

Peculiar To Itself

In what it is and what it does—containing the best blood-purifying, alterative and tonic substances and effecting the most radical and permanent cures of all humors and all eruptions, relieving weak, tired, languid feelings, and building up the whole system—is true only of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

No other medicine acts like it; no other medicine has done so much real, substantial good, no other medicine has restored health and strength at so little cost.

"I was troubled with scrofula and came near losing my eyesight. For four months I could not see to do anything. After taking two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I could see as well as ever." **SESS A. HARRISON, Withers, N. C.**

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

Garcia Salad. Cut celery, apples and fresh tomatoes in thin strips about two inches long, serve on lettuce leaves with French dressing. A slice of truffle on the top adds both to the appearance and flavor. —*Good Housekeeping.*

New Danger in Submarines.

The recent explosion on the submarine boat Le Francis has revealed a new danger in this type of craft. The accident established the fact that in stormy weather oxygen gas escapes from the electric accumulators.

Snow.

Wabash—How long did it take you to do that picture? French Artist (proudly)—I am engaged upon it for six months!

Wabash—Just as I thought. You're dead slow over here. Why, I've seen fellows in Chicago turnin' them things out while ye wait.

The Largest Serpent.

The largest serpent ever measured was a Mexican anaconda, found to be 37 feet in length. It was measured by Dr. Gardner.

Food and Paper.

Articles of food that are damp or juicy should never be left in paper. Paper is simply a compound of rags, glue, lime and similar substances, with acids and chemicals mixed, and when damp is unfit to touch things that are to be eaten.

His Opening.

Chumley—How much have you got in your bank, Johnny?
Johnny—I'll have just a dollar when you give me a quarter. —*New York Sun.*

For Sleeplessness.

A Canadian doctor, when called to prescribe for insomnia, always advises before drugs are employed a hop pillow instead of feathers. It is made of a thin muslin slip stuffed with hops and hop leaves and sprayed fresh with alcohol every night before the patient goes to bed.

Patience Rewarded.

Smith—I hear Short, the coal man, has come into a large fortune.
Jones—Well, he's entitled to it.
Smith—Oh, he is, eh?
Jones—Yes. He's been lying in wait for a good many years.

Want Lawyers to Wear Gowns.

British county court judges have received a circular from the incorporated law society approving of solicitors being desired to wear gowns in court.

Charity of the Fair Sex.

He—Mrs. Powderlight certainly has a lovely complexion.
She—Yes, indeed, and she ought to be very grateful to her husband.
He—Because why?
She—Because he buys her everything she wants.

'Twas Ever Thus.

He—There are times when every man likes to refer to himself as an idiot.
She—Yes, but it always makes him mad if any one else agrees with him.

The Barred Road.
"There is only one road to success in life," said the man who had made his money and retired.
"And how shall I know the road?" inquired the budding young man.
"Well," replied the man with the money, "you go right along this path of adversity, until you reach the first turn to the right."
"Yes, yes."
"And you'll find a road barred off with a gate and a sign that says, 'No Trespassing.' Well, that's it."

Her Own Idea.
"Your daughter," said Mrs. Oldcastle after being conducted through the newly finished wing of the magnificent palace occupied by the Bullingtons, "has such a splendid vocabulary!"
"Do you think so?" her hostess replied. "Joseph wanted to get her one of them dictionaries, but I made my mind right at the start that a vocabulary would look better in a room for hire like here is even if it didn't cost quite as much."

A Master Craftsman.
Clericus (fervently)—Do not despair my young Christian friend. Remember there is no word like hope.
Poetess (disdainfully)—Is that so? What's the matter with soap and suds? Why, in dialect I can d ring in m any word you have a mind to n me.—*New York Sun.*

THE THREE GIANTS.

The largest financial institution in the world are the three great life insurance companies of New York, when called. The three giants. During 1912 the combined increase in amount of insurance was \$21,500,000. During the same time the Penn Mutual, of Philadelphia, made an increase of \$1,250,000. There are good reasons for the popularity of the Penn Mutual: send for free copyrighted booklet, "How and Why," chairman & treasurer, general agents, Marquam building, Portland, Oregon.

The Evil of Drink.

An Episcopal clergyman of Cincinnati was being shaved by a barber who was addicted to occasional spees. The razor manipulator cut the parson's face considerably.
"You see, Jackson, that comes from taking too much drink," said the man of God.
"Yes, sah," replied Jackson, "It makes de skin very tendah, sah. It do for a lack." —*Chicago Chronicle.*

FITS

Permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first use of Dr. Williams' Great Peppermint Cure. For \$2.00. Send for free copy of booklet. Dr. R. H. Kane, Ltd., 100 South St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The American Plan.

American Youth—Have come, sir, to beg your permission to my marriage with your daughter.
American Father—Has she accepted you?
"Yes."
"Has she promised to elope with you if I refuse my consent?"
"Yes."
"I bless you, my children." —*N. Y. Weekly.*

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; none cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

Singular Statute.

There is only one statute in Great Britain with an umbrella. This is to be seen at Reading and represents Mr. G. Palmer of bisecting fame standing bareheaded with a silk hat and umbrella in hand.
Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

An Insultation.

Green—Say, do you know how it feels to be kicked by a mule?
Brown—No, I don't—and what's more, I don't want you to show me.

The Reason.

Little Bollo—Pa, why does popcorn pop?
Mr. Hennypeck—Because, my son, popcorn, like men, doesn't know any better.

PORTLAND, IND., JAN. 10, 1909.

After being terribly crippled for three years with Rheumatism, and having tried well known remedies I could get no relief. And having read of the wonderful effects of S. S. S., I concluded to try it, and am happy to say that I was entirely cured, and am able to work as well as I ever did.
I cheerfully recommend S. S. S. to all sufferers of this terrible disease, and will say that if they will consider the treatment, as per directions, they will find a permanent cure.
H. W. SEES.

Rheumatism must be treated

through the blood, and no remedy brings such prompt and lasting relief as S. S. S. It attacks the disease in the blood, neutralizes the acids, and removes all irritating poisons and effects matter from the system.
S. S. S. strengthens and enriches the thin acid blood, and as it circulates through the body, the corroding, gnawing poisons and acid deposits are dislodged and washed out of the system.

Rheumatic sufferers who write us

about their case will receive valuable aid and helpful advice from our physicians, for which no charge is made. We will mail free our special book on Rheumatism, which is the result of years of practical experience in treating this disease. It contains much interesting information about all kinds of Rheumatism.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

OLD FAVORITES

A Dutch Lullaby.

Wyken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew:
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
"The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish."

That live in this beautiful sea;

Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wyken, Blynken, and Nod.
The old moon laughed and sang a song.
As they rocked in the wooden shoe—
And the wind that sped them all night
Long.

Ruffled the waves of dew;

The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in that beautiful sea;
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
"But never afear'd are we."
So cried the stars to the fishermen
three—
Wyken, Blynken, and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw

For the fish in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe
Bringing the fishermen home.
"Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream
they'd dreamed of long."

Of sailing that beautiful sea;

But I shall name you the fishermen
three—
Wyken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wyken and Blynken are two little eyes,

And Nod is the little head, and
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea:
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen
three—
Wyken, Blynken, and Nod.
—Eugene Field.

Let Erin Remember.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithful sons betrayed her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings with standard of green
Unfurled
Led the Red Branch Knights to danger;
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman

stray
When the clear old eye's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!
Thus shall memory often, in dreams
sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are
over.

Thus, sighing, look through the waves

of time
For the long-faded glories they cover!
—Thomas Moore.

A MINISTER'S SNAKE STORY.

Few Laymen could Produce a Better Article in That Line.
Dr. Watkins, the veteran missionary, who has just returned from a four months' evangelical trip through the outlying States, tells a strange story of a wonderful snake which he killed in an old, abandoned shaft of a mine down in the State of Guerrero:

"My attention was attracted one day," says Mr. Watkins, "by the horrid cries of an Indian miner who came running toward me, his face ghastly with fright and the perspiration dripping like raindrops from his brow. The man rushed up and cast himself at my feet, where he lay trembling and gasping. As soon as he was able to get his breath he told me that he had been seized by a horrible monster which had suddenly sprung upon him from one of the hidden recesses of the mine, and that he had narrowly escaped being drawn down in its embrace.

"The miner did as I commanded and had gone down for a number of feet, when suddenly from the dense blackness I saw a huge and indistinguishable hideous head with wide open mouth shoot up. The jaws of the creature were wide open, showing its sharp-fanged teeth, its mouth looking large enough easily to take a man down at one gulp.

"The miner screamed with terror and I feared he would lose his hold and fall, but he clung desperately to the ladder while I thrust the barrel of the revolver full into the creature's mouth and fired. With a tremendous hiss it dropped its head, and then we saw it was a huge serpent, like unto nothing I had ever heard of before.

"As the struggling body came into my view I fired again, and the snake, slipping from the ledge on which it had stretched itself, fell with a squishy thud to the bottom of the shaft, where we could hear it thrashing about in struggles which momentarily grew weaker and finally ceased altogether. Then we went below, fastened a rope about the body of the reptile, and hoisted it to the surface.

"There was then unfolded before our eyes the most hideous creature man could ever dream of. Its head was like the huge stone head of a frightful carved Chinese dragon. Its body about the middle was as large as a man's thigh and its length was so great that I dare not say how many feet it measured. I very much regretted being unable to preserve the skin and bring it back for the study of scientists, but I was compelled to leave it behind." —*Mexican Herald.*

There are many hot spots in love letters at first, but after a time long before the marriage—there are but two—at the beginning, and just before the signature.



Fibroid Tumors Cured

Note the result of Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.

"Some time ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and today I am a well woman."
"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now."
"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial." — (Signed) Mrs. E. H. HARRIS, 352 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass. — \$2.00 for a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's

Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and you will be satisfied.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Warm Advice.

Author—Oh, well, if you don't choose to publish my story I have other irons in the fire.
Publisher—Oh, you have? If I were you, I'd put this story in with 'em.

Plow a Cure for a remedy for coughs, colds

and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, at druggists.
A New Life.
There is a new life granted to you by coming in contact with Christ. These are things upon which science is dumb. But in Jesus Christ you have the solution in fact—the only one ever given since the world began. We are constantly experiencing things we cannot explain.—Rev. A. C. Garrett.

To Break in New Shoes,

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Powder. It cures chills, damp, sweating, itching, swollen feet, Corns and Bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. Send for sample. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

Weather Deaths.

There are about 200 deaths yearly in England due to weather. One hundred and forty of these are due to cold and the rest to sunstroke and lightning.

When Snake Poison is Harmless.

Nature seems to have provided that no poison which acts externally shall have any effect internally, and vice versa. Thus the most deadly snake venom can be swallowed with impunity, the juice of the stomach presumably decomposing it and rendering it harmless.

900 DROPS

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

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Drops of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEE

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of Dr. H. H. HITCHCOCK, NEW YORK.

470 BROADWAY, OLD 35 DROPS = 35 CENTS.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Tired Out

"I was very poorly and could hardly get about the house. I was tired out all the time. Then I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it only took two bottles to make me feel perfectly well." — Mrs. N. S. SWINNEY, Princeton, Mo.

Tired when you go to bed, tired when you get up, tired all the time.

Why? Your blood is impure, that's the reason. You are living on the border line of nerve exhaustion. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and be quickly cured.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's

Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and you will be satisfied.
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A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE

Three Big Grizzlies Frightened Off by a Trivial Thing.

A writer in Outing says that the grizzly bear, like other ferocious and resourceful beasts, has its superstitious side, which inclines him at times to cowardice, and it was an accidental play upon this weakness which enabled a hunter, James H. Holmes, of Pasadena, Cal., to live to tell the following story:

In August, 1890, Mr. Holmes was chatting with a guide up among the Coast Range Mountains, in San Joaquin Valley, California. As they talked they heard a crackling of twigs behind them.

"I believe it's a deer," said Mr. Holmes. "No," said the guide; but he changed his mind a moment later, when the crackling became louder.

"They're deer, sure. Look out!" said Holmes, softly.

Both men were then on their feet waiting. Mr. Holmes had a rifle in his hands, and he and the guide stood watching the thicket above them, whence the crackling sound came.

As they looked, the gray nose of a grizzly was protruded through the foliage, and the men stepped backward. Mr. Holmes is a crack shot, but he had never had experience with grizzlies. However, the nose of the bear made a fine mark, and he raised his rifle to blaze away. He was nearly twenty yards from the bear. Just as he was about to fire there was more crackling of brush, and two other large grizzlies thrust their heads through the thicket toward the men. The guide turned pale.

"Don't shoot," he called.

Mr. Holmes lowered his rifle. "Run for the hill! Run for your life!" yelled the guide.

Mr. Holmes did not catch the instructions to go for the hill, but he ran. Near the crest of the hill was a clump of trees, and he made for them, hoping to find shelter or a hiding place. The bears, with frightful howlings, went bounding over stones and chapparal after him.

The old male grizzly felt the hot breath of this beast, he resolved to do something desperate. He wheeled round quickly, made a last effort to get his gun into position, and fired. Then he was knocked down.

The bear buried his teeth in Mr. Holmes' right leg just below the hip, tearing open the flesh. The pain was well-nigh killing. The female then came up and made a vicious snap at his ribs, but succeeded only in driving her teeth through a pasteboard matchbox, which galled the matches. She gave an angry roar, shook her head and snapped at his face, and he gave his head a feeble jerk. It was just in time. He heard the teeth snap in his face with a sound like the closing of a steel trap. Then he swooned. When he recovered consciousness and, rising, reconnoitered the situation, he saw the larger bears, with the cub at their heels, disappearing in the brush. Peeping over the brow of the hill, he perceived the guide, who rushed toward him, saying:

"Thank God, sir, you're alive! It's the narrowest squeeze I ever saw; there was no chance in a million for you to escape alive from three grizzlies. The box of burning matches scared them off."

A CITY OF EXTREMES.

In Butte, Millionaires Rub Elbows with Ragged and Dirty Hobos. Surely no city ever knew such extremes, such contrasts of life, as Butte. Here are millionaires democratically rubbing elbows with out-at-heels hobos; here opportunity, a gambling chance for wealth, has attracted both success and failure. Here are college graduates, foreign noblemen, Chinamen, Italians, Welshmen, and a dozen other nationalities, with a miserable remnant of the aboriginal Indians, all gathering and fraternizing in this little isolated city. The chief of police has a checklist of six hundred ex-convicts who are residents of the city; but that fact alone is highly misleading. It does justice to the active better element, for here are no fewer than twenty-eight church organizations, with numerous fine church edifices, the services well supported, and well attended. Here are crowded saloons, it is true, but here are also some of the best equipped of schools, housed in unusually fine buildings, a really notable library, a college of mines set on the bleakest of bleak hills without an inch of lawn or a tree anywhere near it.

You will hear of the activities of the Woman's Club and the doings of the Theosophical Society, and there are social gatherings which differ not at all in the proprieties or in respectability from those of the favored East. On the other hand, you will hear, in the same breath, related with no more surprise, as though it were the most commonplace of incidents, such a story as this, my personal observation: Two prominent young society men having differed over a baseball game, one challenged the other to personal combat. They drove out to a roadhouse, chose seconds, stripped to the waist in the presence of a considerable company, among which was the father of one of the young men, and fought out their differences with bare fists. Nothing ever seems unexpected in Butte; whatever happens is so much added to the public entertainment.—*Century.*

Fan Between Foes.

After General Ben Viljoen had captured the forts at Helvetia and the 47-gun Lady Roberts, his greatest exploit in the Anglo-Boer war, he had a little fun with General Smith-Dorrien, which he describes in his recent volume of "Reminiscences."
"I have been obliged to expel Lady Roberts from Helvetia," he wrote to the British commander, "this lady being an undesirable inhabitant of the place. I am glad to inform you that she seems quite at home in her new surroundings, and pleased with the change of company."
General Smith-Dorrien replied in the same spirit and promptly:
"As the lady you refer to is not accustomed to sleeping in the open air, I would recommend you to try Hanneel next to the skin."

Stiffness and lonesomeness are, after

all, the two great griefs of old age.

WHEATON'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

WHEN YOU CAN NOT GET RELIEF FROM ANY OTHER REMEDY, TRY THIS. IT IS THE ONLY ONE THAT CURES RHEUMATISM. IT IS THE ONLY ONE THAT CURES GOUT. IT IS THE ONLY ONE THAT CURES BRUISES AND SWELLINGS. IT IS THE ONLY ONE THAT CURES ALL THE ABOVE.

Why He's Still Single.

She—Do you think two can live as cheaply as one? He—Yes; but not so peaceably.—*Melbourne Weekly Times.*

Enlistment Signatures.

Before a recruit can be said to have joined the British army his name must be entered 63 times, and that of his superior officer 29 times, in the documents required by the war office.

REIHERSON MACHINERY CO.

Successors to John Peck.
Foot of Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.
South Bend steel Plows, 14 in. No. 24, \$11.00; Double Shovel Cultivators, \$1.00; Newton wagon gear, complete, all kinds of farm tools, \$50.00; top buggies, Jackson side spring, roller \$35.00, new \$45.00.

I WANT TO BUY FOR CASH

Chicken, Duck and Goose feathers. Address
G. G. SMITH,
10th and Davis Sts., Portland, Or.

LET MONEY EARN MONEY.

You can get interest on your surplus money from us and still have it handy as if you had secured it in the ground. You can draw your money when you wish, without any loss of interest any day. It will pay you something, and safely, investments made. Money loaned on improved city or farm property. Interest-bearing securities bought and sold. Large lists of agricultural and other lands for sale. **OREGON & PHILADELPHIA SECURITIES CO.**
McKay Building, Portland, Oregon.

Austin Well Machinery

FOR Oil or Water any Depth. Write for catalogue.
BEALL & CO.,
313 Commercial Block, PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE Keeey Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using. Write for ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR. POST OFFICE BOX 10, PORTLAND, ORE. Telephone Main 355.

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

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CURE CONSTIPATION.

After I was induced to try CASCARETS I will never be without them. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach troubles. Now, since taking CASCARETS, I feel fine. My bowels are regular, and I have gained weight. Write for free information. CASCARETS, 1111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SOUR STOMACH