Distress After Eating

Nausea between meals, belching, vomiting, flatulence, fits of nervous headache, pain in the stomach, are all symptoms of dyspepsia, and the longer it is neglected the harder it is to cure it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Radically and permanently cure it—strengthen and tone the stomach and other digestive organs for the *natural* performance of their functions.

Accept no substitute for Hood's.

"I had dyspepsia twenty-five years and took different medicines but got no help until I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Have taken four bottles of this medicine and can now eat almost anything, sleep well, have no cramps in my stomach, no burning and no distress." Mrs. William G. Barrett, 14 Olney St., Providence, R. I.

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

Taken On.

Hoax—Funny! Did you ever notice it?

Joax—Notice what?

Hoax—Why, in the beginning of the world a rib became a woman, and now it's ribbons that become a woman.—Philadelphia Record.

The druggist who advises you to use Hamlin's Wizard Oil for the cure of pain, does you a good turn!

A Good Mimic.

"I don't see what yoh all has to git so proud about," said Miss Sadie Cottonball.

"Cohse you doesn'," answered Miss Miami Brown. "I'ze been studyin' de white folks. What yoh wants to do is jes' put on de airs yohse'f an' let de yuthuh folks do de guessin' 'bout whut de reason is."

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.

Wouldn't Be a Party to It.

Tailor—Can't you pay my bill today, sir? I need the money, as I'm going to be married next week.

Customer (a confirmed bachelor)—What? Going to be married? Such a foolish thing, and on my money? Never!—Der Dorfbarbier.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

To Whom It Referred.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, Willie Green, what are we to understand when the Bible speaks of people who, having eyes, see not.

Willie Green—I guess it must mean policemen.—Philadelphia Record.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Conditions Improving.

Easterner (on his vacation)—I believe there is less of vice and crime among the Indians out here than there used to be. Is there not?

Commanche Pete — You're right, pard. Th' haint ez many Injuns ez they used to be.—Chicago Tribune.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo,
Walding Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Onto His Game.

Clubb—My wife's going around with a chip on her shoulder today.

Chubb—That so?

Clubb—Yes, she found one in my pocket this morning.—Philadelphia Press.

The Oldest and Best.

S. S. S. is a combination of roots and herbs of great curative powers, and when taken into the circulation searches out and removes all manner of poisons from the blood, without the least shock or harm to the system. On the contrary, the general health begins to improve from the first dose, for S. S. S. is not only a blood purifier, but an excellent tonic, and strengthens and builds up the constitution while purging the blood of impurities. S. S. S. cures all diseases of a blood poison origin, Cancer, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, Herpes and similar troubles, and is an infallible cure and the only antidote for that most horrible disease, Contagious Blood Poison.

A record of nearly fifty years of successful cures is a record to be proud of. S. S. S. is more popular today than ever. It numbers its friends by the thousands. Our medical correspondence is larger than ever in the history of the medicine. Many write to thank us for the great good S. S. S. has done them, while others are seeking advice about their cases. All letters receive prompt and careful attention. Our physicians have made a life-long study of Blood and Skin Diseases, and better understand such cases than the ordinary practitioner who makes a specialty of no one disease.

SSS We are doing great good to suffering humanity through our consulting department, and invite you to write us if you have any blood or skin trouble. We make no charge whatever for this service.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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

LEVELING TENDENCIES.

English Aristocrats Who Are Making Money in Trade.

Americans cannot lay claim to being the only people who now take the sensible view that no man is degraded by engaging in a lawful business. England is coming round to the same way of thinking. The old order of things is changed. It is the aristocrats now who serve many of the retail buyers with groceries, vegetables, coal, and other necessaries of life. The following list of titled tradesmen would seem to emphasize the statements:

Lord Hampden is said to supply the best cream cheese, and his carts, filled with all the fresh dairy produce of his farm in Sussex, go daily on their West End routes.

Lord Londonderry will deliver half a ton of coal with promptness. A grandson of William IV. prefers a more retiring method of meeting the demands of his customers. Through the medium of the post he sends out his packets of tea all over the country.

Among the smaller shop-owners who belong to the old aristocratic families of England is Lord Harrington, who opened a shop a few years ago on his London property that he might sell fruit and vegetables grown at Elvaston Castle. The late Lord Winchilsea was the pioneer of the fresh vegetable crusade which started the shop in Long Acre where all kinds of British farm may be bought at the lowest prices.

Lord Portsmouth has gone into the mineral-water trade, a bottling establishment for which he has started. The restaurant business seems in high favor. Mr. Algy Burke was one of the first of the "upper ten" to put his energies into the management of a restaurant. He succeeded in making fashionable the restaurant known as Willis' Rooms. Two other young men of gentle birth have gone into the hotel business. These are the half-brothers of Lord Trevor and Mr. Mostyn, of the family of Lord Vaux of Harrowden. They have opened an hotel at a new watering-place.

Although the interest in millinery shops owned and managed by society women has somewhat abated, this field of trade has found new workers. A man well known in society is the latest milliner. He has taken a shop in Bond street a short distance from one over the door of which he painted "The Countess of Warwick," and under the name of Camille he successfully carries on his business.

Boer in a Box.

A most remarkable story has been furnished to an Express representative by the second officer of the R. M. S. Goth, which has just arrived home from the Cape.

On the Goth's arrival on Christmas morning at Ascension Island, on the homeward voyage, a Boer commandant was discovered on board in a large wooden case forming part of the cargo.

The "consignment" had been received on board at St. Helena, and shipped as a box of Boer curios for England. The measurements of the case were: Length, 4 feet 3 inches; breadth, 2 feet 4 inches; and height, 2 feet.

When the box was opened the contents proved to be a live Boer commandant, who gave his name as Smonerburg, and owned that he was a prisoner on parole.

Standing over six feet in height, he was helped out of his cramped "room" in a weak and exhausted state. He had there been cribbed, cabined and confined for five days.

Enough food was stored to last him for his voyage to England, but in being stowed away in the hold his water bottles had been broken.

He was eventually landed at Ascension under an escort, to await reshipping on a man-of-war for St. Helena, where he will join his brother Boers in captivity.

The box in which the prisoner was found was a most clever contrivance, apparently of Boer carpentership, with sliding panels. It contained clothing, biscuits, potted meats, books, and a candle and matches.—London Express.

Spinsters in Denmark.

Denmark is the one country in the world, presumably, that place a premium upon spinsterhood. A celibacy insurance company has been founded. If the holder of a policy in the Celibacy is unmarried at the age of forty she is considered immune and gets a life annuity. If she marries before forty she forfeits her policy and premiums. Between an annuity and a husband a Danish maiden's heart is often rent with indecision. In Sweden and Norway there are several homes for spinsters. One of these at least is as attractive as it is unique. It is the monument to the memory of an exceedingly wealthy old man who, dying more than two hundred years ago, left the major part of his fortune to the old maids among his descendants. A superb home was built, furnished, and managed by salaried trustees. It flourished and has continued. Any unmarried woman who can prove blood relationship to the founder of the institution is entitled to admission in the home. She is given a suite of rooms, a private servant, private meals, and is subject to no rules save such as ordinary good behavior demands.

Grimly Grotesque.

The following tale anent Li Hung Chang reminds one of the grim jesting of Mr. Gilbert's Mikado, who will be remembered as having indulged in pleasantries regarding "something with boiling oil in it."

Li Hung Chang had, beyond all doubt, an iron will and a very unsentimental heart. Once, when he was Viceroy of Chi-Li, a man who had tampered with a telegraph wire was brought before him. The man wrung his hands and begged for mercy, saying that he would never touch the wire again. "Don't be vexed, my good fellow," said Li, "nor trouble yourself any further about the matter. I'll see that it does not happen again." Then he turned to the gaolers and gave the order—"Cut off his head!"

He Understood.

Uncle Josh—You know what the lawyers mean by "alleged," don't you?

Uncle Hiram—Of course! They mean that the lawyers on the other side is lyin'.—Puck.

It sometimes happens that a man's house is his mother-in-law's castle.

"SCIENTIFIC" BEEF.

The Roast Beef of Old England Is Deteriorating.

England would not be England without its famous roast beef. Patriotic Britons are still under the delusion that by paying the price they can obtain the genuine article "as good as ever it was, sir."

This is another of the pleasant fictions which the faithful journalist is obliged to shatter.

As a matter of fact, the distinctive flavor which won the admiration of King James has been slowly lost owing to modern methods of fattening cattle.

Tenderness and juicy quality undoubtedly have been gained by modern breeders owing to their scientific feeding of oxen; but the original "beefy" flavor, which took about three years to become perfect, is gradually being replaced by quite unpleasantant flavors.

For instance, and the British Farmers' Association is the authority consulted by the writer, Devonshire beef has a distinctly "turnippy" taste, due to the roots and turnips upon which the beasts are fed.

In spring beef of this flavor is more noticeable, for it is during the winter months, when pasturage is scarce, that the animals have to be fed on roots. If for one month only, just before slaughtering, the cattle were fed on hay this objection would be removed; but our cattle breeders are in such a hurry to send the animals to the market that this month cannot be spared when the demand for English beef is great and pressing.

Oilcake is another artificial food that affects the flavor. The taste of the oil is most unpleasantly perceptible when the food is used to any great extent. But it fattens very rapidly, so farmers use it. Six weeks only is necessary to get an ox into market condition on oilcake.

What, then, is the finest beef for 'able? The answer will come as a shock. It is, according to an expert, the American who "succeeds again."

American beef, bred from the finest English stock, has many advantages over the home-grown animals.

The pasturage in America is ideal. Sunshine is abundant, and sunshine has a great effect in the way of improving the flavor of beef. The most exposed portions of the animal, such as that from which the sirloin is taken, are always the best.

American beef comes over in chilled, not frozen chambers. If the "ice gets into the meat" the flesh becomes tasteless, but a cold chamber, the temperature of which does not fall below freezing point, arrests decomposition without spoiling the flavor.—London Mail.

CUT OUT HER DOUBLE CHIN.

Delicate Piece of Surgery to Save a Woman from Suffering.

To save herself from death by suffocation and incidentally to cure a double chin of prodigious development, Mrs. Florence Shipley, of Baltimore, Md., has submitted to one of the strangest surgical operations on record. Her chin was slit open in four places and a large quantity of fat removed from her neck.

The operation was performed at the University Hospital on Lombard street. A slip of the knife by a hair's breadth and the patient would never have awakened from the ether. This she fully understood, but preferred the risk to further suffering.

Mrs. Shipley is a tall woman and stout in proportion to her weight. For years, however, an unnatural growth of flesh under her chin has created a pressure on the carotid arteries. All efforts to reduce it proved fruitless. The still healthy arteries, as time only increased the deposit, were crushed beneath the weight of fat.

The carotid arteries carry the blood from the heart to the brain, and their deformity soon produced not only pain but a lack of supply of blood that caused periods of unconsciousness. Respiration was also so far interfered with that the unfortunate woman dreaded suffocation.

So skillfully was the operation performed by three surgeons at the hospital, says the New York World special, that it is believed the four incisions will leave no scar. For two days Mrs. Shipley remained in the hospital with her head in a plaster cast.

The Giggling Girl.

If you tell her she's modest or tell her she's vain,
She'll giggle.
She heeds not the fact that it gives you a pain,
That giggle.
Though you may address her in serious key,
Make speech that presents no occasion for glee,
Or even for smiling, her answer will be
A giggle.

She runs to the door when her Chawley boy rings
And giggles.
While helping him take off his cold winter things
She giggles.
When seated for sparking within the bright rays
Of dollar per gas or the grate's cheery blaze
She answers the sugary things that he says
With giggles.

In church if she catches a girly chum's eye
She giggles.
There's no provocation, she doesn't know why,
Just giggles.
She'll arch up her eyebrows like back of the cat
That stands off the dog in the rear of the flat
And give her eyelashes a humorous bat
And giggle.
If called to the bier of a dead, silent friend,
She'd giggle.
If Gabriel's trump should bring time to an end,
She'd giggle.
If up to the great judgment bar she were led
To list to her fate with the quick and the dead
She'd think it was funny and shake her fool head
And giggle.

—Denver Post.

A Chronic Borrower.

Brown—Jones is borrowing a good deal of trouble, I guess.

Smith—Well, let him have all he wants; he'll never pay it back.—Detroit Free Press.

A Rod in Pickle.

Mrs. Goodsole—Why, Johnny, are you just going home now? Your mother's been looking for you all afternoon.

Johnny—Yes'm, I know.

Mrs. Goodsole—Just think how worried she must be!

Johnny—Oh, she's near the end o' her worryin'. I'm jest beginnin' mine.

It Looked Tough.

"Will you carve, Mr. Cleaver?" asked the landlady, as she placed the turkey on the boarding house table.

"No, thank you," replied the facetious boarder, "let Mr. Hackett. He's a stone cutter."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Three of a Kind.

Ella—Bella told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her.

Stella—She's a mean thing—I told her not to tell you I told her.

Ella—Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did.—Brooklyn Life.

Pure Accident.

Ascum—What's the matter with Jenkins?

Gobang—Met with an accident while hunting.

Ascum—You don't say!

Gobang—Yes, he was hunting for trouble, and he accidentally ran up against me.—Philadelphia Press.

Doubled as Alimony.

"Oh, yes, daughter's fully twice as happy as she was with her husband."

"How so?"

"Why, he used to give her an allowance of only $10, and now he has to pay her $20."

Sheer Nonsense.

"He never washes his hands."

"Nonsense!"

"No; it's a fact."

"Then he's a crank, eh?"

"Not at all. He says it would take too long. He employs 200 in his mill."

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CASE

Which the Doctors Failed to Cure or Understand.

A medical man, as a rule, dislikes to acknowledge the value of a proprietary medicine. In fact, professional etiquette debars him from doing so. There are many eminent physicians, those most avanced in thier professions, who give full credit to the great curative properties of Vogeler's Curative Compound from the fact that it is manufactured by an old and reliable company, proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil, from the formula of a brother physician, who today stands in the front ranks of the most eminent medical men, and on account of its intrinsic merit it is largely prescribed by the medical profession.

Mrs. Nettleton graphically relates the particulars of her own case, which will doubtless be of interest to many of our lady readers:

"I had been an intense sufferer for many years from dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles, when a pamphlet was placed in my hands, and, although at that time I had been bedridden for more than six months, I determined, after reading some of the cases similar to mine, which had been completely cured by Vogeler's Curative Compound, to try some, especilly as my doctors failed to even benefit me, and I had given up all hope of ever being well again. The very first dose of 15 drops relieved me. It was not long before I was able to get up and about; three months from taking the first dose I was enjoying better health than I had been for 14 years. I should not have been alive today had it not been for Vogeler's Curative Compound."

Mrs. Nettleton said: "I have recommended Vogeler's Curative Compound for indigestion and eczema, and in every case it has proved a cure, beyond doubt. Mr. Swinbank, our chemist, has sent me the names of no end of people who have been cured by Vogeler's Curative Compound. By the way, the proprietors have so much confidence in this great London physician's discovery, that they will send a sample free to any person sending name and address, naming this paper." St. Jacobs Oil Co., 205 Clay St., Baltimore, Md.

A Saint Upon Earth.

"Pa," said Willie, "what does it mean to say a man is 'one of nature's noblemen?'"

"'One of nature's noblemen,' my son," replied the old gentleman, with a significant look at his better half, "is a man who smiles when he gets some ridiculous, cheap gift for Christmas, and exclaims: 'How nice! Just what I wanted!'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Mental Exercise.

Bernice—What is the nature of this brain work Cholly has undertaken?

Hortense—He has made his valet take a back seat, and he thinks for himself what suits he will wear each day.

She Knew Her Husband.

Peddler—Wouldn't you like some mottoes for your house, mum? It's very cheering to a husband to see a nice motto on the wall when he comes home.

Mrs. Daggs—Have you got one that says, "Better late than never?"—Weekly Telegraph.

The Tandem Habit.

"Why do Mr. Paintbrush and his wife promenade in single file?"

"They used to ride a tandem, and they can't get over the tandem habit."—Fliegende Blaetter.

The Fruit of Faith.

Sunday School Teacher—Faith, children, is believing in the existence of something we can't see. For example, when you buy bananas you know that there is a delicious fruit inside the tough skin. Do you understand?

Children—Yes, ma'am.

Sunday School Teacher—Well, what is faith?

Children—Bananas.

Makes Money Raising Popcorn.

A. L. Schaeffer, of Edgar county, Illinois, last year harvested the largest crop of popcorn ever gathered in the world. From his 102 acres he had 1,800 bushels, a yield of a little over 17 bushels to the acre. It cost him $17 an acre to raise, sort, shell and pay ground rent.

To Mothers of Large Families

In this workaday world few women are so placed that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life.

We make a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done, and many of whom suffer, and suffer for lack of intelligent aid.

To women, young or old, rich or poor, we extend an invitation to accept free advice. Oh, women! do not let

Mrs. Carrie Belleville.

your lives be sacrificed when a word of advice at the first approach of weakness, may fill your future years with healthy joy. Address a letter to Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory, Lynn Mass., and you will not be disappointed.

"When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was not able to do my housework. I suffered terribly at time of menstruation. Several doctors told me they could do nothing for me. Thanks to the Pinkham advice and medicine I am now well, and can do the work for eight in the family.

"I would recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all mothers with large families."—Mrs. Carrie Belleville, Ludington, Mich.

Trouble Ahead.

"What are you crying for?"

"Me big brudder's gettin' a lickin'."

"Ah, I see! You're sorry for him."

"Naw, I'm sorry for myself. He's goin' ter lick me fer tellin' on him."—New York Evening Journal.

Saddest of All.

He—It is a pleasure to meet a woman who has a sense of humor.

She—But, really, one doesn't need a sense of humor to laugh at the things you say.—Life.

She was Right.

Wife—Do you know I have a very little mouth? In the glass it doesn't look large enough to hold my tongue.

Husband (testily)—It doesn't.

Could Not Be Called Housewife.

"And so you are married, Jack," said dear old Aunt Polly. "I hope she is a good housewife." "Well," replied Jack Ritchie, "she's been a good fashionable hotel wife most of the time since our wedding."—Philadelphia Press.

A Model Child.

Dickie—Pa, were you a gooder boy'n me when you were as little as me?

Father—Yes, indeed, Dickie. I was always a very good boy, but somehow or other I had a great many serious and painful misunderstandings with my parents.

Lieutenant Governors In Office.

In Alabama, Nebraska and Washington the present governors were elected as lieutenant governors, and are filing vacancies caused by the death or resignation of the governors.

In England.

"Kind sir, I s'pose yer don't know of no one what dont' want to hire nobody to do nothink, do yer?"

"Yes, I don't."

Table Decoration.

Four rather small fern dishes filled with growing ferns are sometimes used to outline the center square of the dinner board, the actual center being occupied by a slender, rather tall glass vase, which may hold any flower preferred, two or three stems with foliage being sufficient.

From Enlisted Man to Admiral.

Rear Admiral Oscar W. Farenholt, United States navy, who was inspection officer at Charleston navyyard up to about a year ago, and who is now on the retired list, is the only officer in the service who reached the grade of rear admiral from the position of enlitsed man. Admiral Farenholt entered the navy first as a volunteer during the Civil war, and has a record of more than 16 years sea service.

Jealousy.

"I understand Miss Goldstandard's engagement has been broken. What was the cause?"

"Jealousy."

"Jealousy?"

"Yes, her dog became too fond of him."

In the Ark.

"Don't annoy your father," whispered Mrs. Noah to Shem. "He's in a bad humor."

"What's wrong with him?" queried Shem, curiously.

"Why," replied Mrs. Noah, "he went out on the huricane deck to let one of the doves loose, and the wind turned his umbrella wrong side out!"—Ohio State Journal.

Horseshoes in the Orient.

The type of horseshoe common in the Orient is a plate fitted so as to cover the entire bottom of the hoof, with a perforation in the center. The weight of the average horseshoe is three-fourths of a pound. The native smiths usually cut these plates from sheets of wrought iron and rudely shape them for the purpose in view.

Deaf Mute Used Threatening Language.

For using threatening "deaf and dumb" language toward his father and brother a deaf mute has been bound over to keep the peace at Blackburn, England.

Magic Orchid of Java.

In Java there is an orchid, the grammatophyium, all the flowers of which open at once, as if by the stroke of a fairy wand, and they also all wither together.

Woman's Acquaintance.

Herr—Do you know my wife?

Frau—Very well.

Herr—But I don't remember introducing her to you.

Frau—Quite true, but I have a new maid who was with your wife two months.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Cut Up.

"Doesn't your old barber shave you any more?"

"No; he's entirely too musical."

"Whistled while he worked, eh?"

"Oh, no, but while he was shaving me the other day a street piano outside began playing a ragtime tune, and he kept time to it with his razor."—Philadelphia Press.

Two of a Kind.

McJigger—I couldn't sleep last night. Fire engines dashed down our street and disturbed me.

Thingumbob—A fire alarm wakened me, too.

McJigger—That so?

Thingumbob—Yes. I dreamed that I had died.—Philadelphia Press.

A Natural Conclusion.

Mollie—What makes so many cattails grow on this pond, Charlie?

Charlie—Oh, they grow up from little kitties that people have drowned here, of course.

The Source of Information.

"How are you feeling, today?" asked the personal friend.

"I don't know," answered the monarch, wearily. "I haven't read the papers yet."—Washington Star.

So Mean.

Creditor (angry)—I tell you, I want my money.

Voice From Beyond—Well, you can't get blood out of a turnip.

Creditor—No, but I can out of a beet.

Weak?

"I suffered terribly and was extremely weak for 12 years. The doctors said my blood was all turning to water. At last I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was soon feeling all right again."
Mrs. J. W. Fiala, Hadlyme, Ct.

No matter how long you have been ill, nor how poorly you may be today, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine you can take for purifying and enriching the blood.

Don't doubt it, put your whole trust in it, throw away everything else.

$1.00 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 we will be satisfied.
J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Unfortunate Error.

"What do you mean by this, sir?" demanded the angry advertiser.

"What's the matter?" inquired the publisher of the Bingtown Bugle.

"This advertisement of 'our delicious canned meats from the best Chicago houses,' you've made it read 'horses.'"

DO YOU WORK IN THE WET?

THE ORIGINAL TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING BLACK OR YELLOW IS SURE PROTECTION AND IS MADE FOR SERVICE.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES. LOOK FOR ABOVE TRADE MARK.

CATALOGUES FREE SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS.

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

"BEE LINE" BUGGIES.

Mitchell BUGGIES.

Give better satisfaction than anything on the market at anything like the price, because they are made of good material to stand "Oregon roads"—iron corners on bodies, braces on shafts, heavy second-growth wheels, screwed rims. If you want to feel sure that you are getting your money's worth ask for a "Bee Line" or a "Mitchell" (Henney) Buggy. We guarantee them.

Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co.
Seattle, Spokane, Boise. Portland, Or.

BISHOP SCOTT ACADEMY
Portland, Oregon. Founded 1870.
A Home School for Boys.
Military and Manual Training.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue.
ARTHUR C. NEWILL, Principal

WASHING MADE EASY

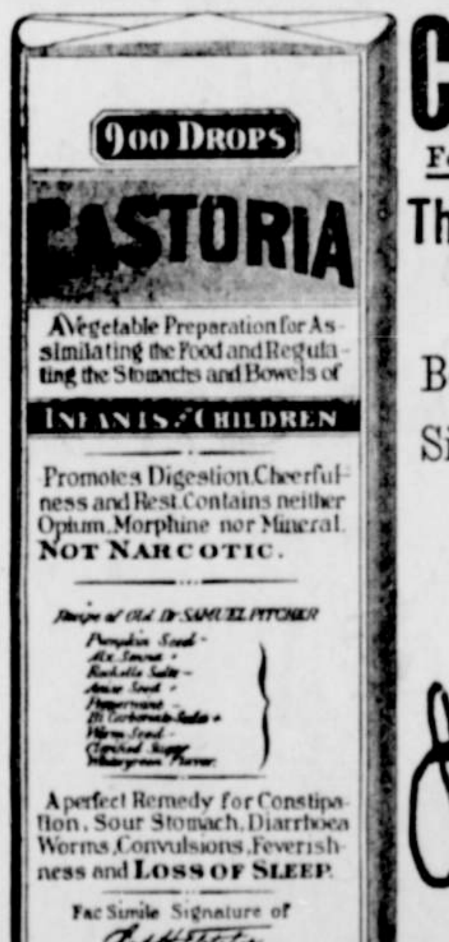
By using my Washing Tablets. No acids. Send 50 cents for package sufficient for 3 months, with full directions. Agents wanted.
W. O. POWELL,
Box 606, Portland, Oregon.

IN YOUR POCKET!

You Find the Difference between sickly, lousy chickens and healthy, contented fowls. One brings no money to your pocket, the other means money to your purse. Which will you have?

Groesbeck's Lice Killer Save Your Chickens. is a liquid to paint or spray the roosts, quickly destroying all lice. The price is nothing in comparison to the good it will do. Feed Groesbeck's Egg Producer and Health Food to the chickens—prevents mortality. Pullets begin laying when five or six months old. 25 to 50 per cent. more eggs produced.

PORTLAND SEED CO., 135 Front Street, Portland, Or. Coast Agents.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.50 UNION MADE.

Sold by 63 Douglas Stores in American cities, and the best retail shoe dealers everywhere.

Caution! The genuine have W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on the bottom.

Notice increase of sales in table below:

1898 = 748,706 Pairs.
1899 = 898,183 Pairs.
1900 = 1,259,754 Pairs.
1901 = 1,566,720 Pairs.

Business More Than Doubled in Four Years.

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