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For over sixty years doctors have endorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchitis, consumption. You can trust a medicine the best doctors approve. Then trust this the next time you have a hard cough.

"I had an awful cough for over a year, and nothing seemed to do me any good. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was soon cured. I recommend it to all my friends whenever they have a cough."—Miss M. MYERS, Washington, D. C.

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SARASAPILLA
HAIR VIGOR.

Ayer's Pills keep the bowels regular. All vegetable and gently laxative.

Similar, but Different.
Wife—Why, George, I'm surprised that you should spend \$5 for a hat!
Husband—Huh! That's nothing. You said \$12 for yours.
Wife—I never did anything of the kind. I had it charged to you.

Not Specially Interested.
"My dear girl, do you think it is right to let that young man spend so much money on you?"
"Why not? I have no intention of marrying him."

YOUR FACE

may be your fortune. Take care of it; keep your complexion good and clear. Send for booklet on message, complexion and shaving cream, cream, powder, etc.

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destroys all the flies and affords relief from annoying insects in dining rooms, sleeping quarters and all places where flies are troublesome. Clean, pleasant and will not soil or injure anything. Try them once and you will never be without them. If not kept by dealer, sent direct for 25c. Harold Rowers, 108 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Clip this out, return to us with the names and addresses of yourself and two of your friends, and the date when you will probably enter a business college, and we will credit you with \$5.00 on our \$65.00 scholarship. Our school offers exceptional advantages to students of Business, Shorthand, English, etc.
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Cures Cholera, Roup and other diseases. It helps bring lay and make chicks grow.

Phgs. 25 and 50; Pails, \$3.50
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IS JUST WHAT IS NEEDED.
Prussian Poultry Food is just what is needed in raising poultry.—C. R. HIGGINS, Latham, Wash.

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Pumps water for house and irrigation. Displaces wind mills and gasoline engines. Burns gasoline, wood or coal. Has automatic stop. Shipped on approval. Write for catalogues and prices.

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DARING RAILROAD PROPOSITION.



ROUTE OF THE RAILROAD TO KEY WEST.

The sort of railroading which appeals to the public mind, by reason of its daring and by the new problems which it often presents to the engineer, is that through mountain regions, but it has remained for Henry M. Flagler, who has been termed "The Wizard of Florida," to take in hand some railway construction which is not only unique, but daring to the last degree. This task is the extension of his Florida East Coast Railway, which has for some years been in operation between St. Augustine and Miami, 154 miles southwestward and northward from the latter point to the important island of Key West. The construction of the extension is proceeding rapidly. The road will traverse for a considerable distance a ridge or slight elevation of salt limestone, and passing beyond this will reach sand, the mangrove, that strange tree which reaches its roots downward into the water from the limbs above being for a long distance the principal vegetation. Then the road will strike considerable stretches of water, more or less shallow, but always the foundation will be one of the finest and most substantial imaginable, namely, coral rock.

The construction will be of the most expensive and durable character, and everything will make for absolute safety. The first survey was for a line to Cape Sable, but when this was made Mr. Flagler found that he was sixty miles from Key West and twelve miles from what is known as the three fathom line of the gulf. He therefore decided to undertake the greater proposition, and so changed the line from Homestead and is building more nearly along what may be called the general line of the coast.

In a scenic way this road will be notable. The views it will give of those beautiful southern waters, with all their tenderness of tint, with the scores of "keys" or islands and inlets, great and small, will make it like a voyage in wonderland. The line will pass from key to key, and the first deep water it will strike will be at what is known as Knight's Key, where there will be a channel thirteen feet in depth. Several drawbridges will be constructed, some for the use of the small vessels which are engaged in the sponge fisheries, the seat of the sponge trade being Key West.

TACTFUL MR. TAKAHIRA.

Japanese Minister to America Goes from the Banks.

The career and experience of Togo Takahira embraces most of the varied changes in modern Japanese history, says the Review of Reviews. In his early youth he felt keenly and deeply the ancient feud of the samurai and shogun, and when Japan abandoned the old order and set her face toward the new he swung into and developed with the new national life. Mr. Takahira is a fine example of the diplomat and gentleman of the Far East. His culture and training are many sided—he is learned in Chinese philosophy and literature, he is a thorough scholar in the intricate literature of his own country, and he speaks and writes fluently in several European languages.

Mr. Takahira is not of the titled class—he has risen from the ranks. Entering the imperial diplomatic service in 1870, after a thorough education at the Japanese capital, he was appointed attaché to the Japanese legation in Washington, becoming secretary of that legation in 1881. Two years later he was appointed secretary of the Foreign office. Later, he held a number of important posts, including those of charge d'affaires in Korea (1885), consul general at New York (1891), minister resident to Holland (1892), minister to Italy (1894), minister to Austria (1896), vice minister for foreign affairs (1899) and vice minister to the United States (1900).

The Japanese minister is a man of middle age, of a strong, well-built frame, but broken somewhat from his experience of last winter, when he was operated on for appendicitis. Tactful and diplomatic, a dignified diplomat through and through, Mr. Takahira has creditably represented Japanese interests throughout the present difficult period of the war. He has only courageous expressions of appreciation for the admirable qualities of the Russian people, whom he understands thoroughly. He does not look for peace in the near future, but says that Japan is quite ready and prepared to continue the conflict as long as may be necessary. As to the possibility which has been suggested of a Russo-Japanese alliance after peace has been concluded, Mr. Takahira declares this can never be. The Japanese people, he points out, have been educated, politically, along Anglo-Saxon lines, and it would be very difficult to change this national bent. A Franco-Russian alliance might be possible, but a Russo-Japanese alliance never.

Teeth Not Bones at All.
Professor E. Byrnes Thompson, Gresham professor of medicine, in the course of an address at the Polytechnic, Regent street, London, on "The Evolution and Degeneration of the Teeth," remarked that while the bones of man and animals had decayed greatly during the last 6,000 or 7,000

years, the teeth had been preserved in a much better condition.

Teeth were not part of bones, but part of the skin—they were, in fact, dermal appendages. Old people were surprised to find that when the teeth of the lower jaw departed there was very little of the jaw left. This produced what was called the nut-cracker physiognomy. Referring to the fact that the crocodile had an animated toothpick in the form of a bird, which removed foreign matter, the lecturer enforced the lesson of the necessity of attending carefully to the cleansing of the teeth and recommended attention to them at night as being more important than in the morning.

"No News to Speak Of"

A country correspondent of the Adams Enterprise sends in these interesting items:
"There is no news to speak of in this here settlement. Bud Spurlin was bit by one rattlesnake and two moccasins yesterday and is feeling unwell at this writing."
"The supper for the benefit of the new church bell was largely attended. (That is the hungriest bell in this neighborhood.)"
"Maj. Jones happened to the accident of havin' his head blowed off Tuesday. Don't know how high it was blowed, as it hasn't come down yet."

"The jug-train with ninety gallons of spirits aboard, was wrecked by unknown miscreants Saturday night, and in consequence Sunday in town was dry enough to burn."
"I will close as there is no news to speak of, as I said before, wishing success to the paper and all good citizens."—Atlanta Constitution.

No Reason for Two Trips

Patrick's wife was "alling," and Patrick put on his Sunday best and walked four miles to the doctor's house to tell him about her.
"Now," said the doctor, when he had heard all Patrick had to say, and had prepared some medicine, "here is something for your wife. I've written the directions on the bottle, and I want her to try it faithfully for a fortnight. Then, if it doesn't relieve her, come to me again, and I will give you another prescription."

"Now, docher, see here," said Patrick, standing straight and looking grimly at the physician. "If you have your doubts of this curin' Mrs. Mary, as it's evident you have by the way you spake, why don't you give me first what you're goin' to give me last?"

When Expense Did Not Count.

Mamma—Have some more sugar, Willie!
Willie—Why, you always tell me that more than one spoonful is bad for my health!
Mamma—That's at home. You're at a hotel now—take all you want.—Cleveland Leader.

The average father talks so much about his "assessments" that the children know about them. His "assessments" go to his lodge, and are really premiums on his life insurance.

Be careful what you say to some people. (N. B.—On second thought we have decided not to use that word "some.")

Humorous

Cannibalism in Scotland.—Lady in Sandford district would like two gentlemen for dinner daily. — Glasgow Herald.

Lady—Can that parrot talk? Dealer—Talk? Why, say, lady, you'd think he was brought in a box at de op'ry.—Puck.

Miss Pawcet—Excuse me, but where did you learn to dance? Mr. Splay—In a correspondence school.—Chicago News.

Farmer Blake (at New York restaurant)—Was, Miranda, here's spinach sixty cents. I wonder if that's a peck or bushel.—Life.

"What's Stevens doing now?" "Nothing." "But I was told he was holding a government position." "He is."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"You say his course was not quite satisfactory to the labor unions?" "Why, no. He worked ten hours a day to secure the passage of an eight-hour law."—Ex.

"I might have known better than to trust my money to that broker." "Why so? Are appearances against him?" "No, confound him! It's his disappearance."—Town and Country.

Nordy—Insure in your company? With your highest officials fighting the way they are? Butts—Sure thing. You can see for yourself that we must have assets worth fighting over.—Ex.

Edwin—I have to go to Scotland next week. You will be true to me while I am gone, won't you? Angelina—Of course. But—er—don't be gone long, will you dear?—Pick-Me-Up.

"Johnny, who was Peter and who was Paul?" "Them was the guys who robbed each other to pay each other without lettin' their left hands get wise."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"It's curious," said Uncle Eben, "to hear tell 'bout how many genuses has been allowed to starve an' how many lazy folks manages to git a livin' by pretendin' to be genuses."—Washington Star.

Friend of the Family—You are very lucky, my boy, to be the seventh son. It will bring you everlasting fortune. Son No. 7—It hasn't so far. All it's brought yet is the old clothes of my six brothers.—Detroit Free Press.

"And did you tell God about it, and ask His forgiveness?" Inquired her mother of the little daughter whom at last she had let out of the closet. "Why, no. I was so bad I didn't think you'd want it known outside the family."—Ex.

"My" exclaimed the good old soul, looking up from her paper, "these college games are getting to be horribly rough." "What's the matter now?" asked her husband. "Here's a report in the paper about a Yarnard man beating all his rivals with the hammer."—Philadelphia Press.

Bishop Goodman (impressively)—Only think, children! In Africa there are ten million square miles of territory without a single Sunday school where little boys and girls can spend their Sundays. Now, what should we all try and save up our money to do? Class (in ecstatic union)—Go to Africa!—Judge.

The young woman in the stern of the little boat had whispered softly the word "yes." "But stay right where you are, Jack," she added, hastily; "if you try to kiss me you'll upset the boat." "How do you know?" hoarsely demanded Jack, a horrible suspicion already taking possession of him.—Chicago Tribune.

Visitor—Quite a neat little place, that one with the green shutters. Who lives there? Host—That's Cooper's house. He had a rich uncle, who left him all his money. Visitor—Oh! And whose is that magnificent mansion over there? Host—That belongs to the lawyer who settled up Cooper's uncle's affairs.—Casell's.

Judge Phillips' Big Fish.

"There is no fishing in the world like the sport in the Gulf of Mexico, where they catch tarpon," said Judge John F. Phillips, recently in the Kansas City Star. Judge Phillips, looking tanned and thoroughly rested, has just returned from a fishing trip to the coast of Texas. "I surprised the natives by catching six of those big fellows. The largest weighed 135 pounds and measured 6 feet 10 inches in length. It took me an hour to land him after I had made the strike."

"The tarpon is caught on a heavy line and a specially strong rod and reel. I had just told my boatman that I would go in for dinner and we had just started to put back to the shore from where we had been fishing, perhaps a mile out to sea, when I hooked the big fish. By playing with him, reeling him in and maneuvering back and forth for an hour I finally pulled him into shallow water. The boatman then leaped out in water up to his waist and, striking the fish with a gaff hook, hauled him up on the beach. Catching tarpon is strenuous exercise," added Judge Phillips, "but as a sport it is not equaled."

High Toned.
"Maude says her steady is a high-toned young feller."
"Gee! That's a good name for it, all right. He's one of those squeaky-voiced assies."—Cleveland Leader.

There are not many people whose visits are as interesting as a continued story in a ten-cent magazine.

FOR THE BLOOD

"S. S. S. for the blood" has grown to be a household saying. When the blood is out of order, or needs treatment from any cause, this great remedy is the first thought of and used by thousands of people all over the country, because it is superior to all other blood purifiers. It is a purely vegetable remedy, and while it penetrates the circulation and forces out all poison and morbid matter, it also builds up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. During the winter months the natural avenues of bodily waste have become dull and weak and failed to perform their full duty, the blood has been sluggish and an extra amount of poisons and waste matters have accumulated in the system and been absorbed by it. With the coming of Spring and warm weather the blood is aroused and stirred to quicker action and in its effort to throw off these acids and poisons the skin suffers. Boils, pimples, blotches, rashes and eruptions break out and continue until the blood is cleansed and made pure. S. S. S. is the ideal remedy for this condition; it clears the blood of all impurities, makes it rich and strong and these skin troubles pass away. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all other diseases of the blood are cured by S. S. S. Book on the blood and any advice desired, free of charge. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

I was suffering from impure blood and a general run-down condition of the system. I had no appetite, was losing flesh, and an all-gone tired feeling that made me miserable. I began the use of S. S. S. and my blood was restored to its normal, healthy condition. My appetite returned, I increased in weight, that "dread feeling" left and I was again myself.
Columbus, Ohio. VICTOR STUBBS,
Cor. Barthman and Washington Aves.

The Old Dinner Bell.
There's music in the lowin' of the cattle on the hills,
An' in the lazy laughter of the waterfalls an' rills;
In the singin' of the bluebird an' the hummin' of the bee,
An' the ole woodpecker peckin' on the holler sugar tree.
There's music in the blossom an' the clear blue of the sky,
In the screamin' of the chicken hawk a-circulin' 'way up high;
But the sweetest songs of June time ain't noberes near a smell
To the music 'long at noontime of the old dinner bell.

When plowin' in the distant fields, clean out o' sight o' home,
A-wishin', too, with all your heart that dinner time would come,
You watch the furrows stretch away aroun' the lower bend,
An' pater 'round a bit before you start for 'other end.
An' you bend your head an' listen to ketch the welcome sound,
An' calc'late it's put nigh noon by shadows on the ground,
When through the hazy atmosphere, your longin' to dispel,
Comes the fur-off silv'ry music of the ole dinner bell.

To Break in New Shoes.
Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, it cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet, cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

An Easy Job.
Big Chief Scared-of-His-Job had met with an accident while scouring the plains and it was necessary for the army surgeon to amputate his leg. After a time the missing limb was replaced by a wooden one, and meeting him later the doctor said:
"How do you like your wooden leg, old man?"
"Ugh!" responded Scared-of-His-Job. "Injun likum heap much. Injun likum you makum all wood."
"Make you all wood?" queried the M. D. in surprise. "What for?"
"Injun make heap money then," answered the noble red man. "Getum job standum in front of cigar store. Ugh!"

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 21 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Same Boat.
Boss—Charlie, will you tell me what time it is? I've left my watch at my aunt's.
Charlie—Awfully sorry, but I can't. I've left mine at my uncle's.—Detroit Free Press.

Source of Supplies.
"William," said the minister's wife, "if you want me to repair your trousers you'll have to go down town and get some buttons."
"Never mind, my dear; let it go till next week," replied the good man. "I'm going to take up a collection for the benefit of the heathen Sunday."

Nothing Doing.
"Now that I have sold you a policy," said the insurance agent, "I will make you an interesting proposition. Give me some letters of introduction to people you know and I will give you half my commission on every one of them I land."
"My dear man!" cried the new policy holder, "I haven't an enemy on earth!"—Newark News.

Railroad Traveling in Belgium.
Railway travel is cheap in Belgium, according to a report received at the State Department from United States Consul McNally at Liege. He says that the Belgian state railway sells tickets on a time basis which enable the holder to travel continuously, if desired, for the period stated on the ticket, within the limits of the country. For instance, a five-day ticket will cost \$3.90, and a fifteen-day ticket, \$7.72. During the life of one of these tickets it serves as a pass, and it is only necessary to show it upon request. The above rates refer to second class only. All that is required to obtain these tickets is to present at the office an unmounted photograph of small size, which is attached to the ticket as a means of identification.

He Certainly Did.
Especk—Green eloped with Brown's wife yesterday, I understand.
Mrs. Especk—Why, I thought Green was Brown's best friend.
Especk—Well, didn't he prove it?

Nothing more detestable does the earth produce than an ungrateful man.—Aesopius.

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.

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