Dyspepsia

Don't think yon can cure your dyspepsia in any other way than by strengthening and toning your stomach. That is weak and in-apahle of perform-ing its functions, probably because you have imposed upon it in one way or an-other 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. Petersnurg by shouting that the tigers had escaped should exchange cards with the American humerist who yells "Fire!" in places of amuse-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 Durphy & 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 Behnke-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-ms hine order within 24 hours after arriving in town (better than one machine an hour) takes the paim.

Superfluous.

"To what do you attribute the remarkable majority by which you were elected senator?" asked the confidential friend.

Chicago Tribune.

Natural Deduction.

Chief Millikin-That lady in red going down the street is evidently a grass widow. Casey-Why do you Inspector think so?

Chief Millikin-Every time she goes near a horse it tries to bite her.

Worat 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 surpressed chuckle .-Chicago News.

The Cost of It.

City Man-What makes rents so blab here. Villager-This is an incorporated

Things don't look very metropolitan.

"N-o, but the taxes are."-New York Weekly.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kitne's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Press 00 trial bottle and treaties, Dr. R. H. Kitne, Ed., Wil Arch St., Philadeliphia, Pa-

Successful Experiment.

"Mabel married that awfully dissipated young Flutterly to reform Lins.

"And is she satisfied with her choice? "I should say she is. His uncle died last week and left him half a million."

Triple Base.

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 sym-

pathy.' Your sympathy?

"Yes. Your poverty must be some-thing terrific."-Chicago Dally News.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the

Signature of Chart Hitchir

Passing Bellef.

Miss Gidday-What did he say when you told him I was married? Miss Speitz-Well, he seemed sur-

Miss Speitz-No, but he asked 'how

It is computed that when at rest we consume 500 cubic inches of air a If we walk at the rate of one mile an hour we use 800; two miles, 1,000; three miles, 1,600; four miles, 2,300. If we start out and run sig miles an hour we consume 3,000 cubic inches of air during every



STOME at last!

Grip and umbrella dropped IT from the girl's hands. For the last four days she had sat in her Fullman section, picturing this homecoming, and now that it was a deed accomplished she could have cried as ters from the table. 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 veice 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 se-renity changed. What ailed the library? Mother's pleture 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 mite and played checkers with father during the black, creepy 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 near. He must be bending close above help her. That table would have to her. 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 again?" he ventured. back her hair; for Hardwick had so much tact. 'Tact? Supposing Hardtact, should consider it necessary to keep out of the way! If he once deak, made up his mind to it, he could beempty, 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 Hess pulled off her jacket with a sense of injury. He needn't the watch with fascinated eyes. have been so stupid as to write on to New York three months before and ask ber to marry him.

"It's my desk. Don't you suppose I have the key to it?" She laughed; but he came forward

and the second sec

with an exclamation of dismay. "Bean, did you tear up that sunbonnet?" He snatched the pink tat-

"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 "Considering the fact that this him. rubbish was sent here to our house she began, flippantly; then, Where's father?" she burst out.

Hardwick walked over and kicked he andwons. 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 myselfas though I could have a good time any place so well as at home with father." Bess dabbed her eyes flercely. "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 spolled my whole homecoming.

"Bess!" His voice was startingly "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

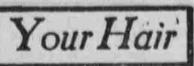
"But you sent back my letters and a lot of other things I didn't even know wick, with his superabundance of you had," came an injured voice from among the notepaper confusion of the

"I sent none of those things back; come invisible, even if his great, 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



"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 halfstarved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

\$1.00 a bottle. All draggists.

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

Works Him Regularly.

Dinguss-Where do you invest your

money! Shadbolt-Well, I generally have \$5 or \$10 invested somewhere about you.

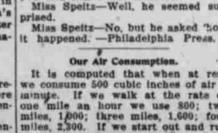
The Biter Bit.

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

REIERSON MAOHINERY OO.

(Buccessors to John Pools) Foot of Morriss Street, Partland, Oregon The Ell Gasoline Engine - A child can run it. Valves and all working parts overed up. 2 h. p. \$155; 4 h. p. \$210; 6 h. p. \$500. "Fut in a tit-le Gasoline and then go to sleep." Write for illustrated catalogue and for price on anything you need in the machinery line.





minute of the time.



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 delects, and some never stop to consider the danger in skin foods, face lotions, soaps, salves and powders, but apply them vigoronaly and often with-

out regard to consequences, and many complexions are ruined by the chemicals and poisous contained in these cosmetics. Skin diseases are due to internal causes, to humors and polsons in the

blood, and to attempt a cure by exter-nal 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 per-manently 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 vegeta-ble blood remedy. It never derauges the system or impairs the digestion



Gartersvills, Gs., R. R. No. S. I suffered for a number of years with a severe Netlle-rash. About tweive years ago I started using S. S. B., and after taking three bottles I feit myself cursed and have since taken a bottle cossionally, and had little or no trouble along that line. My general beath has been better since. I recommend 6, S. B. as a good blood medicine and all round tonic, Yours truly, Mrs. M. I. PITTARD.

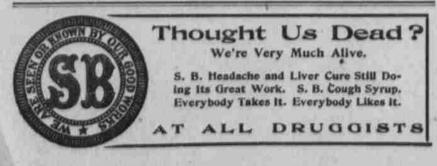
Bome two years ago I suffered a great deal, caused on scount of bad blood. Binall rash or pimples broke out over my body and kept getting worse day by day for over a year. Seeing S. S. advertised in the pa-pers and having heard also it had oured several people in this city, concluded to give it a fair trial. After using its medicine for some sentirely cured. IO20 Clay Street, Paducah, My.

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 and good health is established, and this, after all, is the secret of a smooth,

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

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, CA.



The next moment she was scramb ling her belongings together and had slipped into the chubby hole of a room 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 pull out as good as new! But last 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 e 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 lockup-

But just then a voice outside the door 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 -the letters to me when I was in New York-instead of sending them back bome?"

"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.

"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 adjoining the library; for the step that | 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 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 ormous 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 interrupted - voice that was well 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 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 pried into my things and tore up the plnk 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.



"For six years I was a victim of dys pepsin in its worst form. I could cat nothin fut milk toast, and at itmas my stomach woul son retain and digest even that. Last March Dogan taking CASCARETS and since then have stasdily improved, until I am as well as over was in my life." David H. MURPHY, Newark, O.

CANDY

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The Mower with the "DRAW CUT." "drawing" the cutting bar from a point abad, causing the wheels to press hard-even the ground, and giving increased power for hard cutting. It is no "push cut," "pushing" the bar from beeind, when the wheels to life the more tendency for the wheels to the stream the more tendency for the stream of the stream more tendency for the stream of the stream of the stream tendency for the stream of the stream of the stream tendency for the stream of the stream of

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