

Hood's Sarsaparilla
It vitalizes the blood, gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions, and is positively unequalled for all run-down or debilitated conditions.

Taking Time By the Forelock.
The cook—Would you mind giving me a recommendation, ma'am?
The mistress—Why, you have only just come.
The cook—But you may not want to give me when I do be leaving—Life.

Brutal Treatment of Wife.
Husband—Don't you think that you are rather unreasonable to expect me to take you to a ball, stay awake until 4 o'clock and then get up at 8 to go to my work?
Wife—I may be a little unreasonable, but it's perfectly brutal of you to mention it.—New York Weekly.

The Three Causes.
"Congratulations, old chap, I'm the happiest man on earth today."
"Engaged, married or divorced?"

Useless Tip.
His Honor—Don't you know honesty is the best policy?
Erastus—Deed I don't believe in plain policy no more sah; I'd done reformed.

Cause for Alarm.
"Say, doctor," exclaimed an excited man as he dashed into the pill dispenser's private office, "I want you to make an examination as to my sanity."
"What reason have you for believing yourself a candidate for the padded cell?" asked the M. D.
Well, I happened to run across a package of letters this morning that I wrote to my wife during our courtship," was the significant reply.

Salt Water Kills Snakes.
Owing to the scarcity of fresh water in the district of Colac, Victoria, Australia, large numbers of snakes sought refuge in Lake Beacoe recently. The salt water, however, killed thousands of the reptiles, whose lifeless bodies were found lying about the shores of the lake.

Expectation and Realization.
Olden—You're cultivating rather extravagant tastes.
Youngman—Oh, well, when I get a start in the world I expect to have all the money I want.
Olden—Well, at that rate, you'll want all the money you expect to have.—Philadelphia Press.

Indirect Answer.
Borem—Do you believe that suicide is a sin?
Miss Caustic—Well, in your case I think it would be permissible.

He Is Everywhere.
Mrs. Stubb—I declare, John, there is one man who is the worst in the country.
Mr. Stubb—What is his name, Maria?
Mrs. Stubb—Why, John Doe, I have seen where he was fined as often as ten times in one day.—Chicago News.

Has Posed Many Presidents.
George G. Rockwood, photographer has posed every president since Van Buren. He has been a photographer over fifty years.

Preparing for the Fray.
Mrs. Neighbors—What's that awful racket upstairs? I sounds like a wild Indian had broken loose.
Mrs. Bleachers—Oh, that's my husband. He's brushing the dust off his baseball vocabulary.

Her Comment.
Softly—Yas, I always cahwy an umbrella, doncher know.
Miss Cutting—I always suspected that you didn't know enough to go in when it rains.

Added to British Empire.
Three hundred and fifty square miles have been added to the British Empire by the ratification of the frontier between India and Tibet.

Important Part.
"I trust," said the wardboss, "that we will be able to roll up a handsome majority for you."
"I don't care whether it's handsome or not," replied the candidate, "just so it's a majority."

Russian Photographers.
In Russia no photographer can practice his art without a license.

The Effect of Running.
Running lessens the blood supply in the legs.

No Hair?
"My hair was falling out very fast and I was greatly alarmed. I then tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair stopped falling at once."
Mrs. G. A. McVay, Alexandria, O.
The trouble is your hair does not have life enough. Act promptly. Save your hair. Feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. If the gray hairs are beginning to show, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore color every time. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.
If you 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.

We have added to the Minister Found the Man Who Didn't Sign.
"I smile over it even now," declared the well-known minister of the gospel who was in a reminiscence mood. "It was my first church and I was ambitious to make a good showing. We were sadly in need of a new church and I decided to make an attempt to get one. The congregation was not a wealthy one and I fully realized that it would be a difficult matter to secure the needed funds. Knowing that many are sensitive over the fact that they are not able to give as much as others, I tried the plan of having them write the amount they were willing to give upon a card and put it in a small envelope that I furnished.
"Well, I collected the envelopes and took them in my study to look over. The amount pledged was very satisfactory but there was one card calling for \$100 that was unsigned. At first I thought this was an oversight then thinking I recognized the writing, I was not so sure. There was only one member who wrote a hand like it and that was Deacon Jones, a man who had a reputation of being very close. Now \$100 was none too much for him to give, although I had not expected to get more than \$25 from him. I distinctly remembered seeing him make a great show of dropping his envelope in the hat when it was passed and as there was no card with his name I felt sure that the unsigned card was his and that he was aware that he had not signed it.
"Well, the next Sunday—remember I was young—I resolved upon a bold plan, contained in the minister, according to the Detroit Free Press. "I arose and requested all those who had handed in an envelope the Sunday before to stand up. This they did, the deacon among them. Then, as I read a list of givers I had made from the cards, I requested them to be seated. One by one they sat down, and when my list was exhausted only the deacon was standing, and he was pretty red in the face. I blandly explained matters, invited the deacon to sign his card, and after he had done so, much against his will, I announced the hymn 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.'"
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THE HOME-MADE BALL.
Two grown-up boys of sixty were standing in front of a window in which were displayed all sorts of games and sporting goods. There were several boxes full of baseballs which ranged in price from ten cents to a dollar and a half.
"Our young fellows have too much of their fun ready-made for them," said one. "Look at those baseballs, which my young gentleman of ten or fifteen with his allowance of several thousand dollars a week," the other grinned—"more or less, buys by the dozen, throws around and loses. I doubt if he has so good a time as I did. Ever make a baseball?"
"Hundreds of 'em. Hundreds of 'em. Do you remember how we used to watch for old rubber boots so we could use the heels?"
"Yes, indeed. Real rubber, they were then, too. Made a fine core. If you didn't start with a good core, the other fellow's ball would bounce higher. A fellow was pretty poor stuff that couldn't bounce his ball over the shed."
"And mother used to give us the yarn. That never seemed extravagant to her, although maybe she objected if we spent a nickel for candy."
"I used to get enough yarn to make a ball from my old Aunt Emma, as pay for holding five skeins."
"Did you put hard twine on the outside before you put on the cover?"
"Yes. Fine, hard twine or small fishline. That was a little more expensive, but—well, I made great balls!"
"So did I. My brother taught me to cut the cover from old boot tops. Quarters, you know—pieces shaped like pieces of orange peel."
"Yes, I've made 'em that way, too, but sometimes we cut the leather in two dumb-bell-shaped pieces, like those balls in the window there. Then we sewed 'em with waxed thread."
"Say I'm going to teach that boy of mine to make a baseball. There are some things absolutely necessary to a liberal education. Good-by!"
"Good-by! I suppose I shall see you at the directors' meeting at four?"
"Real Indian."
A young woman recently received instruction in the art of Indian basketry, and had made several copies of Indian baskets of which she was very proud. A friend, who had been living in Arizona, called upon the young woman, who showed the baskets with considerable pride.
"They are really very well done," commented the visitor, "but of course they are not the real Indian baskets."
"Why, Mrs. Sawyer, indignantly exclaimed the maker, "how can you say that, when I just told you that I made them myself!"
One Point of View.
"I am very much afraid that you do not appreciate the spirit of a free country."
"Oh, yes I do," answered the man who had recently landed in New York, in a dialect which it is needless to reproduce.
"What do you understand by a free country?"
"It is a place where you are free to do as you please if you can manage to get on the police force."—Washington Star.

Time Table Told the Story.
"It strikes me that this is about the slowest railroad in the country," said the impatient tourist.
"I knew you were going to kick," replied the conductor, genially, "as soon as you asked for a time table. You are one of those people who believe everything they see in print."
"The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind" of stores keep you clean and cool. Economical and always ready. Sold at good stove stores.

Would Help Her Out.
Mrs. Hiram—You may stay until your week is up, Bridget, but when you go I must tell you I won't be able to write you a letter of recommendation.
Bridget—Don't let her want of education embarrass you, madam. O'll write it for ye, an' ye can make yer mark to it.
Pilo's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

The Four Minute Egg.
Cynical Boarder—Here, waiter!
Waiter—Yes, sah; yes, sah!
Cynical Boarder—When I asked you for a four-minute egg you evidently misunderstood. I meant one that has been in boiling water for that period and not one that lacked four minutes of hatching.
There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last year there was no cure. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It will cure any case of Catarrh in 30 days. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., TOLEDO, O. Sold by druggists.

Important Omission.
Pa—Ostend, in the front of this dictionary you will find "the flags of all nations."
Ostend—Complete nuthin'! Why, they ain't even got the baseball pennant among dem.

Horribly Afflicted with Boils.
I had a horrible attack of boils that broke out all over my body and from which I could get no possible relief until I began taking your medicine, and from my experience I can safely say B. S. S. is the best blood purifier in the world.
Mrs. M. P. SMYTHERS, Wytheville, Va.

The Best Tonic and Appetizer.
While living in Sherman, Tex., I became a victim of Impure, Watery Blood. I ran down in appetite and energy; was scarcely able to get about and had to stop off and rest occasionally. I took B. S. S. and began to improve at once, and after a thorough course became strong and well.
I think B. S. S. is the best medicine I ever used as an appetizer and general tonic.
Bill Railroad street, Rome, Ga.

Escape the Diseases Common to Spring and Summer.
S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and is recognized as the best blood purifier and the most invigorating and pleasant of all tonics. Write for our book on "The Blood and Its Diseases."
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

DOCTOR ADVOCATED OPERATION—PE-RU-NA MADE KNIFE UNNECESSARY.

Catarrh is a very frequent cause of that class of diseases popularly known as female weakness.
Catarrh of the pelvic organs produces such a variety of disagreeable and irritating symptoms that many people—in fact, the majority of people—have no idea that they are caused by catarrh.
If all the women who are suffering with any form of female weakness would write to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, and give him a complete description of their troubles, he will immediately reply with complete directions for treatment, free of charge.
Mrs. Eva Bartho, 133 East 12th Street, N. Y. City, N. Y., writes: "I suffered for three years with leucorrhoea and ulceration of the womb. The doctor advocated an operation which I dreaded very much, and strongly objected to undergo it. Now I am a changed woman. Peruna cured me; it took nine bottles, but I felt so much improved I kept taking it, as I dreaded an operation so much. I am today in perfect health and have not felt so well for fifteen years."—Mrs. Eva Bartho.
Miss Manj Steinbach, 1399 12th St., Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "Last winter I felt sick most of the time, was irregular and suffered from nervous exhaustion and severe bearing down pains. I had so frequently heard of Peruna and what wonderful cures it performed so I sent for a bottle and in four weeks my health and strength were entirely restored to me."—Miss Maud Steinbach.
Everywhere the women are using Peruna and praising it. Peruna is not a palliative simply, it cures by removing the cause of female disease.
Dr. Hartman has probably cured more women of female ailments than any other living physician. He makes these cures simple by using and recommending Peruna.
If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.
Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.



Mrs. EVA BARTHO.

Overheard in a Crowd.
Mrs. Harris—How do they make the balloons go up?
Mrs. Gump—They toss some sand out, to be sure.
Mrs. Harris—And what do they do when they want to come down?
Mrs. Gump—They put some more in, of course.
You Can Get Allen's Foot Ease FREE.
Write Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot Ease. It cures chills, sweating, itching, burning, sore feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists sell it. Don't accept any substitute.

A Convenient Conscience.
"I don't believe he has any conscience at all."
"Oh, yes, he has."
"Not so much of a one."
"No, not much of a one, of course. In fact, it's of such trifling importance that when he leans some one out of \$1,000 he can square things with it by contributing \$1.50 to charity. Still it's a conscience."
FITS Permanently Cures No Fits or nervousness, no matter how long they have lasted. Restores Brain and Nerves. Sells for \$1.00 per bottle and 60¢ per doz. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 141 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No Extra Charge Made.
"Wow!" yelled the victim. "See here, barber! You've cut off part of my ear."
"So I have," replied the barber coolly, "but calm yourself. We make no extra charge for correcting facial blemishes. I'll trim the other ear down to a decent size too."—Philadelphia Press.

D. Milburn, son of the well known Buffalo lawyer in whose house President McKinley died, is a member of the Oxford boat crew this year. His almost equally athletic brother has missed the "eight."

A Quibbler.
"Would you quit smoking for my sake?" asked she.
"Certainly," answered the cold blooded man; "if there was any occasion for it. But I fail to see why I should begin smoking for your sake in the first place?"—Washington Star.

How a Patient in Sanitarium Got a Supply of Morphine.
"It is well known," said a nurse in an uptown sanitarium to a New York Times man, "that women addicted to morphine will resort to all sorts of tricks to hide the drug for use when they know it will be kept from them. I am 'wise' as they say, on all the violet bonbons, bouquets, chocolate drops and similar resources of that description in which morphine is secreted. But the other day I was assigned to the care of a patient who beat me. Her supply of morphine was gradually reduced until the second day of treatment, and then cut off altogether. Still the patient continued to get morphine. There was no doubt about that. Not only myself but every nurse and employe in the house was under suspicion. The patient was a woman with a beautiful and bountiful supply of hair. Her husband, who visited her twice a day, was virtually accused of bringing her the drug and he was naturally indignant.
"What do you suppose I am paying good money for a cure for?" he asked.
"The fourth day the doctor in attendance stood for a long time over the patient, who was drowsy with morphine. Suddenly he put his arms around her and lifted her to a sitting posture.
"Now," he said, "we are going to comb your hair and perhaps you will feel refreshed."
"The patient fought like a wildcat, and the secret was out. She had enough morphine hidden in her hair to last her six weeks if we had not found it out."

Business Notice.
Ex-banker, having been in retirement, is anxious for opportunity to get back into business world; would take advantage of any opening, however small.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Man who poses as a lady-killer makes rood by being sensible woman to death.

THE WICKED MOSQUITO.

Nocturnal Vagrant Who Leaves Rage and Bites in His Wake.
It is our painful duty to call attention once again to the fact that the mosquitoes are with us.
No sooner doth the grass begin to peep forth from the ground and the violets get a hump on themselves than there is a sound of buzzing in the land. From sunny swamps, from odd pools and from sluggish streams there arises a sound of ominous import. Try as we will we cannot escape that haunting sound. There is nothing else like it in all the world. It is the forerunner of disaster.

Who hath not lain awake at night when the summer heat was terrific and heard the soft hum of the mosquito as he flitted hither and yon in the darkness?
Who hath not wondered when the pesky thing was going to alight? Who hath not waited in fendish delight to let the insect get its bill sunk deeply into the skin, and then slapped savagely with intent to kill, only to find that the mosquito had departed with his bill full of blood for other unprotected spots?
Who hath not slapped himself almost to death during a particularly trying night and not landed one of the vicious



THE WAR ON MOSQUITOES.

pests? What more futile anger in all the world than that directed against one of those long-legged, long-billed tormentors of the night?
We have all known the poignant agony of a night with the mosquito and we all feel the need of a reform. Why does not the President of our United States get to work to suppress these vile pests that cumber the earth as with a pestilential and noxious fog?
Why have we elected him to the high office he occupies if he is to allow these paltry little insects to make our lives miserable? Something should be done, and that right quickly. If the Republican party will not take up this burning issue, then the Democrats should seize upon it with avidity.
Who is there with soul so dead who would not vote for a straight ticket for any party that would put an anti-mosquito plank in its platform? The political organization that will take up this question will find victory perching on its banners at the next election like a crow on a scarecrow.
There is no other question so important. The tariff sinks back into innocuous desuetude. The trust question looks like a pea beside a pumpkin in comparison. The money question falls back so far in the backwash that it looks like the small end of the smallest needle in the world a mile away.
What we want is an eradication of the insects that fly by night and make life one long torture.
We demand some relief. We insist upon measures for the amelioration of the condition of our people at night. We call upon all men to take up the cry for reform.
The mosquito must go. He usually does go, but alas, he comes back again.—Chicago Chronicle.

HIDES DRUG IN HER HAIR.

How a Patient in Sanitarium Got a Supply of Morphine.
"It is well known," said a nurse in an uptown sanitarium to a New York Times man, "that women addicted to morphine will resort to all sorts of tricks to hide the drug for use when they know it will be kept from them. I am 'wise' as they say, on all the violet bonbons, bouquets, chocolate drops and similar resources of that description in which morphine is secreted. But the other day I was assigned to the care of a patient who beat me. Her supply of morphine was gradually reduced until the second day of treatment, and then cut off altogether. Still the patient continued to get morphine. There was no doubt about that. Not only myself but every nurse and employe in the house was under suspicion. The patient was a woman with a beautiful and bountiful supply of hair. Her husband, who visited her twice a day, was virtually accused of bringing her the drug and he was naturally indignant.
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GURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup.
In time. Sold by druggists.

RIEGERSON MACHINERY CO.
Port of Norton Street, Portland, Oregon.
The Riegerson Engine—A set can run 100 ft. Valves and all working parts covered up. 2 h. P. 115; 4 h. P. 210; 6 h. P. 330. Put in a little gasoline and then go. Write for illustrated catalogue and for price on anything you need in the machinery line.

BROMO-SELTZER
CURES ALL Headaches
10 CENTS--EVERYWHERE

BILLIOUSNESS
"I have used your valuable CASCARETS and find them perfect. Consider me without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. I never feel them, every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family."
—E. W. A. MARK, Albany, N. Y.

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Selling Everywhere. Chicago, Boston, New York, etc.
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Bears the Signature of
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CURE YOUR HORSE OF HEAVES
Distemper or Pink Eye with PRUSSIAN HEAVE POWDERS. They ARE A GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND CONDITIONER, a sure cure for all ailments from which horses suffer.
CURED 34 HORSES.
Have been using Prussian Heave Powders the past eight months and in that time have cured 34 horses of Heaves and 9 of Chronic Cough. The Prussian Heave Powders have gained a great reputation in this section.
Sole Proprietors, Prussian Heave Co., St. Paul, Minn.
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This wonderful Chinese medicine is called great because he cures people without operation. He has cured 100 to 1000 cases of all ailments. He cures with these wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of these herbarian remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different plants, which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, such as nose, lung, throat, pharynx, tonsils, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write to him. Circulars, postage and stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. A DIVISION OF
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