For Thin, Poor Blood

You can trust a medicine tested 60 years! Sixty years of experience, think of that! Experience with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; the original Sarsaparilla; the strongest Sarsaparilla; the Sarsaparilla the doctors endorse for thin blood, weak nerves, general debility.

But even this grand old medicine cannot do its best work if the liver is inactive and the bowels constipated. For the best possible results, you should take a active dose of Ayer's Pills while taking the Sarsaparilla. The liver will quickly respond, and so will the bowels.

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

Ayer's HAIR VIGOR. AGUE CURE. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Was Too Old for That.

A young lawyer whose love of flowers and all things green and growing compelled him to establish his home in one of the suburban towns of New York invited his old chum, Brown, also of the bar, to spend Sunday on the farm, says the New York Sun.

Brown was received with all appropriate honor, and all the attractions were duly displayed to his polite but not overkeen gaze, for he was somewhat deficient in that primal passion for a garden which has come down through the generations from Adam.

At each meal he listened courteously to eulogies of 'our own make' viands. He bore patiently "our own milk, lettuce from that frame you saw, peas off the vine in the back lot," and so on. But at last it got to this:

"Harry, I can recommend this chicken especially. I raised it myself."

Then the worm turned,—after the first mouthful of chicken,—and with a sad smile remarked:

"No, Will, I can't believe that. You've only been here a little over two years."

Anti-Kissers in Mexico.

Civilization is spreading in Mexico. A little red button worn by some 300 women, old and young, married and single, in the City of Mexico, signifies membership in what is known as the Anti Kissing League. Members of the league take a solemn pledge not to kiss each other, in public or in private, their contention being that kissing is contagious, or, rather, the means of conveying contagious diseases from one fair lip to another.

IN THE BEST OF HEALTH SINCE TAKING PE-RU-NA

MRS. LENA SMITH

IN POOR HDALTH. PAINS IN BACK. SICK HEAHACHES PE-RU-NA CURED

Mrs. Lena Smith, N. Cherry street, cor. Line, Nashville, Tenn., writes:

"I have had poor health for the past four years, pains in the back and groins, and dull, sick headache, with bearing down pains.

"A friend who was very enthusiastic about Peruna insisted that I try it.

"I took it for ten days and was surprised to find that I had so little pain.

"I therefore continued to use it and at the end of two months my pains had totally disappeared.

"I have been in the best of health since and feel ten years younger. I am very grateful to you."

Catarrh of the internal organs gradually saps away the strength, undermines the vitality and causes nervousness. Peruna is the remedy.

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

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.

BEST INSTRUCTION—LOWEST TUITION
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE 19—IT'S FREE

THE MULTNOMAH BUSINESS INSTITUTE
M. A. ALBIN, PRES.
SIX SIXTH ST. PORTLAND, ORE.

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

His Heart's Desire

By SIR WALTER BESANT

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"What was his accident?"

"He fell from his pony coming home at night. Some say he was in drink; but then he was always a sober man. Mr. George Sidcote it was that found him lying in the road. He was insensible for three days. When he came to he couldn't remember nor tell anybody how the accident happened; but he said he'd been robbed, though his pocket was full of money, and his watch and chain hadn't been taken. Papers they were, he said, that he was robbed of. But there's many thinks he must have put those papers somewhere, and forgotten because of the knock on his head."

"Oh!" the stranger rubbed his hands. "I'm better now," he said; "I am much better. Out in Australia I caught a fever, and it gives me a shock now and again. Much better now. So—Old Dan Leighan fell from his pony—he had an accident and he fell—from his pony—on his head—and was senseless for three days—and was robbed of papers? Now, who could have robbed him of papers? Were they valuable papers?"

"Well, that I cannot say."

Did you ever see a man in an hysterical fit? It is pretty bad to look at a woman laughing and crying with uncontrolled and uncontrollable passion, but it is far worse to see a man. This strong, rugged man, seized with an hysterical fit, rolled about upon the bench, rolling his shoulders and crying at the same time, but his laugh was not mirthful and his crying was a scream, and he staggered as he laughed. Then he steadied himself with one hand on the table; he caught at another man's shoulder with the other hand; and all the time, while the villagers looked on open-mouthed, he laughed and cried, and laughed again, without reason apparent, without restraint, without mirth, without grief, while the tears coursed down his cheeks. Some of the men held him by force; but they could not stop the strong sobbing or the hiccoughing laugh or the shaking of his limbs. At last, the fit spent, he lay back on the settee, propped against the corner, exhausted, but outwardly calm and composed again.

"Are you better now?" asked the landlady.

"I've been ill," he said, "and something shook me. Seems as if I've had a kind of a fit, and talked foolish, lately. What did I say—what did I talk about?"

"You were asking after Mr. Leighan. Who are you? What do you want to know about Mr. Leighan? You asked about his health and his accident. And then you had a fit of hysterics. I never saw a man—nor a woman, neither—such hysterics. You'd best go home and get to bed. Where are you going to sleep? Where are you going to?"

"Where's your husband, Mrs. Exon? Where's Joseph?" he asked, unexpectedly.

Mrs. Exon started and gasped. "Joseph's gone to Bovey with the cart. He ought to have been home an hour ago. But who are you?"

"William Shears"—he turned to one of the men—"you don't seem to remember me?"

"Why, no," William replied with a jump, because it is terrifying to be recognised by a stranger who has fits and talks about live men's ghosts. "No; I can't rightly say I do."

"Grandfather Derges"—he applied to the oldest inhabitant, who is generally found to have just outlived his memory, though if you had asked him a week or two ago he could have told the most wonderful things—"Grandfather Derges, don't you remember me?"

"No, I don't. Seems as if I be old enough to remember everybody. But my memory isn't what it was. No, I don't remember you. Yet I should say, now, as you might belong to these parts, because you seem to know my name."

"I remember you, Grandfather, when you used to cane the boys in church."

"Ay, ay," said the old man. "So I did, so I did. Did I ever cane you, master? You must have a wonderful memory, now, to remember that."

"Don't you remember me, William Clampit?" he asked a third man.

"No, I don't," replied William, shortly, as if he did not wish to tax his memory about a man so ragged.

"I've been away a good many years," he said, "and I've come back pretty well as poor as when I left and a sight more ragged. I didn't think that a beard and rags would alter me so that nobody should know me. Why, Mrs. Exon, does a man leave the parish every week for Australia, that I should be so soon forgotten?"

He did not speak in the least like one of themselves. His manner of speech was not refined, it is true; but there are shades, so to speak, which differentiate the talk of the masters from the talk of the rustics.

"I have come back without anything except a little money in my pocket. Now, Mrs. Exon, give me some bread and cheese for supper; I've had no dinner. Being ill, you see, and shaken more than a bit, I didn't want any dinner. Then I'll have a pipe, and you shall tell me the news and all that has happened. Perhaps by that time you will find out who I am."

When he had eaten his bread and cheese he began to smoke, showing no trace at all of his late fit. He talked about the parish, and showed that he knew everybody in it; he asked who had married and who were dead; he inquired into the position and prospects of all the farms; he showed the most intimate acquaintance with everybody and the greatest interest in the affairs of all the families. Yet no one could remember who he was.

About 9:30 o'clock the door was opened again, this time to admit Harry Babjahns, the blacksmith, who had been finishing the choir practice. He stepped in—a big, strong man, with broad shoulders and a brown beard. His eyes fell on the stranger.

"Why!" he cried, "it's Mr. David Leighan come back again, and him in rags!"

"So it is—it's Mr. David," cried Mrs. Exon, clapping her hands. "To think that none of us knew him at first sight! And that you should come to my house, of all the houses in the parish, first, and me not to know you! and you in this condition! But you'll soon change all that; and I'll make up the bed for you—and your uncle and Miss Mary will be downright glad to see you, Mr. David! To think of my not knowing Mr. David!"

CHAPTER X.

It was exactly 12 o'clock Sunday morning when Mr. Leighan was suddenly startled by a man's step. He knew the step somehow, but could not at the moment remember to whom it belonged. The man, whoever he was, knew his way about the place, because he came from the back and walked straight, treading heavily, to the room where Mr. Leighan was sitting and opened the door. It was David coming to call upon his uncle on his return. There was some improvement in his appearance. Joseph Exon had lent him certain garments in place of those he had worn the day before; the canvas trousers, for instance, had gone, and the terrible felt hat with the hole in the crown. His dress was now of a nondescript and incongruous kind, the sailor's jacket ill assorting with the rustic corduroy trousers and waistcoat.

He threw open the door and stood confronting the man whom he had last seen dead, as he thought, killed by his own hand. He tried to face him bravely, but broke down and stood before him with hanging head and guilty eyes.

"So," said Daniel Leighan, "it is David come back again. We thought you were dead."

"You hoped I was dead; say it out," said David, with a ropy voice.

"Dead or alive, it makes no difference to me. Stay; you were in my debt when you went away. Have you come to settle that long-outstanding account?"

David stepped into the room and shut the door behind him.

"You have got something to say to me first," he said in a husky voice. "Have it out now, and get it over. Something you've kept dark, eh?"

"What do you mean?"

"Outside they knew nothing about it. That was well done. No occasion to make a family scandal—and me gone away and all—was there? Come, let us have it out, old man. Who robbed me of my land?"

His words were defiant, but his eyes were uneasy and suspicious.

"Say, rather, who fooled away his inheritance with drink and neglect?"

"Robbed me, I say!"

"If I had not bought your land some one else would. If you've come home in this disposition, David, you had better go away again as soon as you please. Don't waste my time with foolish talk."

"'David's gone,' you said. 'When he comes back, we'll have it out. We won't have a family scandal.' Well, I am back. I thought you were dead."

"I am not dead, as you see."

"Well, go on. Say what you've got to say. I'll sit and listen. Come; we owe you so much. Pay it out, then."

"David," said his uncle, quietly, "drink has evidently driven you off your head. Family scandal? What was there to hide? Good heavens! do you suppose that the whole of your family, with its prodigacy and drunkenness, was not known to all the countryside? Why, your history is one long scandal. Things to hide? Why, the whole parish was so ashamed of you that it rejoiced when you went away. That is all I have to say to you, David. What are you staring like a black pig for?"

"Oh!" cried David. "Is it possible? What does he mean? Come, old man, don't bottle up. You can't do anything to me now, and I might do a great deal for you; I might, if you didn't bottle up and bear malice. Come—you and me know—let's have it out."

"What do we two know?" All I know is that you have been away for six years, and you come back in rags, that you had a fit of some kind last night up at Joseph Exon's. Have you got any account to give of yourself?"

"Don't bottle up," David said, feebly. "There's nobody here but you and me. I'll own up. And then I can help you as nobody else can—if you don't bottle up. If you do—but why should you? What's the good? There's nobody here but you and me. What is the good of pretending that there's nothing? Did you ever forgive anybody in your life? Do you think I believe you are going to forgive me—you of all men in the world?"

"Leave off this nonsense about hiding and pretending and inferring. One would think you had been murdering somebody."

David sat down, staring with the blankest astonishment. He had by this time succeeded in impressing upon his brain the fixed conviction that his uncle kept his murderous assault a secret out of regard for the family name, and he came prepared to be submissive, to express contrition, and to offer, in return for the secret being still kept, to give back to his uncle the long-lost box full of papers. And now, this conviction destroyed, he knew not what to think or what to say.

"It can't be!" he said, "It can't be! Uncle, you are playing some deep game with me. You are like a cat with a mouse. You are old, but you are foxy; you've got a game of your own to play, and you think you'll play that game low down. Come," he made one more effort to ascertain if the impossible really had happened—"come. It's like a game of bluff, ain't it? But let's drop it, and play with the cards on the table. See, now, here's my hand—I heard last night that you were alive and hearty, though I had every reason to think you were dead. I was quite sure you were dead—I knew you were dead. You know why I knew. Every night I was assured by yourself that you were dead. Come, now. Well, when I heard that you were alive and hearty, I said to myself, 'To-morrow I'll go and have it out with him when all the people are at church and there's nobody to listen;' because they told me you could not remember—you know what."

"Couldn't remember? I'd have you to know, sir, that my memory is as good as ever it was."

"Oh!" said David, "then you do remember everything?"

"Of course I do."

"Then, uncle, have it out. Let us talk open. I've never forgotten it. I have said to myself over and over again, 'I'm sorry I done it.' I wished I hadn't done it, especially at night when your ghost came; who ever heard of a live man's ghost?"

CHAPTER XI.

"The man's stark, staring mad!" cried Daniel Leighan.

"Come, now. Either say, 'David, I forgive you, because there was not much harm done after all; I forgive you if you'll help me in the way that you only can help me;' or else say, 'David, I'll bear malice all the days of my life.' Then we shall know where we are."

"I don't understand one word you say. Stay!" A thought suddenly struck him. "Stay! The last time I set eyes on you it was on the morning you left Challacombe, and on the same day that I met with an accident. The last time I set eyes on you was in this room. You cursed and swore at me. You went on your knees and prayed the Lord in a most disrespectful manner to revenge you, as you put it. Do you wish me to forgive those idle words? Man alive! you might as well ask me to forgive the last night's thunder. Reproach yourself as much as you please—I'm glad you've got such a tender conscience—but don't think I am going out of my way to bear malice because you got into a temper six years ago!"

"Then you do remember, uncle," said David, with a sigh of infinite satisfaction. "Well, I thought you would remember, and bear malice. It was the last you saw of me, you see—and the last I saw of you."

David laughed, not the hysterical laugh of last night, but a low laugh of sweet satisfaction and secret enjoyment.

"Well, uncle, since you don't bear malice, there's no harm done. And now we can be friends again, I suppose? And if it comes to foxiness, perhaps it will be my turn to play fox."

"Play away, David—play away."

"I've come home, you see"—David planted his feet more firmly and leaned forward, one hand on each knee—"I've come home."

"In rags."

"In poverty and rags. I've got nothing but two or three pounds. When they are gone, perhaps before, I shall want more money. The world is everywhere full of rogues—quite full of rogues—besides land thieves like yourself, and there isn't enough work to go around. Mostly they live like you, by plundering and robbing."

"Find work, then. In this country if you don't work you won't get any money. Do you think you are the more likely to get money out of me by calling names?"

"Well, you see, uncle, I think I shall find a way to get some money out of you."

"Not one penny—not one penny, David, will you get." There was a world of determination in Mr. Leighan when it came to refusing money.

"It's natural that you should say so to begin with." His manner had now quite changed. He began by being confused, hesitating and shamefaced; he was now assured, and even braggart. "I expected as much. You would rather see your nephew starve than give him a penny. You've robbed him of his land; you've driven him out of his house; and when he comes back in rags, you tell him he may go and starve."

"Words don't hurt, David," his uncle replied, quietly. "I am too old to be moved by words. Now, if you have nothing more to say, go."

(To be continued.)

DOWN ON THE RIO GRANDE.

Contractor Tells of an Exciting Experience in Crossing Stream.

"To give you an idea of what sort of river the Rio Grande is I'll tell an experience that I had in getting across it with a derrick," said Raymond McDougall, a mining man from New Mexico. "I was a contractor in rock work from the east side of the river to the Magdalenas. The derrick was on four wagon wheels and four mules were hauling it. I had my two helpers along and one of them drove the mules. He was an old-timer, which was lucky, and if I had trusted to my own judgment I might have made a mistake that would have cost me my mules and derrick, if not my life.

"We reached the Rio Grande an hour before sundown and I saw a wide river bed, but no water—only dry sand from one bank to the other. It was a new kind of river to me, but my driver said that it was all right—that it was a way the Rio Grande had. The water was there, only it was flowing through the sands under the channel instead of in it. I being a tenderfoot was for camping on the nearer bank where the grass was good, but McCartney, the driver, said that would never do unless I was willing to take my chances of staying there a week or two; that water sometimes came down the channel, a good deal of it, and it would be well to get across while we were sure that we could.

"We started across over the dry sands and I was thinking what an easy way it was of fording a river when of a sudden the two lead mules were floundering in a quicksand and the whole outfit came near being drawn in. We got the two leaders clear of the harness and the other two mules drew them out, one at a time. We hitched them up again and by making a long circuit got past the quicksand and to the other bank.

"By that time it was 10 o'clock and the moon had risen. The mules had just begun to climb the bank when we heard a roaring noise up the channel. It came from a wall of water that stretched from bank to bank and was travelling toward us fast. It looked in the moonlight to be four feet high, and there was high water behind sending it on. We didn't need to holler to the mules. They heard what was coming and clawed up the bank like cats.

"We got out all right, derrick and all—and there were not three minutes to spare. Before we had finished our supper the river bed was full, bank high, with a torrent that eddied and roared as it rushed past our camping place as if it had been sorry to miss us and would like to get up where we were. There was not a cloud in the sky or a sign of rain anywhere and the flood may have come from a cloudburst in Colorado 200 miles away. But it came near getting us.

"I had learned one lesson, and that was in travelling by wagon always to camp on the farther side of a stream. And I had learned to put no trust in the Rio Grande."—Milwaukee Free Press.

Helpful.

Mrs. Nexdore—My daughter had her first opportunity last night to play the new piano we bought for her. Did you hear her?

Mrs. Pepprey—Yes, and we had company last night; we were delighted.

Mrs. Nexdore—Er-really?

Mrs. Pepprey—Yes, we didn't like our callers at all and were glad they left early.—Philadelphia Press.

The remains of some sand that had been carted from Lytle Creek into San Bernardino, Cal., for building purposes yielded $15 worth of gold to a prospector whose experienced eye had noted the metal's glitter as he was passing it.

Don't be surprised if love that feeds on beauty should die of starvation.

OBJECTS TO TREATY

China Wants Prompt Evacuation of Manchuria.

RAILROAD GUARDS ARE MENACE

Says Province Should Be Cleared of Troops in Nine Months and No Guards Remain.

Washington, Sept. 26.—The Post tl is morning says:

"The Chinese government, a week or more ago, made a formal protest to the Russian and Japanese governments concerning two of the conditions set forth in the treaty of peace signed at Portsmouth. China objects to two things—first, the length of time allowed for the evacuation of Manchuria, and, second, the provisions made for an armed guard for the railroad lines owned by Russia and Japan in Manchuria.

"China believes that nine months is entirely sufficient time within which Japan and Russia shall evacuate Manchuria, instead of 12 months, as provided for in the peace treaty.

"The provision made for guarding the railroad, the Chinese contend, contemplates an armed force of probably 10,000 men in Chinese territory. The Chinese government regards the maintenance of guards in Manchuria as a menace and it does not propose to agree to such a plan."

MEXICAN TRADE GROWING.

Largest Increase Last Year Was In American Imports.

Mexico City, Sept. 26.—Statistics of Mexico's foreign trade for the fiscal year ended June 30, show a healthy commercial condition. The imports were valued at $85,861,081 gold, of which $48,303,167 came from the United States, an increase of nearly $6,000,000 over the preceding fiscal year. Great Britain sent goods to the value of $10,481,343, an increase of about $400,000. Germany contributed $9,810,538, which is a slight increase. France sent $8,482,685, which is a gain of $1,000,000.

The gold exported amounted to $13,696,146, a gain of nearly $3,000,000 over the preceding fiscal year. The total amount of silver exported (silver value) was $65,523,645, which is a decrease of $13,588,044. The total silver value of all exports was $208,520,451, or about $104,800,000 gold value. This shows a very satisfactory condition, although a slight decrease from the preceding year.

Trade with the United States is growing steadily and will increase from year to year in the judgment of mercantile and banking houses. The country was never more prosperous and the outlook for the coming year is a bright one.

SLAVS ARE AROUSED.

Austrian Invasion of Albania a Challenge to Russia.

St. Petersburg, Spet. 26.—Not only Russia but all the Slavs of Eurpoe are aroused as the result of Austro-Hungarian troops crossing the frontier into Turkey and occupying Novibazar. Four Russian army corps have been ordered south and subsidized steamship lines plying on the Danube are preparing transports. Prince Golytzin, privy councillor, said today:

"Russia considers the Austrian invasion of Albania and occupation of Novibazar a challenge that is answerable with force, because it is a flagrant breach of the treaty of Berlin. It threatens the independence of Servia and Montenegro, which Russia has guaranteed.

"The invasion, however, is a master move, killing two birds with one stone. It is calculated to relieve the Hungarian crisis, flattering Magyar vanity by annexing Turkish territory, while at the same time the Slav population of the annexed region would put the Magyars in a minority in Hungary. But intrigues by the Hapsburgs always end to their own detriment."

Packers Fix the Rates.

Cihcago, Sept. 26. — "The packers fix the rates," declared A. B. Stickney, president of the Chicago, Great Western railroad, testifying for the defense before the Interstate Commerce commission today regarding frieght rates from the Missouri river to Chicago. In answer to a question as to how the charges were made, President Stickney replied: "In fixing the rate on dressed meat, we don't have very much to say. The packer generally makes the rate. He comes to you and always makes you feel that he is your friend."

Rates Favor Standard Oil.

Washington, Sept. 26. — Complaint was filed with the Interstate Commerce commission today by the Marshall Oil company, of Marshalltown, Iowa, protesting against freight rates on oil in less than carload lots. They own refineries in Pennsylvania. They allege rates unjustly discriminate in favor of the Standard Oil company. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; Missouri Pacific; Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific; Iowa Central; Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and Union Pacific railroads are the defendants.

All Protest Against Peace.

Tokio, Sept. 26.—The emperor is giving personal attention to the memorials presented to the throne against the terms of peace arranged with Russia. These memorials now number nearly 100. The persons who are trying to interview privy councillors advocate the refusal to ratify the treaty of peace, and the public is almost unanimous in demanding the resignation of the cabinet. Even the moderates do not conceal their grief.

Growing Worse at Hamburg.

Jackson, Miss., Sept. 26.— The yellow fever infection at Hamburg is spreading rapidly, nine new cases, four suspicious cases and one death being reported today. Roxie reports one new case and one death.

Prove It By the Oven Fire

Put the wonderful K C Baking Powder to the test. Get a can on approval. Your money will be returned if you don't agree that all we claim is true. You'll be delighted with the delicious, wholesome things that

K C BAKING POWDER

will bring to life in your oven.

K C Baking Powder is two-thirds cheaper and makes purer, better, more healthful food than other powders anywhere near K C Quality. 25 ounces for 25 cents. Get it to-day!

JAQUES MFG. CO. Chicago

Send a postal for "Book of Formulas."

Sequel to Wedding Feast.

A Scotch minister and his friend, who were coming home from a wedding, began to consider the state into which their potations at the wedding feast had left them. "Sandy," said the minister, "just stop a minute here till I go ahead. Maybe I don't walk very steady and the good wife might remark something not just right." He walked ahead of the servant for a short distance and then asked: "How is it? Am I walking straight?" "Oh, ay," answered Sandy, thickly. "Ye're a' recht, but who's that who's with you?"

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.

The Tie Magnetic.

"And now, darling," said the newly accepted lover, "tell me how you ever came to be attracted to such a plain, everyday man as myself? What could you see in me to love?"

The beautiful girl blushed and looked down at the diamond sparkling on her finger. "Well," she said at last, hesitating.

"Yes, yes—what was it?" exclaimed the impatient lover.

"Because you tie your ascots so beautifully. I never could make mine look right. Will you show me how, dear?"—New York Press.

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

View Masculine.

Mrs. Naggs—You shouldn't take such a morbid view of life, my dear.

Naggs—But I can't help it.

Mrs. Naggs—Look at poor Mr. Meeker. His income is small and his wife is slowly dying, yet he always has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody.

Naggs—You say his wife is dying?

Mrs. Naggs—Yes. The doctor says she can't last much longer.

Naggs—And Meeker is cheerful and pleasant, you say?

Mrs. Naggs—Yes.

Naggs—Well, I'm surprised at him. If he doesn't look sharp he'll give himself away.

The Printing Office.

The printing office has indeed proved a better college to many a boy, has graduated more useful and conspicuous members of society, has brought more intellect out and turned it into practical, useful channels, awakened more minds, generated more active and elevated thought, than many of the literary colleges of the country. A boy who commences in such a school as the printing office, will have his talents and ideas brought out; and if he is a careful observer, experience in his profession will contribute more toward an education than can be obtained in almost any other manner.

His Admission.

Wife (during the spat)—Come, dear, we have no occasion to quarrel in this manner. Of course I do some very foolish things at times—and so do you. You'll admit that, will you not?

Husband—Certainly, I'll admit that you do, my dear. That's what I've said all along.

Wife—Wretch! How dare you!

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

Knickerbockers Were Fierce.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the economical mother, "I thought I had cut down this old suit of your father's so it would fit you, but it seems entirely too large yet."

"Yes, ma," replied the bright boy, "especially the 'wide ex-pants.'"—Philadelphia Press.

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.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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.

The Innocent Kid.

Little Willie—Papa, is a ventriloquist a man who talks to himself in a low tone?

Pa—No, my boy. A ventriloquist is a man who can speak in such a way that his tones seem to come from another person.

Little Willie—That explains what sister said to George last night. She told him that when no one was around he was a very different person.

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

Wide Open.

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P. N. U. No. 39—1905

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

ECZEMA A FLESH FIRE

Those afflicted with Eczema know more than can be told of the suffering imposed by this "flesh fire." It usually begins with a slight redness of the skin, which gradually spreads, followed by blisters and pustules discharging a thin, sticky fluid that dries and scales off, leaving an inflamed surface, and at times the itching and burning are almost unbearable. While any part of the body is liable to be attacked, the hands, feet, back, arms, face and legs are the parts most often afflicted. The cause of Eczema is a too acid condition of the blood. The circulation becomes loaded with fiery, acid poisons that are forced through the glands and pores of the skin which set the flesh aflame. Since the cause of the disease is in the blood it is a waste of time to try to cure it with local applications; the cause must be removed before a cure can be effected. S. S. S. has no equal as a remedy for Eczema; it enters the blood and forces out the poison through the natural channels, and builds up the entire system. The skin becomes smooth and soft again, and the Eczema is cured. Cases that have persistently refused to be cured under the ordinary treatment yield to its purifying, cooling effect on the blood. Book on Skin Diseases and any advice wished, without charge.

Eczema made its appearance on my left limb the size of my thumb in 1893, and spread until it was large as my hand, burning, itching and paining me, and for which I could get no relief, until seeing the other cures advertised by you I wrote and secured the advise of your physicians, commenced S. S. S. and it cured me.

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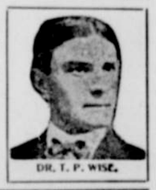

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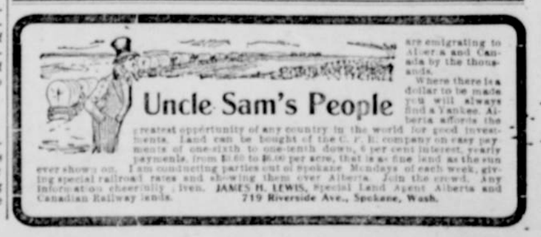

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