

# The Song of the Hair

There are four verses. Verse 1. Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. Verse 2. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops falling hair. Verse 3. Ayer's Hair Vigor cures dandruff. Verse 4. Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. The chorus is sung by millions.

"Before using Ayer's Hair Vigor I had very thin and very poor hair. But continued to use the Vigor until my hair greatly improved in every way. I have used it off and on for the past ten years."—Mrs. M. DRUMMOND, Newark, N. J.



**Very Proper.**  
"Now, madam," said the photographer after expending about half an hour getting the lady ready to pose, "please look at me and smile sweetly."  
"Sir, I am indignant with you! I didn't come here to engage in a flirtation, I'd have you know, but to have some photos taken."

**Might Have Saved Money.**  
De Gripes—Great heaven! There's going to be a collision and we'll all be killed.  
Tightwad—Just my luck. I went and bought a round-trip ticket!—Cleveland Leader.

**Helen Keller With a Rose.**  
(Picture in January, 1905 Century.)  
Others may see her; I behold them not; Yet most I think thee, beautiful blossom, mine:  
For I, who walk in shade, like Prosperpine— Things once too briefly looked on, long forgot—  
Seem by some tender miracle divine, When breathing thee, apart,  
To hold the rapturous summer warm within my heart.

We understand each other, thou and I! Thy velvet petals laid against my cheek,  
Thou feelest all the voiceless things I speak,  
And to my yearning makest mute reply: Yet a more special good of thee I seek,  
For God who made—oh, kind!— Beauty for one and all, gave fragrance for the blind!  
—Florence Earle Coates in July Century

**The Woman of It.**  
Husband—But you must admit that my taste is better than yours.  
Wife—Yes, of course it is.  
Husband—I'm surprised to hear you say so.  
Wife—Oh, there is nothing surprising about it. The mere fact that you married me and I married you proves that your taste is much better than mine.



MISS GENEVIVE MAY  
CATARRH OF STOMACH  
CURED BY PE-RU-NA

Miss Genevive May, 1317 S. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind., Member Second High School Alumni Ass'n, writes:  
"Peruna is the finest regulator of a disordered stomach I have ever found. It certainly deserves high praise, for it is skillfully prepared."  
"I was in a terrible condition from a neglected case of catarrh of the stomach. My food had long ceased to be of any good and only distressed me after eating. I was nauseated, had heartburn and headaches, and felt run down completely. But in two weeks after I took Peruna I was a changed person. A few bottles of the medicine made a great change, and in three months my stomach was cleared of catarrh, and my entire system in a better condition."—Genevive May.  
Write Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence held strictly confidential.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
CURE WHILE ALL THE FAMILIES Best Cough Syrup, Cures Croup, Use in time, sold by druggists.

# Humorous

Mrs. Jenks—You acted awfully silly when you proposed to me. Mr. Jenks—Well, I was!—Cleveland Leader.

He—Do you read all the popular novels of the day? She—Gracious, no! I have just time to see how they end.—Ex.

He—As I sat there alone, Hilda came along and offered me a penny for my thoughts. She—The extravagant creature!—Boston Transcript.

Old Gent—My poor child! Did not your parents leave you anything when they died? Poor Child—Yes! They left me an orphan!—Boston Transcript.

"Oh, papa, the duke has proposed to me!" "He has?" "Yes, papa. And he says I can wear a coronet! Here's the pawn tickets for it!"—Cleveland Leader.

Duffer—I've been figuring on the expenses of an automobile, and I find the greatest cost is the operation. Puffer—Mechanical or surgical?—Indianapolis Star.

Jim—Say, Bill, wot would yer do if yer had a million dollars? Bill—Oh, I s'pose I'd blow about half uv it makin' meself sick an' de other half tryin' ter find out wot wuz de matter wid me.—Ex.

"What does the first expert say?" "He says the prisoner is guilty." "And the second expert?" "Not guilty." "There's a third expert, isn't there?" "Yes; he says both the other experts are liars."—Houston Chronicle.

Officer—What is the complaint here? Orderly (offering basin)—Taste that, sir. Officer (tasting)—Well, I think it's excellent soup. Orderly—Yes, sir; that's the trouble; they want to persuade us it's tea.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Fond Young Mother (with her first born)—Now, which of us do you think be is like? Friend (judicially)—Well, of course, intelligence has not really dawned in his countenance yet, but he's wonderfully like both of you.—Punch.

Broadway—Too bad about old Gottrocks. Manhattan—Why, what's the matter with him? Broadway—He started in to make enough money to retire on, and made so much that he's got to work overtime to take care of it.—Life.

"Which do you think counts for the most in life, money or brains?" "Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "I see so many people who manage to get on with so little of either, that I am beginning to lose my respect for both."—Washington Star.

Guest—This is the fourth time I've rung for ice water! Bell Boy—I know it, sir, but the hotel is full of people that were at that same banquet, and every time I started down the hall to your room somebody reached out and snatched the pitcher!—Detroit Free Press.

The Actor—Look here, old man, I wish you'd lend me five dollars in advance, and take it out of my first week's salary. The Manager—But, my dear fellow, just supposing, for the sake of argument, that I couldn't pay you your first week's salary—where would I be?—Life.

The managing editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered. "Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out." And the office boy, gathering them all into a large waste basket, did so.—Washington Life.

"Give you a nickel?" said Miss De Style; "oh, no. I never dispense promiscuous alms. Why do you not obtain employment?" "Please, mum," was the timid reply, "I have a small baby, and people won't be bothered by a woman with a child." "Then, you absurd creature, why not leave the child at home with its nurse?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Gen. "Phil" Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident did he laugh the most. "Well," he said, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day, when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule, which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked: 'Well, begorrah, if you're goin' to get up, I'll get off!'"

"It's mighty easy to make a mistake in a person," remarked John A. McCall of the New York Life Insurance Company a few days ago to a friend. "It's like the case of a sea captain I once knew. He got married late in life and progressed little further than the honeymoon when his wife packed up her duds and ran off with a handsome man. 'Well,' remarked the captain ruefully, as he contemplated the deserted home, 'seem like I got things wrong. I thought I had got a mate, but it seems I got a skipper instead.'"—Washington Star.

**In Doubt.**  
"Is your invention a success?" "I don't know yet," answered the mechanical genius. "It is such a simple and effective device that I don't know whether I can develop enough imaginative eloquence concerning it to make people subscribe for stock."—Washington Star.

**There Are Others.**  
Rhymer—I say, old man, are you ever troubled with writer's cramps? Spacer—Sure thing, especially when the expected check fails to arrive.

# FAMOUS FRIGATE FOUND.

Philadelphia, Destroyed in Tripoli Harbor, Is Located.

Charles Wellington Furlong made a systematic search at Tripoli of Barbary for the lost remains of the famous American frigate Philadelphia, destroyed in the harbor of Tripoli 100 years ago. He tells in Harper's Magazine the romantic story of how he found the vessel at last:

"In less than an hour my search was rewarded by seeing the broken ends of the great ribs of a vessel protruding through dull-colored oel-grass. I noticed that this grass seemed to follow the line of the ribs, and carefully noted its character, further to aid me in my search. Examining these closely, no doubt was felt in my mind but that they belonged to a large vessel, and ordered the boatman to let fall the anchor.

"The lead gave us two and a half and three fathoms. Hastily undressing, we dived several times. Mr. Hilly first succeeded in buoying the spot by going down with the line and slipping it over one of the ribs. While on the bottom I carefully examined the timbers. These were honey-combed in certain parts in a peculiar way.

The continual sea-wash of a century seemed to have made its inroads at the softest places, and they gave every appearance in form of partially burned stumps. The wood seemed almost as hard as iron. Much of it was inclosed in a fossil crust, and only by repeated efforts I succeeded in breaking off a small piece. The many winds from the desert and the shifting shoals of sand had filled in and around the frigate and her keel must have lain buried nearly two fathoms deeper than the present sea-bottom. The freshening breeze made further investigation impossible; so, after taking bearings and leaving the spot buoyed, we returned to the shore, landing amid an awaiting, curious crowd of Turks, Arabs and blacks.

"Six days later, through the courtesy and interest of the officers of the Greek warships Crete and Paralos, a ship's cutter and machineboat with divers were placed at my disposal."

# A PIECE OF THE TOWN'S MIND.

About fifty years ago Justice William T. Spear was a well-known lawyer in Plymouth, Mass. He took a deep interest in the affairs of the community, and his acquaintance with those who simply vote others into office. As nearly as might be, he was the "Town's Mind," to use the large phrase invented by the forefathers.

In this character Judge Spear never failed to attend town meeting and rarely failed to speak with force and clear intention, but on one occasion he faltered unexpectedly in setting the little state in motion. He rose in the house of freedom with all his accustomed dignity, and began with authority:

"I am not here, Mr. Moderator."  
He hesitated a moment, then began again:  
"I am not here, sir."  
Again he paused, and in the silence a young man in the assembly cried out:

"Tell us where you are, then!"  
Fifty years ago it was considered indecorous for a young man to take an active part in the proceedings of the town meeting. He was there to vote—silently—and was expected to restrain the speech of his deep, attentive mind. No wonder, then, that Judge Spear turned upon the audacious speaker with a mighty frown.

"I am not here, sir," he thundered, "to be barked at by every puppy that crawls into the town house!"  
Then, turning to the moderator, Judge Spear proceeded as usual to regulate the calendar of the town year.

**A Tantalizing River.**  
The suit of Kansas against the ditch owners of Colorado, to prevent them taking water out of the upper Arkansas river, had a round in Hutchinson when depositions were taken before the United States commissioner. The State of Colorado conducted the side of the ditch owners, and was represented by four lawyers, while Kansas had but two. The Arkansas river is hard to depend on when it comes to giving evidence on its own book. Just as the stream almost disappears and the cattish have to go ashore to get a drink and the Kansas attorneys think their side is proven, along comes a flood and the Colorado folks rejoice.

And then when the torrent is raging, knocking out bridges and filling the hearts of the Denver attorneys with joy, the bottom drops out and it requires a pump to prove that there is such a stream as the Arkansas at all. A year ago the Kansas side of the case was given by witnesses along the river. Now the Colorado people are having their funing. But the evidence thus far given by the witnesses at Garden City, Great Bend, Larned and here, subpoenaed in behalf of the Colorado contention, is against Colorado and in favor of the view of the case taken by the Jayhawkers.

**Identified.**  
Mrs. Jawback—James, you're a perfect fool!  
Mr. Jawback—I knew something like that would happen when marriage made you and me one. —Cleveland Leader.

Among the hard things in this world to understand are mules, women, gasoline engines, automobiles and wireless telegraphy.

# THE BEST TONIC

When the system gets debilitated and in a run-down condition it needs a tonic and there has never been one discovered that is the equal of S. S. S. It is especially adapted for a systemic remedy, because it contains no strong minerals to derange the stomach and digestion, and affect the liver and bowels. It is made entirely of roots, herbs and barks selected for their purifying and healing qualities, and possesses just the properties that are needed to restore to the body strong robust health. When the blood becomes impure and clogged with waste matters and poisons the body does not receive sufficient nourishment and suffers from debility, weakness, sleeplessness, nervousness, loss of appetite, bad digestion and many other disagreeable symptoms of a disordered blood circulation. 548 Woodland Ave., Warren, O. Mrs. KATZ BACK. And if it is not corrected some form of malignant fever or other dangerous disorder will follow. S. S. S. builds up the broken down constitution, clears the blood of all poisons and impurities and makes it strong and healthy. The nerves are restored to a calm restful state, refreshing sleep is had again, the appetite returns and the whole system is toned up by this great remedy. S. S. S. is a blood purifier and tonic and acts promptly in this run-down depleted condition of the system. Book on the blood and medical advice furnished by our physicians, without charge.

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# Fly-Leaf Memoranda.

Every now and then you will find in some periodical an item relating to the subject of a book in which you are interested. It is a good plan to enter on the fly-leaf a reference to this passage, so that you may find it again when needed. Such notes, neatly written in pencil, do no harm, and will often save you much time. You may in the same way make notes of the numbers of pages in which you have been specially interested. A correspondent writes to us asking whether we recommend "marking books." To this extent we certainly do, provided the book is not so fine an edition that it should be kept as spotless as can be. Besides, very light pencil notes can be removed in a moment without harm to any page. But the marking of books that extends to disfiguring them will never be done by any one who realizes how long a good book may continue to delight new readers, and to bring them help in right living and thinking.—St. Nicholas.

# Meindert Hobbema.

Very little is known of Hobbema's life. He appears to have been born at Amsterdam in 1638, but, as we have seen, other towns claimed to be his birthplace. It is probable that he was the pupil of Jacob van Ruysdael, and certain that he lived in Amsterdam. He died poor, his last lodging being in the Roosegraft, the street in which Rembrandt, also poor, had died forty years before. His works were little appreciated in Holland until nearly a hundred years after his death, and most of them found their way to England.—St. Nicholas.

# From Bad to Worse.

The Lady—Well, Marie, have you found the ornament for my hair yet?  
The Maid—Yes, ma'am. But I've mislaid your hair, and now I can't find that.

# Quite Proficient.

Jack—Your friend Miss Wushery is always using slang phrases, isn't she?  
Edyth—Yes, indeed. She is quite familiar with the English language.

If a bride should by chance see a coffin as she starts off on her wedding tour she should order the driver of the carriage to turn back and start over again.

# At "About 30"

When one knows the age of a woman one knows the woman. The very fact that she permits you to know her age exposes her character. She no longer masquerades. She has lost a certain uncertainty, an evanescent delicacy, that was an irresistible charm. Women, like philosophy, are divided into two classes, the knowable and the unknowable. Also, like philosophy, it is the unknowable woman who is the speculable. Therefore to get her at her highest capacity she must be unmarred and about 30.

The married woman presents certain inescapable telltale data. She has children, and those children have apparent ages, two facts which go far in determining her annals. If she is unmarried and is not "about 30" she is under 30, again a definite fact. Being "about 30" is indefinite. She may be more or less. No one hazards a guess. There is a delightful vagueness in being "about 30." It has nothing to do with dates, and many of us who from our youth up have felt no attachment for dates can forgive the unattached their confessed indifference.

# Exact Definitions.

Young Hopeful—Father, what is a "traitor in politics?" This paper says Congressman Jawweary is one.  
Veteran Politician—A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other one.  
Young Hopeful—Well, then, what is a man who leaves the other party and comes over to ours?  
Veteran Politician—A convert, my son.—Boston Transcript.

# Natural Sequence.

Mrs. Jolliboy (to sick husband)—The doctor has arrived.  
Jolliboy—Then you had better telephone for the undertaker, my dear.

Mrs. Jolliboy—Why, Tom, what do you mean?  
Jolliboy—Well, coming events cast their shadows before them, you know.

A sunny temper glides the edges of life's blackest cloud.—Guthrie.

Good humor is the health of the soul; sadness is its poison.—Stanislaus.

The first step to knowledge is to know that we are ignorant.—Cecil.

**An Off Day.**  
Miss Newage—What was done at the New Woman International Progressive Club to-day?  
Bachelor Girl—Nothing. You see, Mrs. Sweetie happened to come in with her baby, and before we all got through kissing the little cherub, it was time to adjourn.

# Fixing Railroad Rates.

Making railroad rates is like playing a game of checkers or chess. Communities to be benefited, producers, manufacturers or shippers to be aided, represent the pieces used. Every possible move is studied for its effect on the general result by skilled traffic managers. A false move in the making of freight rates may mean the ruin of a city, of a great manufacturing interest, of an agricultural community. Railroads strive to build up all these so that each may have an equal chance in the sharp competition of business. So sensitive to this rivalry are the railroads that in order to build up business along their lines they frequently allow the shipper to practically dictate rates. Rate making has been a matter of development; of mutual concessions for mutual benefit. That is why the railroads of the United States have voluntarily made freight rates so much lower in this country than they are on the government-owned and operated railways of Europe and Australia that they are now the lowest transportation rates in the world.

# Female Enthusiast.

Each evening now my good wife Fondly greets me at the door; And this query she propounds: "Say, John, what's the score?"

For bronchial troubles try Pico's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

# A Song of the Sea.

He never bought a gold brick Nor tried the bunko game, But he played at steamboat poker, Which is very much the same. —Washington Star.

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

Small farms are the rule in Japan, and every foot of land is put to use. The farmer who has more than ten acres is considered a monopolist.

# You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All drug stores sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitutes.

# Gray Torpedo Craft.

The British admiralty has decided that gray is the best all-around color for torpedo craft, and a change to it is to be made from black.

# FITS Permanently Cured.

No more nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free 32 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

# The Invisible Supply.

Mr. Astorbill—I wish a genuine imported cigar.  
Boy—Very sorry, sir, but the boss is out.  
"I don't want the boss; I want an imported cigar. Haven't you any?"  
"Yes, sir; we've got two, but they're in the safe."

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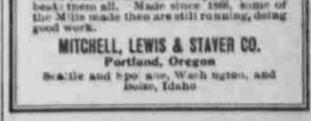


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CURED 34 HORSES.  
I have been using Russian Heave Powders the past eight months and in that time have cured 34 horses of Heaves, 14 of Distemper and 9 of Croup and Cough. The Russian Heave Powders have gained a great reputation in this section.—Ernest Behrke, Newark, N. J.  
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