Economy

Is a strong point with Hood's Sarsaparilla. A bottle lasts longer and does more good than any other. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

HER FRIENDS.

Black Mammy Wouldn't Have Her Dogs Sent to the Pound.

Among the prisoners taken into a Southern police court the other day was an old colored woman who had been arrested for failure to provide tags for her two dogs. When questioned by the court she answered that she was old and poor, and had not been able to get money for the license tax.

"But you know that it is against the law for dogs to go without tags," the judge reminded her, "and I shall have to sentence you——"

"I know it," she interrupted, humbly. "I couldn't help it."

"Unless," the judge continued, "the dogs are sent to the pound. In that case you will be dismissed."

But the old woman looked at him, her wrinkled face full of distress. "I cahn't do that, I cahn't!" she cried. And then she told her story. Her dogs were her only friends, her only protection. They were such beautiful dogs, and one was named for her husband, and the other one was so knowing and could stand on his hind legs, just like a man! She could not let anything happen to her dogs. She would go to prison herself instead.

There was nothing to do but accept her decision. The judge reluctantly pronounced sentence—six dollars' fine or nine days in the workhouse, and when the session was over she marched quietly with the other prisoners out to the van. Nobody had the heart to tell her that before she came out of the workhouse her dogs would probably be dead; or if not, that she would undoubtedly be arrested again. After all, something might happen. In a police court even more than in other places, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Something did happen. A newspaper reporter got hold of the story, and it came out in that night's paper. It was told very badly, not "worked up" at all; but the American public is quick to read between the lines, and before the next morning the money for the old "aunty's" release and the tax for her dogs had been offered many times over. She who had thought her dogs her only friends suddenly found a score of warm hearts at the service of her need.

It is a pretty story and a not uncommon one. It is safe to say that no case of need is ever made known to the public that help is not immediately and eagerly offered. But reporters are not always at hand, and sometimes the friendless ones come to our very door. Are we as quick to see them then, or do we wait for others to point the way to us?—Youth's Companion.

Russia's Lack of Statesmen.

As a matter of fact, there has not been a statesman of the first class in Russia since Peter the Great, and none of the second class unless Nesselrode and the first Emperor Nicholas are to be excepted. To consider Prince Gortchakoff a great chancellor on account of his elaborate dispatches is absurd. To call him a great statesman, in the time of Cavour, Bismarck, Lincoln and Seward, is preposterous. Whatever growth Russia has made in the last forty years has been mainly in spite of the men who have posed before the world as her statesmen: the atmosphere of Russian autocracy is fatal to greatness in her public men.—Century.

Are Visiting Lists Too Long?

Mrs. De Fashion (average society lady making her round of calls owing to average society friends)—Is Mrs. Wiggins-Van Mortlande at home?

Servant—No, madam, she's——

Mrs. De Fashion—Please hand her my card when she returns.

Servant—She won't return, madam. She was buried a month ago.

The Water Clock.

About 150 B. C. there was a water clock in use in Italy, Greece and Egypt. The water escaped from a jar and fell into a receptacle beneath, in which floated a small oar, which, by its rising on the water, pointed out the hours.

DREAD OF HUMANITY

I am compelled by a sense of gratitude to tell you the great good your remedy has done me in a case of Contagious Blood Poison. Among other symptoms I was severely afflicted with Rheumatism, and got almost past going. The disease got a firm hold upon my system; my blood was thoroughly poisoned with the virus. I lost in weight, was run down, had sore throat, eruptions, splotches and other evidences of the disease. I was truly in a bad shape when I began the use of S. S. S., but the persistent use of it brought me out of my trouble safe and sound, and I have the courage to publicly testify to the virtues of your great blood remedy, S. S. S., and to recommend it to all blood-poison sufferers, sincerely believing if it is taken according to directions, and given a fair trial, it will thoroughly eliminate every particle of the virus. JAMES CURRAN.

Stark Hotel, Greensburg, Pa.

Painful swellings in the groins, red eruptions upon the skin, sores in the mouth and loss of hair and eyebrows, are some of the symptoms of this vile disease. S. S. S. is an antidote for the awful virus that attacks and destroys even the bones. S. S. S. contains no Mercury, Potash or other mineral ingredient. We offer $1,000 for proof that it is not absolutely vegetable. Home treatment book giving the symptoms and other interesting and valuable information about this disease, mailed free. Our physicians advise free those who write us.

SSS

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Humorous

Ella—What nice hair Bella has. Stella—Well, a woman is a fool to buy an inferior article—Town Topics.

The Lady—That isn't the same story you told me before. The Beggar—No, lady; you didn't believe the other one.—Ex.

He—Can't we just quietly separate without getting a formal divorce? She—But I'm already engaged to another.—Life.

"Is your wife economical?" "Very. She can fix over a ten-dollar hat for $15 so it will look just as good as a new one."—Puck.

Big Brother—Now, Willie, you must give me the larger half of the apple, because mamma says we mustn't be greedy.—Harper's Bazaar.

"How are you making out in writting for the magazines?" "Just holding my own. They send me back as much as I send them."—Detroit Free Press.

Uncle Josh—"Most every official that amounts to anything has to file an annual report. Uncle Hiram—Yes; an' I guess that's about all some of 'em do.—Puck.

Tourist—I say, guide, what does that memorial stone commemorate? Guide—I put it there. It was upon that spot a tourist once gave me five francs.—Tit-Bits.

Meekly—Yes, we're going to move to Swamphurst. Doctor—But the climate there may disagree with your wife, Meekly—It wouldn't dare!—Philadelphia Press.

Nell—Mr. Krammerer is so kind. He said I took a very pretty and very artistic picture. Bell—Indeed? And whose picture did you take, dear?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lady—Very healthy place, is it? Have you any idea what the death-rate is here? Caretaker—Well, mum, I can't 'xactly say; but it's about one apiece all round.—Punch.

Mrs. Smith—I'd like to sell you a ticket, sir. We're getting up a raffle for a poor sailor. Mr. Krusty—Not to me. I wouldn't know what to do with a sailor if I won him.—Ex.

"Most divorces are caused by a very common mistake." "What is it?" "Many a man in love only with a dimple or a curl makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl."—Life.

Clarinda—Aren't you allowed to keep a dog in your new flat? Florinda—No, we had to give Fido away; but Jack had his dear little bark put in our phonograph.—Journal Amusant.

Ida—Are they really so rich? May—I should say so. When they slipped several spoons and saucers into their grips the hotel clerk said it was merely the souvenir hobby.—Chicago News.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the first moth, "here's a fine prospect of starving to death!" "How so?" inquired the other one. "There's nothing in this box we're locked up in but a bathing-suit.—Ex.

Miss Passay—You may sneer at pet dogs, but they're faithful, anyway. I'd rather kiss a good dog than some men. Mr. Sharpe—Well, well, some men are born lucky.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Edith—Is it true, Dolly, that Larkin kissed you before he picked you up in that runaway? Dolly—Yes, dear; you know he is studying to be a doctor, and that was first aid to the injured.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Photographer—I would suggest that you relax the features a little and assume a more pleasing expression. Mrs. Vick-Senn—I suppose I can do it if you insist, but I can tell you right now it won't look like me.—Chicago Tribune.

"What," asked the female-suffrage advocate with the square chin, "has become of our manly men?" "Some of them," replied the meek and lowly citizen, "have married womanly women, and are now engaged in raising childish children."—Chicago News.

Uncle George—I have read your article over, and I must say it shows a great deal of originality. Arthur—Thanks, I'm sure! I flattered myself there were some ideas in it. Uncle George—I was not speaking of the composition, but of the spelling.—Boston Transcript.

It was on the old camp ground. "Pass de hat," suggested Bruddah Wheatly. But the parson raised his hand. "No, sah," he shouted, "dere'll be no hats about it. Pass a tin box wid a chain to it. De last time a hat was passed around heah it nevah came back, and I had to go home bareheaded."—Chicago News.

"I must have a new gown and coat at once." "Great thunderation, woman, how can you ask for a gown and coat when you have to testify in my bankruptcy hearing next week?" "I simply have to have them. Do you think I can face the people in the courtroom when I am wearing my old clothes?"—Indianapolis Sun.

Fond Mother—You will be 5 years old to-morrow, Willie, and I want to give you a real birthday treat. Tell me what you would like better than anything else. Willie (after thinking earnestly for five minutes)—Bring me a whole box of chocolate creams, mother, and ask Tommy Smith to come in and watch me eat 'em.—Youth.

Mr. Uggy—Don't you remember, dear, when your father forbade me the house? Mrs. Uggy—Yes, and when mother wouldn't let me out of her sight for a moment? Mr. Uggy—And I made up my mind to go off and die? Mrs. Uggy—Yes, and I scared father into thinking I was in a decline? Both Together—Weren't those happy days? —Tit-Bits.

Effectual Way.

"I thought Smeargle was a friend of yours."

"He was until lately. I had to drop him. He was always wanting to borrow money."

"Refused him sharply, did you?"

"No; I lent him some."—Chicago Tribune.

Be good to those who are sick. It may be your turn next, and your goodness will insure good care for you when you are flat on your back.

Ayer's

Don't try cheap cough medicines. Get the best, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. What a record it has, sixty years of

Cherry Pectoral

cures! Ask your doctor if he doesn't use it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

"I have found that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best medicine I can prescribe for bronchitis, influenza, coughs, and hard colds."
M. LOCKMAN, M.D., Ithaca, N. Y.

50c. 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for **Bronchitis**

Correct any tendency to constipation with small doses of Ayer's Pills.

Both Laughed.

How a railway porter gave a Roland for a passenger's Oliver is related in the following tale:

"A few weeks ago," he says, "a gentleman came up to me on the arrival of an express, and said he had changed at such-and-such a junction, and he could not find his luggage in the van.

"That's all right, sir," I said; "the train divides into two halves at the junction. You've come on by the first half; your luggage will come on by the second. I've known many a case."

"You're wrong, porter," said the traveler; "it was not a case, it was a portmanteau."

"And," added the porter, "he went away with a grin which made me fairly mad. In a quarter of an hour or so, though," he continued, "the gentleman came back, and said to me:

"'Porter, how long will that second train of yours be?'

"'Twelve coaches and an engine,' I replied.

"We both laughed that time."

Everyday Swindlers.

"There it goes again," said the trolley conductor as he rang the bell to let off a passenger who had only ridden for a square.

"You'd be astonished," continued the knight of the bell strap, "to know how many people try to beat the trolley for a free ride when they want to make a call a square or two away from home.

"They hop on the car, wait till it has started and then want to know if the car doesn't go to some place which they know it doesn't come within a mile of. In this way they get their ride for nothing and go on their way in the belief that they have fooled the conductor."—Philadelphia Press.

TO AWAKEN WHEN YOU WISH.

Simple Plan Which Requires No Alarm Clock to Be Set.

We hear it frequently asserted that if persons will impress the thought firmly upon their minds and continue thinking about it until they have fallen asleep that they desire to awake at a certain hour in the morning, they will do it without fail, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. But how many people have tried this method of insuring a prompt awakening at a given hour in the morning only to find their rest throughout the night disturbed and uneasy?

The brain will usually respond to the will and awaken one in the morning near the desired hour under any circumstances, but to prevent the unbroken, uneasy sleep the adoption of only a very simple device is necessary. The last thing before getting into bed, take a watch or clock and turn the hands to the hour at which one wishes to rise and gaze at this just long enough to fix the hour firmly on the retentive memory. Then, if no other absorbing thoughts intervene between that and the moment one is locked in slumber, the night's rest will be easy and unbroken and promptly at the hour in the morning, as a rule, one will find one's self released from sleep and wide awake.

There is no need to keep thinking of the hour continually for a number of minutes, no need to repeat it over and over in the mind; all that makes the brain uneasy and results in the disturbed slumber. Simply look at the watch or clock, as I have indicated, and the influence of the mind over matter will be clearly demonstrated in the morning. Try it some night and observe how smoothly this psychological fact works.

Sign of the Three Balls.

The three balls used by pawnbrokers are the symbol of St. Nicholas. There is a legend to the effect that the saint once offered three purses of gold to three women to enable them to marry. The purses of those days were small bags, which when tied at the top to keep in the coins somewhat resembled balls.

A great deal of sympathy is given a preacher because he doesn't always get his salary. Transfer it to his wife, who works twice as hard, and is not supposed to get anything but board and clothes, and a chance to praise the Lord.

Selecting a School

For the Study of BOOKKEEPING or SHORTHAND is important. We can show results, for every one of our graduates are employed.

Write for our Catalogue

HOLMES BUSINESS COLLEGE

Y. M. C. A. Bldg. PORTLAND, ORE.

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

A PERSIAN TRAGEDY.

Sublime Courage by Which Princess Salome Escaped Her Master.

James Baker, a well known traveler and writer, tells a curious story of a war 100 years ago. The Persian shah was besieging Tiflis, and the husband of the Princess Salome had been slain in the siege. When the Persians entered and sacked the town Salome tried to save her young son, but he was torn from her arms and hacked in pieces before her eyes. Her own life was spared and she was borne to the camp outside the walls of Tiflis to the shah. He sold her to Djafar Bek, who shut her up in a castle—a part of which still remains—near where now is the lovely tropical botanical garden of Tiflis. Charmed by her beauty, he asked her to become his wife. She refused and begged her purchaser to slay her. The Persian gave her a night to reconsider the matter and on the next day he lay reclining on a great cushion under a tree on that hot, sunny hillside and awaited her answer. Presently she appeared before him, veiled in a long, pure white robe, calm and stately, her face deathly pale. She advanced, her armed jailers following her. The Persian waved his followers aside and asked the princess, "You consent to be my wife?" "Yes," was the solemn answer. "I consent to love you, for after the death of my husband and son it is my destiny, there is no other fate for me.

"In Georgia," said the princess, "there are certain families that possess strange powers and dark secrets. My mother foretold I should be the wife of a Djafar, and from my mother I, too, receive these powers to read the future." The Persian was impressed by her manner and her presence. She saw her power. "Give me your hand," she said. "Let me read there if I shall have long years of happiness with you." He held forth his hand. She held it until it slightly trembled in her fingers. Then she burst forth with a cry of horror, "Oh, my master, knowest thou that death awaits thee, perchance this very night?" Djafar Bek trembled now. "Thou wilt die by the hand of a man thou hast this day offended." "Is it by Assa Dhoulla Bek?" he asked. "We quarreled to-day and about you. He would have bought you." "Oh, my master," exclaimed Salome, "to save thee I must have some object upon which he has looked to-day then I can avert this evil and make his arms useless against thee."

"What! You can do this?" exclaimed Djafar incredulously. "Most certainly. Give me your dagger." He drew it and handed it to her. She held it up and, looking up to the blue heavens above, murmured a prayer; then, handing it back to him said: "Now it is useless. It can slay no one." He looked at her unbelievingly. "Try it," she exclaimed. "Strike here!" He struck the blow where her finger rested full upon her heart. The keen blade went swiftly home, and she fell at his feet, exclaiming, "O, God, receive my soul!" Then she lay dead.

AT THE STAMP WINDOW.

Stingy Man Wants to Beat the Postoffice System Out of 1 Cent.

The new books that give general postal information for the public and are distributed free to purchasers of stamps at the various branch postoffices, are of value to all interested in mailing matter of any kind. That many are ignorant of common things was clearly shown at the stamp window over which John G. Wendle at times presides, at the Brooklyn postoffice.

A man stepped up to the window with one of the Sunday papers, including the various supplements, ready for mailing, and asked the cost. As it proved to weigh eight ounces or over the four ounces for which a paper may be sent as second class matter, he was told it would cost 2 cents.

"It's an outrage to make me pay postage on so many sheets of advertising. I'll take them out, and that will bring it down in weight, I guess," said the man complacently, as he got a piece of brown paper into which he wrapped the reading matter in the paper. He didn't know that this made it third class matter, but it did, and Wendle told him that being miscellaneous printed matter and weighing over six ounces it would cost 2 cents, or a cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. This staggered the man, who then said:

"All I want to send is a paragraph, so far as that is concerned. I can cut out and send it in a 1-cent unsealed envelope. Give me one."

It was given to him and as he laid down a cent for it, Mr. Wendle said, in the tone he uses toward young women who want stamps with vanilla flavored gum:

"That will cost you 2 cents. One for the stamp and one for the envelope."

"Well, I'm done for," said the man as he threw down the other cent. "I've lost a quarter's time in trying to beat the postoffice system and am just where I began." Then Mr. Wendle handed to him one of the new books, and with a pleasant smile said:

"When you want to be sure before-hand, and don't want to bother the stamp clerk, read this."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Knew What It Meant.

"Hello, Uncle John," exclaimed the village nephew, as he warmly grasped the old farmer's hand. "I'm awfully glad to see you looking so well. How is my good aunt and dear little cousins——"

"Here, boy," interrupted the wise old ruralite, as he pulled out his pocketbook, "how much do you need this time?"

Rip Van Winkle Libelled.

Rip Van Winkle had just been taking a nap. Placing a hand upon his beard, he murmured drowsily, "How this grows on me." After which he fell into a second doze, that he might sleep out the remaining ten years.—Yale Record.

All Off.

Mrs. A.—I sent my daughter to a cooking school to fit her for marriage.

Mrs. B.—Was the experiment a success?

Mrs. A.—No. The man she was engaged to found it out.—Judge.

Nellie Tells How Baby Came.

There's no use of your talking, for
mamma told me so,
And if there's any one that does, my
mamma ought to know;
For she has been to Europe, and seen
the Pope of Rome,
Though she says that was before I came
to live with her at home.

You see, we had no baby, unless you
call me one,
And I have grown so big you know,
'twould have to be in fun.
When I went to see grandma, about
two weeks ago,
And now we've one, a little one, that
squirms and wriggles so.

And mamma says an angel came down
from heaven above,
And brought this baby to her, for she
and me to love;
And its got the cunningest of feet, as
little as can be,
And smiling eyes, and curly hair, and
hands you scarce can see.

And then it never cries a bit, like some
bad babies do;
And papa says it looks like me—I don't
think so, do you?
For I'm a girl, and it's a boy, and boys
I can't endure,
Unless they're babies like our own,
they'll plague and tease you sure.

But you say the angel didn't come, now
you just tell me why;
The Bible says there's angels in heaven,
and that's the sky;
And Christ loves little babies, and God
makes everything,
And if the angel didn't who did our
baby bring?

You can't tell; no I guess you can't, but
mamma ought to know,
For it's her baby, her's and our's, and
mamma told me so;
And they don't make any cunning things
like him on earth, you see;
For no wax doll, with real hair, is half
so nice as he.

I know an angel brought him, and I
think one brought me, too,
Though I don't just now remember, and
so can't tell, can you?
But mamma knows, and this I know, the
baby wasn't home
When I went away, and now he is; if
you want to see him, come.

For mamma says if I am good I can
kiss him every day,
And we'll kiss him now, and then go
out and have a nice long play;
And if anybody asks you how babies
come and go,
Why, tell them it's the angels, for
mamma told me so.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures swealing, hot, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Discretion a Failure.

"I was at the husking bee one day. Great fun."

"Find a red ear?"

"Yes."

"Kiss the prettiest girl?"

"Nope. Didn't dare. All the pretty girls were engaged to husky farmers."

"What did you do?"

"Kissed the homeliest girl."

"Did that give satisfaction?"

"Not a bit of it. Each of the husky farmers felt that I had personally snubbed his best girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

She Let Him Off.

Wife—My dear, I need a little more of this stuff, and some trimming to match. I wish you would drop into Bigg, Sale & Co.'s and get it.

Husband (a smart fellow)—Let me see. Oh, I know. That's the store where they have so many pretty girls, isn't it?

"Y-e-s."

"Yes, I remember. That blond girl at the trimming counter knows your tastes and will doubtless select just the sort of trimming you want—I mean the girl with the golden hair, alabaster skin, blue eyes and sweet little——"

"There are a number of things I want downtown. Never mind, dear. I'll go and get them myself."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Bad Memories.

Many people complain of having a bad memory, as if it were something they could not help, like a headache, or some similar ailment; yet even that can be helped nowadays by the application of a little common sense. After all, there is no reason why anybody should have a bad memory. It is merely a matter of training and is, moreover, a matter in which it is never too late to attend to its training. For grown-ups many methods are advocated, all of them, no doubt, based on the principle of mental concentration. In a young child the faculty can be cultivated by making the child describe everything it has seen in its morning walk, taking care that no fact is exaggerated, but that strict attention is paid to truth in every detail. In the matter of memorizing it is an excellent plan to let the child learn one line of poetry a day, which it should repeat the following morning, and at the end of a week it will be able to say the seven lines. The young brain should not be overloaded with knowledge, but allowed to assimilate a fragment each day.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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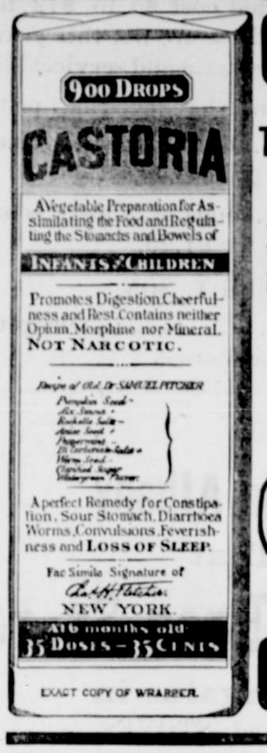

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Willowware Industry.

In ten years Maryland has jumped from fifth to third place in the willowware industry of the United States, ranking now next to New York and Pennsylvania. Baltimore is one of the three willow-ware centers which only have shown any actual growth in the business. In Maryland the center of the willow district lies in Howard County. In the neighborhood of Elkridge alone the output of willow exceeds $5,000 per annum, while Anne Arundel County contributes $2,500.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Perfectly Satisfied.

Crack Boat Builder—Ah! How de do, Mr. Richman? How did that rowboat I made you last summer suit?

Mr. Richman—Perfectly!

"Ah! I'm glad to hear it. I always like to give satisfaction. Suited perfectly, eh?"

"Yes. I left it in front of my boat house all summer, and every scalawag who tried to steal it got upset or drowned."

For coughs and colds there is no better medicine than Piso's Cure for Consumption. Price 25 cents.

Theater-Going Under Difficulties.

Patron—I see you have a notice outside, saying that tickets bought of speculators on the street will be refused at the door.

Theater Ticket Seller—Yes, sir; that is our rule.

"Well, I'll take a ticket for to-night, parquette——"

"Very sorry, sir, but all the tickets have been bought up by speculators!"

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

Natural Preference.

Miss Violet had made a rapid tour of the European continent and found little to impress her, either favorably or otherwise.

"You say you saw all you wanted to of Italy," said a friend, on Miss Violet's return to her native heath in Kansas. "What did you think of the lazzaroni?"

"Don't talk to me about it," said Miss Violet, briskly. "I'd rather have a good dish of plain American macaroni baked with cheese any time!"

MALLEABLE IRON STUMP PULLERS

Fastest, lightest and strongest Stump Puller on the market. Lift heavier power on the sweep with two horses. Write for descriptive catalog and prices.

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Foot of Morrison Street Portland, Oregon

FIRE PROTECTION!

OLDEST HOUSE IN NORTHWEST

Large and complete stock of Fire Apparatus, Hose and Department Supplies. Our goods are in use in nearly every Fire Department.

HEAVY COPPER BRAZED JOINTS, RELIABLE FIRE EXTINGUISHERS

"Babcocks" $20, "Patents" $15, each. These are the standard Extinguishers. Common Extinguishers, with riveted joints, $12 each. A. G. LONG, Portland, Or.

Ferry's Seeds

are known by what they have grown. For half a century they have been the standard—haven't failed once to produce bigger, better crops than any others. Sold by all dealers. 1905 Seed Annual free to all applicants.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Dr. C. Gee Wo

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 these herbs he 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 stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. Address

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P N U No. 2—1905

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From cold, hard labor or exercise, relaxes the stiffness and the soreness disappears.

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"DIDN'T HURT A BIT" IS WHAT THEY SAY

Of Our Method of Extracting Teeth.

DR. T. F. WISE.

DR. W. A. WISE.

If your plate fails when eating or talking by using our vacuum valve we can make you one that will be satisfactory. We do work for people from out of the city quickly, so that you will not be delayed.

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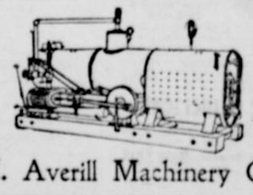

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