I'm Growing Old Fast

And you know why, too. It's those gray hairs! Don't you know that Ayer's Hair Vigor restores color to gray hair? Well, it does. And it never fails, either. It stops falling hair also, and keeps the scalp clean and healthy. Do not grow old too fast!

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for many years and I should indeed be sorry to be obliged to do without it. It keeps my hair from turning gray, and also keeps my scalp clean and healthy."—E. S. Fanwikld, Canyon City, Oregon.

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

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Marriages on board ship are considered unlucky. If you can't be married on dry land remain unwed.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

Perhaps the most important event of the present season will be the engagement of Isidore Witmark and Frederic Rankin's comedy opera "The Chaperons," which will be seen at the Marquam Theater six nights and Wednesday and Saturday matinees, opening Monday night, Sept. 18th. "The Chaperons" has become what is known as a standard attraction, that is, the amusement going public of the country at large has come to look forward to the regular annual visit of this charming musical play as to a genuine pleasure. It is always new and up-to-date. Managers of theaters are also always glad to book "The Chaperons" because they are invariably sure of big business and that their patrons will be more than satisfied. The company this year is bigger, better and made up of more pretty young girls than ever before, and the scenery and costumes are entirely new. "The Chaperons" is the first of the big musical comedies to appear during the Lewis and Clark fair.

The Chas. A. Taylor company is just completing a successful engagement at The Empire this week.

This company has been a great and pleasing surprise to our theater goers

Madelyn Marshall, With "Le Chaperons"

by the excellence of its performances, for although unheralded and almost unknown it has given us one of the best, if not the very best, renditions of melodrama ever seen in this city. They will be followed for the week starting Sunday, Sept. 17th, by a company in "Fabio Romain," and we are promised another intellectual treat. The Baker has been crowded at every perfomance this week of the "Kentucky Belles" burlesque company.

One of the principal reasons for the success of this excellent company lies in the jingling melodious music sung by rarely cultivated voices.

This coy little theater seems to be reganing with a bound its old popularity and the management are to be congratulated on the success of their new venture.

Wheeler & Markell's merrymakers, who follow the "Kentucky Belles," are said to be a first class organization of singers and fun makers and will keep up and add to the reputation their predecessors have established.

They will start up on next Sunday, the 17th, inst, and will play all the week.

Business EDUCATION

Clip this out, return to us with the names and addresses of yourself and two of your friends, and the date when you will probably enter a business college, and we will credit you with $5.00 on our $65.00 scholarship. Our school offers exceptional advantages to students of Business, Shorthand, English, etc.

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His Heart's Desire

By SIR WALTER BESANT

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"There! I have done what I could, and I have told your uncle my mind. Let us talk of something else. Oh, I forgot to say that Will has come down. We shall find him waiting for us at the church.

"Will? I am glad."

"He got away a week before he expected."

"He will cheer you up, George."

"Yes; he talks as if nothing mattered much and everything was a game. The Londoners have that way, I suppose. It is not our way."

They walked away through the narrow lanes, holding each other by the hand like two children, as they had always done since they were children together, and George, who was three years older, led little Mary by the hand to keep her from falling.

This Will that George spoke of with irreverence was none other than myself, the person who narrates this true history of country life for your amusement and instruction. I am Will Nethercote, in fact; and though of the same surname as Mary, am no relation to Mary. I once endeavored, it is true, to remedy this accident, and proposed to establish a very close relationship indeed with that dear girl, but I was too late. My father was the rector, and when I left Oxford I found I had no vocation for the life of the country clergyman. Therefore I became a journalist. It is a profession which suits me well, and I suppose if I live another forty years and arrive at seventy I shall have written 9,000 more leading articles, and my countrymen will then be saturated with wisdom. I did not wait for these young people in the church yard. I walked down the lane to meet them.

I declare that my heart leaped up only to see that sweet, fond girl walking with her lover, only to see the glow upon her cheeks and the soft light in her eyes. Mary greeted me with her usual kindness, bearing no resentment on account of that proposition of mine above referred to.

"And how is George behaving, Mary? And has the Dragon relented?"

"George always behaves well," she said. "But as for the Dragon——" She shook her head.

"See, now, Mary," I said, "I mean to put the case before a lawyer. I will do it directly I go back. In the will your aunt leaves you 6,000 pounds, to be paid to you on the day that you marry with your uncle's consent. If you marry without his consent, it is to go to David. Well, David has gone away, no one knows where, and perhaps he is dead, or will never come back. Suppose you were to marry now without your uncle's consent, who is to have the money?"

"My uncle says it will be his own."

"We shall see to that. It is a case for a lawyer's advice. And I will get that advice directly I go back."

I turned and walked toward the church with them, in the narrow lanes between the high hedges. We talked of different subjects, of what had happened since I last came down.

But that subject of which we were all thinking—George's impending ruin—lay like a lump of lead on our hearts. And so we walked through the darkening lanes, our faces to the west, so that Mary's glowed in the golden light like an angel face in a painted window, and presently came to the church.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the church the choir were already assembled, and as soon as we arrived the practice began. They sung, right through, first the chants and then the hymns, both for morning and evening, so that the practice took an hour and more.

I sat on the porch and listened, watching the fading light in the windows, and the shadows falling along the aisles, while the voices of the choir, uplifted, rang out clear and true and echoed around the walls of the empty church, and beat about among the rafters of the roof.

The black clouds hanging low made the evening so dark that outside the porch one could see nothing. But the lightning began to play about, and lit up the grave stones with sudden gleams. Presently, looking out into the blackness, I discovered in one of these flashes a man in the church yard walking about among the graves. This was a strange thing to see—a man walking among the graves after dark. I waited for the next flash of lightning. When it came, I saw the man quite clearly; he was bending over a headstone and peering into it, as if trying to read the name of the person buried there.

Then the man left the grass, probably because he could no longer read any of the names, and began to walk along the gravel walk toward the porch; perhaps because he saw the lights and heard the singing. The choir were just beginning the last of their hymns:

"Lead, kindly light, amid the incircling gloom;
Lead thou me on."

"That's the voice of George Sidcote," said the stranger, addressing himself. "He always sung the tenor. I remember his voice well; and that's the voice of Mary Nethercote; I remember her voice, too. That's Harry Rabjahns, the blacksmith, singing bass; a very good bass he always sung. Ay; they are all there—they are all there."

"Who are you?" I asked. "Who are you to know all the people?"

A sudden flash of lightning showed me a ragged man with a great beard, whom I knew not by sight.

"I know you, too. I didn't see you at first. You are Will Nethercote." His voice was hoarse and husky. "You are the son of the rector. I remember you very well."

"I am; but the rector is dead; and who are you?"

"Before I go on," he said—"before I go on," he repeated these words as if they had some peculiar significance to him, "I thought I would come here first and see his grave—his grave—the place where they laid him; and I thought I would read what they wrote over him—how he died, you know—just out of curiosity, and for something to remember."

"Laid whom?"

"I should like to think that I had seen—actually seen—his grave," he went on. "But the night has turned dark, and I can't read the names, and haven't got a match upon me. Will you tell me where they've laid him?"

"Laid whom, man? Who are you looking for?"

"I am looking for the headstone of Daniel Leighan. Old Dan, they used to call him. Who died six years ago, or thereabouts."

"You mean Mr. Leighan of Gratnor?"

"The same, the same! I suppose Mary Nethercote got Gratnor when he died. They always said that he would leave her all he had, Gratnor Farm and Foxworthy and Berry Down. Oh, she'd be rich with all those lands."

"Who told you that Daniel Leighan was dead?"

"I saw it," he replied, hesitating—"I saw it in the papers. There was some talk about it at the time, I believe. A—a—a coroner's inquest, I was told; but I never heard the verdict. Perhaps you remember the verdict, Will Nethercote, and would kindly tell me? I am—yes—I am curious to hear what the verdict of the jury was——"

"You are strangely misinformed. Daniel Leighan is not dead."

"There is only one Dan Leighan, and he is dead," returned the strange man.

"I tell you that old Dan Leighan is still living. He is paralyzed in his legs, if you call that dead; but if you have business with him you will find that he is very much alive."

"Not dead?" The man reeled and caught at the pillars of the porch. "Not dead? Do you know what you are saying?"

"No more dead than you."

"Oh!" he groaned; "this is a trick you are playing. What do you play tricks for? He is dead and buried long since."

"I think you must be mad, whoever you are. I tell you that Daniel Leighan is alive, and now in his chair at home, where you may find him to-night if you please to look for him."

"Not dead! not dead!" By the frequent flashes of the lightning I had now made out that he was a very rough-looking man, in very ragged and tattered dress, looking like a laboring man. "Not dead—can it be? Then I've had all the trouble for nothing—all the trouble for nothing. Not dead?" He kept on saying this over and over again, as if the wonder of the thing was altogether too much for him.

"What do you mean," I asked, "by your rubbish about an inquest and a verdict? What inquest should there be? And what do you mean by saying that you saw it in the papers?"

"Not dead? Then how should his ghost walk if he is not dead? Are you sure that Daniel Leighan—Old Dan—is alive this day—the same Old Dan?"

"I suppose it is the same Old Dan. There never has been any other Old Dan that I know of."

"It can't be the same. It must be the evil one."

"That is possible, and now you mention it, I think he may be, and very likely is. But I wouldn't say so openly if I were you."

"Not dead!"

He turned and walked slowly away. I heard him stepping over the stile, and then the sound of his footsteps ceased, as if he was walking over the village green, which, in fact, was the case.

The voices of the choir ceased; the candles were extinguished; and the singers came out. We two men walked home with Mary. I told them on the way my little adventure with the strange man peering about among the tombs.

"Who could it be?" asked Mary.

"I thought I knew his footstep, but I did not know his voice. I cannot tell who it was. He knew your voice, Mary; and yours, George; and Harry, the blacksmith's—Good heavens!"—for here my memory of the man came back suddenly with one of the lightning flashes—"good heavens! how did I come not to recognise him at once? Mary, it was!—how could I have forgotten? Why, the thing may change your whole future."

"Will, what do you mean?"

"Your whole future, Mary. Your uncle refuses his consent because he thinks that David is dead; well, then, David is alive! For the man who prowled among the tombs and wanted to see your uncle's headstone was no other than David Leighan himself—come home again in rags."

CHAPTER IX.

The inn upon Challacombe Green is a small place and humble, though visitors may get tea served in a neat and clean parlor. The inn is licensed to Joseph Exon. It is also the smoking divan of the parish of Challacombe. The room is paved with stone, and furnished with a long wooden table and benches, a high-backed wooden settee to pull before the fire in cold weather, and a broad, hospitable fireplace.

The room was about half full at nine o'clock this Saturday evening, when the latch was lifted, and an unknown person—a stranger—stood in the door, looking about the room. He looked about the room as one who remembers it. But his face was seared, and his eyes seemed as if they saw nothing. Mrs. Exon, at sight of him, spoke up:

"Now, my man," she said, "what do you want? We don't encourage tramps here. You must go as far as Bovey to get a bed to-night."

"I am not a tramp," he replied, hoarsely. "I have got money. See." He pulled out a handful of silver. "Let me come in."

He shut the door and sat down at the lowest end of the table, taking off his hat and shaking his long hair off his forehead. Six years ago all the men in the room would have risen out of respect to the owner of Berry Down. Now not a soul remembered him.

His eyes were full of trouble, and with a kind of trouble which the good woman had never seen before. Not pain of body or grief, but yet trouble. He dropped his head upon his chest and began to murmur aloud as if no one was in the place but himself.

"Not dead! he is not dead! How can that be? how can that be?"

Then he fixed his eyes upon the landlady's and gazed upon her as if she could read in them what ailed him. Bewilderment and amazement which beat upon his soul, as the old poet said, as a madman beats upon a drum—this was the trouble which caused his eyes to have that terrifying glare and his limbs to shake and tremble. Mrs. Exon watched him, thinking he must have a fit of ague.

"The poor man is ill," she said. "Here, my man, drink this." She gave him half a tumblerful of cordial, which he poured down.

The dose had the effect of composing him a little. His legs ceased trembling, though his hands shook.

"Yes," he said, "I am ill. I was took sudden just now. I am better now.

"Where may you have come from?" asked one of the men.

"I've come from Southampton, where I was put ashore. I've come all the way from Australia."

"And where might you be going next?"

"I'll tell you that, my friend, as soon as I know." Ragged and rough he looked, he spoke, somehow, as if he belonged to something better than would have been judged by his appearance. "If you had asked me this morning, I should have told you that I was going to Bovey; now, I don't know."

Mrs. Exon still looked at him with curiosity which comes of a half uneasy recollection.

"Old Dan Leighan, now," he went on; "can any one give me news of him—I mean Old Dan; him as had Gratnor first and Foxworthy afterward, and then got Berry Down, being a crafty old fox. Is he still alive? Somebody told me he was dead."

"Surely," replied Mrs. Exon; "he is alive and hearty, except for his legs, poor man."

"Oh, he's alive—alive and hearty? I thought, perhaps—somebody told me—that he died—I forgot how—six years ago come October it was. That's what they told me; six years come October."

"He had an accident just about that time—six years ago. Perhaps that is what you are thinking of."

"How," he asked, without taking any notice of this reply, "can a live man have a ghost? How can a live man send his own ghost to travel all round the world? Won't he want his own ghost for himself sometimes?"

"He's got a touch of fever," said the landlady, "and it has gone to his head. You had getter go home, my man, and lie down, if you have got a bed anywhere."

"I wait to know this," he repeated, earnestly; "did anybody ever hear of a living man sending his ghost out on errands, to keep people awake and threaten things? It can't be; it isn't in nature."

Nobody could explain this fact, which was new to all.

"How did he do it, then?" he asked, impatiently, banging the table with his fist; "tell me that? How did he do it?" Then he pulled himself together and became natural again. "About his legs, now. What's the matter with Dan Leighan's legs?"

"Why, after his accident they began to fail him," said Mrs. Exon, "and now he's paralyzed, and never leaves his room unless he's wheeled out of a fine morning. But hearty in appetite, and as for his head, it is as clear as ever."

(To be continued.)

MISS ANTHONY'S GOOD HEALTH

She Ascribes It to Her Having Been Always Occupied.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, although over 80 years of age, has much of the vigor of youth, and scorns all pampering. Her figure is not that of the typical spinster, but is plump. The medical certificate on file with the company in which Miss Anthony is insured states that she is 5 feet 5 inches in height, with a full figure, her weight being 156 pounds.

Recently, when she and her sister, Miss Mary Anthony, were dining out, says the New York Times, one of the hostesses' family dropped a cushion in the back of her chair as they sat down to the table. "What is that for?" she asked rather sharply, but before her somewhat discomfited friend could reply, Miss Anthony's sister said, very significantly, "Gracious, Susan never lops," and the cushion was promptly removed.

The only important illness of her life was in 1895, when she was 75. She fainted on the platform in the course of a long lecture tour, and remained at home for a month afterward in bed, but at the end of the month she got up, saying it was the first real rest she had ever had in her life.

Unlike many reformers of her time, Miss Anthony has always worn corsets, and for years they have been French corsets. She always either drinks tea or coffee at every meal, and she takes three full meals per diem, and the tea biscuits, made by herself, are famous.

Two rules to which Miss Anthony has adhered throughout her long life have been to sleep with a window in her room wide open, no matter what the weather is, and the other is to take a cold sponge bath on rising, and this bath she has never missed, although when on lecture tours she has often been compelled to break ice in her water pitcher to do it.

For a year, in the '50s, Miss Anthony essayed the bloomer costume, and then gave it up, because, while the costume was comfortable, she said in a letter to a friend that she found it mental crucifixion and mental slavery, for she could never forget herself in it, and her audiences were always critical of it.

Miss Anthony, despite the bloomer aberration, has always been fond of pretty clothes, but allows herself only one new gown annually. She never wears furs or flannels, as the touch of either is disagreeable to her. Her silk petticoats are marvels of ruffles, but she never piles on many wraps or much clothing, even in the coldest weather. She says that idle machinery rusts and is worn out sooner than the machinery kept in motion, but with the mechanism well oiled, and ascribes her health to her having been always occupied.

Economy.

Mr. Biblets—Now, m' dear, I'll tell you how I happened to get home so late if you'll only listen.

Mrs. Biblets—All right. Turn off the radiator before you begin, will you?

Mr. Biblets—Wha' for?

Mrs. Biblets—Oh, it seems so extravagant to have steam and hot air both going at the same time.—Kansas City Independent.

Practical Exercise.

"I hear that your daughter is going to take lessons in physical culture," said the friend from town.

"Wa-all, yes," drawled Farmer Silas, "an' I've been bus' getting her the necessary articles."

"Indian clubs and dumbbells, I presume?"

"No, a new washtub an' a patent troning board."

Unsatisfactory.

"I don't suppose it would be of any use to ask you to stay to tea," she said, as he was about to depart.

"No," he replied, "not in that style and tone of voice!"

The most costly miter in the United States, which represents $10,000 worth of jewels and precious stones, is worn by Bishop Horstmann of the Cleveland diocese of the Roman Catholic Church.

ONLY FOUR REMAIN

Many Changes To Be Made in President's Cabinet.

SPECULATION ON NEW MEMBERS

Roosevelt Will Consider Man's Ability Before He Considers His Place of Residence.

Washington, Sept. 19.—It is probable that only four members of the present cabinet will remain to the end of President Roosevelt's term: Elihu Root, secretary of state; William H. Taft, secretary of war; G. B. Cortelyou, postmaster general, and C. J. Bonaparte, secretary of the navy.

Considerable uncertainty surrounds the future of the other five members of the cabinet, or rather, four members, for it is known that Secretary Shaw will resign next February.

Some speculation is indulged in as to whether or not the president, in forming his cabinet, will have a regard for geographical lines, or will pick the men best suited for the places, regardless of where they come from. In the present cabinet New York and Iowa have two members, and Ohio, Massachusetts, Maryland, Missouri and California one each. The South is not represented, but all other sections are. New York will continue to have at least two members (Root and Cortelyou); Iowa will lose one in Shaw an' another if Wilson resigns, but Ohio and Maryland will retain their representation. If Hitchcock retires, some Western man is almost certain to succeed him, but it would be utterly impossible to pick the man. And so it goes. The probabilities are that the new cabinet will be composed of men from all parts of the country, but President Roosevelt will consider a man's ability before he considers his place of residence.

BURNING THE FORTS.

Incendiaries Make Repeated Efforts to Destroy New York Defenses.

New York, Sept. 19.—Four mysterious fires in three of the four forts protecting New York harbor within the last two months have caused the military authorities of the department of the East much concern.

Two of the fires have been at Fort Hamilton, one on the night of July 17 and the other last Friday night. On the night in July of the fire at Fort Hamilton there was a disastrous fire at Fort Wadsworth. The latest fire was at Fort Slocum, on the David island, in the Sound, Sunday night.

In each case there have been suspicious circumstances concerning the origin of the fires. Magazines, barracks, hospitals, forage and even big siege guns have been destroyed and damaged in these fires, and despite the most thorough investigation nothing is known definitely as to how the fires started.

NEEDS MANY MOTOR CARS.

Union Pacific Must Build 300, and Will Enlarge Shops.

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 19.—The Union Pacific needs 300 gasoline motor cars of the type just finished, according to the statement of W. R. McKeen, superintendent of the motive power and machinery. At the rate of 50 a year, he says, the road cannot be supplied with the cars as rapidly as it will require them.

The present facilities for making them are being tested to the limit, but they are far from adequate. Additions to the shops are to be built at once, at a cost of $700,000, which will increase the facilities. Representatives of other roads and of suburban lines who have sought to place orders for cars with the Union Pacific have been told they cannot be supplied.

Can't Grow Cotton in West Africa.

Washington, Sept. 19.—The department of Commerce and Labor has just published a report stating that the result of the attempt to grow cotton in West Africa has been discouraging, owing to the absence of transportation facilities. The Cotton association tried American seeds, but the plantation did not prove to be a success. Under the most favorable conditions, Sierra Leone could produce 140,000 bales, but for the next ten years not more than 6,000 bales a year may be expected.

Again at Outs on Morocco.

Paris, Sept. 19.—Franco-German negotiations relating to the Moroccan conference have again taken an unfavorable turn, causing anxiety in official and diplomatic circles, and renewing the depression on the Bourse. This is due to the continued insistence by both sides on points which were considered to be susceptible of compromise. Therefore the rumor circulated naming the plenipotentiaries and fixing the date of the conference is purely speculative, as serious difficulties still remain to be overcome.

Scandal at Bremerton.

Washington, Sept. 19.—The Navy department has received a report on the investigation made at the Puget Sound navy yard into charges against Master Shipwright George W. I. Trahey, alleged to have sold his influence in getting appointments for workmen in that yard. It is not known what the report contains, but it is believed nothing startling will be brought to light, nothing to form the basis of a great sensation.

New Mexico Irrigation Project.

Washington, Sept. 19. — The secretary of the interior has ordered the withdrawal from entry of 300,000 acres of land in the Roswell, N. M., land district, on account of the Carlsbad irrigation project.

SSS THE BEST TONIC

When the system gets debilitated and in a run-down condition it needs a tonic and there has never been one discovered that is the equal of S. S. S. It is especially adapted for a systemic remedy, because it contains no strong minerals to derange the stomach and digestion, and affect the liver and bowels. It is made entirely of roots, herbs and barks selected for their purifying and healing qualities, and possesses just the properties that are needed to restore to the body strong robust health. When the blood becomes impure and clogged with waste matters and poisons the body does not receive sufficient nourishment and suffers from debility, weakness, sleeplessness, nervousness, loss of appetite, bad digestion and many other disagreeable symptoms of a disordered blood circulation, and if it is not corrected some form of malignant fever or other dangerous disorder will follow. S. S. S. builds up the broken down constitution, clears the blood of all poisons and impurities and makes it strong and healthy. The nerves are restored to a calm restful state, refreshing sleep is had again, the appetite returns and the whole system is toned up by this great remedy. S. S. S. is a blood purifier and tonic and acts promptly in this run-down depleted condition of the system. Book on the blood and medical advice furnished by our physicians, without charge.

I have used your S. S. S. and found it to be an excellent tonic to build up the general health and give tone and strength to the system. I have used other things highly recommended, but S. S. S. did me more good than everything else combined. As to its tonic properties it gives a splendid appetite, refreshing sleep, and the system undergoes a general building up under its invigorating influence. 548 Woodland Ave., Warren, O. MRS. KATE BECK.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

He Had Enough.

Enpeck was dining at the home of a friend.

"Will you have some of the tongue?" asked the hostess.

"No, thank you," replied Enpeck, "I get too much of that at home."

How's This?

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

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

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

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

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Just a Way They Have.

"Say, conductor," asked the inquisitive passenger, "in speaking of the time which is proper, 'a quarter to six' or a 'quarter of six'?"

"Neither," replied the railroad man. "I always say 'five-forty-five.'"

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

Was a Shooter.

Nevada Ned—Thar goes Miracle Mike. He's ambydextrous.

Eastern Tourist—Ah; I suppose he can write with either hand.

Nevada Ned—Nope. Can't write at all. He shoots two-handed.

Invisible.

The Judge—You say you are not a vagrant, yet you have no visible means of support.

The Hobo—I did have dis mornin', yer honor.

The Judge—Then why isn't it visible at the present time?

The Hobo—'Cause I went an' eat it.

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.

Don't imagine that every sad-eyed woman you meet has loved and lost. It's more than likely she loved and got him.

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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.

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.—O. W. Holmes.

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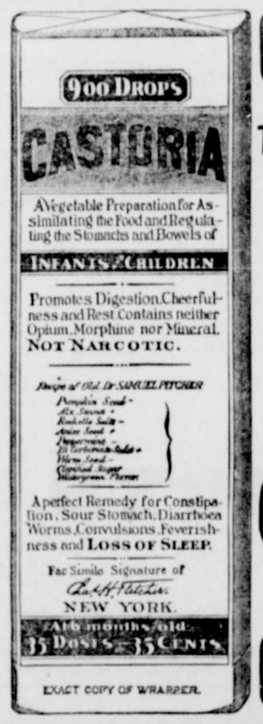
destroys all the flies and affords comfort to every home in dining room, sleeping room, and all places where flies are troublesome. Clean, neat and will not soil or injure anything. Try them once and you will never be without them. If not kept by dealers, sent prepaid for 25c. Harold Somers, 149 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



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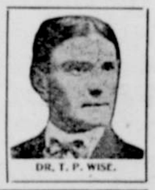
DENTISTS

Failing Bldg., Third and Washington Sts. Open evenings till 9 o'clock. Sundays from 9 to 12. Or Main 2029.



DR. T. P. WISE.

NOTHING WILL FATTEN HOGS

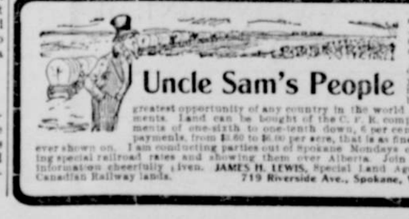
So quickly and well as Prussian Stock Food added to the feed. It will put them in the best condition to fatten rapidly. Shortens Fattening Time. "We can truthfully say from our experience Prussian Stock Food shortens the fattening period at least one-fourth. We consider it indispensable in fattening hogs and cattle.—J. W. WILLIAMS, Breeders, Brinst, Ind.

PRUSSIAN STOCK FOOD

Saves grain by assisting digestion, getting all the good out of the food consumed. EVERY OWNER of horses, cows, hogs or sheep will find it pays. Package, 50c, $1.00, $5 to pail, 100 feeds $5.00.

PRUSSIAN POULTRY FOOD, a great Egg Producer and Cholera Cure. PRUSSIAN HEAVE POWDERS, cure heaves. PRUSSIAN LICE POWDER for Lice on Poultry and Cattle. Ask for our Stock or Poultry Book. PRUSSIAN REMEDY CO., St. Paul, Minn.

PORTLAND SEED CO., Portland, Oregon, Coast Agents



Uncle Sam's People

are emigrating to Alberta and Canada by the thousands. Where there is a dollar to be made you will always find a Yankee. Alberta affords the greatest opportunity of any country in the world for good investments. Land can be bought of the C. P. R. company on easy payments of one-sixth to one-tenth down, 6 per cent interest, yearly payments from $1.50 to $3.00 per acre, that is as fine land as the sun ever shown on. I am conducting parties out of Spokane Mondays of each week, giving special railroad rates and showing them over Alberta. Join the crowd. Any information cheerfully given. JAMES H. LEWIS, Special Land Agent Alberta and Canadian Railway lands. 719 Riverside Ave., Spokane, Wash.