

OLD PEOPLE

Their Pains and Ailments



Any taint of the blood quickly shows itself with old people, and troubles, which a younger, more vigorous constitution holds in check, take possession of those of advanced years. A mole, wart or pimple often begins to inflame and fester, terminating in a sore that refuses to heal. Wandering pains of a rheumatic character are almost constant, the joints get stiff and the muscles sore, while sleeplessness and nervousness make life a burden. The natural activity of the body is not so great in old age and all the organs get dull and sluggish, failing to carry out the waste matters and poisons accumulating in the system and they are taken up and absorbed by the blood, rendering it weak and unable to properly nourish the system. There is no reason why old age should not be as healthy as youth if the blood is kept pure and strong. S. S. S. is purely vegetable and is the safest and best blood purifier and tonic for old people, because it is gentle, but at the same time thorough in its action, purifying the blood of all poisons and foreign matter, strengthening it and toning up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. Almost from the first dose the appetite increases, the general health begins to improve and the pains and ailments pass away.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Heat of All Plays.
I do not care for problem plays; give me the kind of play in which the girl is just as pure as are the flowers in May; the play in which in time of need the hero's right on deck, and where the scheming villain gets it always in the neck.
I love to hear the girl refuse the villain's gold to take,
And say that rags are royal duds when worn for virtue's sake;
I love to see her beaux decline to heed the rich man's beck,
And swat the villain with a club athwart his ugly neck.
O not for me the Gallic farce, the Ibsen fol-de-rol,
Where man is but a jackanapes and woman is a doll;
I'll take the sturdy plot in which the villain tries to wreck
The hero's life, and in the end just gets it in the neck.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Those Loving Girls
Miss Elderleigh—You may not believe it, but I refused offers from three different men last month.
Miss Youngblood—Oh, I don't doubt it. But what were they selling?

Piso's Cure is a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, at druggists.
The Politic Editor.
Caller—I have a little poem which—
Editor (busily)—That gentleman over there, sir.
Caller (genially)—Is he the literary critic?
Editor (politely)—No; he's the bouncer.

Why They Came Late.
Husband (in hat and overcoat)—Good gracious! Haven't you got your coat on?
Wife—I'm all fixed except tucking in my dress sleeves so they won't get mussed. I'll be ready in half an hour.

FITS Permanently Cured. No other nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free Trial Bottle and Testimonials. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 317 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No Time Left.
"Winter wheat looking well?" he asked of a street car passenger who looked like a farmer.
"Dunno," was the brief reply.
"Good deal of snow out in the country?"
"Mebbe."
"Price of hay gone up any?"
"Can't say."
"But aren't you a farmer, my friend?"
"Yes, I'm a farmer; but this winter I've been courtin' a wilder woman wuth \$8,000 and I haven't had any time to fool around with snow or hay or anything else."—Chicago News.

Same Old Plant.
The Lady—It seems to me these berries are rather small.
The Peddler—I'm sure they have got their full growth, ma'am.
The Lady—Possibly; but I'm quite sure your quart boxes haven't got theirs.



JOLLY JOKER

Friend—Is the duke a K. C. B.? Father-in-law—Dunno; I found him C. O. D.—New York Mail.
She—Look, dear! Papa's check will pay for our wedding trip. The Duke—But what are we going to do afterward?—Life.

"She told me she was unmarried, and now I find that she is a divorcee." "Well, isn't a divorcee unmarried?"—Houston Post.
"Did he ever figure in the divorce court?" "No; his lawyers did all that for him. He simply paid the bills."—Yonkers Herald.

She—No, I can never marry you. All our family is opposed to you. He—But if you are not— She—I said all our family—Ex.
She—How do you like my new coat? The Friend—Do you want an honest opinion? She—Of course not.—Fliegende Blätter.

Mr. B Jones—How wonderfully Mrs. Robinson carries her age. Mrs. Bemith (sweetly)—Yes, considering how much there is of it.—Ex.
"The equator," wrote an English schoolboy in his examination paper, "is a menagerie lion running round the center of the earth."—Ex.

"You don't agree then that 'seeing is believing'?" "Not much! I see some people every day that I never could believe."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Clementine—Arabella, would you run after a man? Arabella—Yes, I would; if a man's worth having he is worth running after.—Brooklyn Life.
The Woman (looking at a hideous specimen)—Oh, what a dreadful creature! The Man (with infinite relief)—Can you see it, too?—Harper's Weekly.

Pomposus Waiter—Have you ordered, miss? Timid Little Girl (taking her first meal at a restaurant)—No, sir; but I've requested.—Chicago Tribune.
"Can a man marry comfortably on five hundred dollars a year?" "Oh, yes. But he can't stay married comfortably on any such sum."—Cleveland Leader.

Stinson—Willie, they tell me you have the reputation of being the worst boy in school. Willie—Yes, father, and I can tell you I didn't get it without a struggle.—Life.

Grocer—What is it, little girl? Little Girl—Mamma sent me for a lump chimney, and she says she hopes it will be as strong as that last butter you sent us.—Pike-Me-Up.

Mamma—Here's the man for that clock to be repaired. Get it for him. Tommy—Where is it? Mamma—Upstairs, of course. Tommy—Oh! I thought it had run down.—Ex.

Wigwag—Why do you insist upon carrying your shirt home from the laundry instead of having it sent? Harduppe—So that folks will know that I have two.—Philadelphia Record.

"Bliggins puts a great deal of thought into his work." "Yes," said the sarcastic person; "he works ten minutes and then thinks about it for an hour and a quarter."—Washington Star.

Katie—Tell me, Edith, what did you say when Charley proposed? Edith—Me? Oh, there was no occasion for me to say anything. Charley had said all that was necessary.—Boston Transcript.

Church-walker—Would you assist us, good sir, to send a missionary to the cannibals? Mr. Gotrox—Not much—I'm a vegetarian—but I'll assist you to send them some easily digested cereal!—Puck.

"Haven't you any ambition to work as your father did at your age?" "Certainly not," answered the gilded youth; "if I were to work what would have been the use of father's working?"—Washington Star.

"We can't have everything in this life," said the philosopher. "No," answered Dustin Stax; "the ideal but impossible combination is a millionaire man with a deck-hand's appetite."—Washington Star.

"I reckon Bill must have been cut out for one o' these geniuses that writes for the magazines," said the old Georgia farmer, "because he can't make cash enough to have his hair cut, and would rather watch a star than dig a well."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Suppose," said he, feeling his way, "your father should ask me what my expectations are in—this direction. What shall I say?" "Speak the truth," replied the sweet girl; "tell him you don't know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Ah," said Mrs. Oldcastle; "so you're reading Mrs. Blankton's new story? Don't you think her style is almost too idiomatic?" "I hadn't noticed it," replied her hostess, "but I wouldn't be surprised if it was. You know it runs in their family. She had a niece that was only half-witted."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Jabez," growled old man Hardfyt, "what in tarnation are you carryin' that thermometer outdoors an' back so often for?" "Just want to see the difference in the temperature, pa," explained Jabez. "Well, you let it alone. Keep the mercury runnin' up an' down in that tube an' first thing we know the thermometer 'll be wore out, an' there'll be 25 cents throwed away."—Judge.

MRS. CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.

Foremost Parliamentarian Among the Women of America.

Some women reach high position in official society by virtue of their husbands' superior gifts and adroitness in politics. They may grace the places which they occupy and make their homes favorite spots with the great men of the land; but the fact remains that it was the husbands who brought them to elevated social station. Occasionally, however, there is to be found in official prominence a man in whose upward progress the wife has kept step with him, contributing ability, tact and even genius which has had a marked influence upon the career of the husband. Without her he might have gained but mediocre distinction, despite the possession of talent; but by their combined effort public favor and eminence were attainable. What his own merit could not have accomplished he achieves by a fortunate domestic partnership.

Charles Warren Fairbanks, Vice President of the United States, does not shine by the reflected light of his gifted wife. He gained his place as leader of the bar of Indiana by virtue of native genius, finished education, industrious habits and a wealth of accumulated learning. This was the ladder by which he climbed to the United States Senate and later to the Vice Presidency. Had his domestic relations been different, however, there might have been such interference with his progress that success would



MRS. CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS. (Photo by Clinehart, Washington, D. C.)

have been impossible. The influence of home affairs has been a stumbling block to many a man; not because of wife's inpropriety, but because of a timidity on her part, a shrinking from public observation, a tremulous disinclination to be in the front rank. Under such restraint the husband has been kept from the station which his merits deserved. Because he has a wife who seconded his efforts, who appreciated his gifts and the touch of whose hand meant push and not pull, Mr. Fairbanks has long been a much envied man.

Cornelia Cole was the daughter of Judge Philander Cole of Ohio, and when young Fairbanks was a student at the Wesleyan University she was a co-editor with him of the college paper. A mutual appreciation led to a marriage, which has been most happy. Step by step the young lawyer went upward; year after year the wife grew in womanly sweetness. The five children—four boys and a girl—who blossomed the home in Indianapolis received their full share of maternal affection and attention. But the ambition of the wife, and the desire for leadership were not drowned in the cares of motherhood. She took part in club life. She watched politics. She studied parliamentary law, and when she finally came to the presidency of one of the foremost societies of women in the world—the Daughters of the American Revolution—so splendid was her equipment that she was at once hailed as a queen among women. For several years she was at the head of this organization.

While Mr. Fairbanks will acknowledge the helpful influence of his wife upon his political fortunes, Mrs. Fairbanks will cheerfully accord to him the credit of training her in parliamentary science.

GIRL OF 18 IS PASTOR.

Miss Myrtle B. Parke, a Noted Evangelist of the West.
Miss Myrtle B. Parke, who has been called to the pastorate of the Christian Church at Ramsey, Ill., is noted as an evangelist, and is a student of Eureka College, where she fitted herself for the ministry. She formerly occupied the pulpit to which again she has been called, but resigned in order to enter college. Miss Parke's home is at Staunton, Ill. She is but 18 years of age, and is thought of by her instructors and church associates to have before her a successful future.

His Testimony.
Agent—Did my patent medicine do you any good?
Customer—I should say so! I got so strong on it that I actually had the nerve to tell the landlord that the roof leaked!—Detroit Free Press.
Incurable Stenosis.
"He never took a dishonest dollar in his life."
"Is he as poor as all that?"—Illinois State Journal.
When it comes to paying back a visit there are mighty few women on the dead beat list.

I'm Growing Old Fast

And you know why, too. It's those gray hairs! Don't you know that Ayer's Hair Vigor restores color to gray hair? Well, it does. And it never fails, either. It stops falling hair also, and keeps the scalp clean and healthy. Do not grow old too fast!

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for many years and I should indeed be sorry to be obliged to do without it. It keeps my hair from turning gray, and also keeps my scalp clean and healthy."—E. S. FARRFIELD, Canyon City, Oregon.



Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of SARRAPARILLA PILLS, CHERRY PECTORAL.

Wasted Energy.
Sometimes head and heels work well together, but it was not so in a case reported in the Yonkers Statesman. Cam, a colored man, was an hour late, and his employer asked him to explain.

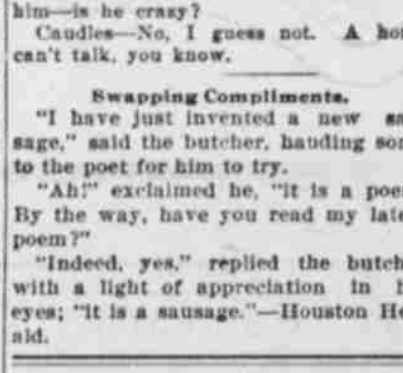
"Yes, sah, I'll explain, sah," Sam replied.
"Well, what excuse have you?"
"I was kicked by a mule on my way here, sah."
"That ought not to have detained you an hour, Sam, if you were able to come at all."
"Well, it wouldn't have if he'd only kicked me in his direction. You see, boss, he kicked me de other way."

Cannot Reduce a Rate.
It is stated in Washington, that under the Townsend rate bill, if a rate is fixed by the commission it cannot be lowered by a railroad. Should an emergency arise calling for a decreased rate, the railroads or shippers would have to appeal again to the commission, there being no latitude allowed, whatever the circumstances. Hitherto a maximum rate has been the rule, but no such legislation is made under the proposed legislation.

Method in His Madness.
Caudles—I was reading in the paper this morning of a man who sleeps in the stable with his horse every night.
Mrs. Caudles—What's the matter with him—is he crazy?
Caudles—No, I guess not. A horse can't talk, you know.

Swapping Compliments.
"I have just invented a new sausage," said the butcher, hauling some to the poet for him to try.
"Ah!" exclaimed he, "it is a poem! By the way, have you read my latest poem?"
"Indeed, yes," replied the butcher with a light of appreciation in his eyes; "it is a sausage."—Houston Herald.

His Health Was Wrecked
Pe-ru-na Gave New Life

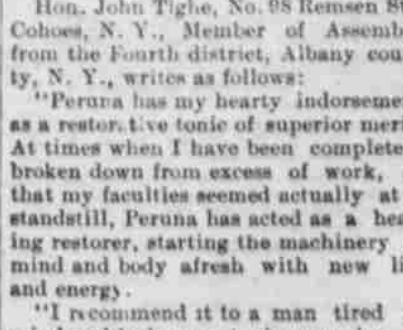


HON. JOHN TIGHE

Assemblyman Tighe's letter should be read of every citizen, whether ailing or a vigorous life.

Hon. John Tighe, No. 98 Rensselaer St., Cohoes, N. Y., Member of Assembly from the Fourth district, Albany county, N. Y., writes as follows:
"Peruna has my hearty indorsement as a restorative tonic of superior merit. At times when I have been completely broken down from excess of work, so that my faculties seemed actually at a standstill, Peruna has acted as a healing restorer, starting the machinery of mind and body afresh with new life and energy."
"I recommend it to a man tired in mind and body as a tonic superior to anything I know of and well worthy serious consideration."—J. Tighe.
Excess of work so common in our country causes impaired nerves, leading to catarrh and catarrhal nervousness—a disease that is responsible for half of all nervous troubles.
Peruna cures this trouble because it cures catarrh wherever located.
If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.
Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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P. M. U. No. 24-1905
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The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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PRUSSIAN LICE KILLER kills LICE on Poultry. Hastily applied—Paint perches, nest boxes, etc., and the fumes kill the lice. Never fails. Sold by dealers, 50c and \$1.00 per can.
CLEANED OUT ALL THE LICE AND MITES.
Albert Blocker of Chastanout, Minn., bought a can of Prussian Lice Killer and used it thoroughly three times and cleaned his poultry house entirely free from lice and mites. Before using, the poultry house was alive with red lice and mites. JUST THE THING FOR LICE ON HOOPS.
J. H. Malone, of And., Mo., says: "I used Prussian Lice Killer in just the thing for lice on hoops, and in a week five times it was gone."
FORELAND SEED CO., Portland, Or., Coast Agents