

A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong, and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!

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Returning Proofs of Love.

"I received a lot of rejected manuscripts to-day," said Titmarsh.
"Did you?" replied his friend, "I had no idea you had ambitions to shine as an author."

"Not exactly that," said Titmarsh.
"You see, my girl and I quarreled, and she returned all my letters."—Tit-Bits.

Liberty Gone.

Mrs. Asker—The leading man in the show we saw last week got married. After that he left the show and now he advertises in the dramatic paper that he is "at liberty."

Mr. Asker—Hm! I can't see how he can be "at liberty" if he is married.

Helpless.

He—If I kissed you would you scream for help?

She—What would be the use? Mama is out and papa is stone deaf.—Baltimore American.

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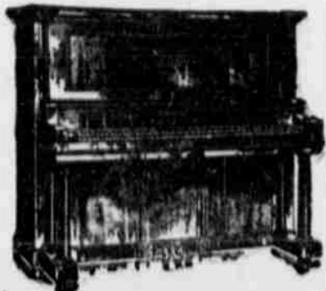
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THE PRIMROSE PATH.

The green fans of the chestnut trees
Are all unfolding one by one,
The breath of April's in the breeze,
The long streets glisten in the sun.

The tasseled lilacs in the square
Are full of nods and whisperings,
White, black-bellied poplars stir the air
With hints of happy secret things.

The town is all so fair and fine,
The streets they make so brave a show;
And yet—and yet—Corinna mine,
'Tis now the pale primrose blow.

The woods are calling us to-day
Where grassy hills fall fold on fold;
Come, let us take the primrose way
And gather wealth of fairy gold.

Put off your dainty silks and lace
For leathern shoes and homespun gown;
Come, leave this bustling market place
To play the truant out of town.

For though in town the sun shines gay,
You cannot hear the sweet birds sing;
Come, my Corinna, come away,
And let us go a-priamrosing.
—Rosamund Marriott Watson.

A HEROINE— of Necessity

A way to the right, as far as eye could see, stretched the shimmering ocean, the sunlight dancing on the waves and turning them into a carpet of gold. To the left lay glorious patches of purple heather, broken here and there by big gorse bushes, covered with golden blossoms and soft green spikes. Overhead the seagulls whirled lazily across a turquoise bay, uttering their plaintive notes as they greeted one another in passing.

And one, at least, of the millions of created beings was thanking God at that very moment, as she leaned her arms on the slight railing which formed the only protection from the cruel shingle below the edge of the steep cliff. Fate had been more than ordinarily kind to Christabel Tredennis up to now. She had never known a single sorrow all her life through; twenty years of unspotted peace lay behind her. She was young, fair to look upon, wealthy beyond the dreams of most women, and dear to a manly heart, now far away in Western Africa, fighting his country's battles in skirmishes with tribes, with a pluck that was tenfold more thorough because of her.

Mrs. Tredennis had come to the quiet little village of Croome, on the Dorsetshire coast, because she had happened to see a highly colored print of it in some one's photo album. It had not turned out to be all that it was painted—what does?—upon closer acquaintance, but Christabel and she liked the scenery and the solitude and stayed on. This was about their last day.

She was thinking of her soldier-lover far across the waters, as she gazed, when her mind was suddenly recalled to her present surroundings by a muttered exclamation borne to her ears on the soft summer wind. She turned round hastily and saw, a little farther on, a tall, spare figure standing on the very edge of the cliff, an edge that, as Christabel knew, was unprotected. To call out would be to startle the rash adventurer, whoever it was; but the girl crept softly across the heather that lay between the figure and herself till she was just behind her.

The woman turned round and almost screamed. Christabel, with fear knocking at her heart, brought there by the look in the eyes riveted on hers, laid a hand on the other's arm.

"Come farther from the edge; it is dangerous," she said.

The woman, who looked anything from 30 to 50, laughed.

"It's the edge I like," she answered, shaking her arm free of the detaining hand and taking a step forward. "Have you ever walked over a cliff? Should you like to come with me and try the sensation now?"

Christabel looked round wildly. There was no one in sight; the only sound to be heard was the mournful cry of the gulls.

A story she had once heard came into her mind at that moment.

"It's nothing to walk over a cliff," she returned, trying to steady her voice. "It would be much more wonderful if you started at the bottom to walk to the top!"

The other shrugged her shoulders.

"It's a matter of opinion, of course," she said. "Let us try my way first. I want to go to—him. Don't you see he is beckoning to me—over there?"

She glared ferociously out to sea, and gripped the girl's arm in a vice.

"He? Who?" asked Christabel, hoping thereby to gain time.

The ruse was for a few moments successful. The woman drew a photograph out of her pocket, and thrust it under the girl's nose.

Christabel started; the blood had left her face, and her heart seemed to stop beating. It was a portrait of her lover

HOW FRENCH SEAMEN ARE TRAINED.



French seamen are notably active and agile and this is due, so it is averred, to the training they get while they are in their apprenticeship. Agility is systematically encouraged and lightness of movement is considered a very great accomplishment. Among the exercises given the younger women when they enter the service is that of rope ladder climbing, and the fellows soon become as proficient at this as monkeys and climb up and down with great speed. But the exercise is not restricted to the younger men alone, for it is quite necessary that the sailors keep in trim, so they are kept at the practice a share of each week at least, and this is why they have become famous for their agile movements and their quick work. For many years they have had a prestige for nimble movements, and that this may in no wise be lost the officers see to it that training is kept up throughout the naval service.

—Jim Blackston—she would know it in a thousand. It had been cut out of an illustrated paper and gummed on to a correspondence card.

"This man—what is he to you?" she asked hoarsely.

The woman laughed again gleefully.

"He—he is handsome, enough, isn't he?" she queried. "You seem to admire his picture—they all do. Come, we will go together and see him. He will be surprised; he loves me—he loved me once, and they said he died!"—she lowered her voice, then raised it again suddenly—"but it wasn't true. He is beckoning to me to come, and we will go together, you and I—for I do not want to go alone. No? Then I will go alone!"

Whereupon a flight, swift and sharp, rugged in Christabel's heart. Why should she not let this mad woman perish? Why save her—for him?—the being she loved best on earth. A maniac! Well, she would not be missed, she only marred God's sunlit world! Let her go—

Then a great revulsion of feeling came over the girl's soul. She saw the hideous temptation; she knew that, come what might, think what she would, she must save a fellow creature. It became no longer a matter of volition—it was a matter of necessity, for action and self-sacrifice, which comes to every human being born into the world, with his or her share of responsibilities with regard to another. Why save a lunatic? Why should a sane woman die for an insane one? Why? Because the instinct is there, whether she will or no—an instinct which dies hard. Of necessity she must save her sister, be the exchange ever so unequal, the result of so little apparent satisfaction!

All these thoughts surged momentarily through Christabel Tredennis' mind as she stood on the sunlit cliff; and then she wrestled and struggled as she had never thought to wrestle, with all the luck of a long line of dead and gone ancestors, wrestled till she felt herself growing dizzy and faint; and the edge of the cliff drew ever nearer and nearer, and ever that mad, mad face, with those ferocious eyes, gleamed into hers.

A strong hand thrust them apart; a stern voice thundered a wrathful inquiry. The woman sank trembling on the heather, her whole figure shaken with sobs. Christabel, breathless, white-faced, white-eyed, stood shaking in every limb from her recent strain—but safe—safe!

"Poor thing!" The doctor looked pityingly at the woman. "She has escaped again, but they never thought of looking here, I suppose. You have had a hard fight—yes—I understand."

"For life," put in Christabel, with lips that trembled, as a shudder passed through her frame.

The doctor whipped out a flask and

said it to her mouth. "Drink," he commanded. And when she had done his bidding, he turned and spoke kindly to the cowering lunatic. "Come home now," he said. "Miss Lucy, do you know it is nearly teatime, and Mason will be wondering where you are. You should not take such long walks alone; they are not good for you." The matter-of-fact tones reached the poor dazed brain; she still clutched the photograph. The doctor, raising his eyes, saw Christabel looking at it with a queer expression on her pretty face.

"Her lover," he supplied briefly in low tones that reached only her ears. "Poor thing, he died of cholera in India ten years ago, and that was what turned her brain!"

"His name?" breathed Christabel.

"Henry Blackston. Did you know him—a lieutenant in the navy? She is under a delusion that he is calling for her, and that we are keeping them apart. It is getting damp on the heather; we must be making tracks now. I am more sorry than I can say that this should have happened."

But the face Christabel lifted to his astonished him beyond measure. It was radiant, glowing.

"I am engaged to his brother," she volunteered shyly, "and he is so like that picture—"

"Ah, I see you imagined they were the same." The doctor was only human and chuckled at the coincidence, which had meant so much to his companion. "I congratulate you and must wish you good afternoon."

He shook hands, and then proceeded to lead his patient away, without a backward look. Christabel turned her face towards the setting sun and her lips moved. "Thank God!" she cried fervently.

When Jim Blackston came home not many months afterwards on long leave, he was told the whole story.

"I should have let her go, I'm afraid. I should never have saved her," he said, looking at Christabel's happy face in wonder.

"You would have saved her," she answered proudly. "You are so brave; besides, I can't explain properly, but I did it—of necessity."

And then and there it dawned on the young soldier that the reason accounted for many so-called mysterious things of everyday life. There are many heroes who are heroes "of necessity," of whom the world never hears, but they are none the less heroes because of that.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Raphael Portrait Brings \$100,000.
Raphael's portrait of the brother of Pope Leo X, dated 1514, has been sold for \$100,000, a record price in the Berlin art world.

If a man is called upon to bury his wife's pug dog he is apt to shed tears—of joy.

"Misquotations."

When Louis XVI. laid his head beneath the guillotine, his confessor, Abbe Edgeworth, dismissed him from the world, so history tells, with "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!" yet in reality he said nothing of the sort.

The brave defiance, "The guard dies, but never surrenders," attributed to Cambronne when, at Waterloo, the imperial guard were ordered to throw down their arms, has been shown to have been the fanciful creation of some historian's mind; and the saying, "Providence favors the stronger side," or, as it has been corrupted, "God is on the side with the heaviest artillery," which has been attributed to Napoleon, really originated with writers of antiquity. Cicero alludes to it as an "old proverb."

It would take volumes to contain all the blunders, small, large and indifferent, that historians have made, and the lamentable part of it is that the old blunders are constantly being made over again.

Carrying It Along.

An elderly and most respectable-looking man was recently brought before a magistrate, says the London Telegraph, charged with unbecoming and hilarious conduct.

When he was asked what he had to say for himself, he mumbled something about "doing as the Romans do."

"Very good," returned the magistrate. "Continue to do as the Romans do. Pay seven shillings sixpence!"

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Too Much.

"That man Heiserdoirt is the most conceited, insufferable, vain, arrogant, insolent, purse-proud individual that trammels the earth," said the man with the automobile goggles.

"Why, I heard that he towed your runabout in for you yesterday," said the man with the gasoline on his coat.

"Towed it in! Darn it! he happened along in his big touring car when my little machine broke down and I'll be hanged if he didn't rig up a derrick of some sort and swing my runabout into his tonneau and haul it in!"—Judge.

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

Strong.

"Yes," said the guard, "I was able to detect the enemy long before they arrived on the spot."

"Ah, you could scent danger at a distance?" said the interviewer.

"Easily. They came in gasoline automobiles."

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Got What He Wanted.

Pat—O! wint on a strok for shorter hours last week.

Mike—An' did yez get 'em?

Pat—Faith, an' O! d! that. It's me all as ain't workin' at all now.

A brochure is a small book, stitched, not bound, so named from the French "brocher," to stitch.

SKIN DISEASES HUMORS IN THE BLOOD

When the blood is pure, fresh and healthy, the skin will be soft, smooth and free from blemishes, but when some acid humor takes root in the circulation its presence is manifested by a skin eruption or disease. These humors get into the blood, generally because of an inactive or sluggish condition of the members of the body whose duty it is to collect and carry off the waste and refuse matter of the system. This unhealthy matter is left to sour and ferment and soon the circulation becomes charged with the acid poison. The blood begins to throw off the humors and acids through the pores and glands of the skin, producing Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and skin eruptions of various kinds. Eczema appears, usually with a slight redness of the skin followed by pustules from which there flows a sticky fluid that dries and forms a crust, and the itching is intense. It is generally on the back, breast, face, arms and legs, though other parts of the body may be affected. In Tetter the skin dries, cracks and bleeds; the acid in the blood dries up the natural oils of the skin, which are intended to keep it soft and pliant, causing a dry, feverish condition and giving it a hard, leathery appearance. Acne makes its appearance on the face in the form of pimples and black heads, while Psoriasis comes in scaly patches on different parts of the body. One of the worst forms of skin trouble is Salt Rheum; its favorite point of attack is the scalp, sometimes causing baldness. Poison Oak and Ivy are also disagreeable types of skin disease. The humor producing the trouble lies dormant in the blood through the Winter to break out and torment the sufferer with the return of Spring. The best treatment for all skin diseases is S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and removes the humors so that the skin instead of being irritated and diseased, is nourished by a supply of fresh, healthy blood. External applications of salves, washes, lotions, etc., while they soothe the itching caused by skin affections, can never cure the trouble because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

I suffered with Eczema for forty years and could find nothing to cure me until I tried S. S. S. I suffered intensely with the itching and burning; pustules would form from which there flowed a sticky fluid; crusts would come on the skin and when scratched off the skin was left as raw as a piece of beef. I suffered agony in the long years I was afflicted, but when I used S. S. S. I found a perfect cure. There has never been any return of the trouble.
C. H. EVANS,
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because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

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Diplomacy Needed.

Golliher—Ordered your next winter's coal yet?

Gosch—Ordered it? I'm not in a position to order it. I am making overtures for it.—Chicago Tribune.

CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTICE—The following announcements are from leading business men and firms, and are well worthy your careful reading. The list may contain just the proposition you are looking for.

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