

No Appetite

Means loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a precursor of prostrating sickness. This is why it is serious. The best thing you can do is to take the great, alterative and tonic **Hood's Sarsaparilla** Which has cured thousands.

Cornmeal Is Heating.
Corn meal prepared in any one of a half dozen palatable and digestible ways has been demonstrated to be richer in heat units than almost any other food that comes to the ordinary table. In a bulletin issued by the Michigan Agricultural College the food value of corn meal scarcely can find space on a page of the pamphlet for its expression in a long black line that has to double back upon itself twice in order to show the 9,000 calories that are in five pounds of the substance.

Doing Great Work.
Florisant, Mo., Dec. 19.—(Special)—That Dood's Kidney Pills are doing a great work in curing the more terrible forms of Kidney Disease, such as Bright's Disease, Dropsy and Diabetes, everybody knows. But it must also be noted that they are doing a still greater work in wiping out thousands of cases of the earlier stages of Kidney Disease. Take for instance Mrs. Peter Barstow, of this place. She says: "I have been subject to pains in my back and knees for about three years, but since I have been taking Dood's Kidney Pills I have been entirely cured."

Splitting Hairs.
A somewhat elderly gentleman, with a merry twinkle in his eye, went into a hairdresser's the other day to have his hair cut.
"Excuse me, sir," said the hairdresser, as he began operations, "but your hair is very coarse."
"Of course," ejaculated the gentleman.
The hairdresser looked rather puzzled, and said: "I mean it won't be straight, sir."
"No, you see it can't be straight, or even left the truth, because it can't talk," smiled the gentleman.
The hairdresser, who began to suspect that he was being played with, felt mad, and said, abruptly: "Bear's grease!"
"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the gentleman; "it bears grease, or oil, or fat of any description; in fact, I should say it would bear anything, or it wouldn't have borne your remarks about it!"

Tainted Blood
Columbus, Ohio, May 19, 1903.
Some four years ago I was suffering from impure blood and a general run-down condition of the system. I had no appetite, was losing flesh, and had an all-gone tired feeling that made me miserable. I began the use of S. S. S., and after taking seven or eight bottles my skin was cleared of all eruptions and took on a ruddy, healthy glow that assured me that my blood had been restored to its normal, healthy condition. My appetite was restored, as I could eat anything but before me, and as I regained my appetite I increased in weight, and that "tired feeling" which worried me so much disappeared, and I was once again my old self. I heartily recommend S. S. S. as the best blood purifier and tonic made, and strongly advise its use to all those in need of such medicine. VICTOR STROBINA, Cor. Bartman and Washington Aves.

Wheeler, W. V., May 28, 1903.
My system was run down and my joints ached and pained me considerably. I had used S. S. S. before and knew what it was, so I purchased a bottle of it and have taken several bottles and the aches and pains are gone, my blood has been cleared and my general health built up. I can testify to it as a blood purifier and tonic. 1533 Market St.
JOHN C. STRAIN.

SSS
Our book on blood and skin diseases sent free. The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

GOOD Short Stories

Miss Mary Manning, the author, while seeing Rome for the first time, was anxious to include a visit to the tomb of Caesar. Meeting a citizen on the street she inquired, in her best Italian, the location of the tomb. The man looked greatly embarrassed. "I am desolated, signorina," he apologized, speaking in excellent English; "I do not know. Caesar has been dead so long!"

"Will you kindly tell us," a New York reporter asked of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress, "why you are so frequently cold and unresponsive to our profession, don't you know? Have you any grudge against newspapers?" "Not a thing—except one," she replied; "they will, now and again, call me 'Mrs. Pat.' I can't stand that 'Pat.' It is the last straw that breaks the Campbell's back."

A Scotch doctor, who was attending a laird, had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer. On reporting to the house on one morning he was met by the butler to whom he said: "Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day." The man looked puzzled at a moment, and then replied: "Weel, I was just wonderin' that myself. Ye see, he died at twal o'clock."

Lord Roberts once found himself in the center of new friends in a London club. There was a very tall gentleman present, who, evidently believing himself to shine as a wit, seized every opportunity of raising a laugh at other people's expense. On being introduced to Lord Roberts, the wit bent down patronizingly to his lordship, and remarked: "I have often heard of you, but—shading his eyes with one hand—as though the famous general, being so small, could be seen only with difficulty—I have never seen you." To this Lord Roberts promptly replied: "I have often seen you, sir, but I have never heard of you."

That there are conscientious janitors is proved by the case of one who works at Johns Hopkins University. He was unfortunate enough to receive a counterfeit five-dollar bill, the worthlessness of which he discovered when presenting it to the secretary. He was cast down over the discovery, but said that he remembered the man who had handed it to him, and would watch for him. Some time later the secretary asked him if he had yet seen the man who victimized him. "Ach," said the janitor, "dot man vot gif me dot bill he dit not come around afdrey. But vot is de difference? Some days, you see, I tink de bill vas good und some day I tink de bill vas bad; so I wait for one of dem days ven I tink de bill vas good und I pass him out."

One of the delegates to the Republican National Convention from the Philippines told a story about Captain Andrew Rowan, whose exploit in carrying the President's message to Garcia won for him a place among the heroes of the Spanish war. Rowan was stationed at a post in one of the remote provinces of the islands. A backward season had been disastrous to crops, and the prices of provisions had gone skyward as a result. About this time several wealthy Chinese merchants had been arrested for smuggling. Rowan put the Mongols at work cutting grass. This brought forth a protest that finally found its way to the chief authorities at Manila. In due course of time the following telegram reached Rowan: "Why are you compelling wealthy Chinese merchants to cut grass?" "Because grass is high," was Rowan's laconic response.

SECRETS OF THE CIGAR TRADE
Ordinary Smokers Imagine They Are Expert Judges of the Weed.
"Nine men out of ten when you hand them a cigar will roll it tenderly between the fingers and smell it knowingly before attempting to smoke it," said an avenue cigar man to-day, according to the Washington Post. "After puffing on it a minute or two, if you ask his opinion, he will tell you all about the cigar, its make, grade and price, and inform you in a confidential way that he knows all about tobacco, and cigars in particular. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred his information will be wrong, as only the tobacco expert can quickly judge of the intrinsic merits of a cigar and frequently he will be at fault."
For commercial purposes all cigars are divided into three grades of tobacco, known as dark, medium and light, but there are forty or fifty shades, which are grouped under five subheadings.
The grade of tobacco used in a cigar has nothing whatsoever to do with its size and there is practically no limit to the number of sizes. Any cigar manufacturer may bring out a cigar of special size and give it whatever name he pleases. The best known and most frequently used sizes, however, in the cigar trade are the "bouquet" and "special," "regalia bouquet" and "puritans," the "brevé" and "panetella" having a distinct shape of their own. The "panetella" is a long, thin cigar, with tapering ends, whereas the "brevé" is finished off short at both ends and has an even thickness throughout except a slight narrowing at the end which is held in the mouth.
If you will examine a cigar box you will find stamped on the front of the box the size and there is practically one end the color. On the bottom of the box, at the side, you will find some fancy name, such as "Flor de Habana," or "Flor Finos." These are only stock words and mean nothing further than that the tobacco is good Havana tobacco, although the cigars may have been made in Connecticut. On the under side of the box you will find only the factory stamp and label announcing that the maker of the cigar has filled all the requirements of the law. If it is a domestic cigar, while the top is devoted to the name

HOPE FOR THE SICK

of the particular cigar with the name and address of the manufacturer. The inside cover is apt to be embellished, particularly in the cheaper grade of cigars, with some gaudy picture, usually that of a scantily clad female.
"Undoubtedly the best tobacco smoked in cigars in this country is the native-brown Cuban tobacco and the cigar is further improved if it is made in Cuba, particularly in the province of Havana. For this reason many so-called Havana cigars are in reality cigars made in this country and shipped to the island, whence they are reshipped to the United States, and the revenue stamp is duly pasted on the boxes to deceive the uninitiated."
"Many smokers who prefer a light wrapper enjoy the flavor of the Manila wrapper with the Havana filler. To satisfy the taste the Havana tobacco frequently is wrapped in Connecticut wrapper, which is colored to look like a Manila wrapper."
"Inferior grades of cigars frequently are made of colored tobacco, acid being used to stain the wrappers a light straw color in spots. The best leaf of the tobacco plant is that which grows nearest to the ground, and when the rain splashes mud on the leaf these little straw-colored spots appear when the tobacco is cured. When these spots are genuine the wrapper will be a good tobacco of its grade, but whether it is acid stain or not only the expert will be able to determine."

KOREAN SOUVENIRS.
The latest thing in bonnets for Korean women dates back into antiquity. It consists of a small, bright green dress waist, thrown over the head. The collar band hangs down across the brow and mouth, and the brilliant red sleeves fall upon each side. The fashion is supposed by some persons to commemorate the defense of the capital, in a long-ago war, by women who disguised themselves as men by wearing their husbands' war-coats. The sleeves have been lined with red from time immemorial, so that when the warrior wipes his bloody sword upon them it might leave no stain. These little jackets are brought home as souvenirs by almost every traveler in Korea.

Another popular reminder of the "Hermit Nation," the control of which is now coveted by Russia and Japan, is the small brass bell, from the cross-shaped clapper of which hangs a fish of sheet brass. These bells hang in the open air, the slightest breeze stirring the pendulous fish, which in turn tinkles the bell.
The Korean cash box is also beginning to ornament American homes. Since some three thousand Korean cash are required to equal the American dollar, Korean pocketbooks take on the size of an English hall chest. The chests are generally decorated with brass corners and ornamental plates, cut in stencil with the design of the swastika, one of the earliest known symbols of the world, which at least twenty-five hundred years ago denoted, as now, long life, happiness and good fortune. The appropriateness of the symbol to a money chest is apparent to even the least symbolically minded.

LIFE IN SWEDEN IS SIMPLE.
Women Accorded All Privileges Their Husbands and Brothers Enjoy.
Sweden is called a woman's paradise. Women share every privilege offered to their husbands and brothers and those who have to earn their living find the doors of no profession shut in their faces.
The fair sex invades every public department. Women are the bank clerks as well as the postoffice clerks and life in a Swedish town is made pleasant for the worker. Every day, for example, the postoffices are closed from 3 to 5 o'clock and during that time the clerks may rest or take part in some of the many outdoor games that are popular there.
The state interferes little with the liberty of the subject. Legal matters are so arranged that the poorest man can hope for justice at a small cost. Arbitration is held in high favor.
Stealing is rarely heard of and the more serious crimes are almost unknown. The street cars have no conductors to collect fares; each passenger puts the money in a little box by the door. In places of amusement people hang their hats and coats in a large hall and there is no attendant in charge of valuable furs, often left to the mercy of the passer-by.
Drunkenness is almost impossible, owing to the Draconian laws regulating the sale of wine and spirits. No tobacco can be purchased by boys.
Laborers are paid partly in money and partly in goods. House servants are poorly remunerated, according to the scale of wages prevailing in America. A first-class coachman gets but \$50 a year and the same sum satisfies a cook-housekeeper, who often has to manage the whole of a large establishment. On the other hand, the head of the estate is expected to look after his people in sickness and in health. He educates their children, pays the doctor and teaches their sons and daughters trades.
Sweden is a profoundly religious country. The Bible is read aloud daily by the head of the family and a Bible is the first gift made by a young man to his betrothed.

She Was Too Busy.
Otherwise—And you actually approve of gossiping women?
Wise—Yes, for this reason: I have noticed that a woman who is always talking about her neighbors never has time to complain of her husband.—Detroit Free Press.

The Retort Courteous.
Miss Passy—You may sneer at pet dogs, but they're faithful, anyway. I had rather kiss a good dog than some men.
Mr. Sharpe—Well, well, some men are born lucky.—Philadelphia Ledger.
A wise young man passes up the pretty girls and marries a homely girl who can cook.



A VICTIM OF LA GRIPPE.

Mrs. Henrietta A. S. Marsh, 769 W. 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal., President Woman's Benevolent Ass'n, writes: "I suffered with la grippe for seven weeks, and nothing I could do or take helped me until I tried P. H. A. I felt at once that I had at last secured the right medicine and I kept steadily improving. Within three weeks I was fully restored, and I am glad that I gave that truly great remedy a trial. I will never be without it again."
In a letter dated August 31, 1904, Mrs. Marsh says: "I have never yet heard the efficacy of Peruna questioned. We still use it. I traveled through Kentucky and Tennessee three years ago, where I found Peruna doing its good work. Much of it is being used here also."—Henrietta A. S. Marsh.
Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Students Broke Them Up.
There are very few things that escape the notice of college students when they appear en masse. This was demonstrated at an uptown theater the other evening when a stirring melodrama was being enacted, says the Philadelphia Record. A group of ten students occupied the front row of the balcony. Just below them sat a party of young women. It was when the beautiful heroine was about to be thrust out on the mercy of a pitiless world that tragedy was turned into comedy. True to feminine emotional nature, the feelings of the group of women aforesaid were so wrought up that tears began to flow. There was a hasty struggle for handkerchiefs, a deep dive into pockets and bags and then a pause. Only one of the six girls had had the foresight to provide herself with a handkerchief.
With a sympathetic glance of comprehension she wiped the tears from her own eyes and then passed the bit of linen along. One by one the weeping maidens dabbed their eyes with the handkerchief and then it was smuggled back to the owner and the game of progressive handkerchief was begun again. The students saw all this, and one of them took a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe away imaginary tears and passed it along the line. Loud "sob" drew attention to them. In a moment the dress was convulsed with laughter, and it was only after managerial interference that the by-play was stopped and the six maidens with the one handkerchief were spared further mortification.

Similar but Different.
"Did you ever attend a cooking school?" asked the Chicago girl.
"No," replied her Boston cousin, "but I graduated from a college of gastronomy."



Many women are denied the happiness of children through derangement of the generative organs. Mrs. Beyer advises women to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered with stomach complaint for years. I got so bad that I could not carry my children but five months, then would have a miscarriage. The last time I became pregnant, my husband got me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the first bottle I was relieved of the sickness of stomach, and began to feel better in every way. I continued its use and was enabled to carry my baby to maturity. I now have a nice baby girl, and can work better than I ever could before. I am like a new woman."
—Mrs. FRANK BEYER, 22 S. Second St., Meriden, Conn.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW FACT.

She is Unlike the Caricatures and Merita Fairer Treatment.
The American mother-in-law never has been treated with the consideration to which her distinguished services to the country have entitled her, says the New York Telegram. She has borne with uncomplaining dignity and repose the slurs cast upon her; listened with well-bred indifference to the jeers of the unthinking and the quips of ad-eyed, soggy-brains. She has been conscious all along of her own worth and her proper relation to the great questions of human progress and enlightenment.
Shall the mere ceremony which binds two young and immature persons make a mother less than a mother, abate one jot of devotion and love she bears her child, or temper the degree of her sacrifice which she is willing at all times to make?
No. Heaven help the race were it so.
It is the maternal instinct and its reciprocal that make for all that is beautiful and humanizing. From them arise a truth and sentiment that have an appeal to the high and the low, the rich and the poor—a sentiment as broad as humanity. It is humanity itself.

Who among us, man or woman, often when sore beset by misfortune, disaster, pain or anguish, would not be a child again and find comfort on the breast of mother, whose cool hand and gentle voice would soothe you to sleep?
Now, if you were married, this same gentle woman would be your wife or your husband's mother-in-law. Of course he or she could not be expected to view her in exactly the same light. Yet, on the other hand, there would be no reason for regarding her as something between an attack of snailpox and a fiery-eyed dragon. Naturally, it is all in the point of view. And that generally decides our success or failure in life.

Nearly all of the unthinking approach the mother-in-law question in such an intemperate or frivolous state of mind that it would be well to call a pause and suggest a little serious thought.
Remember that the mother-in-law is actuated by the best of motives, according to her view.
She is prompted solely by love for her child. To avoid disagreement love her child even more devotedly than she does. Love her also, because she is the mother of the one you love.
Try to regard her as you would your own mother and give her all the respect due to her. She is not your enemy, though she is liable to obtrude her maternal rights into the new order of things.
Be a little philosophic. That never is a bad scheme. It gives you a thinking period. And when you have time to think you are not apt to be hot-headed or unkind.
At least, exercise the same common sense and forbearance that you display to the rest of the world in your dealings with it.

Meet mother-in-law half way in a peaceful, conciliatory spirit. Be her friend and you'll find she'll be as kindly a mother to you as she is to her own child.
The editor of one of the great New York newspapers once said to a budding humorist who had handed him a clearly satiric verse on the mother-in-law:
"You are wasting your talent, young man, in writing such stuff. It is not a bit funny. I never could see the humor of such nonsense."
That editor was a great man, a broad man and one who saw at once the heart beats in the subject. Though unmarried at the time, the ill-considered jest seemed to him profanation.
When he did marry, of course, he naturally had the best mother-in-law in the world.

Ottar of Roses.
According to the commercial statistics there has not been so good a year as 1903 for the production of ottar of roses in Bulgaria for thirty years. It is calculated that 13,770 pounds of this oil of roses were obtained.
The distillers employ chiefly the damask roses, which bloom in the month of May. It is somewhat delicate plant and a frost will destroy the whole crop. The rose bushes are grown in tall thickets, seven feet apart. In the month of October some of the leafy branches of the old rose bushes are laid horizontally in ditches about twelve inches in width and depth and covered with good soil. In eighteen months' time these young shrubs come into flower. The crop is gathered in between May 20 and June 15, an acre producing 3,300 pounds of roses. The pickers gather the flowers while they are in bud. These are then put into copper stills, cone-shaped, with neck for filling, and the stills are placed upon furnaces of masonry.
Twenty-two pounds of roses and nineteen gallons of water are placed in each still and the furnace is then lighted. The temperature is gradually reduced when the water begins to boil. After an hour or an hour and a half about twelve quarts of liquid are taken away, and there is a second distillation for extracting from the rose water the oil it contains.—English World Work.

Small Increase in French Population
The French Minister of Commerce has received an official report of the last census of France, begun in 1901. It shows the population to be 38,961,945, or a gain of only 419,113 in ten years. Comparative tables disclose that there is no other European country in which the population increases so slowly. The percentage of increase in Germany, Great Britain and Russia is almost a third greater than in France for the same period.

Lacked a Lawyer's Facility.
Lawyer (to witness)—Never mind what you think, we want facts here. Tell us where you first met this man.
Woman Witness—Can't answer it. If the court doesn't care to hear what I think, there's no use questioning me, for I am not a lawyer and can't talk without thinking.—Boston Bulletin.
Do you always keep an appointment, or just claim to?

Eagle Caught by a Dog.

A remarkable capture of an eagle by a dog near Rome is reported here.
The dog belonged to a farmer named Angelino Descombes, at the village of Chateaudoux. The eagle swooped down on the dog to carry it off, but the animal, on feeling the bird's claws in his neck, turned sharply and bit the eagle's claws. The bird rolled over on the ground, and the dog immediately pounced on it, and held it down until the arrival of his master, who captured the bird alive.
From wing point to wing point the eagle measured four feet nine inches.—London Express.

Also a cure for a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, at druggists.
Nothing But the Truth.
"Yes," said Mr. Stormington Barnes, "we did well in the West. At a one-night stand in Arizona we played to a \$10,000 house."
"Say, what are you giving me?" queried Mr. Walker Ties.
"Facts," answered the great footsore tragedian. "The one man who comprised the audience was said to be worth fully that amount."
A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.
Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAIN-OLINT-MAST-EXACT fails to cure you in 6 to 8 days.

She'd Looked It Up All Right.
Teacher—Have you looked up the meaning of the word "babber," Fanny?
Fanny—Yes, ma'am.
Teacher—Well, what does it mean?
Fanny—To take in.
Teacher—Yes. Now give a sentence using the word.
Fanny—My aunt imbibes boarders.—Woman's Home Companion.
Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.
Clerical Job.
She was wealthy and consequently a target for much flattery.
"Is it a sin," she asked her spiritual adviser, "to take pleasure in having people call me beautiful?"
"Of course it is, my child," replied the good old parson. "It is always wicked to encourage falsehood."
FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free Trial Bottle and Treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 261 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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You can hardly find a home without its Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Parents know what it does for children: breaks **Cherry Pectoral** up a cold in a single night, wards off bronchitis, prevents pneumonia. Physicians advise parents to keep it on hand.
"The best cough medicine money can buy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For the relief of children nothing could possibly be better."
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It is carried by local grocers, write Wadham's & Co., who will advise where obtainable.