

# Down Feeling

unrefreshing sleep, despondency, were doing something, were anxiously called the case they are holding the ing into serious trouble.

## Sarsaparilla

most direct, beneficial effect. It contains the best and best for correcting and toning.

Nothing Doing. "I think I'll wager with you," baker, "you haven't the

ay be," replied the butcher, "I see you putting up any Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Her First Query. "Mr. Cabbage to his was dangerously ill," Mrs. is downstairs and wants to

has she got on?" asked the man feebly.

Often the Case. Choosing a wife, said the scanty philosopher, "one should never appearance."

The Will and the Way. "Sister—Oh, Edgar, you now how it would please me if could only settle down and go to with a will.

A Question. "That do you think of the new?" asked Mrs. Starvem. "I don't know," replied star. "I think he's very polite.

Thoughtful. Doctor—I think you understand fully the directions for these medicines this is for your dyspepsia.

The Fitness of Things. "If you were a woman," said the scholar who was entertaining a

8100 REWARD 8100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh.

Folies of Long Ago. Bibbe—No man knows himself. Gibbe—That's true. I have just been reading over some letters I wrote to my wife before we were married.

In a Quiver of Rage. First Actress—I was entirely beside myself with rage. Second Actress—You certainly were. Why, you quivered even in the places you were upholstered.—Life.

Misplaced Affection. She kissed him and caressed him, but 'twas not what he desired; He only looked at her and growled—for she made the poor pug tired.

Human Nature. Some people practice what they preach, But it's a lead-pipe cinch They preach to others by the yard And practice by the inch.

Then and Now. "When I was courting my wife," said the sad-faced man, "we were two souls with but a single thought."

The Unexpected Happens. "Why that look of surprise?" asked Blomwell, who had just finished relating a remarkable story. "Don't you believe it?"

"Yes; that's the peculiar part of it," replied his friend Naggyb. "I happen to know that it is true."

## Hair Splits

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for thirty years. It is elegant for a hair dressing and for keeping the hair from splitting at the ends."

Hair-splitting splits friendships. If the hair-splitting is done on your own head, it loses friends for you, for every hair of your head is a friend.

Ayer's Hair Vigor in advance will prevent the splitting. If the splitting has begun, it will stop it.

81.00 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

# ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL EPISODE

BETTY RAWLINS had a bank account, and a huge one at that. But Betty had a greater fortune in her face, for she was as pretty as a spring beauty, and though she was perverse and pouty when she wanted to be she was ordinarily as sweet as a violet.

Betty lived in the summer time at Lowland Glen, not many miles removed from Fort Sherman, a big garrison with enough young officers on duty to fill the ranks of a company had they been forced to drop the sword and shoulder the Krag-Jorgensen.

Betty loved the military—what girl doesn't?—and if the truth be told Betty's heart was set on marrying into the soldiery, but she had made up her mind secretly that she couldn't think of looking at anything less than a colonel, and when she thought of it she sighed, for the colonels in Uncle Sam's regulars were all so dreadfully old, and Betty was only 19, mind you.

There was young Roy Lanyard stationed at Fort Sherman. He was mighty good looking, Betty admitted this to herself, and it wouldn't be a bit hard to love him, but Roy was only a captain, and nothing but a colonel would do. Captain Lanyard, to get into the middle of things at once, was just as desperately in love with Betty as a young soldier just old enough to know his own mind can be.

He didn't care a rap about Betty's bank account; in fact, he never gave it a thought. It was just Betty herself that he wanted, but he didn't dare say so.

Now Betty had another failing, not uncommon among American girls not old enough thoroughly to understand that Yankee husbands are the best in the world, and that was a firm belief that the ideal condition in married life would be that which would come from a husband who was a combination of

Englishman and English army officer. "The colonels are younger over there," said Betty to herself, "and they are all of aristocratic family, and, oh well, Englishmen are just too lovely for anything."

The summer colony at Lowland Glen was unusually large that season. There were bunches of swell doings, as the slangy Yale cousin of Betty would put it. The army officers from Fort Sherman were much in evidence, and one young captain in particular was very much in evidence in the vicinity of Miss Betty Rawlins. Betty saw the evidence clearly, and how she did wish that the president would retire some few hundreds of superior officers, so that Roy Lanyard could tack the abbreviation "Col." to the front part of his name.

One day there was excitement at Lowland Glen. Mrs. Calumet had invited two Englishmen, one of them an army officer, to spend the month with them at their summer home. The news reached Betty the morning after the arrival of the Calumets' two guests. Twenty young women had told her about it. Let the girls alone for spreading news of this kind. "And Betty," said one of her informants, "one of the Englishmen is a colonel in his majesty's service, and young and good looking at that."

Betty's heart gave a thump. "At last," she murmured to herself. The next afternoon Betty met the Englishmen at the Dexter Country Club. Her heart fluttered a little as the younger of the two men—the other was old and out of the running—was introduced to her. Colonel Reginald Southcott was his name. It fairly rang of aristocracy and militarism. Betty knew that he was a simon-pure Englishman all right enough because of his name, his accent and his clothes—which didn't fit.

For the next week Colonel Reginald Southcott was Betty Rawlins's shadow. Captain Roy Lanyard looked on and was miserable. Betty gave him two dances and about three words during the entire week.

"No show for one of Uncle Sam's poor artillerymen when there's one of King Edward's men with a drawl and a monocle about," sighed poor Captain Roy.

Colonel Reginald Southcott was not long in finding out that Betty Rawlins had a pot of money and that she adored the military. Betty asked him one day what his regiment was, and he replied promptly: "I am the colonel of the Royal Yorkshshire Regiment," he said.

Betty had heard tales about Englishmen pretending to be what they were not, but the colonel looked honest enough, and the girl was half ashamed of herself when she went to a library in the city and took down a British military gazette from the shelf and looked for Royal Yorkshshire Regiment. She found it all right, and with the name of Reginald Southcott set down as colonel thereof.

From that time Betty was very cordial to the colonel. She turned the conversation occasionally on the Boer war, expecting to hear some deeds of

was strangely silent on the subject of field service, and Betty put it down to a brave man's reticence when it came to speaking of his own acts on the field of battle. Betty might not have liked it had she known that when she was looking up the colonel's regiment he was making inquiries in certain financial circles about the extent of her bank account. The report seemed to please him, and he proceeded to make hay while the sun shone, and it was a particularly cloudless month at Lowland Glen.

Betty knew with a girl's intuition that an offer was not far away. She felt a pang, however, every time she saw Captain Lanyard and saw how miserable he looked, though he tried to put a brave face on the matter. If the truth be told, Betty cried a little in the privacy of her room when she looked at the glorious old flag floating in the sunshine at the flagstaff peak in the fort beyond, and sighed and sighed again.

One day Lawyer Coke, who looked after Betty Rawlins's estate, heard from a close friend that a certain Englishman had been inquiring about Betty's financial standing. "Fortune hunter if not a fraud," said old Coke to himself, and then, as luck would have it, he happened to pick up a copy of the Broad Arrow, the journal of the united services of Great Britain. Lawyer Coke looked at it. His eye fell on a paragraph and he chuckled. He folded the paper up, put it in his pocket and took the first train for Lowland Glen. He marked the paragraph in the paper and put it where he knew Betty would be sure to pick it up, and from the nature of the publication he knew she would be sure to read it from start to finish.

Betty Rawlins felt that the hour was coming when she would have to answer a question put to her by Colonel Reginald Southcott. She was thinking of this when she picked up the Broad Arrow. She knew what the paper was, for she had heard of it. She read it eagerly. The date of the paper was three months back. The marked paragraph caught her eye. She read this:

"General Powell-Baden inspected the Royal Yorkshshire Regiment last Thursday. It was the first training day of this militia organization for a year. The new men were in poor trim, and Colonel Reginald Southcott, who has seen no foreign service and very little at home, had hard work to give commands and to sit his horse properly. The regiment will need overhauling to bring it up to even militia standards."

The paper dropped from Betty's fingers. "Militiaman; never saw a day's real service; couldn't sit on his horse," and then Betty gasped. Her thoughts turned to another paragraph that she had read in an American journal. It told how one Captain Roy Lanyard had received the Congressional medal of honor for personal gallantry in the saving of the life of a comrade under fierce fire in the Philippine Islands.

Betty knew that night at the ball at the hotel that Colonel Reginald Southcott was seeking her out, but she avoided him. Captain Roy Lanyard met her and she smiled on him, and there was a look in her eyes that made the young soldier's heart leap. "Won't you go for a walk with me?" he said. "Yes," she answered softly.

As they passed down the hotel steps the moonlight fell full upon them, and Lawyer Coke, who was standing on the veranda, smiled, and, being a bit of a wag, he turned to a friend who had been watching the course of events for a month past and said: "Alas! Poor Yorkshshire."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tale of a Grateful Moose. The moose and elk liberated in the Adirondacks by the State of New York and William C. Whitney during the last two years have played rather odd pranks in the gardens of the natives and with loads of hay in transit, but it cannot be said that they are ungrateful animals, says a New York Times writer. The home of the moose this winter has been in the vicinity of the Brown's Tract ponds, and there on Saturday evening the crew of a freight train on the Cacknoque Lake railroad discovered a racoon in distress. The animal had been walking along the shore of a pond and broke through the ice and plunged about in the hole for some time, unable to help itself.

According to the story told by a trainman, he and his companions looked on with varying emotions, but finally summoning their courage, they went to the animal's assistance and got it out of the water with the aid of boards. Instead of taking to the woods after its rescue the moose followed the train about as a pet dog might, ate all of their luncheon that they could spare, warmed itself at the side of the locomotive, got in the way of the train and refused to move away. Its gratitude was evident.

The elk and moose with which it is hoped to restock the Adirondacks have taken good care of themselves during the winter. The killing of a young bull moose near Newcomb has aroused public feeling considerably.

Humanity and Policy. "Skinner was finding fault because the fire engine horses are driven so recklessly fast."

"I'll bet if his house was on fire he'd favor driving them a good deal faster."

"No, he wouldn't. He's got that old shell of his insured for twice its value."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A woman usually follows fashions in dressing her hair till the second baby comes, when she hasn't time to experiment, and clings to the style prevalent then till her death.

A man's strength develops when he has something to do; not when he is



Mrs. F. Wright, of Oelwein, Iowa, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

## A Young New York Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure!

"My trouble was with the ovaries; I am tall, and the doctor said I grew too fast for my strength. I suffered dreadfully from inflammation and doctored continually, but got no help. I suffered from terrible dragging sensations with the most awful pains low down in the side and pains in the back, and the most agonizing headaches. No one knows what I endured. Often I was sick to the stomach, and every little while I would be too sick to go to work, for three or four days; I would be in a large store, and I suppose standing on my feet all day made me worse."

"At the suggestion of a friend of my mother's I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is simply wonderful. I felt better after the first two or three doses; it seemed as though a weight was taken off my shoulders; I continued its use until now I can truthfully say I am entirely cured. Young girls who are always paying doctor's bills without getting any help as I did, ought to take your medicine. It costs so much less, and it is sure to cure them. Yours truly, ADRIANNE PRAHL, 174 St. Ann's Ave., New York City."

"\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced."

LADIES: The peerless Skirt Supporter and Fastener is the best. No Butcher, Tailor, Hooker or Pins. All your neighbors will want it. Send for the sample and price to agents, L. K. FULFORD CO., Room 7, Cambridge, Mass., Portland, Or.

## Fattens QUICK!

Cattle and Hogs for market. Shortens fattening period one-fourth. Saves Feed. FATTENING CATTLE. "I fed Trueman Stock Food last winter and turned off the fattest cattle I ever had for the same length of time." I consider Trueman Stock Food the best feed I ever used. It will worth the cost I would not be without it. F. L. FULTON, W. A. KERRY, Parker, S. D.

FREE Take this ad. to the dealer whose name appears below and receive a copy of the FARMER'S STOCKMAN'S HAND BOOK. PORTLAND SEED CO., Portland, Or., Coast Agents.

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Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using. Write for ILLUSTRATED CIRCULARS. KEENE & MONTGOMERY, 925 PORTLAND, ORE. Telephone, Main 309.

## HEADACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend CASCARETS. CHAS. STEINFELD, Pittsburgh Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

## CANDY CASCARETS

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, No Gripe, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. See Box. CURE CONSTIPATION. Sterling Remedies Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 317 NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

## POPALINE

USE POPALINE TO BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES FOR FINISHING CHAIRS, TABLES, FLOORS ETC. LUSTROUS AND DURABLE. DRIES HARD. WILL NOT SCRATCH. 24 SHADES & COLORS. INSIST ON HAVING POPALINE FROM DEALER.

P. N. U. No 31-1903. WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

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COUGHS WHERE ALL LIST FALLS. CURE FOR COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, INFLUENZA, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. Sold by druggists.

## DU CHALLU'S FIRST GORILLA.

A Thrilling Incident in the Life of the Famous Explorer.

Paul Belloni Du Challu, the famous explorer, who died a short time ago, was the center of a fierce controversy forty and fifty years ago, when his stories of life in Central Africa, and his discovery of the gorilla, since confirmed, were denounced as gross exaggerations, if not absolute lies. He never fully overcame the effects of his defamation and vilification, and although he lived to enjoy many honors, he did not reap the full reward due to his achievements.

Born in New Orleans in 1838, he was early taken to Africa by his father, who held a consular appointment in the Gaboon. In 1852 he published a series of newspaper articles about the Gaboon country which attracted much attention. In 1855 he returned to the West Coast of Africa. Unaccompanied by any white man, he traveled a distance of 8,000 miles in a practically unknown country. He killed and stuffed 2,000 birds, including many new species, and many gorillas, of which he brought the first accounts to Europe. It was his vivid and eloquent description of these huge and ferocious apes that excited incredulity.

Here is the account which he gave of his encounter with his first gorilla: "Suddenly an immense gorilla advanced out of the wood straight toward us, and gave vent, as he came up, to a terrible howl of rage, as much as to say, 'I am tired of being pursued and will face you.'"

"It was a lone male, the kind which are always the most ferocious. This fellow made the woods resound with his roar, which is really an awful sound, resembling the rolling and muttering of distant thunder. He was about twenty yards off when we first saw him. We at once gathered together, and I was about to take aim and bring him down where he stood when my most trusted man, Malanien, stopped me, saying, in a whisper, 'Not time yet.'"

"We stood, therefore, in silence, gun in hand. The gorilla looked at us for a moment or so out of his evil gray eyes, then beat his breast with his gigantic arms—and what arms he had!—then gave another howl of defiance and advanced upon us. How horrible he looked! I shall never forget it. Again he stopped, not more than fifteen yards away. Still Malanien said, 'Not yet.' Good gracious! what is to become of us if our guns miss fire, or if we only wound the great beast?"

"Again the gorilla made an advance upon us. Now he was not twelve yards off. I could see plainly his ferocious face. It was distorted with rage; his huge teeth were ground against each other, so that we could hear the sound; the skin of the forehead was drawn forward and back rapidly, which made his hair move up and down and gave a truly devilish expression to his hideous face. Once more the most horrible monster ever created by Almighty God gave a roar which seemed to shake the wood like thunder. I could really feel the earth tremble under my feet."

"The gorilla, looking up in the eye and beating his breast, advanced again. 'Don't fire too soon,' said Malanien; 'if you don't kill him, he will kill you.'"

"This time he came within eight yards of us before he stopped. I was breathing fast with excitement as I watched the huge beast. Malanien only said, 'Steady,' as the gorilla came up. . . . When he stopped Malanien said, 'Now.' And before he could utter the roar for which he was opening his mouth, three musket balls were in his body. He fell dead almost without a struggle."

SONDAE HAD NO PATENT. And Any Soda Dispenser Could Sell His Drink. Sunday, Sunda, Sondaie. Take your choice, for they all mean the same as applied to the refreshment offered at the soda water fountains.

Nearly everybody calls this form of cold refreshment "plain Sunday." If a hundred admirers of the food, drink or what you may be pleased to describe it, were asked how it got its name, the majority would either say, "don't know," or probably "first served on Sunday."

The Sondaie (properly spelled), came from the name of a man, Robert Sondaie, of French descent, was formerly a soda dispenser in Buffalo, N. Y. When the ice cream soda came into vogue, Mr. Sondaie noticed that a great number of the people simply ate the cream, and left the liquid. He had before noticed, as had probably hundreds of others, that many people would not take plain ice cream, because it was not flavored highly enough. From these observations he took the cue of the present Sondaie. He put a little ice cream in a small glass and covered it with crushed fruit. It looked good, and it tasted good, so it became the most popular form of cold refreshment in Buffalo in a few short weeks.

From that city it spread to all parts of the country, but while it retained the original sound of the originator's name, the spelling came to be erroneously accepted as "Sunday." From one part of the United States to the other, in every city, town and crossroads—wherever a soda fountain is to be found—there are posters in windows which say "try our Sundays."

The spelling is almost uniformly given the same as the first day of the week. Mr. Sondaie had no patent, copyright, or other safeguard on his original formula, and so he is still doing out the "cold stuff" at the same old stand. Many men have acquired fortunes for producing considerably less.

Largest Traction Station. The electrical traction station Yankess are building to furnish power for their underground railways in London will be the largest in the world. It will have ten steam turbines of 7,500-horse power. The trains used will be similar to those on the Boston Elevated Railway, made up of three "motor" and four "trailer" cars.

## FOR TWENTY YEARS MAJOR MARS SUFFERED FROM CATARRH OF THE KIDNEYS



Major T. H. Mars, of the first Wisconsin cavalry regiment, writes from 1425 Dunning street, Chicago, Ill., the following letter:

"For years I suffered with catarrh of the kidneys contracted in the army. Medicine did not help me any until a comrade who had been helped by Peruna advised me to try it. I bought some at once, and soon found blessed relief. I kept taking it four months, and am now well and strong and feel better than I have done for the past twenty years, thanks to Peruna."

T. H. Mars. At the appearance of the first symptoms of kidney trouble, Peruna should be taken. This remedy strikes at once the very roots of the disease. It at once relieves the catarrhal kidneys of the stagnant blood, preventing the escape of serum from the blood. Peruna stimulates the kidneys to excrete from the blood the accumulating poison, and thus prevents the convulsions which are sure to follow if the poisons are allowed to remain.

It gives great vigor to the heart's action and digestive system, both of which are apt to fail rapidly in this disease.

Peruna cures catarrh of the kidney simply because it cures catarrh wherever located.

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.

Enviably. "Yes," said the nervous man, "I have a habit of talking in my sleep." And the eminent citizen who is expected to respond to an ovation in every town that the train goes through murmured: "What a valuable accomplishment."

To Break in New Shoes. Always shake in Allen's Foot-Paste, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. Do not accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Umsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Sign Wasn't Right. He—I wonder why Miss Elderly never married? She—Oh, I suppose she was born in the wrong time of the moon. He—The wrong time of the moon? She—Yes, there wasn't any man in it.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fluor nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Tonic. Send for Free Book trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Frogs Are Not Fishes. The French court of cassation, the highest tribunal in France, solemnly decided that frogs are not fishes. The case concerned fishing privileges in certain streams and went through three courts before the question was finally decided.

Relson Machine Co. SUCCESSORS TO JOHN POOLE. Foot of Morrison St., Portland, Oregon. Parsons Hawkeye, Automatic, Self Feeding, Facilities Stamp, Fuller, Ice Horsepower with two horses. Buckeye Sawmill Machinery, Engines and Boilers. Eli and Mickey machine engine. Write us when in want of anything in machinery line.

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## The Innocent Suffer With The Guilty

The world to-day is full of innocent sufferers from that most loathsome disease, Contagious Blood Poison. People know in a general way that it is a bad disease, but if all its horrors could be brought before them they would shun it as they do the Leprosy. Not only the person who contracts it suffers, but the awful taint is transmitted to children, and the fearful sores and eruptions, weak eyes, Catarrh, and other evidences of poisoned blood show these little innocents are suffering the awful consequences of some body's sin. So highly contagious is this form of blood poison that one may be contaminated by handling the clothing or other articles in use by a person afflicted with this miserable disease. There is danger even in drinking from the same vessel or eating out of the same tableware, as many pure and innocent men and women have found to their sorrow. The virus of Contagious Blood Poison is so powerful and penetrating that within a short time after the first little sore appears the whole system is infected and every drop of blood in the body is tainted with the poison, and the skin is soon covered with a red rash, ulcers break out in the mouth and throat, swellings appear in the groins, the hair and eyebrows fall out, and unless the ravages of the disease are checked at this stage, more violent and dangerous symptoms appear in the form of deep and offensive sores, copper colored spots, terrible pains in bones and muscles, and general breaking down of the system.

S. S. S. is a specific for Contagious Blood Poison and the only remedy that antidotes this peculiar virus and makes a radical and complete cure of the disease. Mercury and Potash hold it in check so long as the system is under their influence, but when the medicine is left off the poison breaks out again as bad or worse than ever. Besides, the use of these minerals bring on Rheumatism and stomach troubles of the worst kind, and frequently produce bleeding and sponginess of the gums and decay of the teeth. S. S. S. cures Blood Poison in all stages and even reaches down to hereditary taints and removes all traces of the poison and saves the victim from the pitiable consequences of this monster scourge. As long as a drop of the virus is left in the blood it is liable to break out, and there is danger of transmitting the disease to others. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and can be taken without any injurious effects to health, and an experience of nearly fifty years proves beyond doubt that it cures Contagious Blood Poison completely and permanently. Write for our "Home Treatment Book," which describes fully the different stages and symptoms of the disease.

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Promptly cures all Headaches

can be taken without any injurious effects to health, and an experience of nearly fifty years proves beyond doubt that it cures Contagious Blood Poison completely and permanently. Write for our "Home Treatment Book," which describes fully the different stages and symptoms of the disease.

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