

MAN-A-LIN



MAN-A-LIN Is An Excellent Remedy for Constipation

There are many ailments directly dependent upon constipation, such as biliousness, discolored and pimpled skin, inactive liver, dyspepsia, overworked kidneys and headache

Remove constipation and all of these ailments disappear.

MAN-A-LIN can be relied upon to produce a gentle action of the bowels, making pills and drastic cathartics entirely unnecessary.

A dose or two of Man-a-lin is advisable in slight febrile attacks, la grippe, colds and influenza.

THE MAN-A-LIN CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO, U. S. A.

Time Tables for Clothes.

"I was walking on Pennsylvania avenue in Washington one day at high noon when a 'bigger' loomed up on my horizon coming rapidly toward me," said a well-known negro comedian. "He was wearing the most outlandish outfit I ever saw on a human being, on or off the stage. His trousers were frayed and torn above his shapetops. He wore a muck-colored woolen shirt, a celluloid collar and a tattered sack coat. On his head was a sombrero which looked as if several dogs had been trying to pull it to pieces. But the crowning effort was a new and immaculate full dress vest. He had pulled back his coat and shoved his thumbs into the armholes of that vest. As he came sailing before the wind he certainly was the most comical figure I ever saw. I couldn't resist the temptation to stop him.

"Look here," I said, "what do you mean by appearing at this time of day in such a dress? Don't you know that you're de trop?"

"De what—what's that?"

"Don't you know that you're de trop? I repeated, "that it isn't permissible to appear in full dress before 6 o'clock in the evening?"

"The darky drew himself up very proudly.

"'Look heah,' he said. 'I'll have you to know that I don't low nobody to make time tables for my cloas.'"—Kansas City Times.

Respects Work.

"I am afraid you don't like work."

"Yes I do," answered Plodding Pete. "I have so much respect for work that when I see a piece of it to be 'tended to I allus feel like turain' it over to somebody else that wouldn't be as likely to spoil it as I would."—Washington Star.

Buy Hair at Auction?

At any rate, you seem to be getting rid of it on auction-sale principles: "going, going, g-o-n-e!" Stop the auction with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, and always restores color to gray hair. A splendid dressing also. Sold for over sixty years.

"My hair came out so badly I nearly lost it all. I had heard so much about Ayer's Hair Vigor I thought I would give it a trial. I did so and it completely stopped the falling, and made my hair grow very rapidly."—MARY H. FIELD, Northfield, Mass.

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

LONGEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD TO COST \$12,000,000.



PROJECTED STEEL RAILROAD BRIDGE TO CROSS EAST RIVER.

Length, 17,000 feet, or considerably over three miles. Weight of steel used in construction, over 80,000 tons. Total cost, approximately, \$17,000,000.

These are interesting facts about the largest steel viaduct in the world, which the Pennsylvania Railroad proposes to erect in New York, so as to connect Long Island with the Bronx. East River will be spanned by an arch bridge of about 1,000 feet span, itself the largest of its type ever known. A

novel feature of the arch is the method of erection, which will be carried through without the assistance of any false work in the whole 1,000 feet of its length. The arch will be built out in two halves simultaneously from each abutment.

The bridge has been designed to support a weight equivalent to loading the whole of the four tracks from end to end with trains composed of heavy freight locomotives, and so stiff is the arch that under this enormous load the

deflection at the center would be only three inches. It is estimated that the bridge can be built in two and one-half years. With the completion of the structure New York will for the first time find itself in possession of an all-rail route between New England and the South and West. Through trains from Boston may then run to New York, Philadelphia, Washington, New Orleans, Chicago or any other Southern or Western city without leaving the rails.

Finding Grandfather

"Tell me again, daddy, the story of the little girl who lost her way in the wheat, and slept out of doors all night without her mudder."

The speaker was a little girl herself, swinging a much soiled and begrimed sunbonnet by one string, while the other hand grasped the fingers of a tall, ungainly man walking by her side.

"And the little girl," continued the man obediently, "walked round and round the wheat field but could not find her way out, for all the wheat was taller than she, and however much she stood on tip toe, she couldn't see over. And by and by, she lay down to rest where a harvest mouse had built its nest. She was tired and hungry, and oh, so lonely. But the winds blew through the grain, humming a lullaby, and the little girl grew sleeper and sleeper."

"And sleeper," added the child. "Three times. Tell it right, daddy."

"And so when the reapers came in the morning," continued the man, "and the dreaded knives crept nearer and nearer to the little girl, every thing tried to save her. The bunnies nibbled her toes, the little harvest mouse pulled her hair, and the little birds flew on top of one of the flowers and sang and sang and sang."

"And then," said Birdie-girl with much excitement—"Let me finish it, daddy. The man who drove the reaper got down from his seat to find the bird's nest, and found the little baby girl fast asleep, and carried her to her mudder cryin'."

"What will he do now?"

He had always been "poor David" to them, for he was unlike most men, practical, wide awake for their own interests, and business like. Instead he was a dreamer, unskwed to the world's ways; a man awkward with clumsy manners, but with a poet's heart, tender, gentle and true. His face was saved from positive plainness by a pair of wonderful eyes, large, dark and dreamy.

David seemed to be born under an unlucky star, for nothing prospered in his hands. If there were poor crops, his were poorer than his neighbors. If sickness came among the stock, David Chadwick lost more than any one else. Success never seemed to come near him.

Twelve years passed away. Birdie-girl had long ago dropped her pet name, and was known as Phebe Chadwick. Through the generosity of a relative, she had been sent to school, and now her education finished, she was her own mistress at the old home, and the idol of her father. She in return was devoted to him, and could see no fault in him. A little slow perhaps, but that was all.

Phebe was too young to remedy things at the farm, but not too young

to realize that ruin was slowly coming upon them.

She knew that her father was losing money year by year, and that sooner or later the dear old homestead must go. She tried in vain to make her father see it, but he would not, or shall we say could not.

Then the day came when Phebe met John Putnam, a handsome young fellow, and a summer boarder in the neighborhood.

David had no faith in him, and opposed the rapidly growing friendship. How it came about, one cannot tell, but John persuaded Phebe to go to the city with him and be married, assuring her that after their marriage, her father should have a home with them. Phebe loved her father and John so much, that she felt she was doing the best for all parties.

If anything was wanted to break David's heart it was this.

From the day he learned the news, he never mentioned Phebe's name. Let after letter came telling of her happiness; of the home they had made far



"I AM GOING TO FIND HIM SOMETIME."

away and begging him to share it, but David never knew. He burnt the letters unopened lest the news they contained should bring him shame as well as sorrow.

When the spring came around the old farm was let, for the first time in the memory of living man, and David Chadwick went his way, no one knew where. When Phebe, with her young husband, did return for the forgiveness they could not get by letter he was gone.

It was one of the hottest days of the year. The only cool place to be found was in the large cathedral, and many people wandered in, both to pray and to look at the wonderful altar and pictures. David Chadwick was one of them, for here it was he had hidden himself as sexton when the crash came and he had left the old home.

David loved to listen to the voices of the boy choristers, and the deep toned notes of the organ. The dim lights and shadows, drifting to and fro on the old carvings, reminded him of the cloud shadows in the wheat fields at home. And so he was ever in the church, dusting, cleaning and musing; ever treated kindly by the church people and authorities.

"No, no, Mary, I don't want to sit down and say my prayers. I want to go about and see everything."

David woke up from a day dream to find a curly haired boy of 5, struggling on the seat behind him, as he vainly tried to free himself from the nurse who held him down.

"Let him stay with me," said David kindly. "I'll take care of him. Come my lad, and I will show you the organ and the pictures," and the child went with him, while the nurse settled comfortably down to her prayers.

"My name is Bennie, and my grandfather is a Bishop," said the little fellow by way of an introduction. "And I got another grandfather way off in the country, and I am going to find him

some time. He is losted," he said confidentially, looking up in David's face.

David took the child up the altar steps, and showed him where the little boys sang each Sunday in their enssocks and surplices. Bennie's disappointment was great when told that he was hardly old enough to sing.

"But I'll soon be growed," he added with a sigh and an afterthought.

Then David showed him the picture of the Infant Jesus on His Mother's knee, and Bennie remarked as he looked at it, "He ain't got no fadder like me, maybe, but his mudder loves him."

Then David knew the child had lost his father, and he said "mudder" just as Birdie-girl had done years ago, when they had walked in the cornfields together. He could almost fancy it was Birdie-girl that was clasping his hand now, so real did the long forgotten incident return, until the sound of Mary's voice brought him back from the land of dreams.

"Now, Master Bennie, we must go at once. Mamma will want you. Say good-bye to the kind gentleman and come along."

"Good-bye, Mr. Story Man; if I come again to-morrow, will you show me more things?"

David promised, and the next day, and for a number of days the proceedings were repeated, for it gave Mary a chance to chat with her many friends whom she met at church.

It was a great day at the cathedral. Confirmation service was to be held and many Bishops of renown were to speak. David was very busy until late. Then he thought he would go into the body of the great church, and listen himself to the wonderful singing and beautiful services.

He was looking around for a seat, when Bennie's voice whispered out from one of the pews:

"Mr. Story Man, here's lots of room with us. Do come," and, taking David's wrinkled hand in his, he drew him in the pew which was occupied by a lady and the child.

After Bennie had pointed out to David one of the Bishops as his "grand-fadder," he stuck his little hand in that of his new found friend and settled down quietly to listen to the singing.

It was a long service, and David and Bennie wearied long before it was over, but they sat it out bravely, hand in hand, while Bennie's mother, her thick veil lowered, watched them long and earnestly.

When the great cathedral doors were opened, and the vast congregation dispersed she led the way to a quiet part of the church, followed by Bennie and David. Then she turned and faced them, raising the heavy crepe folds of the veil from her face.

"Father, don't you know me?" was all she said.

The few remaining people saw a strange sight, for after gazing in her face intently for a few moments the old man fell on her shoulder weeping convulsively.

The old homestead is once again David's and he wanders about the fields telling wonder stories as of old, but they are told to a little boy now.

Many improvements have taken place in the house and farm at the suggestion of Bennie's mother. The old man is deeply interested in them all, for he wants Bennie to be a farmer, as his great grand father was before him, only he adds, "I hope he'll make a better farmer than I did."

And Bennie is oh, so happy, for he has "found his udder grandfather in the country."—Waverley Magazine.

Fellows in Misfortune.

"Well," growled the first man at the Five O'Clock tea, "if it were not for my wife I wouldn't be here."

"No, hang it! and neither would I if it were not for my wife. I'm the hostess' husband."—Philadelphia Press.

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

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 on 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, Stockman, Neb.

S. S. S. PURELY VEGETABLE

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.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Wisdom and Valor.
"It takes a wise man to know when to change his mind," said one statesman.

"Yes," answered the other, "and a brave one to own up to it when it is accomplished."—Washington Star.

The Hits and the Misses.
"What are the requisites of a successful musical comedy?"

"Oh, about a dozen song hits."

"Yes?"

"And twice that many attractive misses."—Washington Herald.

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

Odd Coincidences.
Not many years since a pastor in New York State read in his pulpit this portion of a hymn:

Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord shall take me home,
And I shall see his face—

Just then he was stricken with paralysis and died in a few moments. Thirty-three years before in the same pulpit another pastor was reading the very same stanza when he, too, was stricken and died.—Scraps Book.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

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An Expert Opinion.
"What we want to do," said the moralist, "is to strive for the uplifting of our fellowman."

"That is easy," said the flying machine inventor. "The difficulty is to keep him from dropping back to earth with a rude jar."—Washington Star.

The Word Etiquette.
The very high sounding word etiquette had a very humble origin, for etiquette meant simply a label. It received its present significance from the fact that a Scotch gardener who laid out the grounds at Versailles for Louis XIV. was much annoyed at the courtiers walking over his newly made paths, and at length had labels placed to indicate where they might pass. At first these labels were not attended to, but a hint from high quarters that in future the walks of the courtiers must be within the "etiquettes" or labels was promptly attended to. To keep within the etiquettes became the correct thing. The meaning of the phrase was afterward widened.

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