

Dyspepsia

Don't think you can cure your dyspepsia in any other way than by strengthening and toning your stomach. That is weak and incapable of performing its functions, probably because you have imposed upon it in one way or another over and over again. You should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It strengthens and tones the stomach, and permanently cures dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. Accept no substitutes.

Two of a Kind.

The Russian joker who caused a panic in the zoological gardens at St. Petersburg by shouting that the tigers had escaped should exchange cards with the American humorist who yells "Fire!" in places of amusement. They should then report to the fool killer together.

THE SMITH-PREMIER WAY.

Durphy & Dickerman Are as interesting as a Popular Novel.

A good illustration of the way the northwest is being waked up is afforded by the doings of Murphy & Dickerman, the energetic firm who control the Smith-Premier typewriter on the Pacific Coast. Tuesday, June 9, W. H. Durphy, senior member, and F. B. Porter, Portland manager, arrived in Portland; Wednesday they leased the store, 247 Stark street, and let contracts for fitting up the most complete and attractive typewriter establishment in the city; Thursday they sold 25 Smith-Premier typewriters to the Behrke-Walker Business College—the largest typewriter order ever placed in Portland. Mr. Durphy, hale and hearty, crackling with energy, and Manager Porter, courteous and competent, master of his business, are calling upon some dozens of the people a day, getting acquainted and advertising their splendid machine and the fact that they are sole selling agents for this coast. This concern is famous and successful on account of its great activity and punctilious integrity in pushing the best typewriter made. The incoming of fresh blood of this kind into local commercial circles is one of the hopeful signs of the hour. As a sample of up-to-date methods in "getting busy" Durphy & Dickerman's 25-machine order within 24 hours after arriving in town (better than one machine an hour) takes the palm.

Superfluities.
"To what do you attribute the remarkable majority by which you were elected senator?" asked the confidential friend.
"I have just told you," replied Senator Lotsman, with some irritation, "what my election expenses were."—Chicago Tribune.

DISAGREEABLE REFLECTIONS



The mirror never flatters; it tells the truth, no matter how much it may hurt the pride or how humiliating and disagreeable the reflections. A red, rough skin is fatal to beauty, and blackheads, blotches and pimples are ruinous to the complexion, and no wonder such desperate efforts are made to hide these blemishes, and cover over the defects, and some never stop to consider the danger in skin foods, face lotions, soaps, salves and powders, but apply them vigorously and often without regard to consequences, and many complexions are ruined by the chemicals and poisons contained in these cosmetics. Skin diseases are due to internal causes, to humors and poisons in the blood, and to attempt a cure by external treatment is an endless, hopeless task. Some simple wash or ointment is often beneficial when the skin is much inflamed or itches, but you can't depend upon local remedies for permanent relief, for the blood is continually throwing off impurities which irritate and clog the glands and pores of the skin, and as long as the blood remains unhealthy, just so long will the eruptions last. To effectually and permanently cure skin troubles the blood must be purified and the system thoroughly cleansed and built up, and S. S. S., the well known blood purifier and tonic, is acknowledged superior to all other remedies for this purpose. It is the only guaranteed strictly vegetable blood remedy. It never deranges the system or impairs the digestion like Potash and Arsenic and drugs of this character, but aids in the digestion and assimilation of food and improves the appetite. Being a blood purifier and tonic combined, the humors and poisons are counteracted and the blood made rich and pure, and at the same time the general health and system is rapidly built up and good health is established, and this, after all, is the secret of a smooth, soft skin and beautiful complexion.

SSS

If you have any skin trouble send for our free book, "The Skin and Its Diseases." No charge for medical advice. Write us about your case.

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We're Very Much Alive.

S. B. Headache and Liver Cure Still Doing Its Great Work. S. B. Cough Syrup. Everybody Takes It. Everybody Likes It.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Natural Deduction.

Chief Millikin—That lady in red going down the street is evidently a grass widow.
Inspector Casey—Why do you think so?
Chief Millikin—Every time she goes near a horse it tries to bite her.

Worst Ever.

"Hear about the terrible affliction that befell our friend Blank last night?" asked Enpeck, as he boarded a downtown car.
"No," said Meeker. "What was it?"
"My wife eloped with him," replied Enpeck, with a suppressed chuckle.—Chicago News.

The Cost of It.

City Man—What makes rents so high here.
Villager—This is an incorporated town.
"Things don't look very metropolitan."
"No, but the taxes are."—New York Weekly.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free Trial Bottle and Treatise, Dr. H. H. Kline, Ltd., 511 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Successful Experiment.

"Mabel married that awfully dissipated young Flutterer to reform him."
"And is she satisfied with her choice?"
"I should say she is. His uncle died last week and left him half a million."

Triple Dose.

She (at the reception)—Excuse me, but are you an artist, a musician or a poet?
He—I happen to be all three, madam.
"Poor fellow! You have sympathy."
"Your sympathy?"
"Yes. Your poverty must be something terrific."—Chicago Daily News.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *W. C. C. Fletcher*
Passing Belief.
Miss Gidday—What did he say when you told him I was married?
Miss Speitz—Well, he seemed surprised.
Miss Speitz—No, but he asked "how it happened."—Philadelphia Press.

Our Air Consumption.

It is computed that when at rest we consume 500 cubic inches of air a minute. If we walk at the rate of one mile an hour we use 300; two miles, 1,000; three miles, 1,600; four miles, 2,300. If we start out and run six miles an hour we consume 3,000 cubic inches of air during every minute of the time.

THE OTHER MAN'S HOUSE

HOME at last! Grip and umbrella dropped from the girl's hands. For the last four days she had sat in her Pullman section, picturing this homecoming, and now that it was a deed accomplished she could have cried as she hugged the hideous old marble lion that guarded the steps.

Safely home! Yes; but explanations would be in order; and from the absence of lights it would seem that her father was dining out! Well! A shrug; a laugh; and she ran up the steps.

The hall was unchanged; the same carved chairs, the same lounge by the staircase. The last time she had slid down those banisters Hardwick Holden had caught her as she bumped up against the post at the bottom, and laughed aloud over her performance.

A step sounded on the upper stairs, then a cough. "Master's out," an invisible some one remarked; and Bess darted through the nearest door. The veer was a strange one, and she was not prepared to make explanations to new servants.

She laughed again as she tiptoed into the half lit library. What right had father to break into her plans this way by being out? What would he think of her crossing the continent alone? What would other people think—Aunt Annie—and Hardwick Holden, for instance. Hardwick had no business to think anything; she had not come to see him!

Bess smiled serenely; but the serenely changed. What ailed the library? Mother's picture had been taken down, and the table—why, the dear old library table was gone! She had sat on that table when she was a wite and played checkers with father during the black, dreary hour of 6 and 7. In later years she had sat there and wept over her first geometry problems, which father in despair had tried to solve for her, and couldn't; and life had been a howling wilderness to them both until Hardwick brought sage counsel and arranged to come in evenings and help her. That table would have to come back; it shouldn't be pushed aside; it stood for a big slice of home. And the dear, old, beautiful times were all going to come back, too.

Yes, everything would be perfect now, Bess decided as she smoothed back her hair; for Hardwick had so much tact. Tact? Supposing Hardwick, with his superabundance of tact, should consider it necessary to keep out of the way! If he once made up his mind to it, he could become invisible, even if his great, empty, lonely house were only across the street. She knew that of old; it had happened once when, among other things, she had told him to mind his own business; and the time that followed had not been a pleasant one.

The room had become uncomfortably hot, and Bess pulled off her jacket with a sense of injury. He needn't have been so stupid as to write on to New York three months before and ask her to marry him.

The next moment she was scrambling her belongings together and had slipped into the chubby hole of a room adjoining the library; for the step that had first sent her flying into the library was abroad in the hall.

Ten minutes later Bess was roused by the sarcastic comment, "Don't let me disturb you. Take your own time."

This must be a new butler. "Look here—" Bess began, sharply; but the man interrupted.

"Oh, I see. All right. A precious mess you've made. Did these rags come out of that drawer?" He picked them up. "Look as though they might have been a sunbonnet once, Master'll be mortal angry over this."
Bess stamped her foot.
"Man!"

"Young woman, more'n likely you'll go to the lock-up—"
But just then a voice outside the door interrupted—voice that was well known to her.

"What is it, Roberts?"
"Please, sir, this young person—" "Yes, I see. You can go, Roberts." "Shall I go for the police?" Roberts asked, hopefully.
"No! Get out, will you?"
Roberts vanished. Then Hardwick Holden came forward, hesitated, stopped. Something in the girl's eyes forbade further approach.

"If you were so terribly anxious to get rid of these—these things"—her voice was little more than a whisper as she pointed to the littered desk and floor—"why couldn't you have sent the letters to me when I was in New York—instead of sending them back home?"

"Bess, how did you get in?" he asked, bewildered.

"I have a latchkey, of course."
"And the desk? I thought it was locked," Hardwick said, uncertainly.

"It's my desk. Don't you suppose I have the key to it?"

She laughed; but he came forward with an exclamation of dismay.

"Bess, did you tear up that sunbonnet?" He snatched the pink tatters from the table.

"Yes, and I burned up the collection of dried flowers in the old eather pocketbook you used to carry; also the butt of the riding whip I threw away two years ago on Pine Ridge and have never seen since—until to-night. I had begun on the letters—" she went on with growing scorn; but he interrupted.

"Bess, what right had you to do that?"

"To save father the trouble of caring for them any longer."

"He has nothing to do with it. These things are mine!"

Her eyes narrowed as she looked at him. "Considering the fact that this rubbish was sent here to our house—" she began, sippingly; then, "Where's father?" she burst out.

Hardwick walked over and kicked the cushions. Then he came back again.

"Did your father know you were coming?"

"No. I wanted to surprise him."
"You haven't had any news from here lately, have you?"

"No-o. Why, Hardwick—" She was beginning to be frightened.

"Then why have you come?"

"I came to be with father. His letters have been so queer. And whenever I asked to come back, he said no, for me to stay and enjoy myself—as though I could have a good time any place so well as at home with father." Bess jabbed her eyes fiercely. "So I came on without asking leave; and then I found that you had sent all my letters back, just because—"
Here Bess suddenly collapsed, and, sitting down, dropped her head on the desk. "I wish you would go away; you've spoiled my whole homecoming."

"Bess!" His voice was startlingly near. He must be bending close above her. "Why did you refuse to marry me?"

"I—I wouldn't have done it if you hadn't asked me."

An interval of bewildered silence. Then, "supposing I were to ask you again?" he ventured.

"But you sent back my letters and a lot of other things I didn't even know you had," came an injured voice from among the notepaper confusion of the desk.

"I sent none of those things back; but I can't explain until we are engaged."

She looked at the floor.

Hardwick waited; then he pulled out his watch and handkerchief. "I'll give you one minute more," he said, deliberately. "If by that time you haven't said you will, I shall consider it done."

Bess wheeled around and stared at the watch with fascinated eyes.

"Half a minute gone," he said.

"I—I—oh, I—Hardwick, put up that watch!" she ordered desperately.

"All right. Now I'm going to dry your eyes—oh, that's orthodox; engaged people always do—and you are not to be frightened at what I am going to say. You see, there really is no cause for worry; it's going to turn out all right. Why, in three years he'll pull out as good as new! But last spring, what with stocks going down, and the mines, things looked pretty black. He's been up at the mines for the last six months—and, Bess, the house had to go."

"The house? This house?"

"Yes, your father had to sell it. You see, there was a mortgage on it, and enormous interest—"

"Oh, Hard—"

"But I bought it in—"

"Oh-h!"

"Because we couldn't have strangers living in the old home, could we, Bess? And now—"

"No." Bess shook herself free and pressed her hands to her cheeks. "You mean we're poor—I'm poor!"

"Poor? Owning me?"

"Don't laugh. I can't be engaged to you now!"

"But you are," he laughed.

"But I refused you when I thought I was rich—"

"Sweetheart," he whispered, drawing her close, "I thought you would feel that way; that's why I wanted you to promise before you knew."

"But—"
"What difference does it make? There's only one thing—aren't you sorry you cried into my things and tore up the pink sunbonnet?"

Half an hour later, when Hardwick was taking her over to Aunt Annie's for the night, Bess confessed that she was.—New York News.

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."
Miss Minnie Hoover, Paris, Ill.

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.

25¢ a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Works Him Regularly.

Dingus—Where do you invest your money?
Shadbolt—Well, I generally have \$5 or \$10 invested somewhere about you.

The Bitter Bit.

He—Bah! Women are fools. She (sweetly)—Well, if there is anything in heredity, and acquaintance with some of their sons would lead us to think so.—Halfpenny Comic.

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