

Is Your Hair Sick?

That's too bad! We had noticed it was looking pretty thin and faded of late, but naturally did not like to speak of it. By the way, Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair grower, a perfect hair restorer. It keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"I am well acquainted with Ayer's Hair Vigor and I like it very much. It would certainly recommend it as an excellent dressing for the hair, keeping it soft and smooth, and preventing the hair from falling out at the roots."—MRS. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA,
PILLS,
CHERRY PECTORAL.

His Hard Luck.

Brown—Jigsmith is anything but grateful to Dame Fortune.
Green—How's that?
Brown—He found a two-carat diamond in the gutter the other day, and what do you suppose he said?
Green—Give it up. What did he say?
Brown—"This is hard luck."

Marketing Potato Crops.

In line with the classic case of the oyster shippers, cited by President Hadley of Yale university in his book on Railroad Transportation, is the case of the Aroostook potato growers brought by President Tuttle of the Boston & Maine railroad before the senate committee on interstate commerce. Nothing could better show how a railroad works for the interest of the localities which it serves.

A main dependence of the farmers of the Aroostook region is the potato crop, aggregating annually eight to ten million bushels which find a market largely in Boston and the adjacent thickly settled regions of New England. The competition of cheap water transportation from Maine to all points along the New England coast keeps railroad freight rates on these potatoes always at a very low level.

Potatoes are also a considerable output of the truck farms of Michigan, their normal market being obtained in and through Detroit and Chicago and other communities of that region.

Not many years ago favoring sun and rains brought a tremendous yield of potatoes from the Michigan fields. At normal rates and prices there would have been a glut of the customary markets and the potatoes would have rotted on the farms. To help the potato growers the railroads from Michigan made unprecedently low rates on potatoes to every reachable market, even carrying them in large quantities to a place so remote as Boston. The Aroostook growers had to reduce the price on their potatoes and even then could not dispose of them unless the Boston & Maine railroad reduced its already low rate, which it did. By means of these low rates, making possible low prices, the potato crops of both Michigan and Maine were finally marketed. Everybody ate potatoes, and that year everybody had all the potatoes he wanted.

While the Michigan railroads made rates that would have been ruinous to the railroads, had they been applied to the movement of all potatoes at all times, to all places, they helped their patrons to find markets then. The Boston & Maine railroad suffered a decrease in its revenue from potatoes, but it enabled the Aroostook farmers to market their crop and thereby to obtain money which they spent for the various supplies which the railroads brought to them. If the making of rates were subject to governmental adjustment such radical and prompt action could never have been taken, because it is well established that if a rate be once reduced by a railroad company it cannot be restored through the red tape of governmental procedure. If the Michigan railroads and the Boston & Maine railroad had been subjected to governmental limitation they would have felt obliged to keep up their rates as do the railroads of France and England and Germany under governmental limitation and let the potatoes rot.—Exchange.

Natural Deduction.

"You should stable your cows in wet weather," remarked the customer who never overlooked an opportunity to register a kick.
"How do you know but what I do?" queried the owner of the village dairy.
"Because your milk has a rain flavor," explained the party of the first part.

IF YOU STAMMER WE CAN CURE YOU

The Lewis Phonograph Institute and School for Stammerers of Detroit, Michigan. Established eleven years. Have cured thousands. Gold Medal awarded World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904. Recommended by physicians, educators, clergymen, and graduates everywhere. This institution has a Western Branch at Portland with women, girls and boys in attendance—men and women cured in three weeks, but five to six weeks in the time usually required. Will close in Portland on October 1st. Will accept pupils until September 1st. A POSITIVE ABSOLUTE CURE GUARANTEED. Write at once for particulars and terms. If you mention this paper and send 10 cents in stamps, to cover postage, we will send you our little book, 50 pages long, "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering," free of charge.

Address: WILLIAM T. LEWIS
Western Representative, Associate Principal
8 W. Cor. 18th and Raleigh Streets
PORTLAND, OREGON
Note—No pupils accepted at Portland after Sept. 1st.

For The Children

Jamie's Manliness.
Jamie came into the house crying like a girl. Mother sighed, for her little son was not showing the manly traits that should come with a boy's fifth birthday.
"What is the matter, Jamie?"
"The boys is pickin' on me, mamma. They're always pickin' on me, an' makin' fun. Boo-hoo!"
"There, there, son. You'll never be a man if you cry like that."
"But, mamma dearie, that's just the matter of me. Everybody thinks I'm a girl with these horrid old curls and dresses, too. The boys laugh at me and call me a girl, an' they run away from me an' won't let me play with them. Boo-hoo! An' yesterday when that lady called, she said: 'How do do, little girl!' an' she kissed me, an' I wanted to jow slap her, an' I hate her, an' I want to be a boy! Boo-hoo-hoo!"
Mother sighed. Those beautiful golden curls had been her pride, and when they were gone her baby would be gone. But she could not have her baby and a manly boy, too, that was certain.



be gone. But she could not have her baby and a manly boy, too, that was certain.

"Well, if I must I must. Now, Jamie, if you'll stop crying this very minute I'll have the curls cut off this afternoon."

Sunbeams broke out all over Jamie's face and dried up the tears.

"Oh, mamma! An' pants, too! Can I have pants?"
"We'll see."

That night when papa came home there was a strange boy at the gate to meet him. A boy with a crop of yellow braids, and trousers with pockets, and a face as jolly as a harvest moon.

"Hello, pop! See me. I'm a real boy now."

Jamie's manly traits began to develop rapidly. He stamped heavily when he came into the house and threw his hat at the hall rack instead of hanging it up as he had been taught. He grew a whistle and got chummy with the boys.

Mother was startled one evening to see her baby of two weeks ago standing in front of the long mirror and thrusting his fists at his own likeness in a manner most ferocious, frowning meanwhile as if upon a hated foe.

"Why, Jamie, what are you doing?"
Her last fears for her son's manliness vanished as he looked up and stopped in the midst of a terrific up-percut, and answered:

"I'm jes' practisin', mamma. I got to lick a feller to-morrow. It's about a girl."

The Wilful Kangaroo.

The little Kangaroo (if this story is quite true) Could not be made to bathe him in the river.

He said he never yet Saw water quite so wet— The mere suggestion made him shake and shiver!

His mother said, "Absurd! You're a nunny, on my word! What well-bred jungle creature would act so?"

The little Elephants Are glad to have the chance— Their bath is just a frolic, as you know.

"The little Barbary Ape Does not try to escape When threatened with cold water and the soap: The Hippopotamuses Don't make such awful fusses. Nor the Jaguar, nor the little Antelope.

"The mild, obedient Yak Would never answer back, Nor does the Rhino-cro-roarer-horse; And the baby Crocodile— Why, the water makes him smile; And he takes his daily plunges as of course."

—St. Nicholas.

Good Reason.

A little girl of five summers went out to a tea party, and during the evening her sash became untied.

"Tie my sash, please," she said to her hostess.

"Can't you tie it yourself?" asked that lady.

"Of course I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm in front," said the child, surprised at her elder's stupidity.

The Wren's Funny Neat.

The mother wren, with her saucy tail tilted at a saucy angle, loved to come around the lattices and porches of the house to make her home.

A gray-haired gentleman sitting quietly reading on his front porch one morning watched her with a mixture

of amusement and affection till she flitted out of his view.

Presently he felt the flutter of wings around his head, and then a pair of small feet rested there. It was the wren.

A most vigorous pulling and tugging at his hair betrayed the purpose of the enterprising little bird. When she had secured what she could carry of the soft white hair she flew away, returning now and then for another supply.

After the leaves had fallen and all was brown and bare, the nest was found, with its lining of white hair, swinging among the branches of some dead hop vines on the porch.

An Interesting Experiment.

A pretty and simple experiment is to change the color of flowers. Immerse the flowers in ammonia, and you will be surprised to see white lilies change to yellow; pink roses turn a lovely light green; dark red sweet peas assume blue and rich purple tints. The change is so rapid as to suggest the presence of a magician.

Spinning an Egg.

Did you ever try to spin an egg? All you have to do is to hold the egg hard and twist it in your fingers. Then try to spin it on its side. In this you will fail, as the egg will stand and spin on its large end.

THEIR YEARS ARE WASTED

Extravagant Habits Rob Ball Players of Benefit of Big Salaries.

The worst fault of the baseball business is that it teaches young men the habit of extravagance and high living, writes Jimmy Ryan, once one of the best. Naturally the players on each great team are lauded as heroes by their admirers; the newspapers are full of accounts of their doings; they meet hundreds of "good fellows" who want them to drink, smoke or carouse with them. They meet "sports" of wealth and they try to imitate these "sports."

They spend their money for rich clothes, wines, costly cigars and diamonds, and usually when they are suddenly confronted with a ten days' notice of release the diamonds are about all that they have left to show for the earnings of years. The old-timers were more reckless in this regard than the new generation of ball players, but there are enough youngsters now wasting money.

To me it is a sad commentary on the game to see the great stars of other days toiling as day laborers. The greatest pitcher of them all is digging ditches in Indianapolis; perhaps the greatest infielder the world has known is clerking in a cigar store at \$12 a week. I have seen him spend \$300 in one night. I find them in cheap saloons, on police forces, in city jails, but few in any established business and still fewer accumulating wealth. They wasted their years of time on the ball field and wasted the money that they earned.

At the end of a baseball career the player is usually left stranded in the business world. He gains a false idea of his own importance from the cheers of the crowd—and the crowd forgets him almost as soon as he gets out of his uniform. He depends upon some of his powerful "friends" to get him a position when he gets through. The end usually comes with startling suddenness. The friends that he relied upon are not so friendly to a back number as to a brilliant player. He drifts to the minors, drops out of sight, and seldom rises again.

Couldn't Be Both.

"During the taking of a religious census of the District of Columbia the past winter," relates a representative from Tennessee, "a couple of young ladies who were engaged in the work stopped at my home on Capitol Hill, and when the bell rang it was answered by the negro boy I brought from Tennessee with me. The ladies asked him:

"Will you please tell me who lives here?"

"Yessum; Mistah Johnsing," was the answer.

"Is he a Christian?"

"No, ma'am. He's er congressman from Tennessee."

Doubts.

Governor Douglas of Massachusetts tells this of the Southern district:

"There was a dandy in southern Tennessee named Eph Friday, who died a short time ago. Eph was neither a member of a church nor of a lodge and thus had no one to deliver an address or a prayer at his burial. At last an old uncle consented to say a few remarks for the departed soul. As the coffin was being lowered into the grave the old uncle said to the assembled mourners:

"Eph Friday, we trusts you hab gone to de place whar we 'spects you ain't."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Showing It to Him.

Scout (from the city)—Where is the beautiful view you advertise?

Farmer Takem—Why, ye jest walk over ter Pokeville an' take th' stage to Hen Lake, an' ter steamer ter Moose Landing, an' then climb up Skeeter mountain ter what they call "Lover's Leap," and thar ye git th' view, an' it's a dandy.—Puck.

Chicago Sequence.

The Maid—What is love?
The Bachelor—Love is the prelude to matrimony.
The Maid—And what is matrimony?
The Bachelor—The prelude to matrimony.

Any man who works around a mill can tell you what he weighs to-day and what he weighed yesterday. Men working around a mill do all their loading on the scales.

Plenty used to mean enough before trusts got to hogging things.

LASHES OF FUN

Sax—Your new auto is sixteen horse power, isn't it? Fox—Um! Sixteen balky horse power.—Brooklyn Life.

Diner—I've been waiting half an hour for that chicken I ordered. Waiter—You have an uncommon amount of patience, sir.—Judge.

She—Is skin grafting a very late discovery? He—No, it is only a new branch of a very old art; all grafting is a skin profess.—Detroit Free Press.

Sometimes a man is despaired for twenty or thirty years because he is so stingy, and then envied all the rest of his life because he is so rich.—Somerville Journal.

"You haven't been here long," remarked the ink-well. "No," replied the new blotter. "How do you like your work?" "Well, its certainly absorbing."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Husband—You ought to know more than to order a pearl necklace when you know how I'm fixed! Wife—Why, John, do you think I want everybody to know how you're fixed?—Puck.

"Well, Doctors Brown and Smith are going to operate upon old Gotrook." "Is the operation necessary?" "Why, yes; Brown has a note coming due, and Smith wants an automobile."—Puck.

Mistress (to applicant for cook's position)—Why did you leave your last place? Applicant—You are very inquisitive, marm. I didn't ax yer what for yer last cook left you.—Pick-Me-Up.

Miss Innit—You seemed bored at the theater last night, Mr. Knott. Don't you like Shakespeare? Mr. Wyse Knott—Oh, Shakespeare's all right. I s'pose, but I wish he'd turn out something new.—Ex.

"Albert, dear, while looking through some of your old clothes, I made such a lucky find that I ordered a new dress on the strength of it." "What was it, dear?" "Half a dozen checks that had never been written on."

Rastus (to drugist)—Look hyah, misteb. Yo' all sole me some stuff to make Easteh aigs yestuddy. Drugist—Well? Rastus—Well, I feed hit to dem heus, an' dey ain't lay no aigs—dey lay down an' die.

Mrs. Smith—Had your daughter a pleasant voyage? Mrs. Newrich—Yes, but they must have had an accident. She wrote she landed on Terra Firma, and I know the boat was bound for Liverpool.—New York Mail.

Growell (in cheap restaurant)—Here, waiter! Are these mutton or pork chops? Waiter—Can't you tell by the taste? Growell—No. Waiter—Then what difference does it make what they are?—Illustrated Bits.

Mamma—I thought there was an apple on the sideboard and I was going to give it to you, but I find it isn't there! Freddy—Well, you give me something else, mummy. 'Cos it wasn't a very good one.—Punch.

"One-half of the world's happiness is solved when a person learns to mind his own business." "Yes, but it's the other half that causes the most trouble." "What's that?" "Getting other people to mind theirs."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Gadabout—People are saying you called on Mrs. Verdigris the other day and got a setback. Mrs. Upjohn—What a wilful perversion of truth! I called on her, and got back a set of Dickens that I'd loaned her two years before.

Mrs. Nuwad—Here's the bread I started to make to-day. Isn't it too annoying? Mr. Nuwad—Why, it isn't baked at all. Mrs. Nuwad—I know it isn't; that's just it. I put plenty of baking powder in it, but it doesn't seem to have worked.

La Montt—Children are so much worse than they used to be. What do you attribute it to? La Moyne—Improved ideas in building. La Montt—What has that to do with it? La Moyne—Much. Shingles are scarce, and you can't spank a boy with a tin roof.

A Process Reversed: "You regard campaign calculations as a distinct branch of mathematics?" "Yes," answered the erudite personage. "The method differs from all others. You start with the answer, and then work backward and evolve a problem to demonstrate it."

Cold Mine 3,000 Feet Deep.

The deepest gold mine in the world is said to be at Bendigo, Australia. It is called the New Chum mine, and its main shaft is sunk to a depth of three-quarters of a mile. The most difficult problem of working a mine of such depth is how to keep the tunnels and general workings cool enough for the miners to work. The temperature is usually about 108 degrees, and this is, of course, greatly enervating. To make it possible for the men to work at all a spray of cold water is let down from above and kept continually playing on their bodies. They are naked from the waist up.

More Trouble.

Patience—What is that the choir is singing?
Patrice—Oh, that's called "The Battle Song."

"Gracious! Is the choir going to have another fight?"—Youkers Statesman.

The young man who gets a good start in life doesn't always make a satisfactory finish.

A pretty girl can teach a man anything but common sense.

GOOD BLOOD TELLS ITS OWN STORY

And tells it eloquently in the bright eye, the supple, elastic movement, the smooth, soft skin, glowing with health, a body sound and well, an active brain, good appetite and digestion, refreshing sleep, energy to perform the duties and capacity to enjoy the pleasures of life. The blood is the most vital part of the body; every organ, muscle, tissue, nerve, sinew and bone is dependent on it for nourishment and strength, and as it circulates through the system, pure and strong, it furnishes to these different parts all the healthful qualities nature intended. When, from any cause, the blood becomes impure or diseased, it tells a different story, quite as forceful in its way. Itching, burning skin diseases, muddled, shallow complexions, disfiguring sores, boils, carbuncles, etc., show the presence, in the blood, of some foreign matter or poison. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Contagious Blood Poison and Scrofula, are effects of a deeply poisoned blood circulation. These may either be inherited or acquired, but the seat of trouble is the same—the blood. S. S. S., a purely vegetable blood remedy, cleanses and purifies the circulation and makes it strong and clean. Under its purifying and tonic effects all poisons and impurities are expelled from the blood, the general health is built up, all disfiguring eruptions and blemishes disappear, the skin becomes soft and smooth and robust health blesses life. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all diseases of the blood are cured by S. S. S. Book on the blood and any medical advice, free of charge. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

SSS

Retort Courteous.

He—Girls are queer creatures—they marry the first fool who asks them, as a rule. I suppose you would do the same, wouldn't you?
She—Suppose you ask me and find out.

FITS

Permanently Cured. No finer nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free Trial Bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 501 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Proper Word.

Clara—I was tempted to give her a piece of my mind, only I didn't want to make a scene.

Minnie—You mean, dear, you didn't want to make a production. That's the proper word nowadays.—Boston Transcript.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, swelling, itching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Omsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Lucky, Indeed.

"This is what I get for marrying a poet," pouted the tall brunette. "We are too poor to hire a girl, so I have to cook the beefsteak and onions."

"My dear girl," said the matron, whose husband is an editor, "you should be very proud."

"Proud of what?"

"That you should have found a poet who can really afford beefsteak and onions."

For forty years Fiso's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

The Last Perry Expedition Survivor.

The newspapers chronicle the death, June 22d, of two members of the Perry expedition to Japan, 1853-54. The July Century contains the personal recollections of this expedition of John S. Sewall, who was a member of Commodore Perry's party, and who is probably the last survivor of the famous expedition.

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

Yellow Art.

Tommy Figjam—Paw, whose picture is that feller there where you're reading?

Paw Figjam—Why, that's a half-brother of a second cousin of the step-brother of an aunt by second marriage of the foster sister of the chap who is suspected of being in possession of information as to who was an accomplice of the mysterious unknown who assisted in kidnapping Sloppy Sadie the Sad-Eyed Shop Girl.—Baltimore American.

Answered the Purpose.

The woman whistled at a car. It stopped with sudden jerk. Her whistle was a failure—but her face got in its work.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER

destroys all the flies and all the annoying insects in the house—dining room, sleeping room and all places where flies are troublesome. Clean and will not soil or injure anything. Try them once and you will never be without them. If not kept by dealers, send prepaid for 25c. H. H. Bowers, 149 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Iowa Improved SEPARATOR

LOW CAN
Waist High
Skims Cold or Warm Milk
50 Per Cent Cream

IT'S THE BEST EVER
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAYER CO.
PORTLAND, OREGON
SEATTLE SPOKANE BOISE

Dr. C. Gee Wo

Wonderful Home Treatment

This wonderful Chinese doctor is called great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown in medical science in this country. Through the use of these harmless remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies, which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidney, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and circulars. Need stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. ADDRESS:

The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co.
2515-2515 ALDER ST., PORTLAND, OREGON
87 Praction paper

P. N. U. No. 25-1905

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

CASTORIA

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.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 31 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

RUSSIAN HEAVE POWDERS

CURE HORSES OF HEAVES, COUGH, DISTEMPERS, PINK EYE OR INDIGESTION. A GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND CONDITIONER and a sure cure for all ailments from which horses arise.

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 Coughs. The Russian Heave Powders have gained a great reputation in this section. —Kresel Scholze, S. Y.

PRICE AT DEALERS, 50c. BY MAIL, 60c.
FREE!—25 page Farmer's Hand Book.
PORTLAND SEED CO., Portland, Or., Coast Avenue