

Scrofula

Few are entirely free from it. It may develop so slowly as to cause little if any disturbance during the whole period of childhood. It may then produce irregularity of the stomach and bowels, dyspepsia, catarrh and marked tendency to consumption before manifesting itself in much cutaneous eruption or glandular swelling. It is best to be sure that you are quite free from it, and for its complete eradication you can rely on

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best of all medicines for all humors.

A Difference. Remus (haughtily)—Miss Johnson, Ah! I don't like to read tales which show that geniuses were once unruly children. Jones—Why? Brown—They merely encourage lazy parents to believe that their unruly children will all turn out geniuses.—Detroit Free Press.

ADVANCE IN PRICES. Binder Twine Market Rises Half a Cent and is Still on the Up Grade. Confirming predictions in our former comments on Binding Twine, prices have advanced one-half cent per pound on all grades. This advance is made on the strong position of the fiber market, and indications are that present prices will be maintained, although even higher prices may prevail in the very near future. Consumption will be larger than anticipated as, from farm papers of the Mississippi valley, a larger amount of twine than usual will be required for the cat harvest, an increase of at least 25 per cent by most conservative estimate. Wheat straw is large and grain lodged, thus demanding more twine where only an average was looked for a few weeks since. This means a shortage of twine in the East. A careful canvass of the Northwest indicates that home manufacturers are well prepared to take care of the market of this section, and native pride would dictate that, other things being equal, home products should be given preference. Brands with no superior in quality, and an excellence such as possessed by the Cover Leaf Brand with lower cost per 1,000 feet, also a market near at hand, dealers should not hesitate in making up their orders. At present, however, heavy shipments are being made, and orders should be placed at once as better attention can be given to early orders than where bunched so near harvest time.

The Octopus.

"What!" ejaculated the man. "Four hundred dollars for that dress?" "Yes," answered the wife soothingly. "It is the train that makes it so expensive." "Ah-h-h!" groaned the husband, "that cursed railroad trust again."—Baltimore American.

She Had 'Em. Miss Newlyrich was being taught how to play hearts. A diamond was led, and she played a club. "Have you no diamonds?" they asked her. "Oh, she has a quantity up stairs," exclaimed her mother, proudly.—New York Evening Sun.

She Acknowledged It.

"Beauty," we remarked, sagely, "is only skin deep." "Ah," murmured the vain damsel, "I am so thin skinned." "But we told her that it was just as painful to skin a thin skinned as a thick skinned person, and walked haughtily away.—Baltimore American.

Sleepy Grass. Sleepy grass is found in New Mexico, Texas and Siberia. It has a most injurious effect on horses and sheep, being a strong narcotic or sedative, and causing profound sleep, or stupor, lasting 24 to 48 hours.

Bad Blood, Bad Complexion.

The skin is the seat of an almost endless variety of diseases. They are known by various names, but are all due to the same cause, acid and other poisons in the blood that irritate and interfere with the proper action of the skin. To have a smooth, soft skin, free from all eruptions, the blood must be kept pure and healthy. The best preparations of SSS purify and cleanse the blood, and the large number of face powders and lotions generally used in this class of diseases cover up for a short time, but cannot remove permanently the ugly blotches and the red, disfiguring pimples.

Eternal vigilance is the price of a beautiful complexion when such remedies are relied on.

Mr. H. T. Shobe, 774 Lucas Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., says: "My daughter was afflicted for years with a disfiguring eruption on her face, which resisted all treatment. She was taken to two celebrated health springs, but received no benefit. My medicine was prescribed, but with the time the first bottle was finished the eruption began to disappear. A dozen bottles cured her completely and left her skin perfectly smooth, the embarrassing disease has ever returned." S. S. S. is a positive, unflinching cure for the worst forms of skin troubles. It is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable.

Bad blood makes bad complexion. SSS purifies and invigorates the old and makes new, rich blood that nourishes the body and keeps the skin active and healthy and in proper condition to perform its part towards carrying off the impurities from the body. If you have Eczema, Tetter, Acne, Salt Rheum, Psoriasis, or your skin is rough and pimply, send for our book on Blood and Skin Disease, and write our physician about your case. No charge whatsoever for this service.

SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

There was no suspicion, then, that the remains were those of their own master! What could I do? Had I broken my promise to Fraulein Haas? Was I helping even now to make public Steinhardt's crime? Was I not standing assenting while a terrible vengeance was threatened on the forger in the deep, slow Lancashire speech? I felt helpless in the crisis; I permitted myself to be borne along whither it might carry me.

In a very few minutes the canvas packages, dropping almost to pieces, were out of the ground and laid in silence on a hand barrow. In silence the improvised bier was taken up between two men, and as it was carried away attended by the lanterns of the crowd, as by instinct, formed in procession behind. I was surprised to find myself in front of this strange funeral procession and close to the bier. Thus in silence we marched away from the ruined mill through the tortuous and treacherous ways which led to the village.

"He's got an experiment on hand to-night, they say," remarked one in a low voice.

"Ay," said another, "and there's a night shift on of five or six."

As we entered upon the paved main street of the village, the regular clank of the clogs of our procession was sufficient of itself to attract attention. But though it was very late, the streets were alive with people, not noisy, as might have been expected on a wake night, but earnest and occupied. It was a novel, but true, "Timperley Wakes," for the whole population seemed astir. Our procession created little or no surprise; it appeared to have been expected. We were greeted with no speech or cries. I had heard now and then fearful whispers of "Who is it?" and "They cannot tell yet." Many of the crowd fell into the procession as it slowly passed up the street. There was no tavern open at that late hour to which the bier could be taken for examination, so it was carried to the door of the public hall—which was soon opened, lit up, and full of people, as it had been earlier in the evening.

I have no clear recollection of what followed. I appealed to them not to open the packages; I knew who it was. But I got only the obstinate, but respectful answer, "Yes, parson, but we must." The packages were opened; but I know only I had a horrible vision of a ghastly head with black hair and beard.

"Good Lord!" I heard more than one exclaim. "It's the murderer!"

His men had recognized Mr. Lacroix. Hurried and fierce consultations were held, to which I was not invited, and upon which I did not force myself. In a few minutes the whole crowd, except a few who remained to watch over the ghastly remains, marched out of the hall as if with settled purpose. I accompanied them with no purpose at all of my own; my will seemed absorbed in that of the crowd. We were on our way down the village street, when I was startled by the church bell beginning to toll: some venturesome spirit had forced his way into the tower.

To explain what followed I must mention here that for some weeks many of the work people, the younger folk especially, had been under the influence of those hysterical, revivalist teachings which have always taken such hold of the ignorant and the half-educated. A contingent of the Salvation Army had held the village for some time, preaching fire and sword, the terrible justice of God, and the pains of everlasting torment to the unbelieving. This kind of doctrine accorded well with the grim, tenacious Lancashire character, and the army had won a good many recruits among the villagers. These were well represented in the crowd I accompanied.

Before I quite knew where we were we had halted at the gates of the chemical works. Without a word the foremost of the crowd knocked. There was, of course, no answer, and they knocked again. While we waited I listened mechanically to the talk which those about me began in their slow fashion to indulge in.

"God Almighty," said one, "is terrible to a wicked man like him!"

"Yes," said another, "and wicked he is! You mind what Muster Freeman told us that time; it's the likes of Steinhardt has made us such sinners as we are, and has made our place what it is! An' he cannot do w'out murdering his partner, poor man!"

"He'll ha' his proper death for it, sure as God's true!" said a third.

"Yes," said the first, "and God's wrath will not wait for a terrible sinner like him!"

In a little while there was the sound of bolts being drawn, and the watchman appeared at the side gate. When he saw the crowd he would have shut it again, but he was prevented. Several entered that way and opened wide the great gates. The crowd entered without commotion, and marched ahead as if it knew its destination. From a shed filled with glowing vapors, came half a dozen workmen—the night shift, I supposed. They met their comrades and demanded what was to do. They were answered by the man who had insisted to me that the packages must be examined.

"What's to do?" he said. "Yo' do not know? We men ha' that murdering villain, Steinhardt, out; ya, but we mun. What's he done? He's been and murdered horribly poor Muster Lacroix—yo' shall hear 'a' about it. And now, by the vengeance of God Almighty on the wicked which cannot wait, he mun be done for this night as he did for his partner!"

"For God's sake!" I exclaimed. "Don't think of such a thing! It will be murder, as certainly as his crime was!"

But my remonstrance was not heeded; I was put aside respectfully, but firmly. The crowd pressed on toward the laboratory. They had not advanced far in that direction, when an explosion burst upon the air, stunned us all, and threw the foremost to the ground. Many ran away, others went forward—

I with these last. It did not take long to discover that the explosion had come from the laboratory, from the broken roof of which rose strange vapors. A little work, and removal of debris, and Steinhardt was discovered stretched on the floor, a discolored and blasted wreck! It was an awful sight! Here, in his own cherished sanctuary, had the vengeance of God leaped forth at him from beneath his own hands; for a smashed iron retort, which he had been manipulating, lay close by him! His strong nerves had been shaken by the approach of the crowd.

"I came to tell him," said the watchman in a hushed voice, "that th' crowd was in. He said, 'Go to th' devil, and leave me alone!' and I was just gone away when th' explosion came."

My story is in effect finished. But for the satisfaction of those who would like to see the loose ends of my web taken up and tied I must add a page or two.

After legal process of identification and inquest, the ghastly remains of the two partners, Lacroix and Steinhardt, the victim and his murderer, were buried, the one with his uncle in the family tomb, the other in the obscure unconsecrated ground of the churchyard. This done, the affairs of the firm were wound up.

In the necessary examination of all papers some letters and documents were found in a small safe in Steinhardt's study at Timperley Hall, which sufficiently explain what still needs explanation in the Lacroix mystery—the substantial ground of offense on which the partners met on that fatal night, and the unwavering resolution of Steinhardt to get Louise married to his son.

The letter which came first in order of date made clear one side at least of the quarrel. It was from Lacroix to Steinhardt, and was dated "Paris, March 3rd, 1882." It was evidently in reply to one from Steinhardt, containing a proposal affecting Louise—what proposal will readily be guessed. This Mr. Lacroix warmly declined to entertain, and begged it would not again be mentioned.

"My daughter," he wrote, "is promised to her cousin, the Count De Lacroix. As for the 20,000 pounds damage loss; there can surely be no doubt about that. I hope we have done for the future with playing tricks with that patent."

The next letter, of date several days later, was of great interest, at least to Louise and me. It was stained and blurred as with some liquid dye; it had doubtless been taken by Steinhardt from Lacroix's person after death. It was addressed to "Mlle De Lacroix," it was written on fine "foreign" paper with crest and motto, and contained many gallant and polite expressions of the Count De Lacroix's devotion to his lovely cousin—whom, he said, he hoped to come and see in the summer. How was it he had never come—never even been heard of?

These questions were answered by a second letter from the count, dated in May, 1882, and addressed to Mr. Lacroix, and by the postscript of a letter of about the same date, written in German though from Paris, and addressed to Steinhardt. The count's letter excused him to his "dear uncle" from paying his proposed visit; he was too ill to think of leaving France. The letter to Steinhardt was evidently from a compatriot. It was mainly about business affairs; its matter of interest for us was squeezed into a corner: "You ask me about the Count De Lacroix. I learn he is still busy killing himself with asbestic."

Lastly came the astonishing communication of all. It was dated several months later, in the November, I think, of 1882. It was from a Paris lawyer, who evidently had the management of the De Lacroix affairs. In a few words, it informed Mr. Lacroix that the young Count Paul, his successor! "Le roi est mort—vive le roi." And the congratulatory count was dead too! With this letter were tied up two or three legal documents, of which I cannot attempt musical account, though they are now in my possession. They were a copy of certificate of the death of Honoré Marie Antoine, Count De Lacroix, and certain papers showing of what the De Lacroix property consisted—chateau, estates and rents—and with them, finally, a later note from the lawyer to Steinhardt, who had evidently apprised him of Mr. Lacroix's "disappearance," and of the half-fact that in the meanwhile he was guardian of Paul's heirs.

"By George!" exclaimed Birley, when we had made this discovery, "but 'Mannul was a tough schemer! He was determined to set his lad up as a French count, with a chateau and all the rest o' it!"

I ventured to doubt whether Louise's husband would be Count De Lacroix, though Louise certainly was the inheritor of the chateau and the rest.

"Do you mean to tell me, then, the lass is not a countess?" he exclaimed.

"That I could not declare, though I was certain no handsomer or sweeter countess could be found in the whole wide world.

"True for you, my lad," said he; "and you're in the luck of it."

Birley was eager to go home at once to tell Louise all about it (she was again established in his house, with Mrs. Steinhardt). He wished me to go with him to assist in the explanation; I endeavored to excuse myself, but in vain.

"Come, lad," said he, "I can see what you're thinking. Keep a stiffer back, man; do not be so shy, yourself. See—tho' I saw a duke once—a great Scotch duke—and he was the rabblest-looking tailor-body ever you saw in all your life. If you cannot make a better count, once you get need to it, than he made a duke, I'll eat my hat, lad!"

"Ah, ha!" cried Birley, in his cheery voice, "I have a word to say to you, my lady!"

"Which of us do you mean, Mr. Birley?" she asked.

"Which of you? Well, Pally might

A Green Blackboard.

A "blackboard" of green artificial slate, which, it is claimed, is more restful to the eye than the old boards, has been invented by A. W. Parshall, who has first adopted by the public schools in Little Rock, Ark. In fact, many large cities have utilized the new invention and oculists give it the highest recommendation. It is believed that children with weak eyes are often subjected to serious personal injury through the constant use of blackboards, which are known to be injurious to the eyes. Green is nature's color and is naturally restful to the eyes. So far the invention has met with favor among those who have experimented with it.

Precedent Established.

A beginner in newspaper work in a southern town who occasionally "sent stuff" to one of the New York dailies, picked up last summer what seemed to him a "big story." Hurrying to the telegraph office he "queried" the telegraph editor: "Column story so and so. Shall I send?" The reply was brief and prompt, but to the enthusiast unsatisfactory. "Can't be told in less than 1,200," he wired back. Before long the reply came: "Story of creation of world told in 600. Try it!"—New York Post.

Health Farm for Invalids.

A health farm is planned by the Young Men's Christian Association six miles west of Denver for the benefit of those, particularly the tuberculous, who might otherwise be unable to live in that state. A sanitary home, nourishing food, a skillful medical attendance, and an uplifting environment will be offered to young men. The prices to be charged will be within the reach of those of an average financial condition, and whenever possible medical services are to be offset against such outdoor work as the patients may be able to do.

A Cave of Tortures.

An interesting discovery has been made at the island of Capri, in the shape of an underground vault in which the Emperor Tiberius used to confine the victims of his displeasure prior to their being thrown into the sea. The walls are covered with inscriptions, some of which go to show that among those immured subsequently in the prison were the sister and wife of the Emperor Commodus.

Alabama Agriculture.

The total number of farms in Alabama is given at 223,220, of which 129,137 are operated by white farmers, and 94,083 by colored farmers.

NERVES GAVE WAY—PE-RU-NA CURED

"Countess?" she exclaimed. "Why, what has amused you, Mr. Birley?" "I do not quite know," said I, wishing to get the explanation over, "that Mr. Birley is right to call you countess, but we have found evidence that your cousin the count is dead, and that you, being next in succession, inherit the De Lacroix chateau and other property. You are a great French heiress, Louise, whether you are countess or not."

"Me?" she cried. "Oh, what strange thing is this?"

Birley sat down and entered into explanation, while I withdrew to the window.

"So, my lady," concluded Birley, "there you are, and we are all thy humble, obedient servants."

I was astonished to see her hide her face in her hands, and burst into tears. "I do not wish at all," she cried, "to be countess, or to be anything but what I am! And you want all to put me far away from you! I do not wish to have their chateau and their rents!"

"Louise," I said, "let me confess to you that I have been thinking I ought to give you up—to give you back the promise you gave me, before either you or I guessed you were the great lady we now know you are! It was terrible, terrible to think I ought to do it, but—but—ah, Louise, what must I do?"

"You still love me, then, as much as you did? But why should you not? Am I not the same Louise?"

"Ah, hush!" she cried, stopping my mouth with her hand. "You must not say such things! It is wicked! But I know you did not doubt me! I know! I know!"

Shall I go on? What need is there? Surely every reader may guess the rest—that Louise De Lacroix is now known to the world as Mrs. Gerald Unwin—to me as the dear partner of all life's joys, and cares, and duties, the tender and faithful heart who has put away all the terrors and shadows of the past, and cherishes only the lessons of humility, faith, patience and duty which it has taught.

"What," some may ask in conclusion "about Frank Steinhardt, and his little sweet-voiced school-mistress?"

Frank was more of a musician than a chemical dye manufacturer. The chemical works were, therefore, sold, and Frank and Mrs. Frank are now known in musical circles, he as a pianist, and she as a singer of repute.

I cannot end without a word concerning the strange woman whose visions played so great a part in the elucidation of the Lacroix mystery—poor Fraulein Haas. I put off as long as I could the un-pleasant task of informing her of Steinhardt's death. When at length I did write I told her in few words that a retort had burst upon him while he was engaged upon an experiment, and had killed him at once. Soon after I had written I was surprised to receive a note from her, containing only these words:—

"I knew it. It was God's doing."

THE END.

Mrs. X. Schneider.

Mrs. X. Schneider, 2409 Thirty-seventh Place, Chicago, Ill., writes: "After taking several remedies without result, I began in January, 1902, to take your valuable remedy, Peruna. I was a complete wreck. Had palpitation of the heart, cold hands and feet, female weakness, no appetite, trembling, sinking feeling nearly all the time. You said I was suffering with systemic catarrh, and I believe that I received your help in the nick of time. I followed your directions carefully and can say to-day that I am well again. I cannot thank you enough for my cure. I will always be your debtor. Have already recommended Peruna to my friends and neighbors and they all praise it. Wish that I could suffer women would try it. I testify this according to the truth."—Mrs. X. Schneider.

Mrs. Fanny Klavatscher, of Summitville, N. Y., writes as follows: "For three months I suffered with pain in the back and in the region of the kidneys, and a dull, pressing sensation in the abdomen, and other symptoms of pelvic catarrh. "But after taking two bottles of Peruna I am entirely well, better than I ever was."—Mrs. Fanny Klavatscher. Send for "Health and Beauty," written especially for women by Dr. R. B. Hartman, president of Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Not Exactly Comforting.

Admiral Blythe was strolling around the picturesque naval cemetery at Annapolis, the other day, when, happening to meet an old sailor, he said, in a kindly way: "Jack, this is a beautiful spot."

"Aye, aye, sir. And it'll be still finer, your honor, when some of our good admirals get planted here."—New York Times.

BANKING BY MAIL.

A Convenient and Helpful System for Rural Residents.

Special attention is called to the announcement of the Portland Trust Company of Oregon, which appears in another column. This is a very old and well established trust company, and its certificates of deposit are in use throughout Oregon, as well as in California, Maryland, Wisconsin and other points. Farmers and stockmen, who have money lying idle, can by the use of these certificates get interest up to the very date on which they withdraw the money. If, for example, a farmer had to make a payment on the 15th of December, and he held one of the Portland Trust Company of Oregon's 90 day certificates, he could give notice on the 15th of September, and would receive his money on the 15th of December, with interest up to that very date. The trust company will be glad to furnish additional information upon request.

Spring School Days.

Teacher—Didn't you write this excuse for being late yourself, Henry? Henry—Yes; but father told me to write it for him.

Teacher—And he signed it? Henry—Yes'm.

Teacher—But I didn't know your father's name was Henry.

Henry—Guess he must have forgot.

Teacher—I think it was you who forgot Henry.—Boston Transcript.

HOW ABOUT IT?

When you strike a stump with the ordinary push cut mower, something happens about as shown in the above illustration, and they are all push cuts, and all will do this except the Champion Iron Cut Mower.

This mower shows that pressure against the bar will raise the wheels from ground, decrease traction and cutting power. With the Champion Iron Cut the contrary is the result—pressure against the bar in heavy cutting gives downward pull, holding the wheels tighter to the ground. Increased traction, more power, making the most powerful cutter on the market. This fact stands undisputed, and if you want the best mower made, buy the Champion Iron Cut.

Send for book of testimonials letters from hundreds of delighted customers everywhere. Write to WASHINGTON AND IDAHO, MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAVELCO CO., General Agents, Portland, Or.

BUY THE O K MOWERS

The best hope of competition is to make machines just as good as O.K.'s. A certain crew has been working on the road around the world for the same Motorcar.

Call on the McCormick agent or CATALOGUE MAILED FREE, by A. H. BOYLAN, Gen. Agt. McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., PORTLAND, OREGON.

M. F. W. U. No. 27-1902.

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INCORPORATED APRIL 22, 1887.

BENJ. I. COHEN, President. R. LEE PAGET, Secretary.

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On Special Certificates of Deposit, not less than \$500 each, payable upon ten days call by the holder or ten days notice by the Trust Company, 4 per cent per annum. Payable on thirty days' call or thirty days' notice, 3 1/2 per cent per annum. Payable on ninety days' call or ninety days' notice, 3 per cent per annum. On certificates of \$5,000 or over interest will be paid quarterly or semi-annually if desired.

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CORN! CORN! CORN!

SWEET CORN, 15 Varieties. FIELD FODDER CORN, 8 Varieties. POP CORN—Don't Forget That.

Farmers in the corn states are more progressive than any others in the world. "Donch send it. It will be plants corn and write us for price."

LAMBERSON, Portland, Ore.

Dark Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years, and although I am past eighty years of age, yet I have not a gray hair on my head."
Geo. Yellow, Towson, Md.

We mean all that rich, dark color your hair used to have. If it's gray now, no matter; for Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. Sometimes it makes the hair grow very heavy and long; and it stops falling of the hair, too.
\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send for a bottle. We will send you a bottle free, and give the name of your nearest express office. Address: J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

The Better Choice. "Ze Miss Mityon, it is said, spent thousand's of dollars on a bonnet alone, my dear count," observed the baron. "She has ze one for oye." "No, my dear baron," was the reply, "I will make ze proposal to be milliner!"

Nothing quite so good to allay pain from many causes as Hamilton's Winter Oil. 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

Bolivia's Tin Mines. The Bolivian tin mines are situated at an altitude of 14,000 feet above sea level in the departments of Oruro, Potosi, La Paz and Cochabamba.

Ladies Can Wear Whose One size smaller after using Alloway Food. Cures swollen feet, blisters and calloused feet, itching feet. All ingredients, including package FREE by mail. Address: Allan S. Gledhill, LeRoy, N. Y.

Five Duet of McKinley. Mrs. Emma Caldwell Guild has just completed a fine bust of the late President McKinley. It is pronounced one of the most life-like productions yet seen.

THE SKYLARK.

The skylark sometimes sings during winter, and there is a Scotch proverb which runs to the effect that if it be heard before Candlemas there will be bad weather after that period.

A Student of Human Nature. Mugger—You've got \$2 for de pair of trousers at de rummage sale? Why, dey're too tight and too long for you to wear.

Swiper (collected)—Sure! But, say! I know that if I could find de goat whose wife went 'em to de sale he'd gimme \$5 for 'em to get 'em back!—Puck.

Diamonds at Cape Nome. Genuine diamonds, varying in weight from one-half carat to a carat, have been found in placer deposits on Golovin bay, 40 miles east of Cape Nome. Miners found the diamonds while washing out gold.

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

Max O'Rell's Philosophy. Life is not worth living unless you can, when the winter of life approaches, still thoroughly enjoy a game of marbles with little boys and telling long fairy stories to little girls.—Max O'Rell.

Prize Coupons. With every can of Monopole Coffee, Spice and Baking Powder we pack a numbered coupon which entitles you to certain valuable prizes, depending on the number of coupons you have. If you want a sample coupon and a sample tin of the finest spice you ever used, send us two 2-cent stamps and give us the name and address of your grocer. Send to Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Portland, Oregon.

Sarcasm. Wife (reading)—Another mysterious suicide—man throws himself from a cliff. Husband (thoughtlessly)—But his wife was at the bottom of it. Wife—Charles! Husband (hurriedly)—Of the cliff, my love; not the suicide.—Collier's Weekly.

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A Home School for Boys. Military and Manual Training.

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