Difficult Digestion

That is dyspepsia.

It makes life miserable.

Its sufferers eat not because they *want to*, —but simply because they *must*.

They know they are irritable and fretful; but they cannot be otherwise.

They complain of a bad taste in the mouth, a tenderness at the pit of the stomach, an uneasy feeling of puffy fulness, headache, heartburn and what not.

The effectual remedy, proved by permanent cures of thousands of severe cases, is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

HOOD'S PILLS are the best cathartic.

Erudition.

"Remember," said the Boston boy's uncle, "that children should be seen and not heard."

"My dear sir," was the courteous rejoinder, "that is one of the theories whose fallacy has long since been admitted by civilized nations. The emperor of China is about the only person in the world who gives it serious consideration."—Washington Star.

Who's Your Grocer?

If he doesn't handle Monopole Spices he ought to. If you want to try them, send us his name and address with two 2-cent stamps for postage and we will send you a 10 cent tin of Monopole Cayenne or Ginger or White Pepper or other variety. We know you'll say it is the finest you ever used. Send at once to Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Portland, Oregon.

Retaining Fee.

Guest—Are tips expected here?

Waiter—No, sah; we doan accept no vulgar tips, sah. We is free-bohn American citizens, sah, we is, and we wish to preserve our self respect, sah."

"I am glad to hear that."

"Yes, sah, all we require is a retaining fee, same as lawyers, sah."—New York Weekly.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a good medicine; pain and suffering cannot abide with it; your druggist will tell you so.

Noah's Troubles.

"Confound that dinosaurus!" exclaimed Noah, as the ark gave such a lurch to starboard that the waves dashed against the roof. "I wish it would learn to stay on its own side of the boat!"

Then Noah seized a handspike and started below deck to shift the cargo.—Ohio State Journal.

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

Domestic Troubles.

Mr. Nagget—Oh, what's the matter with you? You're forever finding fault.

Mrs. Nagget (sweetly) Well, that equalizes things. You're forever losing one.

Mr. Nagget —Losing one?

Mrs. Nagget—Yes, your temper. Surely that's a fault.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa

The Sure Way.

"How dare you send a collector to my house?"

"To tell the truth, sir, we were a little doubtful about you."

"Then why not have me looked up? You would then have known that I never pay my bills."—Life.

Don't Get Footsore! Get Foot-Ease.

It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Makes new or tight shoes easy. Try it today. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept a substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy N. Y.

Only Time Could Tell.

"Hey!" shouted the cycle policeman, as the man in the big racing car started to go past him like a railroad train, "Ain't you riding a trifle more than eight miles an hour?"

"How do I know," howled the speed maker over his shoulder. "I haven't ridden an hour yet."—Automobile Magazine.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

A Windfall.

"You say his money fell to him?"

"No, he fell to it—tumbled through a coal hole and sued the city."—Chicago Herald.

CANCER

Sufferers from this horrible malady nearly always inherit it—not necessarily from the parents, but may be from some remote ancestor, for Cancer often runs through several generations. This deadly poison may lay dormant in the blood for years, or until you reach middle life, then the first little sore or ulcer makes its appearance—or a swollen gland in the breast, or some other part of the body, gives the first warning.

To cure Cancer thoroughly and permanently all the poisonous virus must be eliminated from the blood—every vestage of it driven out. This S. S. S. does, and is the only medicine that can reach deep-seated, obstinate blood troubles like this. When all the poison has been forced out of the system the Cancer heals, and the disease never returns.

Cancer begins often in a small way, as the following letter from Mrs. Shirer shows.

A small pimple came on my jaw about an inch below the ear on the left side of my face. It gave me no pain or inconvenience, and I should have forgotten about it had it not begun to inflame and itch; it would bleed a little, then scab over, but would not heal. This continued for some time, when my jaw began to swell, becoming very painful. The Cancer began to eat and spread, until it was as large as a half dollar, when I heard of S. S. S. and determined to give it a fair trial, and it was remarkable what a wonderful effect it had from the very beginning; the sore began to heal and after taking a few bottles disappeared entirely. This was two years ago; there are still no signs of the Cancer, and my general health continues good.—MRS. R. SHIRER, La Plata, Mo.

SSS is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable. Send for our free book on Cancer, containing valuable and interesting information about this disease, and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge for medical advice.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

TEACHING A SCHOOL.

POSITION OF SCHOOLMASTER IS NO SINECURE.

Sometimes He Has to Fight to Maintain Discipline—One Pedagogue Who Whipped Entire Class—Muscle as Important a Requisite as Is Scholarship.

Who hath bleeding at the nose? He who teacheth a country school. Wherefore I say unto you, go not gally forth to teach them that dwell in the land round about lest ye have wounds and sores, for verily it booteth more to compass ye boxe than to read the stars. —O. K., HIS Maxims.

It is truth the poet sings that he who essays to handle the unruly in a country school has educational work cut out for him not laid down in any reputable text book.

No person on earth is subjected to as many petty persecutions born of sheer deviltry as the country school teacher. For a week, maybe, after he "takes in" the school he has a fairly easy road to travel; the boys have not finished sizing him up. But woe to him if he becomes unduly confident, for things will happen not set forth in the simple rules he has pasted up above the blackboard. The second Monday is generally the time set for the opening of hostilities. The big leader, likely as not bigger than the teacher, has used Saturday and Sunday mapping out his program.

Subdued snickers, inattention to the business in hand, poorly prepared lessons or lessons absolutely unlearned mark the day's proceedings. The teacher reprimands and orders the school to stick to those tasks until they are learned. Nobody is kept in at recess or noon rest, for as yet no open defiance has marked the demeanor of the pupils. They go slowly, for the temper of the master is not a revealed thing yet. Just before school "lets out" the teacher rises, taps his bell and, having secured attention, delivers a curt lecture concerning what has been done—or, rather, not been done—and his anxious desire to see immediate improvement. Then the bell taps in dismissal and the boys rush tumultuously out, firing back bucolic shouts of scorn and defiance as they scuttle away.

Then the teacher, if he is wary, knows he is in the position of the man who has bet his sole remaining dollar on a losing horse—he is up against it good and plenty. He arrives at the scene of his labors on Tuesday with tense muscles and hard face, for there will be some kind of a row before the shades of night fall. It is very seldom that a coward can be induced to take a country school, for his dominion will not last five days. The boys can tell a shirker at a glance and they lose no time with such, but get busy at once.

The little boys begin the racket, for they have been incited thereto by their elders, who wish to take a few notes. The big boys have said they are behind the little ones and they are, so far behind that no help comes in the long aching day. Some small boy fails to learn his lesson. When asked why, he says with a wildly beating heart, but bold front, "I don't have to." This causes a snicker to run all over the room, wherein the bold youth joins, closing with a gasp as the ruler drops on some soft spot in his anatomy. He knows he cannot whip the teacher and looks in vain for the promised help. So he takes his licking and snuffingly promises to be good. Rage is in his heart against the teacher and the big boys both.

Possibly three or four such happenings reduces that school to a condition of somber thought; the teacher is not so easy after all. Morning recess calls for a conference. Usually the teacher stays inside the school house in deep thought. He sees his work and plans to have it out as soon as possible, for delays are dangerous. He sits at his desk, fingers his ruler and once in a while glances out of the window. He marvels that the children do not seem to be playing, but he has things to chain his thoughts and fails to hear the stealthy footfall on the roof. Then as the children file in, bobbing in awkward courtesy as they enter, he becomes aware of a large amount of smoke in the room. He is being "smoked out."

"Jack Simpson," he says to the big fellow he has picked out as the ringleader; "see what is the matter with that stove."

Jack obeys—it is part of the play—and a huge volume of white smoke rushes out into the room. He closes the door, coughs explosively—it is all put on—and backs away. "She's full o' sumpin'," he gasps.

"Why is the pipe choked?"

"Swallers must 'a' built their nests in the chimley."

This sally is greeted with a roar.

"Silence!" cries the teacher, his words cutting like knives. "I will do the laughing for this school. That chimney was not choked when school assembled this morning; why is it in this condition now?"

"Reckon they built them nests w'ile we wuz at recess."

"What were you doing on the roof a while ago?"

"Wuzn't up on no roof 'tall."

"Open those windows. Nobody is to leave the room until bid," says the angry teacher, seizing the ruler in a firm grasp. "You stuffed something in that chimney, Simpson, and you're going up there and take it out right now."

"Think so?" is the impudent retort.

"You will either do it or I will have to punish you severely."

"Reckon you better lick me—if ye kin," says Jack as he defiantly faces the pedagogue.

This places the school and teacher on a war footing. The ultimatum having been delivered the teacher either goes in and fights a winning fight or loses all control of the school. It admits of no alternative. For the honor of the profession, be it known, in most cases war medicine of a fierce and eager variety is speedily mixed. In the early clash bone and sinew on the side of the big boy tells and the scholars dance about, hoping for victory. In the end in most cases skill, endurance and higher nervous energy turn the scales and in almost record time Simpson is a licked commodity. He may not actually ascend to the roof to correct his error of judgment, but the thing is done and the "smoke out" is a dismal failure.

In Kansas after the close of the war a set of boys from New York arrived in a little village to find homes. The village school was taught by a former trooper who still wore his blue uniform vest. One of the New Yorkers was the soul of mischief. He signalized the coming of winter when ice was good and skating fine by putting some awful things on the big cannon stove. The smell sent the school to the tall grass outside. Wilson was charged with the trick, but denied it stoutly. Then the school reassembled and the usually mild eyes of that teacher blazed. Wilson was as big as he and fun was sure to come.

The boys commenced to whistle in concert with the shrill piping of the wind. One small boy was detected in the act and received a hot ruler on his crupper when Wilson interposed and said he alone was to blame. The pedagogue then allowed he would have to whip Wilson, so the action commenced without time wasted in preliminaries. Wilson sent the teacher in under a form in the first clash. The teacher rose and staggered to a clinch. Then he got busy over Wilson and pounded that young fellow right merrily. Half a dozen of the bigger boys yelled foul and went to the rescue.

As lovely a bicker as ever came off in a school house followed. The boys had the teacher in under the desk, which was upset, the forms were marked by bunches of hair as some head went against an iron standard, the dust of battle covered the struggling heroes, but the teacher would not yield. The small boys and all the girls were howling in concert, scared into fits, for all thought murder would be done. But this kind of thing must end and it did very suddenly.

The non-combatants were gazing eagerly at the place where the row went in behind the dust clouds. Shouts, blows and howls broke the veil, but nothing could be seen but an occasional protruding head, arm or leg which was promptly smitten. The assailants being over eager and lacking the cool skill of four years' battle with the "Johnnies," were buffeting each other in high vigor while the teacher dodged in and out, missing a punch here and giving one there. At last Wilson suddenly shot out of the cloud and striking his shock head against a foot of the stove upset that and lay out.

In time too short for record the big boys were fleeing while the teacher camped on their trail, laying about with a thick cane. He was something careless concerning the part of the anatomy, but he landed. He drove the mob to a corner of the room and continued to baste those boys even after they had all made submission. He intended to settle the bossism of that school right there, and he did. Then as the smoke from the stove filled the room he marshaled his enemies and standing over them forced them to right the stove and pour cold water on Wilson.

The teacher's head had a series of bumps much resembling a map of the Big Horns. But others also displayed mountainous regions where naught but hair had previously existed. Black eyes once blue were frequent. In fact, the teacher was the only one in the bicker to ignore his bruises. The others lay on hands and emitted short, poorly suppressed groans at intervals. Wilson craved and obtained permission to speak and made a manly apology before the whole school. This ended the war and it was never resumed.

AS LOVELY A BICKER AS EVER CAME OFF IN A SCHOOL HOUSE FOLLOWED.

All there is to some celebrations, you hustle to get there, and hustle to get back.

THROUGH THE TELESCOPE.

Humble Tragedy of the Siege of Ladysmith.

When the Boers besieged Ladysmith they permitted a "camp of refuge" and a field hospital to be established at Intombi, a few miles distant. Here the non-combatants were gathered. And to the hospital, writes George Lynch in the London Daily Express, came every morning the train from Ladysmith, bearing its burden of sick and wounded.

To the dwellers at Intombi that train brought the history of the siege, the daily bulletin written in blood and disease. Women who had husbands and brothers and sons in Ladysmith crowded around always to see what news it brought, and went away with a sigh of respite and relief when it carried nothing for them.

And yet, after a fashion, these women at Intombi were more fortunate than the men in Ladysmith, since they could learn from the new arrivals how their loved ones fared. But men were not allowed to go backward and forward to Intombi; those who went had to remain, and somehow or other little or no news seemed to reach the garrison.

In the dearth of news one man in Ladysmith had arranged that twice a week, when he could get off duty, his wife at Intombi should go at 12 o'clock and stand in front of a big marquee where he could see her through the ship's telescope at the 4.7 battery.

She went there regularly with her child, and straining her eyes toward that sandbagged point above Convent's Hill, sometimes fondly imagined that she could see him. And as the months passed her child, like the others in the camp, grew more sickly, thin and pale, till it seemed as if the Erl King spirit of the miasmic fog had wrapped it round and entered it, and made it a changeling of his own.

But delicate as the child was, the mother was the first to fall sick, and the news of her illness reached her husband by his seeing one tiny figure standing alone at the appointed place, waving a handkerchief. And there came a day when it, too, was no longer to be seen. He could not go to them, but had to stay and fight on with bitterness in his heart.

A Vanishing Bird.

If the north German farmer looks with equanimity upon the gradual disappearance of the stork, the Northern tourist in quest of the quaint and picturesque will hear of the vanishing of the long-legged, red-beaked bird with unmixed regret. And what will the children say, whom Hans Andersen has told stories of the stork so wonderful that the bird seems part and parcel of Fairyland? But the facts are that within the last half century the number of storks in Schleswig-Holstein has steadily decreased. Villages which used to be the home of over sixty families of storks, and where sometimes six stork nests could be counted on the roofs of one farmer's buildings, hardly show a single nest now. Yet the arrival of the stork was always hailed with delight by the natives, and it was counted as much a sign of good luck if a stork built on a roof as in other parts of Germany it is to have a swallow build under the eaves.—Philadelphia Record.

He Liked the Place.

He had sidled into a cheap restaurant not beyond earshot of the Herald Square clock, and hung his high hat on a low peg. As became one of those unplaced individuals who loiter in swell lobbies and eat at uncertain intervals, he tried to ignore the casual acquaintance who sat opposite, but with a persistency peculiar to casual acquaintances that person wouldn't stand for it. He butted in, so to speak, and the tenant by courtesy of hotel rotundas felt that it was up to him to say something.

"Do you know," he began, "I like this place. The cooking is so homelike, the griddle cakes so delicious; they are just like my mother—er mother—er mother's servant used to serve."—New York Telegram.

A Phenomenon Explained.

"Why is it," said Mrs. Miggs, "that a single man is so anxious to take a girl to the theater, and seems to care so little about plays after he is married?"

"That's very easily explained," answered her husband. "It is due to a certain deplorable but inevitable masculine vanity. When he takes the girl to whom he is engaged to the theater he knows she is comparing him with the handsome hero of the play, and to the disadvantage of the hero. After marriage she doesn't hesitate to tell him flatly that he looks like the low comedian."—Washington Star.

Money Is the Magnet.

Some men excel in talking much,
And some in talking loud,
But the man who lets his money talk
Is the one who leads the crowd.
—Washington Star.

MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

Ancient Cemetery of St. Paul in Paris His Supposed Burial Place.

One of the old houses of Paris, situated at 17 Rue Beautreillis, is about to disappear, and the place thereof will know it no more. It has been handed over to workmen, who will demolish it to make room for a workshop. Rue Beautreillis is an ancient and narrow street which the omnibuses do not penetrate, remnant of the times when the Place des Vosges was the Place Royal and the home of beaux, "peruked," and red-headed. In the garden of the doomed house, famous in times past as the residence of distinguished persons, is a grave which local tradition says is the resting place of that mysterious figure in history—the Man with the Iron Mask, says the Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. One remembers that this remarkable person died in the Bastile in 1703 and the local register says he was buried in the parish of St. Paul. Now, this garden undoubtedly forms a part of the ancient cemetery of St. Paul, and the church, itself, is near at hand, set in the midst of a cluster of old houses. It is in the garden that the famous Iron Mask is said to have been buried, and the spot is the Mecca of daily pilgrimages. Outwardly, the place is unlovely enough, ragged and uncultivated. A few poor bedraggled flowers try to live on, cut off from the sunshine by the over-topping houses, and prematurely faded by the smoke from a neighboring wash-house, out of sheer respect for a great name. In a corner, where are the decayed trunks of some acacias, and where a pool of stagnant water gives an additional aspect of melancholy, is the reputed grave of the Iron Mask. The old attendant will tell you that the water does not run away because there is a vault beneath covered over with a thick bed of cement. In the middle of the garden there is a subterranean passage which leads by gentle descent direct to the cave of burial. The question which is agitating the minds of the "Old Paris" society which watches over these matters is whether the bones of this fascinating figure of a former century are really there. This will be settled, perhaps, when the tomb is opened. Will the strange instrument that he wore for so many years be found, rust-eaten, among the remains? Actually, there is on the grave a column which bears an inscription, cut with a knife, "Here lies Marchiali, the Man with the Iron Mask." It would appear that the inscription was copied from a stone, which was formerly in place there. The ancient cemetery of St. Paul is now almost built over. Here, however, if one may again believe the tradition of the quarter, have lain the ashes of Rabelais, of Mansard, the architect who built the Bank of France, and the hotel, now the Musee, Carnavalet, of Moliere and his spouse, Armande Bejart.

Another Illusion Dispelled.

Ruthless bacteriologists destroy one by one our fondest illusions. Now faith in the purity of glaciers must go the way of other popular fallacies.

Hitherto the man in the street had imagined that were all the waters of every city and plain polluted he would still find immaculate springs in the Alps. But M. Binst, who presides over a chemical laboratory at the Pasteur institute, having no such faith, obtained some ice from the glaciers of Mont Blanc itself and placed it under his pitiless microscope. His verdict shatters the dreams of mountaineers. It appears that even the summit, which so long remained untrodden by human feet, has lost its purity, if it ever had any.

The ice in question, and water melted therefrom, were found, on bacteriological analysis, to be "peopled with colonies of microbes." The statement which follows is particularly terrifying. It appears that "the germs in question were found to belong to the most varied families of bacteria."

M. Binst accounts for the pollution of the Mont Blanc glaciers, says the London Telegraph, by surmising that the microbes have been conveyed to the mountain peaks by the winds sweeping the cities in the valleys.

Criminal Carelessness.

A woman was recently robbed of $3,000 in bills at 8 o'clock at night, her dress being literally cut from her body by the thieves. An unprotected woman has no business to be carrying $3,000 at night anywhere unless she is prepared to take the consequences.

Within the past year the newspapers have recorded hundreds of cases of murder, assault, torture, robbery and arson, all due to the criminal carelessness of people keeping in their houses or on their persons, large sums of money which should be safely lodged in the banks. Many people are prejudiced against the banks, but where there is one bank failure there are a hundred robberies. It is easy to take proper precautions but practically impossible to catch thieves.

An Economical Parson.

"Br'er Williams, all thoo' de winter season you wuz preachin' red-hot sermonts on hell fire, en now dat de spring come you ain't got a word ter say 'bout hell fire. How come?"

"Br'er Thomas, de wayfarin' man, do' mighty foolish, mout er knowed why dat wuz. In de winter season, Br'er Thomas, coal wuz $6 a ton."—Atlantic Constitution.

In Installments.

Mrs. Gay—But I told you to itemize the bill.

The Milliner—The bill I sent you on the first was itemized; every item was there.

Mrs. Gay—Gracious! You don't understand me. I want you to send only one item each month, or my husband will never pay it.—Philadelphia Press.

Foreshadowings.

"Somethin' is bound to happen to old Jones if he keeps on the way he's goin'."

"Think so?"

"Yes. He'll either git kicked by a mule or run for the legislature."—Atlanta Constitution.

There are certain words one never meets except in a description of a wedding, or some other society event, and we hate every one of them.

BUYING BINDING TWINE.

The Following Points Should be Kept in Mind.

Beware of unscrupulous dealers who misrepresent the quality of this important article.

The best material for Binding Twine is pure Manila fibre. The poorest material for Binding Twine is Sisal fibre.

The best Binding Twine is Pure Manila, selected fibre, 650 feet to the pound. The next grade is made partly of Pure Manila fibre and runs 600 feet to the pound.

Twine made of Sisal fibre cannot be spun longer than 500 feet to the pound with proper strength and evenness.

The great question is how many bundles can you bind with one dollar's worth of Twine? Notice the length, per pound and figure how many feet of Twine you get for a dollar. The mixed fibre twine is 20 per cent longer than the Sisal grades. The Pure Manila Twine is 30 per cent longer. It is a simple problem in arithmetic. Use a little "horse sense" and you cannot fail to decide right.

Standard Twine is Sisal Twine, colored or dyed to imitate Manila, and is same length to the pound as Sisal, is the same strength and same price at all factories where it is made. Some dealers are selling it for a better grade than Sisal, which it is not. When they misrepresent the twine and use deception to enlarge their profit do they deserve patronage?

If Twine is made of Pure Manila fibre the tag attached to each ball will always bear the words "Pure Manila."

If Twine contains any Manila fibre the word "Manila" will always appear on the tag, for no dealer or maker will fail to put on the labels any fact which will recommend his goods.

The "Red Clover Leaf" is the best grade of Twine made and is the favorite with the farmers all over the Pacific coast, and is of guaranteed length and strength.

The Manila grades are the smoothest, evenest and most satisfactory in every respect.

The Sisal grades are rough, coarse and harsh; they wear out the knotters, twine guides and twine holders on the binders very fast and are so stiff and unyielding that the knots are more likely to slip and become untied when the bundle drops from the binder or in shocking and hauling.

Some twines are sold merely by the name of the manufacturer and the salesman is careful not to mention the grade or quality. In buying always require specific information as to the quality of the Twine, and, moreover, be very careful to inspect the tag attached to the balls. The buyer, if well informed, cannot be deceived.

Manila fibre is all brought from the Philippine islands. The Pacific coast should especially encourage trade with these islands, for they now belong to our country, and in Asiatic trade lies our best hope for the future, for the reason that when this trade is developed the Pacific coast will control it and our commerce will increase a thousand fold.

The only check that can be put upon the rapacity of the producers of Sisal fibre in Yucatan (which is the cause of the present high price of twine) is the largest possible use of Manila fibre.

Reduce the demand for Sisal Twine 25 per cent and you will see twine prices decline at once.

Owing to possible market changes we do not quote prices in this article, but we will at all times sell at reasonable prices based on the cost of the goods, and we will tell the truth about the twine and will not resort to any misrepresentation.

Our grades and brands are: Pure Manila, "Red Clover Leaf" brand, 650 feet to the pound. Mixed Fibre "Manila," 600 feet to pound. Colored Sisal, "Standard," 500 feet to pound. Sisal, "Pure Sisal," 500 feet to pound.

THE PORTLAND CORDAGE CO.

Patronize home manufactures. All our twine is made in Oregon. None of the money goes out of the state except the bare cost of the raw material.

Proves His Heroism.

"Did you say," asked the author's friend, "that your hero, who is poor, is to marry the rich heiress"

"Yes, that is the way he proves his heroism.'—Indianapolis News.

Reasonable Inference.

"Did the evidence in that divorce suit indicate that Mrs. Flash was giddy"

"I guess so. The judge and five of the jurors wanted to marry her."—Brooklyn Life.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling out badly. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out." Miss Minnie Hoover, Paris, Ill.

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Patent Had Expired.

Lou Field met Gus Rodgers on the Rialto a few days ago. After talking a few minutes Field said:

"Gus, what's become of those patent leather shoes you wore last winter?"

"They have gone to the wall, Louie."

"Why, wasn't the leather good?"

"Yes," said Gus with a sigh, "but the patent expired."—New York Times.

Something Wrong.

Windig—I make it a rule never to talk on any subject of which I know nothing.

Jabber—If that's true, it's mighty queer.

Windig—What's mighty queer?

Jabber—The fact that you are constantly talking.

Stilt Racing in Gascony.

Until very recently hardly any festivals took place in the villages of Gascony without stilt races. The prize usually consisted of a gun, a sheep, a rooster, or something of the kind, and young women took part in the exercises.

And It's Incurable.

Judge—What is your profession?

Witness—I'm a poet, your honor.

"Huh! That's not a profession; it's a disease!"—Chicago Daily News.

BISHOP SCOTT ACADEMY, PORTLAND, ORE. Founded 1870. A Home School for Boys. Military and Manual Training. Write for Illustrated Catalogue. ARTHUR C. NEWILL, PRINCIPAL.

OREGON, PORTLAND. **St. Helen's School for Girls.** Thirty-third year. Commodious buildings. Modern equipment. Academic and college preparatory courses. Special courses in music and art. Illustrated catalogue. All departments will reopen September 16th. MISS ELEANOR TERRETTS, Principal.

HOITT'S SCHOOL

Parents desiring home influences, beautiful surroundings, perfect climate, careful supervision, and thorough mental, moral and physical training for their boys, will find all these requirements fully met at Hoitt's School, Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal. Send for Catalogue. Twelfth year begins August 12th. IRA G. HOITT, Ph. D., Principal.

MONOPOLE

Stands for all that is best in Coffee, Spices, Baking Powder, Canned Goods, Syrup, Oysters, Etc. They are confessedly the finest goods packed at any price. Ask your grocer for them. WADHAMS & KERR BROS., Packers, Portland.

JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, ORE. Foot of Morrison Street. Can give you the best bargains in Boilers and Engines, Windmills, Pumps and General Machinery. Wood Sawing Machines a specialty. See us before buying.

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 Draw Cut Mower.

This serves to show that pressure against the bar will raise the wheels from ground, decrease traction and cutting power. With the Champion Draw 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 Draw Cut.

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