Buy Hair at Auction?

At any rate, you seem to be getting rid of it on auction-sale principles: "going, going, g-o-n-e!" Stop the auction with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, and always restores color to gray hair. A splendid dressing also. Sold for over sixty years.

"My hair came out so badly I nearly lost it all. I had heard so much about Ayer's Hair Vigor I thought I would give it a trial. I did so and it completely stopped the falling, and made my hair grow very rapidly."—MARY H. FIELD, Northfield, Mass.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Ivory Difficult to Judge.

The next time you have a billiard cue in your hand and expect to run the game out just stop and ponder over the age of the pieces of ivory which are rolling tantalizingly about the table. That white ball which has just received too much "English" belonged to an old elephant who was wandering through the Congo jungles when Napoleon was still alive. Those balls cost from $8 to $10 apiece. Study the history of the billiard ball and their case and you will have more respect for the game.

The elephant's tusk which is large enough to furnish the product for a good billiard ball must be at least twenty-five years old. If it is fifty years old, so much the better. The tusk of the elephane grows much like an oak tree, and the grain of the ivory looks not unlike the grain of a seasoned piece of oak lumber. If it is "green" the ivory will shrink just as the wood shrinks. If it is too "dry" it will "chip" in the same fashion.

The buying of billiard balls at best is a gamble. A ball may have the right weight, the proper gloss and appear to be well seasoned, but for some unaccountable reason will chip off and become totally ruined by a fall on the floor. Buy a dozen balls like a setting of Plymouth Rock eggs, three or four balls will last for years, while the others will have to be replaced again and again.

Disastrous Experiment.

They're telling of a Jackson County farmer who found an auto horn in the road one day and took it home and taught his chickens to recognize its honk as their feed call. Instead of calling them in the old-fashioned way the farmer or his wife would blow the auto horn. One day an automobilist passed the farm going about fifteen miles an hour and tooting his horn. The chickens near the house took out after the auto and fourteen hens and three roosters ran themselves to death behind the machine.—Kansas City Times.

Charged His Time.

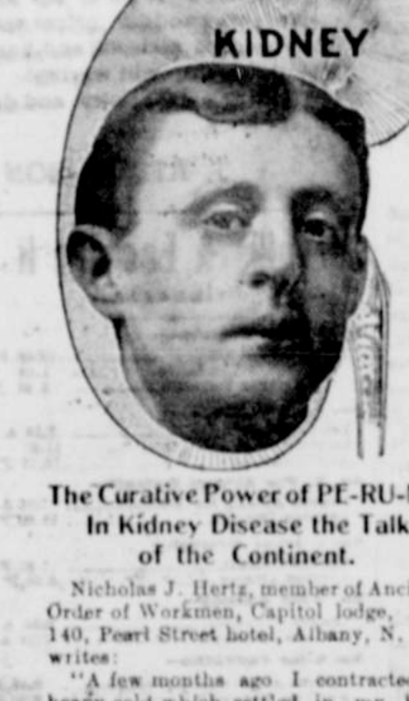
"The treasury deficit for the fiscal year is nearly $24,000,000."

"Eh? That doesn't seem much for a big and prosperous nation, does it?"

"And your share of the deficit—if there are 80,000,000 in our nation—will be close to 30 cents."

"What's that! My share? Say, only the grossest carelessness and bad-management could run up an enormous deficit like that."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

KIDNEY TROUBLE DUE TO CATARRH



The Curative Power of PE-RU-NA In Kidney Disease the Talk of the Continent.

Nicholas J. Hertz, member of Ancient Order of Workmen, Capitol lodge, No. 140, Pearl Street hotel, Albany, N. Y., writes:

"A few months ago I contracted a heavy cold which settled in my kidneys, and each time I was exposed to inclement weather the trouble was aggravated until finally I was unable to work.

"After trying many of the advertised remedies for kidney trouble, I finally took Peruna.

"In a week the intense pains in my back were much relieved and in four weeks I was able to take up my work again.

"I still continued to use Peruna for another month and at the end of that time I was perfectly well.

"I now take a dose or two when I have been exposed and find that it is splendid to keep me well."

Hundreds of Cures.

Dr. Hartman is constantly in receipt of testimonials from people who have been cured of chronic and complicated kidney disease by Peruna. For free medical advice, address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

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

His Heart's Desire

By SIR WALTER BESANT

CHAPTER XIV.

On the next day, Monday, a very singular and inexplicable thing happened—nay, two singular things—the full meaning of which I did not comprehend until accident put the solution into my hands.

I left Sidcote at eight, before the morning freshness was quite gone from the air, and followed the road which leads to Widdicombe. After Heytree, the road runs for the best part of a mile over the open down where Mr. Leighan met his accident.

I soon had the whole of the great flat ridge to myself as I left King's Tor and walked briskly southward. Half way along this upland plain there stands an upright stone of gray granite, six feet high. Beside it lies a small flat stone; it is called the Gray Wether. Who put it up, and why it was put up, not the oldest inhabitant can tell.

What happened was this. Between the upright stone and the flat stone the edges of the latter being irregular, there is, at a certain place, an aperture or recess.

I carried with me a stick, on which I was leaning. Now, by this kind of chance which we call accident, in changing my position I stuck the point of the stick into the aperture—a thing of which one would have been hardly conscious but for an unmistakable clicking which followed, as of coins. The opening, I found, was too small for a man's hand. The flat stone was immovable. Perhaps with the stick I could at least feel the coins? Yes, I made them rattle.

Now, when I took out the stick again a bit of yellow leather showed for a moment just hooked up by the ferule as far as the light penetrated. The sight of the leather inspired me with a faint hope. I reversed the stick and fished with the handle, to such good purpose that in a very few moments I had the leather thong in my fingers and hauled it out.

The thong tied up the mouth of a small brown canvas bag. The bag was a modern bank bag, and its treasure was a collection of twenty coins.

Twenty sovereigns in a bag, a modern brown canvas bag. Who could have climbed up Hamil Down in order to hide twenty pounds in a little hole like this?

I put the gold into the bag, tied it up again, and put it into my own pocket. Then I walked on, meditating.

While I was thinking, a figure, which I began dimly to perceive through the nebulous veil of thought, was working his way slowly down the hillside opposite by nearly the same way as I had myself picked among the bowlders. He came plodding along with the heavy step and rolling shoulders of one who walks much over ploughed fields and heavy land.

He stopped finally. Then he looked around him quickly, as if to assure himself that no one was present to observe him; I wonder he did not see me. Then he stooped down, reached within some cavity and drew out something.

It was in a big blue bag. I could plainly see that the blue bag, like my canvas bag, was weather-stained. He laid the bag upon a stone, and proceeded to draw out its contents, consisting of a single box. It was a box about two feet long and eighteen inches wide, and two or three inches deep. It was a tin box. What had David got in his box, for the man was David. I might have walked down the hill and asked him that question, but one was naturally somewhat ashamed to confess to looking on at what was intended for a profound secret.

David was so anxious to keep the secret that he actually took off his jacket, wrapped it round the bag, and tied it securely with string. Then, without looking about him any more, he turned and walked back slowly and deliberately as he had come, carrying the treasure under his arm. As soon as his figure had surmounted the brow of the hill and had disappeared, I got up and sought the hiding place. It really was a place into which nobody would think of looking for anything. The top stone sloped downward over the mouth, so as almost to hide it. In this cluster of four great stones no one would have dreamed of finding or of looking for anything. David's hiding place was well chosen.

Then I followed, walking slowly, so that I might not catch him up on his way home with his tin box full of queer things from the Southern Seas, I supposed.

In the evening I told George all that had happened, and produced the brown canvas bag. George took the bag, looked at it, opened it, poured out the gold, counted it, held it in his hand and weighed it; looked at it again, put it into the bag, and laid the bag on the table.

"It is weather-stained, old man," he said, "and smells of the mold. I should think it had been there some time." He took it up again and turned it round. "Look!" he said, "here are initials; they are nearly faded, but they are certainly initials. I make out an A—no, a B; or is it a D?—and an L. Certainly an L; B. L. or D. L., which is it?"

"Looks to me," I said, turning the bag about in the light, "looks like B. A.; but it may be D. L."

"Will," he cried, "I believe you have really found something important. Six years ago, when Daniel Leighan fell off his pony, he always declared that he lost twenty pounds in gold. It was tied up, he always says, in a canvas bag. This must be his bag and these must be his initials. I am quite sure of it."

"Very odd, if it is so. Why should a man steal a bag of money only to put it—money and all—into a hole and then go away and leave it?"

"Well, I take it that the thief put the bag there meaning to return for it, but forgot where he put it."

"You can't forget the Gray Wether Stone, George. There is only one Gray Wether Stone on Hamil Down, and who in the world would go all up Hamil on purpose to hide a bag of money when there are hiding places in every stone wall about the fields?"

"Take it to Daniel to-morrow and show it to him, Will. He always declares that he was robbed of this money as well as of his bonds and securities. Nobody has ever believed him, because it seems unreasonable that a robber should take twenty pounds and leave fifty. But if it is proved that he is right about the money, he may also be right about the bonds."

Strange that neither of us thought of connecting David's box with his uncle's bonds. But then I did not know that the bonds were in a box; one thinks of bonds as a roll of paper.

"As for David's box," said George, "I agree with you, Will, that it is best to say nothing about it. Let him keep his secret. If it is valuable, so much the better. We will keep the thing to ourselves. But as for the canvas bag, you must certainly take it to Gratnor to-morrow, and give Daniel the chance of claiming it."

CHAPTER XV.

Had I taken that canvas bag to Gratnor early in the morning instead of the evening, many things might have turned out differently; among other things, David's extraordinary scheme of revenge might never have been possible. If I had told Daniel Leighan the strange thing I had witnessed from Hooknor Tor, he must certainly have connected the box taken from Grimspound with the box of his own papers.

The scheme was almost worthy of David's American pals—the gentlemen who had all "done something." The box, when David had carried it home, proved to be quite full of papers. His own knowledge of their value was slight, but he knew very well that signed papers had been his own destruction, and that the possession of signed papers made his uncle rich.

David called upon his uncle about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. He was received with the cordiality generally extended to all needy relations. Mr. Leighan shuffled his papers as a sign that he was busy and wished the call to be short, nodded his head with scant courtesy, and asked his nephew what he came for.

"I've come, uncle," David began very slowly, spreading himself upon a chair and producing a small brown paper packet. "I've come, uncle——"

"Don't be longer than you can help, David. Get to the subject at once, if you can. Say what you came to say, and then go away and leave me with my own business. It's high time you were looking after your own. Will George Sidcote give you a job? I hear you borrowed a bed yesterday, and a chair and a table, and that you have settled in the cottage—my cottage. Very good. I don't mind if you have it rent free till you get into work, when you'll have to pay your rent like your neighbors. If you begin any more nonsense about robbing you of your land you go out at once."

David, at the risk of seeming monotonous, uttered a forceful wish for the destruction of his uncle's cottage.

"If that is all you came to say, nephew, the sooner you go the better. And the sooner you clear out of my cottage and leave the parish, the better, or I'll make the place too hot for you——"

"I didn't come to rail at you, uncle," said David, more meekly. "If you wouldn't keep on—there, I've done; now hold your tongue and listen. I've got something very serious to say, and it's about your business, too!"

"Then make haste about it."

"Six years ago, they tell me, you were robbed, that night when you fell off your pony, after I'd gone away."

"It was the evening of that very day."

"Ah!"—David's eyes smiled, though his lips did not—"we little thought when I used those words with which we parted how quick they'd come true. When you lay there on the broad of your back, now, your face white and your eyes open, but never seeing so much as the moon in the sky, did you think of your nephew, whose farm you'd robbed, and did you say, 'David, 'tis a judgment?' "

"No, I didn't, David."

"You felt it all the more, then. Very well. While you lay there, as they tell me, some one comes along and robs you. What did you lose, uncle? Was it your watch and chain and all your money?"

"No; my watch and chain were not taken, and only a little of the money."

"Uncle, are you sure you were robbed? Do you think that robbers ever leave money behind them? Was the money taken in notes, or was it in gold?"

"It was all in gold. Fifty pounds in one bag, twenty pounds in the other, and both bags in one pocket. The small bag was taken and the big bag left. But what does it matter to you?"

"You shall see presently. I am going to surprise you, uncle. What else did you lose besides the little bag?"

"I lost a box of papers—but what does it matter to you? Did you come here to inquire about my robbery? I suppose you are glad to hear of it."

"Never mind, uncle. You go on answering my questions; I've got my reasons. I am going to surprise you. Wait a bit."

"Well, then; but what can you know? It was a tin box secured by a lock and tied round with a leather strap; I carried it in a blue bag—a lawyer's bag—hanging around my neck for safety."

"What was in that box, did you say?"

"David!" the old man changed color, and became perfectly white, and clutched at the arms of his chair and pulled himself upright, moved by the thought. "David! have you heard anything? have you found anything?"

"Wait a bit; all in good time. What was in that box, did you say, again?"

"Papers. I lost with that box papers to the tune of three thousand pounds—all in coupons!"

"It was a judgment! Why, my mortgages were not so very much more. Three thousand pounds! Come, even you would feel that, wouldn't you? Were there actually three thousand pounds in that box?"

"The man who stole that box might have presented these coupons one by one, and got them paid as they fell due, without questions asked—that is, he could until I stopped them. Oh! I could stop them, and I did; but I could never get them paid until I presented them through my own bankers. David, if you are revengeful, you may laugh; for it is a blow from which I have never recovered. They say that the paralysis in my legs was caused by falling from the pony, whereby I got, it seems, concussion of the brain. But I know better, David. A man like me does not get paralyzed in the legs by falling on his head. 'Twas the loss of all the money that caused the paralysis. And now I sit here all day long—I who used to ride about on my own land all day long!—and I try to think, all day and all night, if I could have left that box anywhere, or given to any one that bag of twenty sovereigns. David, tell me—I will reward you if you tell me anything to my advantage—have you heard something?"

CHAPTER XVI.

David nodded his head slowly.

"Three thousand pounds," he repeated. "It was three thousand pounds."

"I'm not a rich man, David, though you think I am. As for taking your farm if I hadn't taken it, somebody else would; for you were a ruined man. And now, even, if I leave it to you in my will, it would be little use, because Mary's money must come out of it. Oh! it was a hard blow—a cruel, hard blow."

"Yes," said David. "As a judgment, it was a—a—a—wunner. I never heard of a nobler judgment. Three thousand pounds!—and a fall off your pony!—and a paralysis!—all for robbing me of my land. Did you ever offer any reward?"

"No. What was the good?"

"Would you give any reward?"

"I would give—I would give—yes—I would give ten pounds to get that box back again."

"Ten pounds for three thousand. That's a generous offer, isn't it?"

"I'd give fifty pounds—I'd give a hundred—two hundred—four hundred, David." He multiplied his offer by two every time that David shook his head.

"You'd have to come down more handsome than four hundred to get back three thousand pounds. Well," he rose as if to go, "that's all I've got to say this morning. That will do for to-day. Much more handsome you would have to come down."

"David!" cried his uncle, eagerly, "what do you mean by being more handsome? Tell me, David—do you know anything?"

"Why," said David, "I may know, or I may not know. What did I tell you? Didn't I say that I might have something to sell? Well—that's enough for this morning!" He moved toward the door.

"David, David, come back! What have you got to sell?"

"That is my secret"—he stood with his hand on the door handle—"if you tell a secret, what is the good of it?"

"David, stop—stop! Do you know where that box was taken? Oh! David, put away your hard thoughts. Remember you were ruined already. I didn't ruin you; my heart bled to see your father's son ruining himself."

"Look here, uncle; perhaps the box exists, and perhaps it doesn't. Perhaps I have learned where it is and perhaps I haven't. Perhaps I've got a paper out of the box in my pocket at this minute, and perhaps—well, what would you give me for a paper out of the box, taken out this very morning, none of the other papers having been so much as touched? What would you give for that, just to show that the others can be laid hold of?"

"Oh! give it to me, David," the old man stretched out both hands with yearning eyes; "let me look at it. Can it be that the box is found after all, and safe?"

"If it is found, depend upon it that it is safe, uncle. Take your oath of that. The man who's got that box won't let it go in a hurry, particularly when he knows what's inside it. Three thousand pounds! and, perhaps, if he knew it, his own, for the trouble of presenting them at the right place."

"They've been stopped," Daniel explained for the second time. "You don't know what that means, perhaps; it means that any one who presents those papers for payment will find the money stopped, and himself taken up for unlawful possession of the coupons, David—which is seven years, I believe!"

(To be continued.)

JAPAN'S WAR LITERATURE.

Magazines Full of Pictures and Souvenirs of Battles.

All Japan is flooded with war literature of various kinds and some of the overflow has found its way to Minneapolis through the medium of Japanese residents in that city, says the Minneapolis Tribune. The bellboys at the Nicollet are particularly well supplied with magazines, illustrated supplements and official war records, all filled with accounts of battles, sieges and marches, written in queer-looking Japanese characters.

One of these, a pamphlet containing the official records of the war published in two editions, one covering the period from the beginning of the conflict, on Feb. 6, 1904, up to the 6th of last July, and the other recording events down to Jan. 2, 1905, is published by a brother and a cousin of Frank and Harry Nomura, two of the Nicollet bellboys. Another is an illustrated supplement to the regular war magazine. This is eagerly awaited and its monthly arrival is the signal for the Japs at the hotel to foregather as soon as opportunity offers and look over the numerous photographs of camp scenes, heroes and battlefields, which fill its pages from cover to cover, with just enough reading matter to make it interesting to the Japanese.

The Sun Trade Journal is the title of another of the collection. This is a monthly magazine, published in Tokyo and devoted to the Anglo-Japanese-American interests. The first twenty-four pages are in English and of the typical magazine style, consisting of articles on different subjects of public interest by well-known men, editorial comment, current topics and a brief resume of the events of the war during the month. The remainder of the magazine is in the language of Nippon; but the advertisers seem to be almost all Americans and in the midst of the Japanese character the eye lights upon the names of well-known firms in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and other cities of the United States.

Of interest, as giving a line on the character of the Japanese schools, is the students' monthly, gotten out by the pupils of the academy at Tokyo. This contains stories written by students and professors at the academy, writing of a more serious character on the sciences and mathematics, illustrated by drawings and examinations into English and German, together, of course, with more or less about that one absorbing topic, the war.

One peculiarity about the make-up of these periodicals from the land of the Rising Sun which presents itself to the western mind is the way in which they read, from right to left instead of from left to right, so that the front cover is on what is usually regarded as the back of the magazine. Another remarkable thing about them is that the advertisements are all printed on gayly colored sheets of paper, which are easily distinguished from the ordinary white pages on which the general reading matter appears, so that in perusing a Japanese magazine the unsuspecting reader cannot possibly be inveigled into examining into the merits of some new soap or breakfast food without his full consent.

Might Be True.

"My dear," said old Skinner, "did it ever occur to you that all the misers you read about are single men?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. S. with a tinge of sarcasm, "married misers are so common the newspapers evidently consider them unworthy of notice."

The beauty seen is partly in him who sees it.—Bovee.

Banana Is a Real Food.

Professors of dietetics tell us that the banana is not, as so many fruits are, a flavor and nothing more, but a food and a source of real nutriment. It is at once useful and delicious. It not only gratifies the palate, but supplies material for combustion and the maintenance of animal heat, while it also builds up the muscles and repairs the worn and threadbare nerves.

The flour made from it in its dried state is equal in nutritive value to rice, and how invigorating and sustaining rice is has been demonstrated in the recent achievements of the Japanese. Dried and sprinkled with sugar, a form in which it has been recently introduced into this country, the upstart banana is, weight for weight, as nutritious as the venerable fig.

But it is in the fresh state, clad in its primrose tunic—the stripping off of which is in itself a fascinating operation—that the banana chiefly appeals to us. Its creamy succulence and delicate odor are inviting and its pleasant sapor is a prelude to good digestion. Dependent as that sapor is on an ethereal body which the coal-tar investigators have not yet been able to imitate by any chemical essence, it is a subtle stimulus to all subsequent alimentary processes. And thus it is that the banana is an eminently digestible food. No sense of oppression or drowsiness follows a meal of it, and a meal of it may be made bulky enough.—Pall Mall Gazette.

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.

Uses of the Mesquite.

"The mesquite tree is the boon of the Western American desert, and it is the only sign of apology nature has yet given for making certain parts of the earth well nigh uninhabitable," said G. A. Long, of Pueblo, Col. "The white people first learned from the Indians that the mesquite affords the coolest shade of any tree, and the sight of the low husky growth is hailed with a shout of joy by the traveler. It also furnishes the only fuel of those regions, and lately still another use has been found for it.

"By cultivating a row of mesquite in much the same way as willows are used in low and swampy places to keep the soil from washing, the sands of the desert are held in check from the action of the shifting winds, and thus great tracts of otherwise barren lands will in time be reclaimed for the use of mankind. Even the desert can be made to yield to the cunning hand and brain of man."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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

Tickled Him.

The major found Remus sprawled out in the blazing sunshine.

"You don't seem to mind the heat, Remus?"

"No, sah; et jes' suits me. De hotah et is de sweeteh de melon grow."

"But don't your garden suffer?"

"Nuffin' in deh now, sah, but 'tatehs. Like to see et so hot det dey'd roast right in de ground en den Ah wouldn't hab de trouble ob buildin' a fiah to cook dem."

A Mistake Somewhere.

"I've been told," said the old man on the back platform of the street car, "that if we didn't look out sunthin' would happen."

"I hadn't heard of it," said the conductor.

"I heard some fellers talkin' about it half an hour ago."

"Well, I don't think you need be afraid. Want to get off here?"

"Yes, but you needn't stop the car. I can just step out like this, and swing my leg so, and——"

And he plowed along the street for ten feet and then fell full length.

"Hurt much?" asked a pedestrian, who went to his assistance.

"Somewhat, but that hain't what ails me," was the reply. "It's that that dinged comet was ready to hit me in the back and the fool-headed conductor was taking things as easy as if he was forty miles away."

Two of a Kind.

The lightning bug is brilliant, but he hasn't any mind; he meanders through the darkness with his headlight on behind. Likewise the foolish merchant, whom no one can advise; he declares there's "nothin' doin'," when asked to advertise.

The Home of the Wave Circle

is the home where good cooking is loved, where the family enjoy the finest of biscuits, doughnuts, cakes, and pies and other good things every day. The baking is always delicious and wholesome because

K C Baking Powder

—the baking powder of the wave circle, is used.

Get K C to-day! 25 ounces for 25c. If it isn't all that we claim, your grocer refunds your money. Send for "Book of Presents."

JAQUES MFG. CO.
Chicago.

In Arizona.

The Coroner—Have you any idea what caused the stranger's death?

Broncho Pete—Yep. He died from heart trouble.

The Coroner—Are you sure?

Broncho Pete—Sartenly. The heart was an ace an' he had it up his sleeve. See?

Frenzied Advertising.

In these days of frenzied advertising, it is hard for all of us to tell the real thing, and it naturally follows that the safest way is to pin our faith to those articles and products which are backed and guaranteed by the oldest and most reliable concerns.

The Pillsbury company, of Minneapolis, with a world-wide reputation for best quality, guarantees to you that in buying their ideal breakfast food, "Pillsbury's Vitos—the Meat of the Wheat," you actually purchase a product which is free from impurities, and at the same time a most economical food. It is truly the white heart of the wheat kernel, sterilized, nothing added, nothing taken away; no flavoring, no cooking, and a two-pound package will make you twelve pounds of delicious white food. Figure the economy of this.

If you are looking for the best, and are willing to accept the statements of the largest and most respected of firms, whose products are the yard stick by which all competitors measure their lines, you will not hesitate.

Ask your grocer today for "Pillsbury's Vitos—the Meat of the Wheat."

Put up only in two-pound air tight packages. Price 20 cents.

Alma Mater So Dear.

Farmer Jason—Want a job, hey? Are ye a good, steady worker?

Bypath Blake—Well, no, now you speak of it. I have to take four months off every year to go an' coach me old college football team.—Puck.

Piso's Cure is a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, at druggists.

His Bad Blunder.

City Grocer—We have some extra nice country hams, madam, if——

Mrs. Flatt (interrupting)—For goodness' sake, don't say "ham" to me. I've just got back from a three weeks' visit with a country cousin.—Chicago News.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Vegetarianism is all the vogue among those who take thought what they shall eat and what they shall drink, says the London Outlook. Bridge and boiled cabbage came in together, and who shall say which has the firmer hold upon persons of fashion?

He Owed the Butcher.

"What's the matter now?" asked the village editor as the "devil" rushed excitedly into his sanctum.

"Your wife has just eloped with the butcher," replied the inky imp.

"Oh, is that all?" exclaimed the scissor wielder, with a sigh of relief. "Well, that makes one less bill I'll have to settle, anyway."

$75 PERMANENT salary and expenses paid to liable men, outside of the city; pleasant work. H. Benker, room 5, 173½ 7th st., Portland.

Well Supplied.

The young man with the black box and big brass horn entered the exclusive hotel.

"What have you there?" asked the clerk.

"A talking machine. Can I sell you one?"

"It would be superfluous here. This hotel is patronized exclusively by ladies."

MALLEABLE IRON STUMP PULLERS

Fastest, lightest and strongest Stump Puller on the market. 1¼ Horse power on the sweep with two horses. Write for descriptive catalog and prices.

REIERSON MACHINERY CO.
Foot of Morrison Street Portland, Oregon

Fruit Farm Bargain

On White Salmon River

Two hundred acres (40 leased school land) with 1150 young fruit trees, mostly Spitzenberg and Newton apples. On stage and R. F. D. route; ¾ mile from school. Irrigating ditch covering gardens and small fruits. Stock and tools with place. Price $4,000; $2,500 down. For further particulars address

H. H. AHRENS, White Salmon, Wash.

Positive, Comparative, Superlative.

"I have used one of your Fish Brand Slickers for five years, and now want a new one, also one for a friend. I would not be without one for twice the cost. They are just as far ahead of a common coat as a common one is ahead of nothing."

(Name on application.)

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR, 1904.

Be sure you don't get one of the common kind—this is the mark of excellence.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA.

Makers of Wet Weather Clothing & Hats.

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—IT'S FREE

THE MULTNOMAH BUSINESS INSTITUTE
M. A. ALBIN, PRES.
[illegible] SIXTH ST. PORTLAND, ORE.

KILLS lice and all vermin that infest horses, cattle, poultry, etc. Lousy hens will not lay, nor chicks grow.

LICE! live upon the blood which should go to sustain life & vitality. PRUSSIAN LICE POWDER kills the lice, thus it SAVES FEED as extra rations must be given on account of vermin. 25c and 50c dealers. By mail [illegible]

PRUSSIAN REMEDY CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.
[illegible] page Hand Book Free

PORTLAND SEED CO., Portland, Oregon, Coast Agents

Dr. C. Gee Wo

WONDERFUL HOME TREATMENT

This wonderful Chinese Doctor is called great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, buds, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of these harmless remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and circulars. Send stamp. CONSULTATION FREE.

Address THE C. GEE WO CHINESE MEDICINE CO
162½ First St., S. E. Cor. Morrison
Mention paper. PORTLAND, OREGON.

P. N. U. No. 41—1905

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

SCROFULA A Disease We Inherit

The tainted blood of ancestors lays upon the shoulders of innocent offspring untold suffering by transmitting to them, through the blood, that blighting disease, Scrofula; for in nearly every instance the disease can be traced to some family blood trouble, or blood-kin marriage which is contrary to the laws of nature. Swelling, ulcerating glands of the neck, catarrh, weak eyes, sores, abscesses, skin eruptions, white swelling, hip disease and other deformities, with a wasting of the natural strength and vitality, are some of the ways this miserable disease manifests itself. The poison transmitted through the blood pollutes and weakens that health-sustaining fluid and in place of its nutritive qualities fills the circulation with scrofulous matter and tubercular deposits, often resulting in consumption. A disease which has been in the family blood for generations, perhaps, or at least since the birth of the sufferer, requires constitutional treatment. S. S. S. is the remedy best fitted for this. It cleanses the blood of all scrofulous and tuberculous poisons, makes it rich and pure and under the tonic effects of this great blood medicine the general health improves, the symptoms all pass away, there is a sure return to health, the disease is cured permanently while posterity is protected. Book on the blood and any advice wished, furnished by our physicians, without charge.

Scrofula appeared on the head of my little grandchild when only 18 months old, and spread rapidly over her body. The disease next attacked the eyes and we feared she would lose her sight. It was then that we decided to try S. S. S. That medicine at once made a speedy and complete cure. She is now a young lady, and has never had a sign of the disease to return.

150 S. 5th St., Salina, Kan. MRS. R. BERKLY.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

DR. W. A. WISE

We do crown and bridgework without pain. Our 18 years' experience in plate work enables us to fit your mouth comfortably. Dr. W. A. Wise has found a safe way to extract teeth absolutely without pain. Dr. T. P. Wise is an expert at gold filling and crown and bridgework. Extracting free when plates or bridges are ordered.

WISE BROS. 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.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors silk, wool and cotton equally well and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer, or we will send post paid at 10c a package. Write for free booklet how to dye, bleach and mix colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri.