

MUSCULAR AILMENTS



The Old-Monk-Cure will straighten out a contracted muscle in a jiffy.

ST. JACOBS OIL

Don't play possum with pain, but tends strictly to business.

Price 25c and 50c

Free Catalogue and Premiums.

Everyone interested in seeds, plants, etc., should have a copy of the Portland Seed company's 1907 catalogue, which is free for the asking, by mentioning this paper and addressing them at Portland, Oregon. Tells all about their splendid premiums.

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

In Legal Form.

"If I thought you were going to play me false, Marie," said the ardent young lawyer, "by the great horn spoon I'd hold you with a writ of habeas corpus!"

"That will not be necessary," smiled Miss Marie. "I'm not going to run away."

"So?" he whispered, moving nearer. "All right. No exact will do just as well."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. Similarly named remedies sometimes deceive. The first and original Cold Tablet is a WHITE PACKAGE with black and red lettering, and bears the signature of E. W. GROVE, Inc.

Not Well Taken.

"If the Senator will pardon me for interrupting him," blandly spoke one of the other Senators, "he is not sticking to his text."

"My text!" thundered the fiery statesman. "This is not a sermon, sir! This is a roar!"

Whereat he continued his roaring.—Chicago Tribune.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 24 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, M.D., 261 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Change of Method.

"Investigations don't seem to be held in the spirit of courtesy and forbearance that once prevailed," remarked the old time statesman.

"No," answered Senator Sorghum, "the situation is becoming difficult. People now hold investigations because they really want to find something out, instead of merely for the sake of soothing their minds."—Washington Star.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

FAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Helped Make Him Good.

"During our courtship," said Mrs. Weeds, "poor John declared he would die for me and he did."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the surprised friend.

"Yes," continued the fair widow. "I did the cooking myself and he died of indigestion."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and still the last few years has been supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Trouble for Nothing.

To smuggle a human skeleton into Canada from Detroit a medical student dressed it in female attire and, seating it by his side in a buggy, crossed over the boundary line. After he got safely into his house he learned that there is no custom duty on skeletons.

1847-1907.

Sixty years ago Allcock's Plasters were first introduced to the public. They are today the world's standard plasters.

This invention has been one of the greatest blessings imaginable and affords the quickest, cheapest and best means of healing and relief for certain ailments, that has ever been discovered.

Allcock's are the original and genuine porous plasters and are sold by druggists in every part of the civilized world.

Not the New England Variety.

"Oh, they're real swell people," said the Chicago man. "An old 'Mayflower' family, I believe."

"You mean their ancestors came over in the Mayflower?" asked the visitor from the east.

"Oh, no. I mean they made their money in 'Mayflower Hams.' Oldest brand o' hams in this section."—Catholic Standard and Times



Probably the most picturesque phase of American railroad operations is found in the manner in which the steam roads of the West battle with the giant snowdrifts of the mountain regions. This novel activity is seen in its most spectacular form on the higher levels of the Rocky mountains. The largest rotary snow plow in the world is in service on that engineering marvel, the Moffat railroad in Colorado, and the manner in which it bores through the great white banks that block the steel-tracked highway has solved one of the most perplexing problems of operating a railroad more than 11,000 feet above the level of the sea.

In the early days of railroad building the region beyond the Mississippi river the familiar hand shovel was the main dependence for clearing the tracks, and after every heavy fall of "the beautiful" an army of men that included every available employe of the road was hurried to points where blockades might be expected. Locomotives, in strings of two, three or four were also hurled against the drifts in an effort to dislodge the troublesome masses of icy crystals.

As a solution for this last-mentioned makeshift some genius invented the push plow, a huge wedge-shaped structure on wheels, which "bucks" the drifts, impelled by the force of several powerful locomotives behind it, and if the snow barriers be not too heavy, can force a pathway through the mass. However, the fact that even the heaviest snow plows are oftentimes baffled by the drifts in the mountains indicated the necessity for a yet more powerful type of snow fighter, and thus in time there was evolved the snow plow known as the rotary, which has revolutionized the methods of fighting snow and is represented in the rolling stock of every railroad that is liable to feel the grip of the western blizzard.

In the principle of its operation the rotary is radically different from all other designs of snow plows, for instead of being anything in the nature of a scoop or shovel that shoves the snow aside, its chief working mechanism consists of a monster wheel which burrows through the snow, tossing the more or less fecy material in every direction. The wheel or snow screw

at the forward end of a rotary resembles the propeller of a steamship or a giant electric fan, although, of course, it has many more blades than either of these.

The wheel of the average rotary snow fighter is from 8 to 12 feet in diameter and consists of a series of hollow, cone-shaped steel scoops, each equipped with a knife-like piece of metal. As the wheel revolves at high speed, these blades strike the snow and ice loosening it and throwing it into the scoops. The wheel proper is inclosed in a metal hood, at the top of which is a square opening or funnel. By the revolution of the wheel, the snow caught up by the scoops is thrown through this opening with great force, and the funnel is so shaped that the snow is hurled in an oblique direction and caused to fall at a distance of from 50 to 100 feet from the side of the track, according to the speed at which the wheel is being operated. Moreover, the hood is inclined inward, so that the falling snow does not descend upon the top of the rotary and bury the machine in a drift of its own making.

The rotary plow, like the old-fashioned type of push plow, is propelled by a couple of powerful locomotives, but the power for operating the great propeller is contained within the plow itself. This is supplied by an engine somewhat resembling a marine engine, but capable of developing almost as much power as a locomotive. The rotary must withstand the force of pushing engines behind, as well as counteract the side motion of the great whirling wheel, and consequently the roof and sides, as well as the framework, are of metal, and the machinery is set as near the ground as possible, in order to help "steady" this energetic mechanical toiler. The weight of the average rotary, complete with tender for fuel and water, is more than 100 tons. At the forward part of the plow is the pilot house, wherein is stationed the pilot who directs the operation of the rotary and communicates the necessary instructions to the engineers of the locomotives in the rear.

A giant rotary can force its way through almost any snow barriers at a speed of from four to six miles per hour, as a minimum. The ponderous, knife-armed wheel spins around at a speed of from 150 to 300 revolutions

per minute, according to the weight and character of the snow and ice encountered. Close and continual watchfulness is necessary on the part of the pilot, for the character of the snow mass encountered may change with scarcely a moment's warning from loosely drifted flakes to densely packed snow incrustations four or five inches thick scattered through it. Into some portions of the vast snow coverlet the rotary may plunge with impunity at a speed of only 400 or at most 600 feet per minute, while banks of soft snow permit a speed of say twelve miles per hour. However, an indicator in the pilot house records every fluctuation in the resistance offered by the snow barriers and a pneumatic whistle enables the pilot to quickly signal for any desired change of speed.

The snow depths at some of the higher altitudes of the American Alps are almost incredible, but a big rotary, working like a herculean augur and towing aside its snow borings like chips driven out of a fan blower in a planing mill, could actually burrow to any depth if there were any way to get rid of the snow thus excavated. The whole principle of the armored car with the big wheel churning the snow before it is so simple that once it had been devised railroad men wondered that they had not hit upon the scheme long ago.

There are places where the work of the rotary plows in keeping open the trail for the iron horses is ably augmented, on the principle of prevention, by great snowsheds—stout fences or wooden tunnels designed to keep the snow from drifting over the tracks—but it is probable that had the efficiency of the modern rotary plows been anticipated, many railroads would not have expended as much money as they did some years ago in constructing snowsheds. Thirty-two miles of snowsheds, costing \$64 a foot, or nearly \$11,000,000 in the aggregate, represents the price one transcontinental railroad had to pay before it could successfully operate its trains over the Rocky mountain division.

Nowadays the rotaries cost something like \$10,000 each, but even at that price they represent a great saving over snowsheds which, aside from their first cost, eat up thousands of dollars in repairs every year. Moreover, the rotaries have been instrumental in saving countless lives—not merely by carrying aid and food to snow-bound trains and snow-bound villages, but also by reducing the number of casualties among railroad men engaged in fighting the snow.—Walden Fawcett in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

IN OLD "LYCEUM" DAYS.

The golden days of the lecture platform are past, and the lecture bureau is no longer the active feature of the intellectual life that it was fifty or even twenty-five years ago. At one time almost every town, East and West, had its lecture course each winter. Many were the adventures experienced by the lecturers as they penetrated the provincial parts of the country to deliver their messages of wisdom or amusement. Sometimes a concert by the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, or some other musical organization, was sandwiched in between two lectures. Thomas Ryan—a member of the famous quintet club—in "The Recollections of an Old Museum," tells of the reception of a young woman lecturer in a small Wisconsin town:

It was a young men's society which had summoned her, made up of very youthful members. When she reached the station the entire association was lined up to meet her, and she was ceremoniously introduced, then and there, to each one. As the weather was extremely cold, the process was an ordeal.

This over, the lecturer wiped his brow and looked about as if asking what to do next. Miss Andrews suggested the hotel. A one-horse sleigh was produced; the leader handed the lecturer in, got in himself and offered her the reins. She declined, saying he knew the horse and way better than she. The young man seemed relieved, and quite satisfied that he had shown the guest of the society every courtesy possible.

That evening the whole association again met and escorted the lecturer to the hall. The room was packed.

On the stage was an old-fashioned settee with legs in the middle and at each end. When Miss Andrews sat down the affair tilted with her. A large, heavily built clergyman came in and seated himself on the other end. Up went the settee, and up went Miss Andrews until her feet no longer touched the floor. The audience giggled and

Miss Andrews laughed; there was nothing else to do.

The lecturer scanned the house. Foremost, leaning with folded arms on the edge of the stage, sat a young man in a red flannel shirt who never took his eyes off the lady on the platform.

Finally the reverend giant rose to introduce the lecturer. This suddenly let Miss Andrews' end of the settee down with a thud.

The clergyman was long-winded, and the red-shirted young man became restless. At last he called out in impatient tones:

"Dry up, old man! Give the young gal a chance!"

AMERICAN OFFICER INSULTED BY KINGSTON GOVERNOR.

Rear Admiral Charles Henry Davis, who was practically ordered away from



REAR ADMIRAL DAVIS.
Kingston, Jamaica, by the British governor, won fame in the Spanish war as the man to whom the town of Ponce, Porto Rico, surrendered. He

was then in command of the gunboat Dixie. He is a native of Massachusetts, and was graduated from the naval academy in 1864. He was connected with several expeditions to determine differences in longitude, was superintendent of the naval observatory for a short time and served on the Anglo-Russian North Sea commission at Paris.

With Thanks.

Notices to the public are usually made with little regard to politeness. The wayfarer is likely to meet with a warning or a caution couched in strong but curt terms. "A Wanderer in London," however, reports one instance where the regard of the passer-by is taken for granted and is acknowledged.

At the hospital just opposite the entrance to the East India docks and the Blackwall Tunnel—under the Thames—notice boards are set up asking the drivers, for the sake of those who are ill within, to walk their horses past the building.

That is a common enough request, but what gives it a peculiar interest here is that the carter, having complied or not with the modest demand, is confronted at the other corner of the building by another board, saying, "Thank you, driver."

Absent-Minded.

The judge was at dinner in the new household, according to the Philadelphia Public Ledger, when the young housekeeper asked:

"Did you ever try any of my biscuits, judge?"

"No," replied the judge, "I never did, but I dare say they deserve it."

Mahoney's Forethought.

Dentist—I've filled all your teeth that have cavities, sir.

Mahoney—Well, thin, fill th' rist av thim, too—thin whin th' cavities come they'll be already filled, b'gobs.—Puck.

When a woman gets a letter from her kin, her husband waits anxiously till she gets through reading it, to learn who is coming this time.

A Doctor's Medicine

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is not a simple cough syrup. It is a strong medicine, a doctor's medicine. It cures hard cases, severe and desperate cases, chronic cases of asthma, pleurisy, bronchitis, consumption. Ask your doctor about this.

"I have used a great deal of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and hard colds on the chest. It has always done me great good. It is certainly a most wonderful cough medicine."—MICHAEL J. FITZGERALD, Medford, N. J.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufactured by
Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA
PILLS
HAIR VIGOR.

You will hasten recovery by taking one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime.

Optimism.

"Such a dark day as this," complained the whiskered passenger in the suburban train, "is enough to make anybody feel gloomy."

"Not iv'rybody, nor," said the passenger with the First Ward accent. "Not th' r-railroad company, anyhow. It's savin' money be not lightin' these ca-rs."

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