standing on it to hold it down one can make a path four or five feet wide with very little trouble.

CONCRETE ROOT CELLAR.

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JONES PUT UP A SUBSTITUTE

And Incidentally Got Reputation as After-Dinner Speaker.

"If there is one thing I hate," remarked Mr. Jones, "it is after-dinner speeches. Well, once I found myself at a big banquet, where I knew very few of those present. To my amazement and horror, toward the end of the festivities, the toastmaster fixed his eyes upon me.

"We have with us to-night," I heard the old, hated formula roll out unctuously from his lips—and then my own name—Mr. Jones, the well-known, etc.

"The toastmaster concluded, but I made no move to get on my feet. I felt paralyzed; my tongue was seeking to climb through the roof of my mouth.

"And then the guests, from all sides, began yelling: 'Yes, Jones, Jones!—which is Jones?—where is Jones?'"

"A brilliant idea came to me. Sitting close beside me was a little man who dearly loved speechifying. Like a flash I jumped to my feet. 'Jones? Why, here's Jones!' I cried, and clapped the little Demosthenes on the shoulder. Then I yanked him to his feet, murmuring in an ominous sotto voce: 'Don't give me away; speak now!'"

"He spoke. And, in the guise of myself, he made a most successful little oration. There was loud applause and much shouting of 'What's the matter with Jones? He's all right!'"

"As for me, I slipped wine and gradually recovered from the nervous shock occasioned by my narrow escape from being eloquent."

YOUTHFUL MIND IN DISTRESS.

Awful Possibility That Loomed Before Six-Year-Old Jackie.

Six-year-old Jackie's mother believed that absolute truthfulness was the only rock on which to build that youthful gentleman's character, and the consistent working out of this principle did away, of course, with belief in all such things as fairies, Santa Claus, and other illusions dear to childish hearts, and they became instead "make-believe" games. Santa Claus in particular being a pet "joke" between his mother and himself.

Jackie came in from play one afternoon much excited and concerned.

"Mother, Jimmie Norton believes there is a really and truly Santa Claus. He says he is sure that Santa Claus does come down the chimney. He wouldn't believe me at all when I told him it was just a joke," with rising anxiety.

Jackie's mother was somewhat non-plused. "Well, son," she temporized, "perhaps Jimmie's mother will tell him the joke some time soon, and then—"

"Oh, I hope she will," broke in Jackie, forgetting his manners in his earnestness, "because, you know, if she don't, when Jimmie has little boys of his own they won't ever get any Christmas presents."

About Happiness.

There is no more beneficial tonic than good, hearty laughter. It inflates the lungs and has a magic effect upon the system. Giggling is not laughing, and it is a habit that brings wrinkles and soon spoils even a pretty face. Why not laugh? It improves the appearance and makes one popular. There is nothing to be glum over, and, if there is, being glum will not help it. Be happy—and bright and everyone will wish to help you. The girl who wants to be beautiful must sleep with fresh air, plenty of it, in her room. She must go out and revel in the sunshine. She must find plenty of laughter in her daily life. That is the only true way to live and the only way capable of bringing beauty.

Poetical Epitaph.

The epitaph collector displayed enthusiastically the photograph of a severe and stately marble tomb. "A new epitaph," he said, "and one of the best in my collection. It is the epitaph of a body of Indians slain in battle near Cooperstown. It was composed by a clergyman, W. W. Lord, and I consider it most poetical."

The epitaph upon the tomb was as follows:

"White Man, Greeting! We, near whose bones you stand, were Iroquois. The wide land which is now yours was ours.

"Friendly hands have given back to us enough for a tomb."

Legal Amenities.

Several decades ago there lived in Charleston, W. Va., a judge noted for his boorish manners. A very fine lawyer whom he especially disliked was once trying a case before him, and all the while the barrister spoke the judge sat with his feet elevated on the railing in front of him hiding his face.

Exasperated by this the lawyer queried:

"May I ask which end of your honor I am to address?"

"Whichever you choose," drawled the judge.

"Well," was the retort, "I suppose there is as much law in one end as the other."

Indisputable.

Two tourists on a personally conducted tour were overheard talking together in the window of a Florence hotel overlooking the Arno.

"This does not look to me like Venice," said the first. "I do not see a single gondola."

"No," admitted her companion, "but it must be Venice. You know we were to be in Venice on Wednesday."—Harper's Monthly.

PISO'S CURE

A TEARING TERRIBLE COUGH

breathless impending peril. Constant coughing irritates and inflames the lungs, leaving the ravaging attacks of deadly disease. PISO'S CURE soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces, clears the clogged air passages and stops the cough. The first dose will bring surprising relief. PISO'S CURE has held the confidence of people everywhere for half a century. No matter how serious and obstinate the nature of your cough, or how many remedies have failed, you can be convinced by a fair trial that the ideal remedy for such conditions is PISO'S CURE.

25 CENTS

A Boston Touch.

Once upon a time DeWolf Hopper met a Boston person in that town whom he had not seen for a long period of duration.

"Hello! How are you? Where have you been?" said Hopper in his hearty way, giving the New York pronunciation to the word "been."

"Please don't say 'bin,' but 'been,'" pleaded the Boston person, plaintively. "Sorry, but I can't," pleaded the big fellow. "I never had a bean in my mouth in my life, not even in Boston."

—The Bohemian.

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

Accounting for the Size.

"Do you remember that fat you sold me yesterday afternoon?" said the man entering the hat store.

"Very well, sir," replied the clerk.

"Well, when I got home I found it too small for me."

"I suppose you didn't get home until morning."—Yonkers Statesman.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and nervous tremors permanently cured by Dr. J. Lee's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. J. H. Elias, L.D., 63 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Unattainable.

The fiery orator was predicting that the bank guaranty scheme would win yet, in spite of everything.

"But can you guarantee that the slot machine will deliver the stick of chewing gum?" demanded his hearers.

Completely nonplused, he changed the subject.—Chicago Tribune.

"Oh, Me, I'm Glad I'm Free!"

"Funny thing about a woman."

"What?"

"She'll scream at a mouse, yet not turn a hair over a dressmaker's bill that makes her husband's teeth chatter."—Boston Transcript.

Floored.

Elderly Relative—Reginald, why do you wear such a mop of hair on your head?

Reginald—I belong to a scrub football team, auntie.

HOWARD E. BURTON, Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, Zinc, Tin, Nickel, Cobalt, Iron, Copper, Platinic tests. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Impure work solicited. References: Carbonate & Sulphate.

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Ferry's are best because every year the dealer gets a new supply, freshly sown and put up. You run no risk of poorly kept or rancid stock. We take the pains you get the results. Run of the best equipped and most expert seed growers in America. It is to our advantage to satisfy you. We will, for sale every where. Our 1909 Seed Annual Free. Write to D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

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Should remember that our force is so organized that WE CAN DO THEIR ENTIRE CROWN, BRIDGE AND PLATE WORK IN A DAY, if necessary. POSITIVELY PAINLESS EXTRACTING FREE when plates or bridges are ordered. WE REMOVE THE MOST SENSITIVE TEETH AND ROOTS WITHOUT THE LEAST PAIN. NO STUDENTS; no uncertainty—but SPECIALISTS, who do the most scientific and careful work.

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