

Dragged-Down Feeling

In the joints. Nervousness, unrefreshing sleep, despondency. It is time you were doing something. The kidneys were anxiously called the reins—in your case they are holding the reins and driving you into serious trouble.

Head's Sarsaparilla

Acts with the most direct, beneficial effect on the kidneys. It contains the best and safest substances for correcting and toning these organs.

Crusty.
"Yes," Miss Frocks went on, "Mr. Templeton and I are to be married. Why don't you offer congratulations?"
"Oh, I've no grudge against Templeton," replied the crusty old bachelor.

Adaptation.
"Snicker's jokes are very thin," complained Dinsmore.
"Perhaps he makes them that way for your special benefit," suggested Winterbottom.
"How's that?"
"To enable you to see through them."

Springs Mis-Connect.
"You haven't any manners, Jack. Why didn't you offer to escort that young lady home?"
"Oh, I have manners, all right, but I didn't have any street car fare."

Safe on His Back.
Pinching-bug—Say, what makes you wear your fur overcoat in such hot weather?
Caterpillar—Oh, half the moth balls we get now are no good.

Summer Geography.
"Pa, what is a lake, anyway?"
"A lake, Jimmie, is a large body of water surrounded by men, women and children in bathing suits."

An Exhaustive Trip.
Harriet—Harry's got home.
Clara—Did he have a good time?
Harriet—I guess so; he borrowed half a dollar to pay the hackman before he kissed any of us.

Those Printers.
"Well, that's the worst yet."
"What's the matter?"
"My magazine poem entitled 'Baffled' appears under the head of 'Baffled.'"

A Sure Result.
"Say, old chap, Cofferup and I have a bet we wish you to decide for us."
"No thanks."
"Why not? We're both friends of yours."
"Exactly. So what's the use of my making an enemy of one of you?"

HOW'S THIS?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CLEMENY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We've the undersigned, have known F. J. CLEMENY for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all his business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

How She Proves It.
"Maggie says she is a daughter of the revolution."
"Can she prove it?"
"Sure. Her father runs a merry-go-round."
Pride of the Poor.
Mrs. McChane (triumphantly)—I see ye are takin' in washin' again, Mrs. McProud (whose husband had lost a paying job)—Sure, it's only to amuse th' children. They wants the windies covered with steam, so they can make pictures on them.

ECZEMA

Eczeema sets the skin on fire. The acid poison in the blood is forced out through the pores of the skin, causing intense redness, burning and itching. So terrible is the itching at times, especially when the body is overheated, that the almost distracted sufferer feels that he could tear the skin to pieces, and that he must scratch or go crazy. He knows from experience that this only makes matters worse, but, made desperate by the terrible burning and itching, he is for the time being indifferent to after effects. There are several forms of Eczeema, the moist, or weeping kind, that comes in little pustules which discharge a watery, sticky fluid, which dries and peels off in bran-like scales. So profuse is the discharge at times that large scabs or crusts form, which are both painful and troublesome, and not easily removed. Red, disfiguring bumps and sores are symptoms of Eczeema. The dry form usually attacks the head, hands and feet; the skin, becoming hard and rough, often cracking open and bleeding, and attended with much itching. Eczeema depends upon a poisoned condition of the blood, and local applications, while soothing and cooling, and may to some extent relieve the inflammation and itching, cannot be considered cures, because external remedies do not reach constitutional or blood diseases. Salves, ointments, powders, lotions and soaps do more harm than good, by smearing over and sealing up the pores of the skin, thus forcing the poison back into the blood. S. S. S. antiseptics and neutralizes the acid poisons and drives out of the circulation all impurities and humors, and the pure, rich blood that is carried to the diseased skin quickly allays the inflammation, opens the clogged up pores, and the skin becomes soft, smooth and ready to perform its proper functions. To be rid of Eczeema you must first purify and build up the blood, and nothing so surely and effectually does this as S. S. S., the only guaranteed purely vegetable blood purifier. Send for our book on blood and skin diseases, and write our physicians for any information or advice you may desire. Medical advice and book free. **THIS SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

Gold Cure for Disordered Nerves.
"That eastern girl who is suffering from unstrung nerves made a mistake when she tried to doctor herself."
"What did she take for it?"
"Diamond rings and anything else she could lay her hands on."

Don't Blame Her.
"Why didn't she graduate?"
"She got mad at the examiner hinting, as she thought, at her age. He asked her what great national event took place in 1860."

King Edward Has Many Guests.
A very noticeable circumstance is the number of distinguished people—political, official, diplomatic and social—who have dined with his majesty during his visit to Windsor castle. This is especially remarkable because, during the last reign, the late queen more often dined with her family alone in the small dining room called the oak room. The king, however, has introduced the practice of having a good-sized dinner party every day.

World to End This Year.
This is the recent decision of one of the prominent societies of the world, but the exact day has not been fixed upon, and while there are very few people who believe this prediction, there are thousands of others who do not only believe, but know that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best medicine to cure dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, biliousness or liver and kidney troubles. A fair trial will certainly convince you of its value.

Very Blunt.
"The editor is kicking about some of the jokes Wittle is turning in. He says he believes Wittle sits down and grinds them out."
"I don't believe it. If he was to grind them out they might have a point to them."

She Couldn't.
"Just walk this way, madam," said the clerk who was bow-legged.
"I'm—er—I'm very much afraid, sir, I can't," blushing replied the fair customer who was't.

Never Existed.
Jaggles—Are his characters drawn from life?
Waggles—Of course not. He writes dialect.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c.

Hence the Term.
Clarence—Why do you say the wedding was patriotic?
Algernon—Well, the bride was red, the groom was white, and her father, who had all the bills to pay, was blue.

A Conscience Document.
"That last cook sent us back a postal card."
"What for?"
"She said on it that we'd find three of our best plates at the bottom of the pile stuck together with muckilage."

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN
If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you are in danger of becoming bilious, or of catching cold, or of contracting any other disease. The most reliable, pleasant, and safe way of keeping the bowels clean and clear is to take **Cascarets**. **TRADE MARK REGISTERED**
REGULATE THE LIVER

His 'Call.'
Booker Washington says that during the early days of freedom almost every Negro who learned to read would receive "a call to preach" within a few days after he began reading. He tells of a colored man in Alabama who, one hot day in July, while he was at work in a cotton field, suddenly stopped and, looking toward the skies said:
"O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, and de sun am so hot, I believe this darkey am called to preach."

TAMAGNO GETS A REBUFF.
Trouble Made for Him in Paris by His Propensity to Drive Bargains.
Ernesto Tamagno, like many other distinguished singers, is noted for his prudence in financial matters, and during his stay in this country many amusing stories were told of his small economies, which were remarkable in the case of an artist who has always received enormous compensation for his services.

IS YOUR CURE FOR BRUISES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS?
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in all cases. Sold by Druggists.

NOISY COLLEGE BOY. AVERAGE SPECIMEN IS GOOD DEAL OF A NUISANCE.

Kansas Judge Tells How and Why the Youth Gets Themselves Disturbed—Much Truth in What He Says—Comments, However, Are Too Drastic.

That the college boy is often too exuberant all who know him will admit, but that he is as much of a nuisance as Judge Frank Doster of the Kansas Supreme Court declares some will question. "Among other things," said the judge in a recent newspaper article, "I would reform the college student or kill him off. I knock on him. I know we pretend to doze on him and affect to believe that he is the hope and first care of the State, but it's a lie. We don't. Nobody but his mother does. From the time he first starts out to render 'Galla est omnia divina in partes tres' he becomes an insufferable nuisance. If at that stage of his career his own gall could be divided into 3,000 parts instead of three and he left with only one of them the relief to mankind and to himself would be incalculable, because an infinitesimal fraction of the whole of what he has would suffice the needs of any ordinary mortal."

"Why do I say these hard things about him? I say it because he is self-important, noisy, conceited, ignorant of all practical wisdom, parts his hair in the middle, flaunts his fraternity badge and school colors in an offensive, challenging sort of way in every body's face, and prances upstreet yawping his ear-splitting college yell to the fright and disgust of all timid, sensitive folk within sound. I saw him at the Twentieth Kansas reception, a bigger man than Funston—bigger even than Gen. Hughes—making more noise and taking up more room than the whole procession, elbowing every body out of the way and drowning the voices of the orators and the music of the bands with his idiotic 'Rock, chalk, jay hawk; rah! rah! Wah-burn, rah! Baker, hurrah!' or whatever the infernal Stivach gibberish is. I have seen somewhat of this world and I think I have correctly sized up a good many people in it, and I give it as my mature and solemn judgment, based upon a careful, unprejudiced comparison of the many classes of people who cultivate the habit of making a holy show of themselves, that with the exception to be hereafter noticed, the average college student is the most obtrusive and elephantine ass that fronts the grieving and frowning face of heaven. I was a college student once myself."

"Now, I am not objecting to what this creature learns at school. It's what he doesn't learn that I am talking about. He's lazy. He doesn't design himself for any of the usual work of mankind. Nobody ever heard of a college student who was fitting himself for anything but one of the learned professions, so-called—that is, one of the professions of learning how to live off the balance of mankind. He's going to be a lawyer, a preacher, a doctor, an editor, an author, an orator, a statesman, and no doubting thought ever ruffles his serenely egotistic soul that when once he vaults into the arena of affairs of the things of this world will be speedily set to rights."

"But when he finally does land out the much-abused, long-suffering world gets its revenge. The world just trips him up and rolls its big self over him and washes the wind out of him and then picks him up and chuckers him into a little 8x10 office, with cobwebs on the ceiling and fly specks on the windows and two broken-down chairs on the floor and a dozen second-hand books in a wobbly old case with the glass broken out, and refusing to pay his board bill any longer, goes off and leaves him to learn wisdom from the air."

"Nor have I any spite at the college student. I only think he takes up too much room and makes too much noise and costs too much money and is too smart in the budding days of his career. If he could only be induced to subside somewhat, to practice a little of the modest habit of self-effacement, go out and soak his head, turn an X-ray upon his inward, and see himself as others see him, we could possibly endure him instead of filling up with wicked wishes for his assassination. But he won't."

Two Smart Women.
Mother (anxiously)—I am told that your husband plays poker every night at the club—plays for money, too.
Married Daughter—That's all right. He gives me all his winnings—
"What? Do you—"
"And he always plays with Mr. Next-door."
"What difference can that make."
"Mrs. Nextdoor makes her husband give her his winnings, too, and then she gives the money to me, and I hand her what my husband won from hers, and so we both have about twice as much money as we could get out of them otherwise."—New York Weekly.

Literary Curiosities.
The royal library at Windsor Castle contains about 100,000 volumes, and among them are many literary curios. A unique Caxton on vellum, the Bible which Charles I. took with him to the scaffold, the same monarch's copy of Shakespeare, and an original copy of "The Faery Queen" are among Windsor Castle's literary treasures. The King has taken a keen interest in the doings of contemporary writers, and a curious little hobby has been the collection of pen-nibs used by them. In it are included a Browning nib, a Hardy nib and also of other distinctions.

A Remarkable Family.
Count E. de Keraty informs the Paris Matin that his grandfather was born in 1698, and his father in 1760, he himself being born in 1832, so that three generations have lived in the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th centuries. The Keraty family numbers only 12 generations from 1297 to the present time, an average of two generations to a century.

Pretty Japanese Custom.
The Japanese have a custom of celebrating the blossoming of the fruit trees by a general holiday.

For every humorist there is in the world there are at least a thousand women who are unable to appreciate his jokes.

How we long for another chance to clean the mud off our clothes!

York Sun, with the most unpleasant results. The suggestion was, of course, rejected by the officials to whom it was made by the singer's friends, and President Loubet was so disgusted by the affair that he refused to attend the performance. As his tenor also declined to take part, as his suggestion that he would like the decoration was received with so little courtesy, the result of the matter was that he left Paris vowing that he would never return. The feeling over the affair is such that he will in all probability never be asked to sing at the opera under any circumstances.

DEEDS RATHER THAN DREAMS. Decline of Imagination and Its Most Noticeable Results.

It will be difficult to impress the community that humanity is greatly the loser by the decline of imagination. President Thwing of Western Reserve University professed to regret this passing emotion in an address he made recently in the West, but it was no doubt largely a regret of the perfunctory order, and one naturally to be expected from a man of letters. If we have in this practical age lost the pleasures of imagination, we have through the immutable law of compensation gained greatly in realization. There may be no modern mind capable of producing another "Faery Queen," but there are countless minds working for humanity's betterment and weaving in place of the web of fancy the stanch though homely texture of enduring benefit.

The decline of so-called imagination began with the decline of chivalry. It went out with the false ideas of honor, with the vauntings of bedesmen, with the bitter class distinctions, with the contempt for the profession of letters and with the poorly cooked food and other wretched creature comforts of that period of hampered progress. In its place has arisen a practical method of thought in which there is scant room for the dreamer of dreams. In its place has come a higher regard for humanity, a wider sphere for woman, a new tenderness for childhood and a general betterment all along the marching ranks of civilization.

Imagination is a sweet and gracious quality, but its decline leaves no void in a scheme of life that believes in deeds rather than in dreams. The world may be too much with us, as old Wordsworth said, but that was a poet's protest, and poetry is declining, too.

CLUBS MADE UP OF FREAKS.
Queer Associations of Queer Individuals in Some Parts of Europe.
There have been associations of all sorts of individuals formed in this country, but none of them would bear comparison for freakishness with some of Europe's clubs. At Hoogstraeten, a small Belgian town, a baldheaded club, to secure admission to which a calvous area of twenty-one square centimeters, or eight and one-quarter square inches, is imperative, has lately been founded. Its antithesis exists in the Long-Haired Club of Ghent, whose members must wear either a beard of thirty centimeters (eight inches) in length. "Les 100 Kilos," a Parisian club for which no one weighing less than 100 kilos (222 pounds) is eligible, is in striking contrast with "Les Fifty Kilos" of Mar-selles, to which entrance is alone permitted to such as are over 170 centimeters (5 feet 7 inches) in height and under fifty kilos (118 pounds) in weight.

For several years the president of this club was a Mr. Be, who, though nearly 6 feet, weighed less than ninety-eight pounds. Two years ago, however, he took unto himself a wife, under whose solicitous care he so rapidly gained flesh that in less than twelve months he was compelled to resign his membership. Berlin boasts of a Big Mouth Club. In the clubroom is kept a wooden ball as large as a medium-sized orange which every candidate for admission is required to insert in his mouth before his name can go for ballot. In the same city, too, there is a One-Handed Club, composed only of such as have suffered the loss of a hand.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Must Bear Signature of Brewster.
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

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Mrs. FRANK CARTER, 2 Merrill Street, Amesbury, Mass.

This letter should carry Faith and Conviction to the hearts of all Sisk Women.
"I suffered with inflammation and falling of the womb and other disagreeable female weaknesses. I had had spells every two weeks that would last from eight to ten days and would have to go to bed. I also had headache and backache most of the time and such bearing down pains I could hardly walk across the room at times. I doctored nearly all the time for about two years and seemed to grow worse all the time until last September I was obliged to take my bed, and the doctors thought an operation was the only thing that would help me, but this I refused to have done."
"Then a friend advised me to try the Pinkham medicine, which I did, and after using the first bottle I began to improve. I took in all five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, four boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Dry Form Compound, three boxes of Liver Pills and used three packages of Sassafras Wash, and I am as well now as I ever was. I am more than thankful every day for my cure."—Mrs. FRANK CARTER, 2 Merrill St., Amesbury, Mass.

\$5000 will be paid if this testimony is untrue.

Business Reports.
Strange Lady—What's the price of the iron bedstead?
Dealer—Twelve dollars, madam.
Strange Lady—How much off if I pay cash?
Dealer—Madam, if you don't pay cash the bedstead is not for sale.

The Best Prescription for Malaria
Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is a simple iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, No Pay. Price 10c.

Horrible Revenge.
Mr. Bruttle—I'm going to bring Cadleigh home to dinner on Thursday.
Mrs. Bruttle—Why, I thought you hated that fellow so. Besides, I'll have to cook the dinner on Thursday.
Mr. Bruttle—Yes, I know.

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Genuine **Carter's Little Liver Pills.**
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It Sells Both Kinds.
Up on Fourth avenue there is a storekeeper who likes to be right. Over his window is the sign: "Bird cages and aquariums." In the window another sign reads: "Bird cages and aquaria." The storekeeper comes out sometimes, looks over the signs and chuckles as if having dodged a difficult problem.

A Coincidence.
"I suppose it is only a coincidence?" said the young man who is anxious to learn.
"What is?" inquired the experienced friend.
"The fact that most sensational reformers have been men who were so rich they didn't need any more money, or so poor they had lost all hope of getting any."

Cozy Corners in the Home.
Church—Have you a cozy corner in your house?
Gotham—Oh, yes; my wife has arranged two of them.
"You must enjoy them after a hard day's work?"
"Enjoy nothing! The cat has one and my wife's dog occupies the other."

Fortified.
Mrs. Hatterson—I'm going to meet my husband at 1 o'clock to select some decorations for the drawing room.
Mrs. Clatterson—What do you want him with you for?
"Well, in case they don't turn out right I can say it's his fault."

When Willie Got Home.
"Mrs. Knox," said the hostess at dinner, "your little boy doesn't seem to have much appetite."
"No, he doesn't; that's a fact."
"Don't be bashful, Willie," urged the hostess. "Won't you have some more of anything?"
"No, ma'am," Willie replied; "I filled up on cookies before we came, 'cause I heard ma tell pa that we wouldn't get much here."

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SUFFERED THREE YEARS. CATARRH OF STOMACH.

Miss Evelyn Morse writes from 651 Adams street, Minneapolis, Minn., as follows:
"I suffered for nearly three years with catarrh of the stomach which no medicine seemed to relieve, until a friend advised me to try Ferina. Although skeptical, I tried it, and found it helped me within the first week. I kept taking it for three months, and am pleased to say that it cured me entirely, and I have had no symptoms of its return. I am only too glad to recommend it."—Evelyn Morse.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free advice.

Hide-Bound.
Ascum—What are you so down on the English for?
Cassidy—Why shouldn't I? Look at the stories they do be tellin' about them.
Ascum—Yes, but they tell stories about the Irish, too, which you say are lies.
Cassidy—Aye, but all the lies they tell about the English are true.

You Know What You Are Taking
When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic, because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, No Pay.

The Giddy Things.
Mr. Manhattan—I hear you suburbanites go to bed every night at 8. Isolate, (of Lonelyville, indignantly)—It's no such thing. Why, I have an alarm clock to wake me up in the morning and can't wind its alarm up till the hour hand is past 9 o'clock, so we have to sit up that late every night except Saturdays.

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Mitchell Best and only perfect mower cutter on the market. Send for circular. Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co., Portland, Ore.

BLIZZARD Enslagger Cutter. Best and only perfect mower cutter on the market. Send for circular. Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co., Portland, Ore.

JOHN POOLE, Portland, Oregon,
Foot of Morrison Street.

Can give you the best bargains in Wagons, Plows, Boilers and Engines, Win-mills and Pumps and General Machinery. See us before buying.

"ADAMANT" LAND PLASTER

The Perfection of Wall Plaster, will not fall off, even though a leakage occur by the bursting of water pipes. Send your address and receive circular showing what others have gained by the use of Adamant Plaster.

THE ADAMANT CO.,
Foot of 14th Street, Portland, Oregon.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

BISHOP SCOTT ACADEMY
Portland, Ore.
Founded 1870
A Home School for Boys
Military and Manual Training
Fall Term Opens Sept. 13, 1901
Write for Illustrated Catalogue
ARTHUR C. NEWELL
PRINCIPAL

St. Helen's Hall

PORTLAND, OREGON.
A Boarding and Day School for Girls, also a Normal Kindergarten Training Department, which will have a separate residence for kindergarten classes this fall. The Boarding Department provides a cheerful and well arranged home for young ladies. For Catalogue or other information apply to MISS ELEANOR TEBBETH, Principal.

300 Positions Secured Yearly.
San Francisco Business College
1336 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
FULL COURSE, \$60.00.
Write for Catalogue.

MRS. JONES' FLESH GROWER.

Price \$2.00.
This is the genuine. It increases the flesh on any part of the body, develops the bust to any desired size and makes the neck, plump face and neck. Removes all blemishes, tan, freckles, pimples, spots, stomachs and bowels. Write for agents' terms. **MRS. E. JONES & CO.,** Offices 610-611 Inter Ocean Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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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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