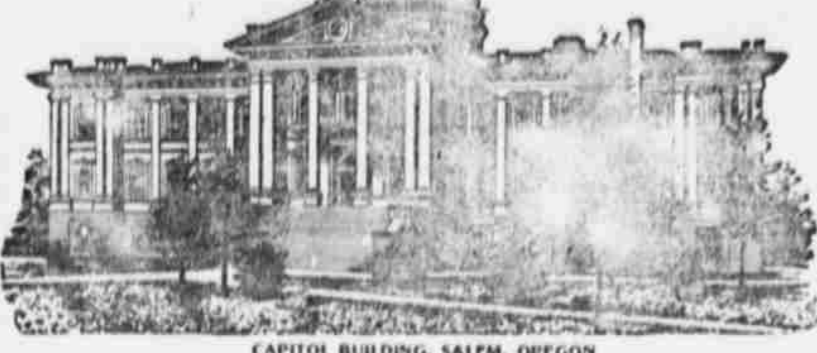


THE GOVERNOR OF OREGON

Makes Use of His Family Pe-ru-na in For Colds



CAPITOL BUILDING, SALEM, OREGON

Peruna is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Letters of congratulation and commendation testifying to the merits of Peruna as a catarrh remedy are pouring in from every state in the Union. Dr. Hartman is receiving hundreds of such letters daily. All classes write these letters, from the highest to the lowest.

The outdoor laborer, the indoor artisan, the clerk, the editor, the statesman, the preacher—all agree that Peruna is the catarrh remedy of the age. The stage and rostrum, recognizing catarrh as their greatest enemy, are especially enthusiastic in their praise and testimony.

Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well nigh universal. Peruna is the best safeguard known.

A Letter From the Ex-Governor of Oregon.

The ex-governor of Oregon is an ardent admirer of Peruna. He keeps it continually in the house. In a letter to Dr. Hartman, he says:

State of Oregon,
Executive Department,
The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

Dear Sirs—I have had occasion to use your Peruna medicine in my family for colds, and it proved to be an excellent remedy. I have not had occasion to use it for other ailments.

Yours very truly,
W. M. Lord.

It will be noticed that the governor says he has not had occasion to use Peruna for other ailments. The reason for this is, most other ailments begin with a cold.

Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Almanac for 1906.



Mother (who is teaching her child the alphabet)—Now, dearie, what comes after g? The Child—Whizz!—Ex.

"Where did you put the butter," said a lady to her colored girl. "Done put it in de freezerator, missus," was the answer.—Ex.

Nagsby—What an excellent carriage that young man has! Waggsby—Yep. He's a football coach.—Baltimore American.

He—They say people who marry soon grow to look alike. She—Then you must consider my refusal as final.—Chicago News.

Bobby (at dinner table)—Papa, can I have two pieces of pie? Papa—Sure! Just cut the piece you have in two.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Dashaway—Do you love that girl as much as you think you do? Cleverton—Why, old man, I love her almost as much as she thinks I do.—Ex.

She—So you really imagine that smoking benefits you? He—I know it does. My mother-in-law leaves the room the minute I light my pipe.—Ex.

James—My lord, the carriage waits without. My Lord—Without what, James? James—Without any 'osses, my lord. It is the motor carriage.—Ex.

Customer—Those trousers are too short for my boy; he'd outgrow them in five weeks. Tailor—No danger; they won't last that long.—Chicago Journal.

"Why don't you get up and give that seat to your father, Bobby? Don't it pain you to see him reaching for a strap?" "Not on a street car."—Chicago News.

Jawback—My mother's cooking—Mrs. Jawback—Well, she deserves it. But I didn't think you'd acknowledge it so shortly after her death.—Cleveland Leader.

She—Are your poems improving any? He—I judge so. The editor used to give me ten seconds to get out of the office. Now he gives me fifteen.—Chicago News.

"How can a girl tell whether or not she is a man's affinity?" murmured Susie. "By looking him up in Bradstreet," replied Polly.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"How much of an estate did he leave?" "It appears that he died neither rich nor poor. They estimate his estate at about two millions."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Miss Newlywed—Well, Henry, how do you like my pies? Mr. Newlywed—Dearest, they are just like the pies that my father used to say were not like his mother used to make!—Ex.

Dumley—What they call preferred stock is the stock that pays dividends, isn't it? Wiseman—Not at all; but the stock that does pay dividends is always preferred.—Philadelphia Press.

New Dentist (in Frozen Dog)—Will you take gas? Bronco Bill—Will it hurt if I don't? Dentist—It will. Bronco Bill—Then, stranger, for your sake I think I'd better take it.—Life.

"Thank you," she said, as he finally gave her his seat in the car, "it's almost impossible to stand on your feet." "That was because I kept pulling 'em out of your way, ma'am," he replied.—Ex.

George—Who was the first one that came from the ark when it landed? John—Noah. George—You are wrong. Don't the Good Book tells us that Noah came forth; so there must have been three ahead of him.—New York Times.

Lumber Yard Lem—I hain't seen Weary Willie around lately. Seven League Saunders—No; he's disguised himself as a college professor an' livin' as one o' dem. He's going to write a magazine article on dere lives an' habits.—Puck.

"Why do you want a divorce?" the judge asked. "Because I can't look at my wife without being tempted to commit suicide or murder." "What brought about this state of mind?" "She put moth balls in my cigar pocket." "Petition granted."—Judge.

"Wasn't trying to commit suicide? Why, she jumped off the end of the pier into thirty feet of water and sank like a stone!" "I know, but she just explained to the man who rescued her that she had learned to swim at a correspondence school."—Houston Post.

"Why did you leave your last place?" asked Mrs. Hiram Offen. "Well," replied the pretty servant maid, "the last couple I was with didn't agree." "Indeed? Why should their disagreements affect you?" "It was about me. The gentleman liked me, but she didn't."—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Stammerton—O! Yera!—er—that is, M—Miss Sere, I—er—lul—lul—Miss Sere (cooly)—Yes, Mr. Stammerton, say it, don't be afraid. Mr. Stammerton—I'm afraid it's g—going to t—t—take me so lul—lul to say it that you'd bub—better remark 'This is so sudden' now.—Philadelphia Press.

"What a man your father is!" exclaimed Mrs. Fogle, looking up from the letter in her hand. "He says he has bought a French clock, and shall bring it home with him. What will it be good for except as an ornament? None of us can tell the time by it, unless you can, Edith. You know something about French, don't you?"—Boston Transcript.

A Natural Remedy.

That the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease is again shown by an incident chronicled in the New York Times. A prominent politician has a wife who is a model of domestic carefulness. She has a talent for making bread, and takes great pride in having her loaves turn out well.

One evening she had set the batch of dough to rise in the kitchen and was reading in the parlor, when her 6-year-old boy came running to her, crying, "Mamma, mamma, there's a mouse jumped into your bread-pan!"

The good woman sprang from her seat. "Did you take him out?" she asked, frantically.

"No'm, but I done just as good. I threw the cat in, and she's digging after him to beat the band!"

Christian Science.

In the United States there are about 400 Christian Science churches, with about 100,000 adherents. According to Mrs. Eddy, its founder, the church is making tremendous strides in popularity, in which respect it resembles Pillsbury's Vitos, the popular cereal food.

Beggars in London.

It is calculated that 4,000 persons make a living in London by begging and that their average income amounts to over \$1,500,000 a year. Last year 1,925 persons were arrested for begging in the streets, of whom more than 1,500 were sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from one week to three months. Many of these objects of charity were found in possession of sums of money and even bank books showing very handsome deposits.

It Was No Use.

Dick—Come on and go down the street with me, Jack.

Jack—All right, old man—wait till I finish this letter to my dad.

Dick—Oh, if you're writing to him, don't come. I'm broke, too.—Cleveland Leader.

Submarine Cables.

There are 376 submarine cables in the world, the length of which amount to 178,919 miles. Most of these belong to private parties, only 25,000 miles being owned by the various governments. All, however, bring daily orders from every land on the globe, for Pillsbury's Vitos, the all-day food.

Jawback Wins.

Mr. Jawback—I'm going to get a life insurance policy.

Mrs. Jawback—You're foolish. It's all a graft.

Mr. Jawback—But what would you do if I'd die?

Mrs. Jawback—Marry again, of course.

Mr. Jawback—You couldn't if my life hadn't been insured for a good, big sum.—Cleveland Leader.

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Tainted Tin.

"Can I get in?" asked the new arrival.

"If'n-m, that depends," replied St. Peter, doubtfully.

"I never drank, smoked, chewed or swore. I gave everybody a square deal, I—"

"Cut all that out," was the terse reply, "and tell me what was your business?"

"I was an expert accountant."

"Sure, you can get in! You're what we have been watching for. You see, we are expecting Rockefeller now at almost any time and all of our accountants are working overtime. We want to be able to hand him an itemized statement when he applies for admission."

"A statement of what he did with his money?"

"No; a statement of how he got it."—Houston Post.

Fooling Hubby.

"Let me show you the new novel for married ladies," confided the clerk in the book store.

"Novel!" echoed the prospective customer. "Why, that is a cookbook."

"No, it is a dashing, breezy novel with a cookbook cover. You see, when your husband walks in and finds you reading what's apparently a cookbook he will feel so tickled he is liable to hand over the price of a new fall hat."

Good Advice to a Tramp.

The autumn night was chill. There was a hint of frost in the air. The tramp's collar was turned up and his nose blue with cold.

"I have here 9 cents," he said, "if you will give me one more penny, sir, I can get a bed all to myself."

"No, I can't do that," said the stranger. "But I advise you to ask the gentleman you are to sleep with for an additional penny. He should give it to you gladly."—Minnesota Journal.

Should Be Dished.

"There are three beautiful words in the English language," said a paraerginating philosopher as he sipped his morning glass, "that ought to be crossed out of the dictionary.

"The first one is 'honesty.' No one is absolutely and perfectly honest. If you give orders to say you are not at home, when you are in and don't want to be disturbed, that isn't quite honest.

"The second word is 'satisfaction.' No one is perfectly 'satisfied.' Supposing you had, by a long stretch of imagination, \$10,000 a year, you would want twenty.

"And the third word is that beautiful monosyllable 'if.' On that I need not comment."

A Light Remedy.

A quack doctor, whose treatment had evidently led to the death of his patient, was examined sternly by the coroner.

"What did you give the poor fellow?" asked the coroner.

"Ipecacuanha, sir."

"You might just as well have given him the aurora borealis," said the coroner.

"Well, sir, that's just what I was going to give him when he died."

BLOOD POISON THE BLACK FLAG

The black flag is an emblem of horror and dread. When it is hoisted by an army, the order has gone forth that "no quarter" will be given, everything must be destroyed. Helpless women and children, as well as opposing soldiers, meet the same fate, and a trail of desolation, suffering and death is left behind. Contagious Blood Poison is the black flag of the great army of disease. This vile disorder is known as the blackest and most hideous of all human afflictions, overthrowing its victims and crushing out the life. It is no respecter of persons; no matter how pure the blood may be or how innocently the disease is contracted, when this awful virus enters the circulation the hideous, hateful and humiliating symptoms begin to appear, and the sufferer feels that his very presence is polluting and contaminating. Usually the first sign of the disease is a little sore or ulcer, but as the blood becomes more deeply poisoned the severer symptoms are manifested, the mouth and throat ulcerate, the glands in the groins swell, a red rash breaks out on the body, the hair and eyebrows come out, and often the body is covered with copper-colored spots, pustular eruptions and sores. In its worst stages the disease affects the nerves, attacks the bones and sometimes causes tumors to form on the brain, producing insanity and death. Not only those who contract the poison suffer, but unless the virus is driven from the blood the awful taint is handed down to offspring, and they are its innocent victims. Blood Poison is indeed a "black flag." Mercury and Potash, so often used, never can cure the trouble. These minerals merely drive the symptoms away for awhile and shut the disease up in the system, and when they are left off it returns worse than before. This treatment not only fails to cure blood poison but eats out the delicate lining of the stomach and bowels, produces chronic dyspepsia, loosens the teeth and frequently causes mercurial rheumatism to add to the patient's suffering. S. S. S., the great vegetable medicine, is the conqueror of this vile disease. It goes down to the very root of the trouble and cures by cleansing the blood of every particle of the poison. S. S. S. does not hide or cover up anything but clears the entire circulation of the virus and puts the system in good healthy condition. It cures safely as well as certainly, because there is not a particle of mineral in it. We offer a reward of \$1,000.00 for proof that S. S. S. is not purely vegetable. When the blood is purified and strengthened with this great remedy the symptoms all pass away and no sign of the disease is ever seen again; nor is there left the least trace to be handed down to posterity. Special book with instructions for self-treatment and any medical advice desired will be sent without charge to all who write.

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