How Many Birthdays?

You must have had sixty at least! What? Only forty? Then it must be your gray hair. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops these frequent birthdays. It gives all the early, deep, rich color to gray hair, and checks falling hair. And it keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"I was greatly troubled with dandruff which produced a most disagreeable itching of the scalp. I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and the dandruff soon disappeared. My hair also stopped falling out until now I have a splendid head of hair."—DAVID C. KIRK, Fairfield, Conn.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

By the Hour.

In these days the rich and the poor both appreciate the services of the trained nurse, but until within a comparatively short time the more well-to-do member of society has not had the opportunity to enjoy one branch of her professional ministrations. Now, however, the hourly nurse is becoming an important member of society. Among the poor, says the Boston Transcript, the district nurse comes in by the day or hour, as the case demands; in the families of those in more comfortable circumstances, the ordinary trained nurse is usually engaged by the week, and she rarely cares to go for a shorter time.

The hourly nurse, who has had the same training, holds herself ready to answer calls at all times, for one, two, three or twenty-four hours, as the case may be. She assists doctors in minor operations, goes each day to change the dressings, and makes it easier for the family to care for the patient during the rest of the day.

Again, in these days of apartment-houses, there are many homes where it is inconvenient to have a nurse stay at the house. Here the hourly nurse is the right person in the right place. She comes for the necessary time, planning to meet the physician when he makes his visit, thus enabling the patient to have, at little expense, all requisite care, if not the luxury of constant attendance.

There are many aged people who are too feeble to take care of themselves. They do not need a trained nurse nor even an attendant all the time, but the assistance that a competent person can give them for an hour or two daily greatly adds to their comfort. New avenues of usefulness open for the hourly nurse in all directions.

Undoubtedly.

"According to statistics," said the typewriter boarder, "women live about ten years longer than men do."

"Huh!" growled the scanty-haired bachelor, "they might live fifty years longer if they were not so all-fired slow about passing the 30 mark."

Not Desirable.

He—They say a ghost appears at the parlor window of that old house at 12 o'clock every night.

She—Well, I don't think I should fancy that style of window shade.

In Italy the value of land is considered to be thirty-four times the annual rental.

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.—Disraeli.

MISS ELLA OFF, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

SUFFERED FOR MONTHS

Pe-ru-na the Remedy That Cured.

Miss Ella Off, 1127 Linden St., Indianapolis, Ind, writes:

"I suffered with a run down constitution for several months and feared that I would have to give up my work.

"On seeking the advice of a physician, he prescribed a tonic. I found, however, that it did me no good. On seeking the advice of our druggist, he asked me to try Peruna. In a few weeks I began to feel and act like a different person. My appetite increased, I did not have that worn out feeling, and I could sleep splendidly. In a couple of months I was entirely recovered. I thank you for what your medicine has done for me."—Ella Off.

Write Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence is held strictly confidential.

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

The Special Correspondent

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

A little before 12 I arrived at my destination. My vehicle had stopped before a house of modest appearance. It was on the first floor that the young Roumanian lived, and where, having learned her trade as a milliner in Paris, she was engaged in it at Pekin. I read the name of Mme. Zinca Klork on a door. I knock. The door is opened.

I am in the presence of a young lady who is perfectly charming, as Kinko said. She is blonde, of from twenty-two to twenty-three years old, with the black eyes of the Roumanian type, an agreeable figure, a pleasant, smiling face. In fact, has she not been informed that the Grand Transaslatic train has been in the station ever since last evening, in spite of the circumstances of the journey, and is she not awaiting her betrothed from one moment to another?

Mademoiselle Klork is evidently much surprised at seeing a stranger in her doorway. As she has lived several years in France, she does not hesitate to recognize me as a Frenchman, and asks to what she is indebted for my visit.

"Mademoiselle Zinca," I say, "I arrived yesterday by the Grand Transaslatic."

The girl turned pale; her eyes became troubled. It was evident that she feared something. Had Kinko been found in his box? Had the fraud been discovered? Was he arrested? Was he in prison?

"Mademoiselle Zinca—certain circumstances have brought to my knowledge—the journey of a young Roumanian——"

"Kinko—my poor Kinko—they have found him?" she asks in a trembling voice.

"No—no," say I, hesitating. "No one knows, except myself. I often visited him in the luggage van at night. We were companions, friends. I took him a few provisions."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" says the lady, taking me by the hand. "With a Frenchman Kinko was sure of not being betrayed, and even of receiving help. Thank you! Thank you! He loves me so much, and I love him. We met each other in Paris. He was so kind to me. Then when he went back to Tiflis I asked him to come to me in that box. Is the poor fellow ill?"

"No, Mademoiselle Zinca—no."

"He asked you to come and tell me he had arrived?"

"Yes—but—you understand—he is very tired after so long a journey."

"Is he ill?"

"Yes—rather—rather ill."

"The truth, monsieur, the truth! Hide nothing from me—Kinko——"

"Yes—I have sad news—to give you." She is fainting. Her lips tremble. She can hardly speak.

"We have had accidents on the road. The train was nearly annihilated—a frightful catastrophe——"

"He is dead! Kinko is dead!"

The unhappy Zinca falls on to a chair—and to employ the imaginative phraseology of the Chinese, her tears roll down like rain on an autumn night. Never have I seen anything so lamentable. But it will not do to leave her in this state, poor girl! She is becoming unconscious. I do not know where I am. I take her hands. I repeat:

"Mademoiselle Zinca! Mademoiselle Zinca!"

Suddenly there is a great noise in front of the house. Shouts are heard. There is a tremendous to do, and amid the tumult I hear a voice.

I cannot be mistaken. That is Kinko's voice! I recognize it. Am I in my right senses? Zinca jumps up, springs to the window, opens it, and we look out.

There is a cart at the door. There is the case, with all its inscriptions: This side up, this side down, fragile, glass, beware of damp, etc. It is there—half smashed. There has been a collision. The cart has been run into by a carriage, as the case was being got down. The case has slipped on to the ground. It has been knocked in. And Kinko has jumped out like a jack-in-the-box—but alive, very much alive!

I can hardly believe my eyes! What, my young Roumanian did not perish in the explosion? No! As I shall soon hear from his own mouth, he was thrown on to the line when the boiler went up, remained there inert for a time, found himself uninjured—miraculously—kept away till he could slip into the van unperceived. I had just left the van after looking for him in vain, and supposing that he had been the first victim of the catastrophe.

Then—oh! the irony of fate!—after accomplishing a journey of six thousand kilometers on the Grand Transaslatic, shut up in a box among the baggage, after escaping so many dangers, attacked by bandits, explosion of engine, he was here, by the mere colliding of a cart and a carriage in a Pekin street, deprived of all the good of his journey.

The carter gave a yell at the sight of a human being who had just appeared. In an instant a crowd had gathered, the fraud was discovered, the police had run up. And what could this young Roumanian do, who did not know a word of Chinese, but explain matters in the sign language? Zinca and I ran down to him.

"My Zinca—my dear Zinca!" he exclaims, pressing the girl to his heart.

"My Kinko—my dear Kinko," she replies, while her tears mingle with his.

"Monsieur Bombarnac!" says the poor fellow, appealing to my intervention.

"Kinko," I reply, "take it coolly, and depend on me. You are alive, and we thought you were dead."

"But I am not much better off," he murmurs.

Mistake! Anything is better than being dead—even when one is menaced by prison, be it a Chinese prison. Kinko is dragged off by the police, amid the laughter and howls of the crowd.

CHAPTER XXIX.

If ever the expression "sinking in sight of port" could be used in its precise meaning, it evidently can in this case. I offer my arm to Mademoiselle Zinca, and I lead her to my carriage, and we return rapidly toward the Hotel of the Ten Thousand Dreams.

There I find Major Noltitz and the Caternas, and, by a lucky chance, young Pan Chao, without Dr. Tie-King. Pan Chao would like nothing better than to be our interpreter before the Chinese authorities.

And then, before the weeping Zinca, I told my companions all about Kinko, how he had traveled, how I had made his acquaintance. I told them that if he had defrauded the Transaslatic Company, it was thanks to this fraud that he was able to get on to the train at Usun Ada. And if he had not been in the train, we should all have been ingulfed in the abyss of the Tjon valley.

What an explosion there was of exclamatory ohs! and ahs! when I had finished my recital! And in a burst of gratitude, somewhat of the theatrical sort, our actor shouted:

"Hurrah for Kinko! He ought to have a medal!"

Until the Son of Heaven accorded this hero a green dragon of some sort, Mme. Caterna took Zinca's hand, drew her to her heart and embraced her without being able to restrain her tears. Just think of a love story interrupted at the last chapter!

But we must hasten, and, as Caterna says, "all on the scene for the fifth"—the fifth act, in which dramas generally clear themselves up.

"We must not let this brave fellow suffer?" said Major Noltitz; "we must see the Grand Transaslatic people, and when they learn the facts they will be the first to stop the prosecution."

We left the young Roumanian to the caresses of the worthy actress. Madame Caterna would not leave her, declaring that she looked upon her as her daughter, that she would protect her like a mother. Then Pan Chao, Major Noltitz, Caterna and I went off to the company's offices at the station.

The manager was in his office, and we were admitted. He was a Chinese in every acceptation of the word, and capable of every administrative Chinesery—a functionary who functioned in a way that would have moved his colleagues in old Europe to envy.

Pan Chao told the story, and, as he understood Russian, the major and I took part in the discussion. This unmistakable Chinaman did not hesitate to contend that Kinko's case was a most serious one. A fraud undertaken on such conditions, a fraud extending over six thousand kilometers, a fraud of a thousand francs on the Grand Transaslatic Company and its agents.

We replied to this Chinesing Chinee that it was all very true, but that the damage had been inconsiderable, that if the defrauder had not been in the train he could not have saved it at the risk of his life, and at the same time he could not have saved the lives of the passengers.

Well, would you believe it? This living China figure gave us to understand that from a certain point of view it would have been better to regret the deaths of a hundred victims. In short, we get nothing. Justice must take its course against the fraudulent Kinko.

"Gentlemen," said Pan Chao, "I know how things are managed in the Celestial Empire. Two hours will not elapse from the time Kinko is arrested to the time he is brought before the judge charged with this sort of crime. He will not only be sent to prison, but the bastinado——"

"We must stop that abomination," said Major Noltitz.

"We can try, at least," said Pan Chao. "I propose we go before the court, when I will try and defend the sweetheart of this charming Roumanian, and may I lose my face if I do not get him off."

CHAPTER XXX.

We left the station, invaded a vehicle, and arrived in twenty minutes before a shabby looking shanty, where the court was held.

There was a crowd. The affair had got abroad. It was known that a swindler had come in a box in a Grand Transaslatic van free, gratis, and for nothing from Tiflis to Pekin. Every one wished to see him; every one wanted to recognize the features of this genius—it was not yet known that he was a hero.

There he is, our brave companion, between two rascally looking policemen yellow as quinces. These fellows are ready to walk him off to prison at the judge's orders, and to give him a few dozen strokes on the soles of his feet if he is condemned to that punishment.

Kinko is thoroughly disheartened, which astonishes me on the part of one I know to be so energetic. But as soon as he sees us his face betrays a ray of hope.

Our young advocate was really pathetic and amusing. He interested the judge, he excited the audience with the story of the journey, he told them all about it, and finally he offered to pay the company what was due to them. Unfortunately, the judge could not consent. There had been material damages, moral damages.

Thereupon Pan Chao became animated and, although we understood nothing he said, we guessed that he was speaking of the courage of Kinko, of the sacrifice he had made for the safety of the travelers, and finally, as a supreme argument, he pleaded that his client had saved the imperial treasure.

Arguments were of no avail with this pitiless magistrate who had not acquitted teq prisoners in his life. He stayed the delinquent the bastinado; but gave him six months in prison, and condemned him in damages against the Grand Transaslatic Company. And then, at a sign from this condemning machine, poor Kinko was taken away.

Let not my readers pity Kinko's fate. I may as well say at once that everything was arranged satisfactorily. Next morning Kinko made a triumphal entry into the house in the Avenue Cha-Coua, where we were assembled while Madame Caterna was showering her maternal consolations on the unhappy Zinca Klork.

The newspapers had got wind of the affair. The Chi Bao, of Pekin, and the Chinese Times, of Tien-tsin, had demanded mercy for the young Roumanian. These cries for mercy had reached the feet of the Son of Heaven—the very spot where the imperial ears are placed. Besides, Pan Chao had sent to his majesty a petition relating the incidents of the journey, and insisting on the point that had it not been for Kinko's devotion, the gold and precious stones would be in the hands of Faruskiar and his bandits. And that was worth something else than six months in prison. In a fit of generosity the Son of Heaven favored Kinko with the remittal of his sentence.

I decline to depict the joy, the happiness, the intoxication which this news, brought by Kinko in person, gave to all his friends, and particularly to the fair Zinca Klork. These things are expressible in no language—not even in Chinese, which lends itself so generously to the metaphorical.

And now, my readers must permit me to finish with my traveling companions whose numbers have figured in my notebook.

Nos. 1 and 2, Falk Ephrinell and Miss Horatia Bluett: Not being able to agree regarding the various items stipulated in their matrimonial contract, they were divorced three days after their arrival in Pekin. Things were as though the marriage had never been celebrated on the Grand Transaslatic, and Miss Horatia Bluett remained Miss Horatia Bluett. May she gather cargoes of heads of hair from Chinese polls; and may he furnish with artificial teeth every jaw in the Celestial Empire!

No. 3, Major Noltitz: He is busy at the hospital he has come to establish at Pekin on behalf of the Russian government, and when the hour for separation strikes, I feel that I shall leave a true friend behind me in these distant lands.

Nos. 4 and 5, the Caternas: After a stay of three weeks in the capital of the Celestial Empire, the charming actor and actress set out for Shanghai, where they are now the great attraction at the French Residency.

No. 6, Baron Weisschnitzerdorfer, whose incommensurable name I write for the last time: Well, not only did the globe trotter miss the steamer at Tientsin, but a month later he missed it at Yokohama; six weeks after that he was shipwrecked on the coast of British Columbia, and then, after being thrown off the line between San Francisco and New York, he managed to complete his round of the world in a hundred and eighty-seven days instead of thirty-nine.

Nos. 9 and 10, Pan Chao and Dr. Tie-King: What can I say except that Pan Chao is always the Parisian you know. As to the doctor, he has got down to eating only the yolk of an egg a day, like his master, Cornaro, and he hopes to live to a hundred and two, as did the noble Venetian.

No. 8, Sir Francis Trevellyan, and No. 12, Seigneur Faruskiar: I have never heard of the one, nor have I heard that the other has been hanged. Doubtless, the illustrious bandit, having sent in his resignation of the general managership of the Grand Transaslatic, continues his lucrative career in the depths of the Mongol provinces.

Now for Kinko, my No. 11: I need hardly say that my No. 11 was married to Zinca Klork with great ceremony. We were all at the wedding, and if the Son of Heaven had not richly endowed the young Roumanian, his wife received a magnificent present in the name of the passengers of the train he had saved.

That is the faithful story of this journey. I have done my best to do my duty as special correspondent all down the line, and perhaps my editors may be satisfied, notwithstanding the slip or two you have heard about.

(The end.)

BURGLARY AS A FINE ART.

No Longer Practiced—Safe Blowers Now Mere Tramps.

Not many years ago the bank burglar was looked up to by other criminals with something like reverence, says the Kansas City Star. He was regarded, in fact, as the true aristocrat of crime, and was pointed at with furtive admiration upon the streets when at liberty and in penal institutions when occasionally deprived of his freedom. Nowadays almost every burglary that occurs in the United States is performed by common tramps or hoboes.

This situation is what the racing men would describe as a startling reversal of form, and it shows to what depth a once exalted profession may fall when it passes out of the hands of those associated with its highest flights. Indeed, as compared with the exploits of the old-timers, or "tool men, as they are technically known, the burglaries of recent days—or nights—might be described as petit larceny, for it is a rare occurrence that more than $2,000 or $3,000 has been involved in felonious expeditions during the last dozen years.

In former times, when the bands organized by "the big fellows" went after the contents of a banking institution they took pains beforehand to know that large amounts of money and securities were housed in the vaults they had marked for violation, and they rarely came away without bringing with them booty worthy of their enterprise. The records of thefts by "yeggmen," the bank vault and safe burglars of to-day, show that they have taken desperate chances of being shot or imprisoned for long terms to blow open safes containing amounts as small as $150.

Few of the old-time burglars are ever seen nowadays. Some are dead, many have retired to quiet and unoffending occupations, and here and there—but not often—is one who can't resist the habit of breaking into the penitentiary. Such, for instance, was the case of Dunlap, of the once celebrated burglar partnership of Scott and Dunlap, who participated in the Northampton bank burglary. Scott died in prison, and a wealthy New York woman spent her time and money in a persistent effort to secure Dunlap's release, in which pursuit she ultimately succeeded.

It was thought that the convict, given a chance to earn a respectable living, might take advantage of it, and it seemed for a little time that he had determined to do so. But a number of burglaries in Western cities not far from Chicago were executed with such skill that they were obviously the work of a high-class criminal, and suspicion soon centered upon Dunlap. He is now completing a term in the Joliet penitentiary.

Stopping Trains with Wind.

Railway managers nowadays have a very great respect for air pressure, and design their trains so as to eliminate as far as possible the hostile effect of the wind. No such respect bothered Commodore Vanderbilt, however, says World's Work, when George Westinghouse first submitted to him his plan for the use of air brakes on railway trains.

Mr. Westinghouse had been for several years hard at work to adapt air pressure to the purpose he had in mind—to make the handling of swift trains safer. He had at last achieved his object, and with his completed apparatus set out to conquer railway men. After much difficulty he secured an interview with Commodore Vanderbilt, then the greatest railway man in the country. The old man listened to his explanations with diminishing patience.

"Do you mean to tell me," he broke in at last, "that you can stop a railroad train with wind?"

"Well, yes," replied Mr. Westinghouse. "As air is wind, I suppose you could call it that."

"I've no time to waste on fools," said the great man, and the interview was ended.

Cause and Effect.

"Do you keep a dog?" asked the country cousin.

"No," answered the city relative. "We tried the experiment half a dozen different times, but without success. You see, there is a sausage factory in the next block."

Sensitive Girls.

Gunner—Old Bonds advertised for a lady stenographer. Said she must be quick and plain.

Guyer—How many applicants arrived?

Gunner—None. They all took exception to the word 'plain.'"

AN ETONIAN OF 1776.

Eton has done much toward furnishing the world with famous men, but it will be news to many that one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence was educated there. "It was no uncommon practice in the eighteenth century," says Mr. Austen Leigh in a letter to the Eton College Chronicle, for Americans to send their sons to England for their education." An almost complete absence of any Etonian records makes it difficult to find the names of such pupils. Mr. Austen-Leigh has discovered several, the most important of which is that of "Lynch, Thomas, son of Thomas Lynch, Esq., of Prince George's Parish, Winyah, South Carolina: born August 5, 1749; School, Eton; Admitted Fellow Commoner at Caius College, Cambridge, 1767; admitted at Middle Temple, 1767."

Thomas Lynch's father was a man of note in South Carolina. He was a representative in Congress at New York, and so valuable were his services considered that on his return to Charleston the town asked for his portrait, to be hung in Assembly Hall as a testimony of esteem.

Like many other of the well-to-do colonial gentlemen, Mr. Lynch sent his son to England to be educated. The boy thus grew to manhood on foreign soil, but when the American troubles broke out his heart was with his country. He had just begun his legal career, but, full of youthful enthusiasm, he left everything and hurried home to bear his part in the coming struggle. His first public appearance was at a town meeting in Charlestown, where he made a speech, following his venerable father in a debate. He was immediately made a member of the provincial Congress and a captain in the "Regulars," a regiment of Rangers, or mounted infantry, under the command of Colonel Gadsden.

The elder Lynch was sent to Philadelphia as a representative in the Continental Congress. Suddenly he was stricken with paralysis, and his son applied for leave to join him. Colonel Gadsden, with true Spartan spirit, refused the request, but Thomas gained his point by being elected by the Assembly as sixth delegate to the Congress. Hurrying to Philadelphia, he remained with his father, and was one of the youngest signers of the great Declaration.

The delegates from South Carolina were for the most part youthful, and Thomas Lynch, senior, signed, on his sick-bed, a letter to the Provincial Assembly to countenance and support the action of the young man. It was not until the second day of August that Charleston received the news of "a very important Declaration which the King of Great Britain has at last reduced us to the necessity of making." The receipt of the news was celebrated with great rejoicings.

PRACTICES SURGERY AT 92.

Straight as a Young Sapling Is Aged Ex-Governor of Maine.

Ninety-two years young, together with being still accounted as the most experienced and among the highly skillful surgeons of the old Pine Tree State, Dr. Alonzo Garcelon, ex-Governor, a former State Representative, Senator, and since the time of the birth of the Democratic party in the nation and his State one its most pronounced adherents, is accounted to be the "grand old man" of the State of Maine.

On his 92d birthday, celebrated on May 6, says the Boston Post, the ex-governor, who is still practicing among his old patients of Lewiston and Auburn, did not dream that it was of enough importance to allow his fellow citizens to make any note of it.

Straight and supple as a young sapling of his native State, this remarkable and age-venerable former governor of times when the creed of democracy was not the most popular in the State, goes about the twin cities of Lewiston and Auburn, showing an activity and youthfulness of spirit that would generally be considered wonderful in a man of good health, fully twenty years his junior.

Attired in a greatcoat of the old-fashioned cut and style, smooth shaven and wearing the stock and high collars of our grandfathers, the ex-governor and surgeon of fast approaching centenarian age, is to be seen winter and summer in this garb while driving about the city and also to and from his Sabbatus road home, in one of the old-time chaises of the pattern used by the hero of Oliver Wendell Holmes' "The One-Horse Shay."

Cutting the corners of the city streets with his Morgan mare, Kitty, who speeds over the Lewiston roads and pavements like a 2-year-old, the sight of the old gentleman sitting well forward in the wonderful old chaise, as he guides the blooded animal, is one of the strangest that visitors to the city can view.

Strange, because of the very fact that without the slightest apparent fear of danger to himself or to the fabric and shaky build of the ancient chaise, the nonagenearian governor guides the sprightly and mettlesome Kitty with such an unerring hand.

As a traveler the ex-governor is said to have covered more routes of globe traveling than almost any other man in the State of Maine and even to-day would take the chance of traveling to the other end of the country if an old and dear friend or patient should call for his services.

An illustration of this occurred only a few weeks ago, when a former patient of his sent him a summons from Troy, N. Y., asking that he come for a consultation in relation to the amputation of a leg. Speaking of this journey the governor said:

"He was an old friend and although most men thought I was foolish to go such a distance, why wouldn't I, when it was thought to be a case of need? I felt that I was needed, if only to comfort my friend, and went."

It is a mistaken policy for a woman to wash the supper dishes when by "stacking" them she gets out on the porch that much earlier to nag her husband into mowing the lawn.

A HOPELESS FIGHT

It is as impossible to conquer the king of diseases—Contagious Blood Poison—with Mercury and Potash as it would be to conquer the king of the forest in a hand-to-hand encounter, as thousands who have had their health ruined and lives blighted through the use of these minerals will testify. They took the treatment faithfully, only to find when it was left off, the disease returned with more power, combined with the awful effects of these minerals, such as mercurial rheumatism, necrosis of the bones, salivation, inflammation of the stomach and bowels, etc. When the virus of Contagious Blood Poison enters the blood it quickly contaminates every drop of that vital fluid, and every muscle, nerve, tissue and bone becomes affected, and soon the foul symptoms of sore mouth and throat, copper-colored blotches, falling hair and eyebrows, swollen glands, sores, etc., make their appearance. Mercury and Potash can only cover up these evidences for awhile; they cannot cure the disease. S. S. S. has for many years been recognized as a specific for Contagious Blood Poison—a perfect antidote for the deadly virus that is so far-reaching in its effects on the system. S. S. S. does not hide or mask the disease, but so thoroughly and completely cures it that no signs are ever seen again. S. S. S. while eradicating the poison of the disease will drive out any effects of harmful mineral treatment. A reward of $1,000.00 is offered for proof that S. S. S. contains a mineral ingredient of any kind. Treatise with instructions for home treatment and any advice wished, without charge.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Pilgrims to Mecca.

Last year about 200,000 pilgrims went to Mecca, representing a Moslem population of about 200,000,000 in Turkey, Arabia, Egypt, Soudan, Zanzibar, Barbary states, South Africa, Afghanistan, Persia, Baluchistan, India, the East Indian and Philippine Islands, China, and Russia in Asia. The governments of Turkey and Egypt pay toll (blackmail) to the Bedouin tribes, through whose territory the pilgrimages pass, but the system is not entirely effective. Last year some 20 per cent of the pilgrims were reported ill-treated, wounded or killed, and it is estimated that during the pilgrimage season travelers to Mecca were robbed of more than $1,000,000. Caravans of 3,000 to 5,000 camels are no rare occurrence.

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

Prose vs. Poetry.

The poet raves of the beautiful hair that crowns his fair idol's head and calls the man a prosy old bear who ignores its splendors instead. Yes, the poet of it makes a fad, its glories in verse he will group; but, like other men, he gets mad if a strand of it gets in his soup.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Rhymed All Right.

A school teacher was trying to impress upon a scholar's mind that Columbus discovered America in 1492. "Now, John," he said, "I will tell you the date in rhyme so that you won't forget it. 'In fourteen hundred and ninety-two Columbus sailed the ocean blue.' Now, can you remember that, John?"

"Yes, sir," replied John.

Next day the teacher said, "John, when did Columbus discover America?"

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-three Columbus sailed the dark-blue sea!"

A New Kipling Story.

It is nearly a year since any American magazine has been fortunate enough to secure a story from Kipling; but the August Century prints a tale, "An Habitation Enforced," which gives us Kipling at his best. Someone, in comparing Kipling with the old, three volume novelist, has said that he gives us "the Liebig extract of those cattle lowing on a thousand hills," so here, where two Americans,' a nervously broken millionaire and his wife, take up an enfored habitation in an enchanted corner of England, he contrives to give a quintessence of American and British civilization—a commentary, in brief, with vistas such as only a Kipling can open up. A delightful vein of satire crops out wherever the British way and the American way meet, a vein which will charm readers on both sides the Atlantic. Most readers, too, will find in this latest story of the greatest of living English story writers the spiritual touch which was so strongly manifest in "They" seemingly marking a new and higher phase of development in man and writer.

Defends Chinese Rotten-Egg Food

A German epicure comes to the rescue of the Chinese in regard to their alleged habit of eating rotten eggs. The eggs, he says, are simply preserved in lime until they get a consistency like hard butter, and they taste somewhat like lobster. He declares them one of the choicest delicacies he has ever eaten. He thinks there are no better cooks in the world than the Chinese. When he went to live among them his friends predicted that he would starve, but he had a good time and gained weight—more than he wanted to.

No Pension Yet.

"Well, to be honest with you," said the tramp, "I can't exactly say that I'm a veteran and have witnessed the horrors of war, but I think I deserve a pension, though."

"For what?"

"Well, I was once locked in a freight car for a week, with the weather at zero and nothing but a frozen turnip to eat, and nothing but blocks of building stones to keep me warm, and if I am not entitled to a pension nobody else ought to have one. The horrors of that old turnip beat the horrors of a battlefield all to pieces."

Didn't Know His Man.

"I saw our Congressman this morning," said the secretary of the corporation, "and he gave me to understand that under no circumstances would he lend his vote to further our scheme."

"Say, what's the matter with you, anyway?" queried the president. "Any school boy ought to know better than to expect a Congressman to lend his vote. Go and hunt him up again and give him the combination of the safe."

For bronchial troubles try Piso's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

Bliss That Blisters.

"Tis bliss indeed to stroll beneath the maple boughs so green accompanied by the girl you love and to squeeze her hand unseen, but, oh, the queer sensation when her ruby lips you smack just as a measly, woolly worm goes crawling down your back.

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.

Excessive Politeness.

Customer—I haven't any change with me this morning; will you trust me for a postage stamp until to-morrow?

Drug Clerk—Certainly, Mr. DeJones.

Customer—But suppose I should get killed, or——

Drug Clerk—Oh, that's all right. The loss would be but a trifle.

MALLEABLE IRON STUMP PULLERS
Fastest, lightest and strongest Stump Puller on the market. 1½ Horse power on the sweep with two horses. Write for descriptive catalog and prices.
REIERSON MACHINERY CO.
Foot of Morrison Street Portland, Oregon

OREGON PORTLAND
ST. HELEN'S HALL
A GIRLS' SCHOOL OF THE HIGHEST CLASS; corps of teachers, location, building, equipment—the best. Send for catalogue.
Term Opens September 15, 1904

BAD DEBTS COLLECTED
EVERYWHERE—SEND THEM IN
MERCHANTS PROTECTIVE ASSN.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

PRUSSIAN HEAVE POWDERS
CURE HEAVES, COUGH, Distemper all trouble that causes heaves. And on guarantee over 18 years. 50c pkg., by mail, 60c.
CURED 34.
"The past 4 months I have cured 14 horses of heaves, 14 of distemper and 9 of chronic cough."—E. Schricke, Newark, N. Y.
Write how many head stock you have, we send stock book FREE. Prussian Remedy Co., St. Paul, Minn.
PORTLAND SEED CO., Portland, Or., Coast Agents.

IF YOU
STAMMER
WE CAN CURE YOU
The Lewis Phono-Metric Institute and School for Stammerers of Detroit, Michigan. Established eleven years. Have cured thousands. Gold Medal awarded World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904. Recommended by physicians, educators, clergymen, and prominent users. This Institution has a Western Branch at Portland with a very large class of pupils in attendance—men and women, girls and boys—all ages, ten to sixty. Many have been cured in three weeks, but five to six weeks is the time usually required. Will open in Portland on October 4th, with another class September 1st. A POSITIVE, ABSOLUTE CURE GUARANTEED. Write at once for particulars and terms. If you mention this paper and send 4 cents in stamps, to cover postage, we will send you our 64th Annual, 100 page book, "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering," free of charge.
Address WILLIAM T. LEWIS
Western Representative Associate Principal
S. W. Cor. 10th and Raleigh Streets
PORTLAND, OREGON
Note—No pupils accepted at Portland after Sept. 1st.

THE DR. C. GEE WO CHINESE MEDICINE CO.
Formerly located at 253 Alder St. for the past 5 years
HAVE MOVED
To the Large Brick Building at the S. E. Corner of First and Morrison Streets. Entrance No. 162½ First Street.
Successful Home Treatment
DR. C. GEE WO is known throughout the United States, and is called the Great Chinese Doctor on account of his wonderful cures, without the aid of a knife, without using poisons or drugs of any kind. He treats any and all diseases with powerful Oriental Roots, Herbs, Buds, bark and Vegetables that are unknown to medical science in this country, and through the use of these harmless remedies. He guarantees to cure Catarrh, Asthma, Lung Trouble, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Female Weakness and All Chronic Diseases. Call or write, enclosing 4 2c. stamps for mailing Book and Circular. Address
The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co.
No. 162½ First St., S. E. Cor. Morrison
Please mention this paper. Portland, Oregon.

P. N. U. No. 31—1905

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

Sure but Not Slow
SIMPLE, STRONG, SWIFT
12 to 18 Tons Per Day SOUTHWICK PRESS
10 Inch Feed Opening. 4 Foot Stroke. Automatic Plunger Draw. Puts Full Weight Into Ordinary Box Cars. No Small Work Parts.
MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAVER CO.
PORTLAND SEATTLE SPOKANE BOISE