Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—
That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't. The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear. Accept no substitute.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rids the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

Bee Exhibit at World's Fair.

Mayor Swink, of Rocky Ford, Colo., who has perhaps the largest bee plant in America, is going to take his bees to the World's Fair at St. Louis, and they will work there from the time the exposition opens until it closes. Mr. Swink is willing to construct of bee hives a miniature of the Colorado State House at Denver. This will require about 640 hives, and in all about 5,500,000 bees will work.

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

Infelicitous.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal declares that he heard of a young clergyman the other day who startled his hearers by beginning his address at a funeral thus: "While there has been something discovered to relieve the pain of having teeth extracted, there has been nothing discovered as yet to allay the pain of parting with friends by death."

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.

Filth in Public Places.

A writer declares that there is more filth, squalor and general slovenliness in public places and works, in streets, squares, river-sides, docks, roads and bridges in the United States than in any other country of the first or even the second rank. He says that in this respect we rank with Turkey rather than with England or Germany.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Met Their Fate.

"Are you ready?" asked the first man.

"I am," came the answer in a firm tone.

"Then come. We may as well know the worst."

Closing the door behind them, they resolutely descended the stairs.

When they rose from the boarding house table, they agreed that the meal had been no worse than usual.—Judge.

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.

Uncle Hezekiah on Golf.

"I don't see why they call golf a royal and ancient game," remarked the Cohoes philosopher. "I never heard of it till two months ago, an' my folks has lived right in this here country for sixty years. An' as for its bein' royal—it ain't played in a court like tennis—I don't see where thet comes in. An' if it is, it's agin the constitution and the flag.—Judge.

An Infallible Prescription.

Patient—Doctor, tell me something to make the time pass more quickly. Just now it drags so that I have nothing to think of except myself.

Doctor—Indorse a note, falling due in three months for a bit more than your income affords.

One on George.

"And now, George," said the blushing and practical maiden, "since everything is settled and I have consented to share your lot—"

"Yes, darling!"

"Perhaps you'd better see about having a house on it."

Enormous Consumption of Cheese.

Great Britain and Ireland import about 265,000,000 pounds of cheese annually. Canada supplies about 60 per cent of the whole.

ECZEMA'S ITCH IS TORTURE.

Eczema is caused by an acid humor in the blood coming in contact with the skin and producing great redness and inflammation; little pustular eruptions form and discharge a thin, sticky fluid, which dries and scales off; sometimes the skin is hard, dry and fissured. Eczema in any form is a tormenting, stubborn disease, and the itching and burning at times are almost unbearable; the acid burning humor seems to ooze out and set the skin on fire. Salves, washes nor other external applications do any real good, for as long as the poison remains in the blood it will keep the skin irritated.

BAD FORM OF TETTER.

"For three years I had Tetter on my hands, which caused them to swell to twice their natural size. Part of the time the disease was in the form of running sores, very painful, and causing me much discomfort. Four doctors said the Tetter had progressed too far to be cured, and they could do nothing for me. I took only three bottles of S. S. S. and was completely cured. This was fifteen years ago, and I have never since seen any sign of my old trouble."—Mrs. L. B. Jackson, 1414 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

S. S. S. neutralizes this acid poison, cools the blood and restores it to a healthy, natural state, and the rough, unhealthy skin becomes soft, smooth and clear.

SSS cures Tetter, Erysipelas, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and all skin diseases due to a poisoned condition of the blood. Send for our book and write us about your case. Our physicians have made these diseases a life study, and can help you by their advice; we make no charge for this service. All correspondence is conducted in strictest confidence.

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 25 CTS.

WHICH ARE YOU?

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.
Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half-bad, and the bad are half-good.
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.
Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift, and the people who lean.
Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.
And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Rummage Romance

WHEN energetic Mrs. John Andrews, who had been unanimously elected general manager of the rummage sale, came in the course of her canvassing to Miss Hunter's house, she hesitated at the gate, and finally walked slowly on. But she went only a few steps, then turned abruptly round, walked quickly back, opened the gate with a decided hand, and, without giving herself time to change her mind, stepped firmly up the path and knocked sharply on the door.

"Almira Hunter has been let alone longer than is good for anybody," she said to herself. "She used to be real active in church affairs, and there's no reason why she shouldn't be now. It's unchristianlike to let her ostracize herself as she has done of late years."

Miss Almira looked not a little surprised to see Mrs. Andrews, who had been one of her intimate friends in former years, standing once more on her doorstep, but she said quite simply and cordially:

"RELICS OF HAPPIER DAYS."

"Why, Mary, how do you do? It's a long time since you've been to see me."

"No longer than since you've been to see me," chided Mrs. Andrews gently, when she was seated in the cozy dining room. "But we simply can't get along without you any longer, Almira. I've come to get you to help us."

When the explanation of the rummage sale was finished, Miss Hunter sat silent in her chair, gazing reflectively out across the meadows which rolled away to the south.

"I do not think I can come to help you sell the things, but I will 'rummage' and send or bring you the spoils. Will that do?"

And Mrs. Andrews was well content with her partial victory.

When her visitor had gone, Miss Almira slowly climbed the stairs to her attic and reluctantly opened a trunk which had long been closed. It cost her a pang to look again on these relics of happier days. With reverent fingers she took out one garment after another, examined and laid it aside. Here was a dress of her mother's—no, she could not give them that. Here was the coat her father had worn in the war—every thread of it was dear to the patriotism within her. Here was a dress of her own youth, a delicate sprigged muslin; how well she remembered the first time she had worn it! Caleb had admired it and that night as she stood a moment at the gate with him he had touched it timidly, caressingly, and said:

"You are prettier than ever to-night, Mira."

What had come between them? Why had he never answered her last letter? How happy she had been when he wrote asking her to be his wife! She had the letter still, laid away among her most cherished possessions. But she never looked at it now; there was no need; every word, even the shape of every letter, was engraved upon her heart.

"Dear Mira," (so the letter ran), "you must know what I tried to find words to say the last time we met. I couldn't put it as I wanted to then, and I can't now, so I must just tell you that I love you, Mira, darling. I love you and want you to be my wife. Will you? You will thing this a short, abrupt letter, but when the heart would be most eloquent the tongue is silent and the pen refuses to be fluent. Thus it is with my pen to-night. It will write nothing but what has rung in my thoughts a long, long time; Mira, I love you, I love you, I love you, over and over again. Write to me, dear, and tell me, if you can (and oh, I hope you can!), that I have not been deceived in thinking you not quite indifferent to me. Yours, for life, death and forever, Caleb Thomas."

She had answered his letter. Yes, she had answered it with words that came straight from her heart, and told him of the love she bore him, and that she would be proud and happy to be his wife. And—that was all. He had never written to her again, and when he came back to Brentley they had met as though his letter had never been written and answered.

She raised her head wearily and continued her search. At last she found a coat that had belonged to her brother George (married now and living in a distant state), and several other garments with which she could part, and making them into a parcel sent them with one or two articles of furniture and various other things to the hall where the rummage sale was to be held.

It was on the evening of this bright October day that the sale was to commence. The town had been ransacked from end to end, a little judicious advertising done, all the articles collected and arranged, and now, with a sigh of relief and anticipation, the maids and matrons of Brentley stood and looked a moment on the work of their hands ere they went home to snatch a hasty supper before returning for the opening of the sale in the evening.

Among those who dropped in that evening to "see how the women folks were getting along," was Caleb Thomas. He passed down the hall, exchanging a pleasant word with an acquaintance here and there and amusedly inspecting the heterogeneous conglomeration of donations, until he came to a counter presided over by the daughter of an old friend, who laughingly challenged him to pick from her stock in trade the style which suited him best. She had charge of a part of the clothing and merrily exhibited her assortment, commenting gaily on each. At last she held up a coat in the style of twenty years ago. "See," she said gleefully, "Miss Almira Hunter sent this in; how old-fashioned it is! One would think it came over in the Mayflower and hadn't seen the light of day since; and, indeed, it must have been laid away for ever so long, for she—"

"I'll take it," interrupted Caleb shortly. "How much is it?"

"Fifty cents," was the wondering answer. The girl watched him with perplexed, musing eyes as he threw the coat over his arm and made his way straight to the door. She wondered if there was any truth in the gossip she had heard but hardly heeded, which called him an old lover of Miss Hunter's.

Meanwhile Caleb Thomas took his way homeward, the coat pressed tightly to his side. Once in a while he stroked it tenderly, almost timidly—it was something Mira had touched.

Arrived at his bachelor home, he spread his purchase on a chair and sat down facing it. Somehow, the sight of something connected with her brought thronging back the old pain, the old question, "Why?" Why had she never broken her proud silence?

With the question still echoing in h's heart he took the coat and slowly put it on. It fitted well. He remembered that her brother George had been about his size. He ran his hand over it in an awkward masculine way, patting it abstractedly. Suddenly, near one of the pockets, something rustled. He felt in the pocket, but there was nothing there. Still the rustling continued when he touched that part of the coat. It occurred to him that there must be something between the cloth and the lining, and searching carefully he found a rip and drew out—a letter, sealed, stamped, but not postmarked, and addressed to himself in a hand that sent a thrill along every nerve. Slowly and wonderingly he broke the seal and glanced at the date. It was 1882. He rubbed his eyes as if in a dream. What did it mean?

Suddenly, like a flash of light, it was all clear to him. Here was the answer to the why, the long-delayed answer to his letter. She had given it to George to post, and George (he was always a careless boy) had slipped it into his pocket and forgotten it, and it had worked its way through the rip and lain for twenty long years between the cloth and lining. And, miracle of miracles! It had at last been delivered to its rightful owner.

He finished the letter, folded it carefully, and replacing it in its envelope put it back in his pocket. Forgetting that he still wore the old coat, for now his only thought was to get to Mira, he strode out into the night and hurried, almost ran, down the village street.

There was a light in Miss Hunter's sitting room, where she sat trying to read. But she could not concentrate her thoughts upon her book; they would turning again and again to Caleb Thomas.

Suddenly there was a step at the outer door, the latch clicked sharply, and someone stepped toward the inner room. Then Caleb Thomas stood before her.

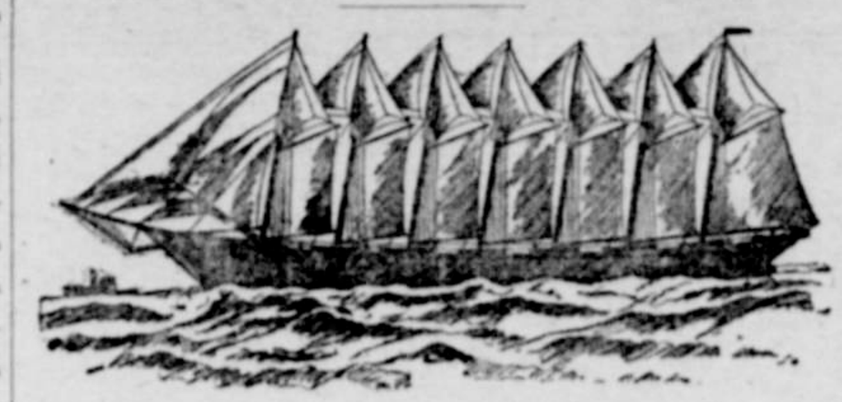
"Mira!" he said simply, "Mira!"

Miss Hunter started to her feet, pale, trembling, speechless. Caleb fumbled in the pocket of the old coat and drew out the letter, her letter, so old and yet so new.

"See, dear," he said, "I found it in the coat you sent to the rummage sale and which I bought because you had touched it. Oh, Mira, say that you mean it still. Say that you will—"

He stopped suddenly, for with a great cry of joy she swayed forward and would have fallen but for the hungry arms which caught her and drew her home to his breast at last.—Farm and Home.

THE BIGGEST SAILING VESSEL AFLOAT.



The Thomas W. Lawson, the first seven-masted schooner ever built, the first steel schooner ever constructed in America, and the biggest sailing vessel afloat, has been launched at the yards of the Fore River Ship and Engine Company at Quincy, Mass. Her cost is $250,000 and her building occupied eight months. She is owned by a syndicate headed by Capt. John G. Crowley, and will be used first in the coastwise coal-carrying trade, and it is expected that later she may be sent to the Philippines.

The Lawson is the first of an entirely new type of schooner; indeed, she might almost be called the pioneer of a new kind of merchantman. She is not only the largest sailing vessel in the world and the first American schooner built of steel, but she is the first sailor to be also equipped with steam as a means of meeting the competition of steam freight carriers. The crew expense has been cut practically in half by the introduction of engines to manage all the sails, to handle the enormous anchors and to do the stevedore work. She is lighted by electricity, and steered by steam and equipped with a telephone system.

Sixteen men, including the captain, the engineers and the cook, will be the seven-master's full complement, while a square-rigger of even less cargo capacity—the Lawson's is 8,100 tons—could not get along with fewer than thirty-five or forty hands.

The Thomas W. Lawson measures 403 feet over all, but her steel spike bowsprit is 85 feet long, and from its tip to the end of the aftermast boom is nearly 500 feet. On the water line her length is 368 feet, while her beam measurement is 50 feet, her depth 34 feet 5 inches, and her loaded draft 26½ feet.

A NOTED EDUCATOR.

Dr. Charles Kendall Adams, Who Died Recently in California.

The recent death in California of Dr. Charles Kendall Adams, formerly president of the University of Wisconsin, removed one of the most gifted and progressive educators in the United States. Dr. Adams had been ill for several months and death came as a relief. His death was due to Bright's disease.

Charles Kendall Adams was born in Vermont in 1835, and was reared in a family where intellectual strength was more conspicuous than worldly wealth. He entered the public schools at Derby, Vt., but at the age of 20, when his parents removed to Iowa, he was still undecided whether his life work would be as a student or a factor in the commercial world. At 21 he definitely determined to fit himself for college, and in the summer of 1856 began to study Latin and Greek at Denmark Academy under the instruction of Rev. H. K. Edson. In September, 1857, he was admitted to the University of Michigan, and literally, so far as finances were concerned, worked his way through that college.

He became interested in historical studies and took a post-graduate course in that line. At the same time he became assistant librarian of the university and had charge of one of the lower classes in history. It was 1864 before he began to reap a reward for his labors. He then received an appointment as instructor of history and Latin, and a year later he became an assistant professor. When Prof. White resigned in 1867 to take the presidency of the Cornell Prof. Adams became a full professor of history of the University of Michigan, and found his reputation for scholarship made.

DR. CHARLES K. ADAMS.

Other universities and colleges sought him, but he remained with the University of Michigan until called to the presidency of Cornell, a position which he held for seven years. At Cornell he devoted himself largely to consolidating and reorganizing many departments, with such success that the teaching staff rose from 54 to 135 and the students enrolled from 573 to 1,506.

On January 17, 1893, Prof. Adams was inaugurated president of the University of Wisconsin at Madison, and held that position until last year, when failing health compelled his resignation. In degrees he received that of LL. D. from the University of Chicago in 1878 and from Harvard in 1886.

Prof. Adams was the author of Democracy and Monarchy in France, which attracted much attention and was translated into German. He was a capital organizer, strong-willed and purposeful. He gave the University of Wisconsin a national education and increased its business strength manifold. Besides his contributions to American and foreign reviews he wrote Representative British Orations and a number of historical contributions to current literature.

Love's young dream is all right until the matrimonial alarm clock goes off and causes a rude awakening.

AN ITALIAN CAPTAIN

Cured by Pe-ru-na of Catarrh of the Stomach After Doctors Failed.

CAPTAIN O. BERTOLETTO.

Captain O. Bertoletto of the Italian Barque "Lincelles," in a recent letter from the chief office of the Italian Barque Lincelles, Pensacola, Fla., writes:

"I have suffered for several years with chronic catarrh of the stomach. The doctors prescribed for me without my receiving the least benefit. Through one of your pamphlets I began the use of Peruna, and two bottles have entirely cured me. I recommend Peruna to all my friends."—O. Bertoletto.

In catarrh of the stomach, as well as cactarrh of any other part of the body, Peruna is the remedy. As has often been said, if Peruna will cure catarrh in one part, it will cure catarrh in any other part of the body.

Catarrh is catarrh wherever it is located, and the remedy that will cure it anywhere will cure it everywhere.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, 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.

Customer—When was this chicken killed?

Waiter—We don't furnish dates with chicken, sir. Only bread and butter.

The Place to Show It.

Tess—I suppose she'll go to the mountains this summer, as usual.

Jess—Oh, no! She has become quite plump, and has developed a good figure.

Tess—Well?

Jess—She'll go to the seashore, of course.—Philadelphia Press.

Cruel Cuckoo.

"Ah, Miss Breeze," began the romantic young man, "I adore the beautiful. I am a lover of poetry. I am a—"

"Cuckoo!" interrupted a small voice in the clock. And then the romantic young man bit his tongue.

Took Him Up.

Sandy Pikes—What did de lady say when yer told her yer was an old acrobat?

Billy Coalgate—She told me to go out to de woodpile and do de split.

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Must Bear Signature of
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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.
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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
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FOR SALLOW SKIN.
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GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.
Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Mitchell Wagon.

Best on Earth—
Because it is made of the best material possible to buy. The manufacturers absolutely pay 25 to 50 per cent above the market price of best grades of wagon timber for the privilege of culling over and skimming off the cream of the wagon stock, which is carried for 4 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?
Why—not get the best?—A. MITCHELL.
Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co.
Portland. Seattle. Spokane. Boise.
Agents Everywhere.

Lost Hair
"My hair came out by the handful, and the gray hairs began to creep in. I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it stopped the hair from coming out and restored the color."—Mrs. M. D. Gray, No. Salem, Mass.
There's a pleasure in offering such a preparation as Ayer's Hair Vigor. It gives to all who use it such satisfaction. The hair becomes thicker, longer, softer, and more glossy. And you feel so secure in using such an old and reliable preparation. $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.

FOR SALE.
One Second Hand Nichols & Shepard Separator, size 40-60, with wind stacker, only run 40 days; a bargain. Inquire of
JOHN POOLE,
Foot Morrison St., Portland, Or.

You don't know what Good Spices are unless you have tried
MONOPOLE!
From your grocer. If he doesn't handle them we'll send a sample for his name and a stamp.
WADHAMS & KERR BROS., Portland

Old Indian War Pensions
Congress has just passed a law granting pensions to the survivors and to the widows of deceased soldiers of the Oregon, Washington and California Indian wars of 1847 to 1856. Full information will be sent by Byington & Wilson, No. 728 Seventeenth Street, Washington, D. C., or Branch office No. 442 Parrott building, San Francisco, Cal. Fees limited by law.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 & $3.50 SHOES UNION MADE
W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world.
W. L. Douglas made and sold more men's Goodyear Welt (Hand Sewed Process) shoes in the first six months of 1902 than any other manufacturer.
$10,000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can disprove this statement.
W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED.
1899 sales, 1st 6 months, $1,103,820; 1902 sales, 1st 6 months, $2,340,000.
Best imported and American leathers, Heyl'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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N. P. N. U. No. 34—1903.

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E. J. BOWEN, Coast Agents, Portland, Ore., and Seattle, Wash.

DEATH

begins in the bowels. It's the unclean places that breed infectious epidemics, and it's the unclean body—unclean inside—that "catches" the disease. A person whose stomach and bowels are kept clean and whose liver is lively, and blood pure, is safe against yellow fever, or any other of the dreadful diseases that desolate our beautiful land. Some of the cleanest people outside are filthiest inside, and they are the ones who not only "catch" the infections, but endanger the lives of all their friends and relatives. There's only one certain way of keeping clean inside so as to prevent disease and that is to take CASCARETS. Perfect disinfectant and bowel strengtheners. All diseases are

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10c. 25c. 50c. ALL DRUGGISTS.
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CURE all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, sallow complexion and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are getting sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It is a starter for the chronic ailments and long years of suffering that come afterwards. No matter what ails you, start taking CASCARETS to-day, for you will never get well and be well all the time until you put your bowels right. Take our advice; start with CASCARETS to-day, under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded.

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