

CONGRESSMAN WILBER SAYS

(To The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., of Columbus, O.)

"Pe-ru-na is All You Claim for It."



Congressman D. F. Wilber, of Onondaga, N. Y., writes:

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio: Gentlemen—“Persuaded by a friend I have tried your remedy and I have almost fully recovered after the use of a few bottles. I am fully convinced that Peruna is all you claim for it, and I cheerfully recommend your medicine to all who are afflicted with catarrhal trouble.”—David F. Wilber.

Peruna a Restorative and Cure for Colds

Mr. C. F. Given, Snesce, N. P., vice president of the Pastime boating club, writes:

“Whenever the cold weather sets in I have for years past been very sure to catch a severe cold which was hard to throw off, and which would leave after-effects on my constitution the most of the winter.”

“Last winter I was advised to try Peruna, and within five days the cold was broken up and in five days more I was a well man. I recommended it to several of my friends and all speak the highest praise for it. There is nothing like Peruna for catarrhal affections. It is well nigh infallible as a cure, and I gladly endorse it.”—C. F. Given.

A Prominent Singer Saved From Loss of Voice

Mr. Julian Weislett, 175 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y., is corresponding secretary of the Sangerist, of New York; is the leading bass of the Sangerist, the largest German singing society of New York and also the oldest.

Ents Crawl Off the Cob.

“I can bite an apple as well as I can a cob as well as any person alive,” said a lady sixty-eight years old, and a customer of Wise Brothers, the famous dentists, of Portland, Oregon.

She had been fitted with full sets of upper and lower teeth by Wise Brothers, and was perfectly astonished to find that she is now as well supplied with teeth that she can use as she was when a little girl. Wise Brothers have revolutionized modern dental methods.

There is no more pain to be feared by people who have their teeth attended to, and the cost is very moderate. They make a great specialty of crown and bridge work, and even when it is necessary to take out all of the old teeth and put in full new sets, the result is simply wonderful. The false teeth, of course, cannot be told from natural ones, and the person using them can do everything he, or she, could do with natural teeth. The sets of teeth are made to fit the gums so perfectly that there is no slipping, and the strength of the possible bite is just like that of a natural healthy set of teeth.

The experience of the lady customer here related can be yours if your teeth need attention. No one can afford to postpone having their teeth put in order. No one need suffer a single day longer because they have lost the use of their own teeth. We hope our readers will carefully watch the advertisements of Wise Brothers in this newspaper, and be persuaded to consult this splendid dental institution.

A Giddy Insect.

“Your mamma,” said Papa Mott to his eldest son, “is the giddiest insect I know.”

“Why, papa?”

“She is continually attending camphor balls.”—Detroit Free Press.

For Others to Enjoy.

Brown—You should do something to contribute to other people's enjoyment.

Jones—I do; I'm always making a fool of myself.—New York Press.

Months of diligent and faithful use of external remedies that the place remains as defiant, angry and offensive as ever. Every chronic sore, no matter on what part of the body it comes, is an evidence of some previous constitutional or organic trouble, and that the drugs of these diseases remain in the system; or, it may be that some long hidden poison—perhaps Cancer—has come to the surface and begun its destructive work.

The blood must be purified before the sore will fill up with healthy flesh and the skin regain its natural color. It is through the circulation that the acid, corroding fluids are carried to the sore or ulcer and keep it irritated and inflamed. S. S. S. will purify and invigorate the stagnant blood when all sediment or other hurtful materials are washed out, fresh rich blood is carried to the diseased parts, new tissues form, and the decaying flesh begins to have a healthy and natural look; the discharge ceases and the sore heals.

S. S. S. is the only blood purifier that is guaranteed entirely vegetable. It builds up the blood and tones up the general system as no other medicine does. If you have a sore of any kind, write us and get the advice of experienced and skilled physicians for which no charge is made. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

NOTHING SO GOOD FOR CHICKENS AS THE PRUSSIAN POULTRY FOOD

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter V—Continued.

In his eagerness he had wandered far past the ravines which were known to him, and it was no easy matter to pick out the path which he had taken.

The valley in which he found himself divided and subdivided into many gorges, which were so like one another that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other.

He followed one for a mile or more, until he came to a mountain torrent which he was sure that he had never seen before.

Night was coming on rapidly, and it was almost dark before he at last found himself in a defile which was familiar to him.

Even then it was no easy matter to keep to the right track, for the moon had not yet risen, and the high cliffs on either side made the obscurity more profound.

Wheeled down with his burden, and weary from his exertions, he stumbled along, keeping up his heart by the reflection that every step brought him nearer to Lucy, and that he carried with him enough to insure them food for the remainder of their journey.

He had now come to the mouth of the very defile in which he had left them. Even in the darkness he could recognize the outlines of the cliffs which bounded it.

They must, he reflected, be awaiting him anxiously, for he had been absent nearly five hours.

In the gladness of his heart he put his hands to his mouth and made the glen re-echo to a loud halloo as a signal that he was coming.

He paused and listened for an answer, none came save his own cry, which clattered up the dreary, silent ravines, and was borne back to his ears in countless repetitions.

Again he shouted, even louder than before, and again no whisper came back from the friends whom he had left such a short time ago.

A vague, nameless dread came over him, and he hurried onward frantically, dropping the precious food in his agitation.

When he turned the corner, he came full in sight of the spot where the fire had been lighted. There was still a glowing pile of wood ashes there, but it had evidently not been tended since his departure.

The same dead silence still reigned all around. With his fears all changed to convictions, he hurried over to the living creature near the remains of the fire; animals, man, maiden, all were gone.

Bewildered and stunned by this blow, Jefferson Hope felt his head spin round and had to lean upon his rifle to save himself from falling.

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Younger members of the church having rebelled against the authority of the elders, and the result had been the secession of a certain number of the malcontents, who had left Utah and become Gentiles.

Among the converts had been Drebber and Stangeron, and no one knew whether they had gone.

Rumor reported that Drebber had managed to convert a large part of his property into money, and that he had departed in the company of his companion, Stangeron, who was comparatively poor. There was no clew at all, however, as to their whereabouts.

Many a man, however vindictive would have abandoned all thought of revenge in the face of such a difficulty, but Jefferson Hope never flinched for a moment.

With the small competence he possessed, eked out by such employment as he could pick up, he traveled from town to town through the United States in quest of his enemies.

Year passed into year, his black hair turned grizzled, but still he wandered on, a human bloodhound, with his mind wholly set upon the one object upon which he had devoted his life.

At last his perseverance was rewarded. It was but a glance of a face in a window, but that one glance told him that Cleveland, in Ohio, possessed the men in whom he was in pursuit of.

He returned to the miserable lodgings with his plan of revenge all arranged. It chanced, however, that Drebber, looking from his window, had recognized the vagrant in the street, and had read murder in his eyes.

He hurried before a Justice of the Peace, accompanied by Stangeron, who had become his private secretary, and represented to him that they were in danger of their lives from the jealousy and hatred of an old rival.

That evening Jefferson Hope was taken into custody and, not being able to find sureties, was detained for some weeks.

When at last he was liberated, it was only to find that Drebber's house was deserted and that he and his secretary had departed for Europe.

Again the avenger had been foiled, and again his concentrated hatred urged him to continue the pursuit.

Funds were wanting, however, and for some time he had to return to work saving every dollar for his approaching journey.

At last, having collected enough to keep life in him, he departed for Europe, and tracked his enemies from city to city, working his way in any menial capacity, but never overtaking the fugitives.

When he reached St. Petersburg they had departed for Paris; and when he followed them there he learned that they had just set off for Copenhagen.

At the Danish capital he was again a few days too late, for they had journeyed on to London, where he at last succeeded in running them to earth.

As to what occurred there, we can do better than quote the old hunter's own account, as duly recorded in Dr. Watson's Journal, to which we are already under such obligations.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Campbell was Angry.

Ex-Congressman Tim Campbell says Mrs. Campbell spoke to him the other day about the advertisement of a buttonless shirt.

“What kind of a shirt is that?” she inquired.

“Just like mine,” answered the ex-congressman, who, in telling the story, said Mrs. Campbell didn't speak to him for a week.—New York Times.

Why He Rejoiced.

“I understand you are soon to receive a legacy of \$10,000,” remarked the victim in the chair.

“Yes,” replied the barber, “and I'm glad, if it's only for one thing.”

“What's that?” queried the victim.

“When I get it I can retire from business and eat onions for breakfast whenever I feel like it,” rejoined the knight of the razor.—Chicago News.

Up Against It.

Tired Tattler—Here's a piece in dis paper wot's an insult to my profesh.

Wearly Walker—Wot's it say?

Tired Tattler—It says dat a feller ortn't eat nuttin' when he's tired.

Wearly Walker—Well, wot's de matter wid dat?

Tired Tattler—Wot's de matter wid it? Say, do yosse want er feller ter strave to death?—Chicago News.

How Necessary.

“How did that light opera of yours turn out?” asked the young composer.

“A beastly failure.”

“What was the reason?”

“Well, you see, the stage manager forgot to load down the poor, simple village maidens who tra-la-la through the piece with silk dresses and paste diamonds.”—Judge.

Not Up to His Own Estimate.

“There!” said one old crony to another, to whom he was showing the lions of the Scottish town, “that's the statue of Baillie Watson.”

“Is it no a gude bit larger than life-size, though?” queried his friend.

“Oh, ay, it's a' that; but it's no a bit bigger than the Baillie thoct he was himself.”—Tit-Bits.

His Plan.

City Man—Yes; we all need a rest once in a while.

Farmer—So do we, do young man. An' if some of you city feller'd foller my plan an' take yer rest from 9 at night till 4 in the mornin' you'd be a deal better off.—Puck.

Ambiguous.

“What I am afraid of,” said Miss Primley, shaking her head roughly, “is the man I married would not love me when I am old.”

“If he loved you when he married you,” said Miss Candida, “he would.”

As He Thought.

“You are in my pew,” said Mr. Upjohn, stiffly.

“Then I am sitting in the seat of the scornful,” getting out of it with alacrity and taking a seat farther back in the church.—Casell's Journal.

His Pleint.

Brown—What was Jones kicking about? You'd think he never got what he wanted.

Smith—It's worse than that. He says he never gets even what he doesn't want.—Denver Free Press.

Gray?

“My hair was falling out and turning gray very fast. But your Hair Vigor stopped the falling and restored the natural color.”—Mrs. E. Z. Benomoe, Cohoes, N. Y.

It's impossible for you not to look old, with the color of seventy years in your hair! Perhaps you are seventy, and you like your gray hair! If not, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. In less than a month your gray hair will have all the dark, rich color of youth.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will press you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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Best on Earth—

Because it is made of the best material possible to buy. The manufacturers guarantee pay 25 to 30 per cent above the market price of best grade of wagon timber for the privilege of cutting over and skinning off the crown of the wagon stock, which is returned to the owner to be made up, which means an investment in wood stock of nearly one million dollars.

MITCHELL WAGONS are distinguished for quality, proportion, finish, strength and light running.

Why take chances on any other? Why not get the best—A MITCHELL.

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Foot of Morrison Street.

Can give you the best bargains in Dollars and Engines, Windmills, Pumps and General Machinery, and also Sewing Machines a specialty. See us before buying.

FISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

“I understand you are soon to receive a legacy of \$10,000,” remarked the victim in the chair.

An Absent-Minded Confession.

“I suppose,” said the patron to the milkman, “that you view the coming of winter with feelings of regret.”

The Landlady was Speaking.

“Mr. Barnstormer, how do you like your eggs?”

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Powder. Cures swollen feet and callous spots and in a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, hot, itching feet. At all druggists. See Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Definite Measurement.

“Do you think the world is growing any better?”

A Bumper Crop.

Sabbus—You just ought to see my crop of corn! It's the most promising in all the Lonesome district.

900 DROPS

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

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A Home School for Boys. Military and Manual Training.

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W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world. This is the reason W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$4 SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

1899 sales, \$1,103,830 1900 sales, \$1,210,000

Best Imported and American. Ladies, Street, Patent, Golf, Tennis, Boat, Golf, Vici Kid, Corns, Cuts, Red, Sore, Feet, Pain, Bunions, etc. Has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Always on the city with his blacking free.

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