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 Oneonta, N. Y., writes:

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O'hio:

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.

Pe-ru-na a Preventive and Cure for Colds

Mr. C. F. Given, Sussex, 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 afflictions. 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 Weisslitz, 175 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y., is corresponding secretary of the Sangerlust, of New York; is the leading second bass of the Sangerlust, the largest German singing society of New York and also the oldest.

In 1899 the Sangerlust celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with a large celebration in New York City. The following is his testimony:

"About two years ago I caught a severe cold while traveling and which settled into catarrh of the bronchial tubes, and so affected my voice that I was obliged to cancel my engagements. In distress I was advised to try Peruna, and although I had never used a patent medicine before, I sent for a bottle.

"Words but illy describe my surprise to find that within a few days I was greatly relieved, and within three weeks I was entirely recovered. I am never without it now, and take an occasional dose when I feel run down."—Julian Weisslietz.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartanm, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, president of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Eats Corn Off the Cob.

"I can bite an apple as well as I could when a child, and I can eat corn off the 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 litle 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 experinece 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 Moth to his eldest son, "is the giddiest insect I know."

"Why, papa?"

"She is continually attending camphor balls."—Detroit Free Press.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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.

A Hard Pillow.

Weary Willie — Modern improvements may be fine, but they have their drawbacks.

Tired Traddles—For instance;?

Weary Willie—When a fellow sneaks into a stable to sleep nowadays he finds nothing in it but baled hay.—Judge.

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

He Stays at Home.

Mrs. Gossip—I suppose you're careful to make your husband tell everything that happens to him?

Mrs. Strongmind—Better than that. I'm careful to see that nothing happens to him.—Philadelphia Press.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

His Experience was in Mines.

"Did you ever salt sheep?" asked the farmer of the new hired man who came from Colorado.

"No," replied the new hired hand, "but I've had considerable experience in salting mines."—Ohio State Journal.

Differences.

A few cents a can is all the difference in price there is between having a cheap can of fruits or vegetables and having the best there is, i. e., Monopole. There's a much greater difference than that in the quality, in the purity and in the contentment that it brings. If you don't know where to get Monopole groceries, write us and we will te'l you. If you do know, don't let him send you any other kind. We are particularly proud of Monopole spices, coffees and Baking powder. Try them. Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Portland, Oregon.

In 1905 A. D.

Mrs. Uptodate(to maid)—Marie, you need not set out the capsules for Mr. Uptodate's dinner. I have received a marconigram that he will not be home until 10 o'clock, as his santos-dumontobile has had a breakdown. —Judge.

AN OLD SORE

Will sour the sweetest disposition and transform the most even tempered, lovable nature into a cross-grained and irritable individual.

If impatience or fault-finding are ever excusable it is when the body is tortured by an eating and painful sore.

It is truly discouraging to find after 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 dregs 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 regains its natural color. It is through the circulation that the acrid, 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.

SSS

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.

Several years ago, my wife had a severe sore leg and was treated by the best physicians but received no benefit. Our druggist advised her to try S. S. S., which she did. Fourteen bottles cured her and she has been well ever since.

J. R. MAROLD, 22 Canal St., Cohoes, N. Y.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

NOTHING SO GOOD FOR CHICKENS AS THE
PRUSSIAN POULTRY FOOD
It makes Hens Lay and Keeps them Laying. It cures Roup, Cholera and All Diseases. It strengthens young chicks, and makes them grow. Price 25c and 50c.

My young chickens commenced dying, and after losing four dozen I purchased a package of your PRUSSIAN POULTRY FOOD, which stopped them from dying and I have constantly kept it on hand ever since. I can recommend it as just what is needed in raising poultry. C. R. HIGGIN, Latah, Wash.

PORTLAND SEED CO, Portland, Ore., Coast Agents.

THE SONGS.

I wonder in what distant place
Sweet "Annie Rooney" still is heard,
Where "Daisy Bell" has hid her face,
Where "Doris" tells of hope deferred?
If still some tender chord is stirred
By "Henrietta," blithe and gay,
Who never at a feast demurred?—
Where are the songs of yesterday?

If, in some dusky, moonlit space,
"O Promise Me" is gently purred
By some old tabby, whose embrace
Was never asked a heart to gird?
And, with barbaric accent slurred,
In some strange country, far away,
If "Tommy Atkins'" cause is spurred?—
Where are the songs of yesterday?

And where lives in its ancient grace,
"Love's Old Sweet Song," by Time unblurred?
Where does "Ben Bolt" his thoughts retrace
To feed on sorrow's whey and curd?
Does "Only Me" still beg a word,
Has "Golden Hair" turned to gray,
Does "Nancy" mourn her vanished bird?
Where are the songs of yesterday?

ENVOY.

Princes, whose loyalty has erred
To these, who wore in turn the bay—
The sad, the joyful, the absurd—
Where are the songs of yesterday?
—Life.

"KIDDY."

YOU had better let me ride to Marville and take that money to the bank; there are ugly rumors abroad concerning 'Lord Jim' and his band. Three times within a fortnight a lonely settler's shanty has been 'rushed' by these gentlemen, and the third was at 'Miner's Corner,' not twenty miles from here! Besides, you ought not to expose your wife and Kiddy to an invasion of that kind; the fright would be enough to kill a nervous girl like Lucy!"

The speaker, Jack Hartley, was a tall, sunburnt young man, brother to the owner of "The Bungalow," a newly erected, low-roofed house, to which some four years back the latter had brought his young bride.

After months of hard work and many a disappointment, the grounds surrounding the house had been reclaimed from the bush by the young fellow, who, like many another, having found it impossible to make a decent living in his native land, had decided, on receipt of a small legacy from a maiden aunt, to try his luck at cattle-rearing and sheep-breeding in Australia.

For once fickle fortune, less blind than usual, was in a generous mood, and, after a few years of hard work and ceaseless efforts, Ned Hartley found himself sufficiently well off to marry the "girl he had left behind him," and to bring her to a home which he had literally built for her with his own hands. In the course of the following year a son was born, and "Kiddy," as he was called by relatives and friends, soon became a very important member of the small community. Jack Hartley, Ned's younger brother and Kiddy's most devoted

"BEFORE THEM STOOD A MAN."

slave, had been a resident in "The Bungalow" about six months.

"Nonsense, Jack! When you have been a little longer among us you will not be so ready to believe all the rumors that are spread among the 'hands.' And then, you see, I received the six hundred pounds from Barton only last night, and no one with the exception of Lucy, you, and myself can have the slightest notion that such a sum of money is in my possession. Lucy has been ailing lately, and I promised to take her to Melbourne as soon as I could spare the time and money. Now the shearing is over, I mean her to take the holiday with the Kiddy and myself. I know you will look after things for me, old man. Now don't wear such a worried look! It doesn't suit your style of beauty half as well as your elegant sombrero and cloak, not to speak of that six-shooter I see in your belt! Going for a ride? Well, ta-ta, see you by-and-by!"

Jack did not seem much convinced by his brother's arguments and bantering manner. The "rumors" he had heard were alarming; there was no doubt that the desperado and ex-convict known as "Lord Jim" had been seen in the neighborhood and that daring attacks had been made on solitary settlers. "Still," thought the young man, "the results might have been exaggerated, and after all Ned is not likely to run any unnecessary risks. However, I will ride as far as 'The Copse,' and bring Sergeant Gilpin and a couple of his men back with me. Extra precaution can do no harm."

As he was about to mount his horse a shrill voice called out: "Uncle Jack, Uncle Jack, take me with you! Kiddy wants a ride on your big horse! Wait for me!"

"Never mind, Kiddy," called out Jack, "you can't come out with me today, you know; it's your bed-time, isn't it? Besides, people don't go for rides in night-dress! There, don't cry; you shall fire uncle's revolver all by yourself, see!"

And, having assured himself that the revolver was unloaded, Jack proceeded to instruct the child in the art of aiming, pulling the trigger, etc., and a wild romp succeeded, in which imaginary wild beasts were "killed dead," the said wild beasts being represented by himself, running on all fours, and Tom, the retriever, who, entering fully into the spirit of the game, would stand quite still while Kiddy, laboriously aiming the harmless weapon at him, called out in his clear treble voice, "Shoot! Bang! Fire!" This was the signal for the "wild beast" to fall down.

Kiddy's delight at this new game was boundless; and when at last Jack, breathless with the exertion of his repeated "death struggles," declared that it was time for him to be off and retook possession of his revolver, the child sobbed.

"Kiddy wants the gun! Kiddy wants to shoot evibody! Nasty, unkind uncle! Give me the gun! Give me—the—gu-u-u-un!" he cried.

By this time his uncle had mounted his horse, and, with a wave of the hand, rode away, while Master Kiddy was recaptured by his mother, a gentle, delicate-looking girl, and after a prolonged struggle, was finally disposed of in his little bed.

* * * * * * *

Two hours later Ned Hartley and his wife were sitting out on the verandah, he smoking a short pipe, Lucy slowly rocking herself to and fro and now and then applying herself to some needlework.

They had been discussing their plans for the long-talked-of and often-deferred trip to Melbourne, and there was an unwonted look of animation in the young woman's face.

"And you really think we shall be able to go this time?" she said. "Oh, Ned, how I do long to get among people, to see houses, streets, carriages, anything and everything—to get away from this eternal, monotonous bush!" And with a sigh she hid her face on her husband's shoulder.

"Nothing will prevent us this time, dear; unless"—with a short laugh—"Jack's croakings should take definite shape—unless, in short, we should be 'rushed' and the money taken. Then there would be no trip for us this year, at any rate!"

"Don't!" she exclaimed, looking fearfully around her. "It could not happen! I cannot think that——"

The sentence was unfinished. Before them stood a man who had seemingly dropped from nowhere. Ned threw himself in front of his wife.

The stranger was attired in shabby corduroy breeches and a tattered woollen shirt, the color of which might have been once blue; tall cowhide boots encased his feet and legs; in one hand he held with mock politeness an apology for a hat, in the other, pointed straight at Ned's head, was a murderous-looking six-shooter.

"Sorry to interrupt the billing and cooing, but might I trouble you to hand over to me that six hundred pounds you received last night from Barton's? Stop! No humbug—hands up!"—the drawling voice changed into a sharp growl. "Never mind your wife; I'll look after her." Poor Lucy had fainted and was lying in a heap on the floor of the verandah. "You walk in front of me and show me where you put the swag; make an attempt to get at your 'iron' or to call for help and I'll shoot you like a dog!"

There was no help for it. Ned, his face contracted with rage and hopeless misery, led the ruffian into his room, where, in a little cot, Kiddy, fast asleep, was smiling in his dreams.

In a small cupboard which Ned had built into the wall by the side of the bed lay the result of two years' hard work and privations—the money that was to have brought back health and happiness to Lucy.

In silence he handed the bag and notes to the ruffian, who, still keeping Ned covered with his weapon, forced him back to the verandah.

"Now, mate, having called upon you just about supper-time, it would not be manners for me to depart before I've had the pleasure of sharing the family meal!" Lord Jim remarked in pitiless, mocking tones. "Ladies' company is always pleasant, even when they are in a faint! How long does this young lady generally stay in hers?"—with a grim chuckle. "Not having the felicity of being married myself, I am not acquainted with the means of restoring young and sensitive females to their senses! Perhaps a kiss might do it?"

As the brute approached his wife with the intention of fulfilling his vile threat, Ned, with a yell of fury, regardless of consequences, unarmed as he was, threw himself upon the ruffian. Surprised by the sudden and unexpected onslaught, "Lord Jim" dropped his weapon, which rolled a few feet away from the two combatants. Each then endeavored with all his might and main to throw down his adversary and take possession of it.

Physically the men were well matched, but slowly "Lord Jim" was getting the upper hand. Ned's breath came in short gasps. He knew that now it was no longer for his money alone, but for his very life that he was wrestling! Could he keep up? The perspiration was pouring down his face. Another minute would see the end of the conflict! "Lord Jim's" sinewy arm was gradually squeezing the life out of the young man's body, when a burst of childish laughter startled the two combatants.

There, his white nightshirt gathered up in his chubby hands, his curls still moist, his cheeks flushed from his first sleep, and his little naked feet stamping the ground in wild excitement, stood Kiddy!

The noise had disturbed him, and the sight of his father and the 'genpelman" playing at wrestling, like he and Uncle Jack so often did, caused him the liveliest satisfaction; he clapped his little hands as he caught sight of the revolver, for the possession of which each of these two men would have given anything.

"Daddy big lion, genpelman tiger," he shouted. "Kiddy shoot big lion!"—and he grabbed the revolver eagerly.

Ned saw that the child held the means of deliverance or death in his hands, and he rallied his waning strength.

"Shoot the tiger first, Kiddy!" he cried.

"No, lion first!" shouted the child, the spirit of contradiction awakening within him.

"No, no, the tiger first, darling," Ned repeated, "and daddy will buy you a gun—all to yourself!"

Something in his father's manner appealed to the child. Fearlessly he crept near the men, and deliberately, putting the muzzle of the shooter to the head of "Lord Jim," whom Ned in a supreme effort was holding down, the child said:

"Shoot! Bang! Fire!"

A sharp report, a scream from the surprised child, and "Lord Jim" had gone to his account.

* * * * * * * *

Ned and his wife and Kiddy had their holiday at Melbourne after all.—Family Herald.

LIFE OF A TEACHER IN PHILIPPINES

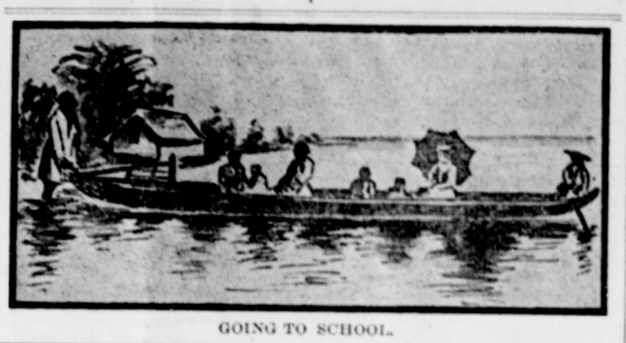
A YOUNG lady who is teaching school in the Philippines, writes brightly and entertainingly of some conditions there, in the following paragraphs:

We have just moved the girl's school in Dagupan into a new building, a private native house, hired for the purpose. But we chose the date of moving badly, for it is the beginning of the fiesta, and the cock-fighting will last two weeks. It will be impossible during that time to get any one to do a day's work for us. The benches are too long for the rooms and we will not be able to get a carpenter to saw them off or any one to put the blackboards in place. We are so near the cockpits that the noise is deafening. School has to be carried on largely by signs. The cocks crow continually, the swarming children shriek and cry and the women are forever pounding rice. In going to school we have to cross the river in a banca. It is nothing more than a log hollowed out, in which we crouch at the bottom and are paddled across by a small Filipino boy.

The islands swarm with insects of all kinds. Ants are most plentiful and most troublesome. As I am writing, the "tickeys," as the children call them, or little lizards, dart across my writing table and catch the bugs that fall around the lamp. Several times lizards have fallen from the ceiling on to my neck. Now and then it is a centipede that annoys. Cockroaches are

A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

some baby. They do not live long after they are captured and sometimes a baby will still be dragging a poor little feathered thing about even after it is dead. Once I had a present of three of these little birds, but they were all dead within twenty-four hours. When I next received a like present I walked to the school house window and let it go. I also had given to me three little parrots, beautiful red and green birds about six inches long, but these, too, after a few days, I freed. The children bestow flowers and fruit on their teachers. Sometimes they make little baskets of bamboo and wind them with red, white



GOING TO SCHOOL.

everywhere. One feels like standing and holding one's umbrella and hat all the time, that the cockroaches may not riddle them before they are used again. They will eat the stamps off letters if they are not hurried into the mail pouches.

Birds are the principal playthings of the native children. There are several kinds no larger than humming birds that are often to be seen tied by a thread to a stick or to the hand by and blue worsteds and make tassels of the yarn. These they fill on the outside with paper flowers and the inside with real ones. The school children will also buy and bring with great eagerness any little cheap ornament to their teachers.

Sometimes we take trips on horseback. There are no side saddles and we ride astride. The horses are very small and easy to mount. There is only one fear—that our feet may drag.

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. Benomme, 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 express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Mitchell Wagon.

Best on Earth—

Because it is made of the best material possible to buy. The manufacturers admittedly pay 25 to 35 per cent above the market price of logs grades of wagon timber for the privilege of culling over and skimming off the cream of the wagon stock, which is carried for 3 to 5 years before making up, which means an investment in wood stock of nearly one million dollars.

MITCHELL Wagons are unsurpassed for quality, proportion, finish, strength and light running.

Why—take chances on any other?

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Can give you the best bargains in Boilers and Engines, Windmills, Pumps and General Machinery. Wood Sawing Machines a specialty. See us before buying.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

An Absent-Minded Confession.

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

"Indeed I do," answered the milkman.

"It is really very hard," goes on the patron, "to find suitable pasture in the cold weather, no doubt?"

"Yes; and then the pump freezes so often."—Judge.

At Last.

The landlady was speaking.

"Mr. Barnestorme, how do you like your eggs?"

The tragedian's face relaxed into an expression of joy.

"Hard-boiled!" he cried.

Until that time people had wilfully mistaken his taste.—Baltimore Herald.

The well posted druggist advises you to use Hamlin's Wizard Oil for pain, for he knows what it has done.

A Bumper Crop.

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

Townley—You don't say! If you have more than two messes, don't forget me, will you?

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. Cures swollen feet, blisters and callous spots and is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all Druggists, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Definite Measurement.

"Do you think the world is growing any better?

"I'm absolutely sure of it," answered the monopolist. "Why, only five years ago I made only a hundred thousand a year. Today I am making that much a month."—Washington Star.

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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE
SLICKER
MADE FAMOUS BY A DEPUTATION
EXTENDING OVER MORE THAN
HALF A CENTURY.

TOWER'S garments and hats are made of the best materials in black or yellow for all kinds of wet work.

SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED IF YOU STICK TO
THE SIGN OF THE FISH.

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A Home School for Boys.
Military and Manual Training.

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$3 & $3.50 SHOES UNION MADE

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

1899 sales, 1st 6 months, $1,103,820 | 1902 sales, 1st 6 months, $2,310,000

Best imported and American leathers, Vogt's Patent Calf, Enamel, Box Calf, Calf, Vici Kid, Corona Colt, Nat. Kangaroo. Fast Color Eyelets used.

Caution! The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS' name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes by mail, 25c. extra. Illus. Catalog free.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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WONDERFUL HOME TREATMENT

This wonderful Chinese doctor is called great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, buds, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of those harmless remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies, which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and circulars. Send 4 cents in stamps. CONSULTATION FREE. ADDRESS

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132½ Third St., Portland, Oregon.
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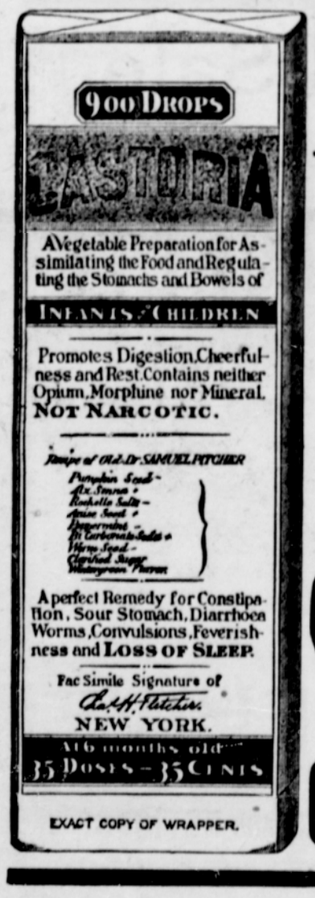

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INFANTS CHILDREN

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Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed
Alx. Senna
Rochelle Salts
Anise Seed
Peppermint
Bi Carbonate Soda
Worm Seed
Clarified Sugar
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
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At 6 months old
35 DOSES - 35 CENTS

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