

Economy

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HER FRIENDS.

Black Mammy Wouldn't Have Her Dogs Sent to the Pound.

Among the prisoners taken into a Southern police court the other day was an old colored woman who had been arrested for failure to provide tags for her two dogs. When questioned by the court she answered that she was old and poor, and had not been able to get money for the license tag.

"But you know that it is against the law for dogs to go without tags," the judge reminded her, "and I shall have to sentence you—"

"I know it," she interrupted, humbly. "I couldn't help it."

"Unless," the judge continued, "the dogs are sent to the pound. In that case you will be dismissed."

But the old woman looked at him, her wrinkled face full of distress. "I can't do that, I can't," she cried. And then she told her story. Her dogs were her only friends, her only protection. They were such beautiful dogs, and one was named for her husband, and the other one was so knowing and could stand on his hind legs, just like a man! She could not let anything happen to her dogs. She would go to prison herself instead—

There was nothing to do but accept her decision. The judge reluctantly pronounced sentence—six dollars' fine or nine days in the workhouse, and when the session was over she marched quietly with the other prisoners out to the van. Nobody had the heart to tell her that before she came out of the workhouse her dogs would probably be dead or if not, that she would undoubtedly be arrested again. After all, something might happen. In a police court even more than in other places, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Something did happen. A newspaper reporter got hold of the story, and it came out in that night's paper. It was told very badly, not "worked up" at all; but the American public is quick to read between the lines, and before the next morning the money for the old "mammy's" release had been offered many times over. She who had thought her dogs her only friends suddenly found a score of warm hearts at the service of her need.

It is a pretty story and a not uncommon one. It is safe to say that no case of need is ever made known to the public that help is not immediately and eagerly offered. But reporters are not always at hand, and sometimes the friendless ones come to our very door. Are we as quick to point the way to us—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Russia's Lack of Statesmen.

As a matter of fact, there has not been a statesman of the first class in Russia since Peter the Great, and none of the second class unless Nesselrode and the first Emperor Nicholas are to be excepted. To consider Prince Gortchakoff a great chancellor on account of his elaborate dispatches is absurd. To call him a great statesman, in the time of Cavour, Bismarck, Lincoln and Seward, is preposterous. Whatever growth Russia has made in the last forty years has been mainly in spite of the men who have posed before the world as her statesmen: the atmosphere of Russian autocracy is fatal to greatness in her public men.—Century.

Are Visiting Lists Too Long?

Mrs. De Fashion (average society lady) making her round of calls owing to average society friends)—Is Mrs. Wiggins-Van Mortland at home?
Servant—No, madam, she's—
Mrs. De Fashion—Please hand her my card when she returns.
Servant—She won't return, madam. She was buried a month ago.

The Water Clock.

About 150 B. C. there was a water clock in use in Italy, Greece and Egypt. The water escaped from a jar and fell into a receptacle beneath, in which floated a small ear, which, by its rising on the water, pointed out the hours.

DREAD OF HUMANITY

I am compelled by a sense of gratitude to tell you the great good your remedy has done me in a case of Contagious Blood Poison. Among other symptoms I was severely afflicted with Rheumatism, and got almost past going. The disease got a firm hold upon my system; my blood was thoroughly poisoned with the virus. I lost in weight, was run down, had sore throat, eruptions, spots and other evidences of the disease. It was truly in a bad shape when I began the use of S. S. S., but the persistent use of it brought me out of my trouble safe and sound, and I have the courage to publicly testify to the virtues of your great blood remedy, S. S. S., and to recommend it to all blood-poison sufferers, sincerely believing if it is taken according to directions, and given a fair trial, it will thoroughly eliminate every particle of the virus. JAMES CURRAN, Stark Hotel, Greensburg, Pa.

Painful swellings in the groin, red eruptions upon the skin, sores in the nose and loss of hair and eyebrows, are some of the symptoms of this vile disease. S. S. S. is an antidote for the awful virus that attacks and destroys even the bones. S. S. S. contains no Mercury, Potash or other mineral ingredient. We offer \$1.00 for proof that it is not absolutely vegetable. Home treatment book giving the symptoms and valuable information about this disease mailed free. Our physicians advise free to those who write us. The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

CURE GILA MONSTER'S BITE.

Indians Alone Know the Secret Remedy for the Venom.

Although rattlesnakes are considered dangerous from a poisonous standpoint, they are insignificant when compared with the dreaded gila monster of the sandy deserts of the southwestern United States. Professor William Wetherbee, who has been studying these desert creatures, has made a number of very interesting and important discoveries as to their nature and general habits. This lizard-shaped animal when full grown measures about eighteen inches in length and in girth about the size of an ordinary boy's arm.

Its tail composes one-third the length of its body and its skin is of a pustular nature and motley in color, giving a reddish yellow and brown effect. Its legs are placed on its body similar in character to those of a lizard, but it has none of the rapidity in movements of that animal. It seeks the hottest places in the desert and delights in heat ranging about 135 degrees. According to Professor Wetherbee science does not know of a single antidote to the poison emitted from this animal, and it was in hope of discovering such that he made a recent sojourn in the desert of Arizona and California. The rapid increase of settlers in this section of the country, owing to the recent strides made by the reclamation projects, has made it necessary for the authorities to look to their safety from the dreaded animal.

Since the departure of the Indians from this part of the country these monsters have increased in large numbers, as the Indians killed them off formerly in large quantities. The Hualupis, a tribe of Mexican Indians, are said to have a remedy for the bite of the gila monster, but this, however, is kept secret by the tribe and all the inducements so far made have been without results in trying to obtain even the smallest portion of this coveted antidote. The president of Mexico himself even went among the Indians and tried to secure the secret. Unlike most poison of animals, which are generally of an acid composition, this exception is alkaline in nature. Death soon follows the bite of the animal.

During the professor's experiments a Mexican assistant was caught by the thumb by one of the animals and the result was he died within twenty minutes, after first falling into a stupor. Another case was noted of a half-Mexican girl who had been bitten. She at first was seized with paralysis. A little later she cried that her head was splitting. Gradually the pain, however, left her and a few minutes before expiring she lapsed into unconsciousness. During these developments she lived about two hours and a half after being bitten. Professor Wetherbee intends going among the Hualupis and trying to secure, by fair or unfair means, the secret of this tribe as regards the antidote.

He Learned to Sing.

A professor at the head of the department of music, in one of our colleges, at a rehearsal, in which the whole college took part, why he did not join in the singing.

"I cannot sing," the young man answered; "I have no voice."
"Shout, then," replied the professor; "make a noise with the others, for we need it."

"It was studying once, in Berlin," he continued, to the students, "and we were drilled in some of the great oratorical choruses every noon by Herr H—, one of the finest directors in the world. I had never sung a note in my life, and refrained from taking part, because I was afraid of putting the others out of pitch."
"After three rehearsals he came to me, saying: 'Young man, why do you not sing?'"
"Oh," I replied, "I cannot sing a note, and should only put the others out."
"Bah!" returned the great man, "in the chorus your voice will be grand. I have missed it already, and shall look for you at the next rehearsal."
"So, you see," he said, "that when we work together, every one counts, and the man who does not take part is either over-modest or lazy, both very bad faults."—Success Magazine.

They Play Tennis.

Japanese women, for all their pretentious carriage and manner, are beginning to take an interest in athletic sports. An American woman tells how she played tennis in Japan with native women.

"It is wonderful how agile they are," she said, "and it certainly is a most extraordinary sight to see them playing in the regular Japanese dress, the pretty, soft silk robe so associated with reclining ease, and the thick-soled sandals."
"You can't imagine the effect of the sunlight on the sheen and gorgeous hues of the silken dress. Of course, the serve and return of the balls sends the gaily-costumed little ladies into the prettiest of posturing. They look like flowers lightly blowing about the court."
"The thick-soled sandals are not hard to run in. Indeed, I was assured they were most comfortable for the sport."
"Some of the Japanese ladies I met set up a strong enough game to play with their husbands, who enjoyed the imported game immensely."

Congratulations Anyway.

Caller—Speaking of babies, madam, that's a fine youngster. Allow me to congratulate you.
Young woman—Sir, that baby is not mine.
Caller—I repeat, madam, allow me to congratulate you.—Tit Bits.

He Gave It Up.

Mrs. Henpeck—I've often wondered what first attracted you to me. What was it about me that made you want to marry me?
Henpeck—I give it up. I never was good at riddles.—Chicago Journal.

Some men hate to be husbands just as naturally as some boys hate to go to school.

Ayer's

Don't try cheap cough medicines. Get the best, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. What a record it has, sixty years of

Cherry Pectoral

cures! Ask your doctor if he doesn't use it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

I have found that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best medicine I have ever used for bronchitis, influenza, coughs, and hard colds. W. L. LORAN, M.D., Boston, N. Y.

Bronchitis

Correct any tendency to constipation with small doses of Ayer's Pills.

Both Laughed.

How a railway porter gave a Roland for a passenger's Oliver is related in the following tale:

"A few weeks ago," he says, "a gentleman came up to me on the arrival of an express, and said he had changed at such-and-such a junction, and he could not find his luggage in the van."

"That's all right, sir," I said; "the train divides into two halves at the junction. You've come on by the first half; your luggage will come on by the second. I've known many a case."

"You're wrong, porter," said the traveler; "it was not a case, it was a portmanteau."

"And," added the porter, "he went away with a grin which made me fairly mad. In a quarter of an hour or so, though," he continued, "the gentleman came back, and said to me:

"Porter, how long will that second train of yours be?"

"Twelve coaches and an engine," I replied.

"We both laughed that time,"

Everyday Swindlers.

"There it goes again," said the trolley conductor as he rang the bell to let a passenger who had only ridden for a square get off.

"You'd be astonished," continued the knight of the bell strap, "to know how many people try to beat the trolley for a free ride when they want to make a call a square or two away from home."

"They hop on the car, wait till it has started and then want to know if the car doesn't go to some place within a mile of it. In this way they get their ride for nothing and go on their way in the belief that they have fooled the conductor."—Philadelphia Press.

TO AWAKEN WHEN YOU WISH.

Simple Plan Which Requires No Alarm Clock to Be Set.

We hear it frequently asserted that if firmly upon their minds and continue thinking about it until they have fallen asleep that they desire to awake at a certain hour in the morning, they will do it without fail, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. But how many people have tried this method of insuring a prompt awakening at a given hour in the morning only to find their rest throughout the night disturbed and uneasy?

The brain will usually respond to the will and awaken one in the morning near the desired hour under any circumstances, but to prevent the unbroken, uneasy sleep the adoption of only a very simple device is necessary. The last thing before getting into bed, take a watch or clock and turn the hands to the hour at which one wishes to rise and gaze at this just long enough to fix the hour firmly on the retentive memory. Then, if no other absorbing thoughts intervene between that and the moment one is locked in slumber, the night's rest will be easy and unbroken and promptly at the hour in the morning, as a rule, one will find one's self released from sleep and wide awake.

There is no need to keep thinking of the hour continually for a number of minutes, no need to repeat it over and over in the mind; all that makes the brain uneasy and results in the disturbed slumber. Simply look at the watch or clock, as I have indicated, and the influence of the mind over matter will be clearly demonstrated in the morning. Try it some night and observe how smoothly this psychological fact works.

Sign of the Three Balls.

The three balls used by pawnbrokers are the symbol of St. Nicholas. There is a legend to the effect that the saint once offered three purses of gold to three women to enable them to marry. The purses of those days were small bags, which when tied at the top to keep in the coins somewhat resembled balls.

A great deal of sympathy is given a preacher because he doesn't always get his salary. Transfer it to his wife, who works twice as hard, and is not supposed to get anything but board and clothes, and a chance to praise the Lord.

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IN THE "GOOD OLD TIMES."

Facts Which Show How Much Better Off We Are To-Day.

Not until February of 1812 did the people of Kentucky know that Madison was elected President in the previous November.

In 1834 one of the leading railroads of the United States printed on its time table: "The locomotive will leave the depot every day at 10 o'clock, if the weather is fair."

The first typewriter was received by the public with suspicion. It seemed subversive of existing conditions. A reporter who took one into a courtroom first proved its real worth.

In England, some centuries ago, if an ordinary workman, without permission, moved from one parish to another in search of work or better wages, he was branded with a hot iron.

When Benjamin Franklin first thought of starting a newspaper in Philadelphia many of his friends advised against it, because there was a paper published in Boston. Some of them doubted that the country would be able to support two newspapers.

One hundred years ago, the fastest land travel in the world was on the Great North Road, in England, after it had been put into its best condition. There the York mail coach rode along at the rate of ninety miles a day, and many persons confidently predicted Divine vengeance on such unseemly haste.

When Thomas Jefferson was elected President of the United States, on February 17, 1801, after one of the most exciting political campaigns in our history, the gratifying news did not reach the successful candidate for as many days as it now takes hours to transmit the result of a presidential election to the whole civilized world.

When, in 1824, Richard Trevithick entered the following words, there were many who considered him an insane, dangerous person: "The present generation will use canals, the next will prefer railroads with horses, but their more enlightened successors will employ steam carriages on railroads as the perfection of the art of conveyance."

When Benjamin Franklin first took the coach from Philadelphia to New York he spent four days on the journey. He tells us that, as the old driver jogged along, he spent his time knitting stockings. Two stage coaches and eight horses sufficed for all the commerce that was carried on between Boston and New York, and in winter the journey occupied a week.

Napoleon, at the height of his power, could not command our everyday conveniences, such as steam heat, running water, bath and sanitary plumbing, gas, electric light, railroads, steamboats, the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, daily newspapers, magazines, and a thousand other blessings which are now part of the daily necessities of even manual laborers.

When the first two tons of anthracite coal were brought into Philadelphia, in 1826, the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff; but, at length, disgusted, they broke it up and made a walk of it." Three years later, Colonel George Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagon loads of it in the same city, but warrants were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretenses.—Success Magazine.

SAYS TEACH BLIND BY EAR.

Dr. Heller Declares Touch System Is Not Best for Them.

Dr. Heller, director of the Jewish Institute for Blind Children, describes some highly interesting and important observations which he has made in recent years, says the Vienna correspondent of the New York World.

He insists that the educators of the blind are wrong in assuming from the first that the mind of the blind is awakened and instructed by the sense of touch. He says that the progressive phenomena of a blind child's development are so minute as to be microscopic. But closest study has revealed to him that, except in those who are also deaf, the blind are developed mentally by hearing, not by touching.

Dr. Heller lays down the law that schools for the blind of the future must teach them to recognize by the ear what they have learned to conceive by touching—material, dimensions, form, numbers and so on. He says, too, that in teaching them great attention must be devoted to changing the passive imagination of the blind into active imagination, a process very slow because the blind are nearly enthralled by passive imagination. But it is this change to active imagination which awakens the creative power in them. The change can be effected slowly, very slowly, by giving blind children freedom in their play, by letting them represent in their own way what they grasp of nature and of life and by placing at their disposal materials and tools which will make with them and how they will set about it.

But Dr. Heller says with emphasis that their teachers should never forget that the hand of the blind is the organ that at once understands and executes, and that if they are rightly taught to perceive their manual capacity must be the most perfect of all.

Boston Blank Votes.

The ballot law of Massachusetts has been recommended for adoption in other States because it compels the voter to express a preference for each candidate, and thus in theory favors "split-ticket" voting, says the New York World. It has another curious quality—the number of blank ballots it produces.

Parker, for President, had 10,000 plurality in Boston, but about 6,000 ballots cast were not marked for this office at all. Douglas' plurality was 34,078 in the largest vote cast, but even for Governor there were 4,615 blanks. For Lieutenant Governor there were 9,757 blanks, for Secretary of State 13,776, and so on in generally increasing ratio until 23,256 blanks out of a total vote of only 96,634 testified that 24 per cent of the voters didn't care a pencil mark who was to be sheriff.

Incidentally leaving to the polls, but to make them take the trouble to vote right through the "bill of fare" when it are there.

Nelle Tells How Baby Came.

There's no use of my talking, for mamma told me so. And if there's any one that does, my mamma ought to know; for she has been to Europe, and seen the Pope of Rome. Though she says that was before I came to live with her at home.

You see, we had no baby, unless you call me one. And I have grown so big you know, I would have to be in fun.

When I want to see grandma, about two weeks ago. And now we've one, a little one, that squirms and wriggles so.

And mamma says an angel came down from heaven above her, for she and me to love; and it got the cunningest of feet, as little as can be.

And smiling eyes, and curly hair, and hands you scarce can see.

And then it never cries a bit, like some bad babies do; and papa says it looks like me—I don't think so, do you?

For I'm a girl, and it's a boy, and boys I can't make out.

Unless they're babies like our own, they'll plague and tease you sure.

But you say the angel didn't come, now you just tell me why.

The Bible says there's angels in heaven, and that's the sky; and Christ loves little babies, and God makes everything.

And if the angel didn't who did our baby bring?

You can't tell, no I guess you can't, but mamma ought to know.

For it's her baby, her's and our's, and mamma told me so.

And they don't make any cunning things out of him, now do they?

For no wax doll, with real hair, is half so nice as he.

I know an angel brought him, and I think one brought me, too.

Though I don't just now remember, and so can't tell you?

But mamma knows, and this I know, the baby wasn't home.

When I went away, and now he is; if you want to see him, come.

For mamma says if I am good I can kiss him every day, and then go out and have a nice long play.

And if anybody asks you how babies come and go.

Why, tell them it's the angels, for mamma told me so.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Ginsel, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures itching, burning, chafing feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy to wear. All drug stores sell it. Don't accept any substitute.

Discretion a Failure.

"I was at the husking bee one day. Great fun."

"Find a red ear?"

"Yes."

"Kiss the prettiest girl?"

"Nope. Didn't dare. All the prettiest girls were engaged to husky farmers."

"What did you do?"

"Kissed the homeliest girl."

"Did that give satisfaction?"

"Not a bit of it. Each of the husky farmers felt that I had personally snubbed his 'best girl.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All drug stores sell them. It is safe to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Bad Memories.

Many people complain of having a bad memory, as if it were something they could not help, like a headache, or some similar ailment; yet even that can be helped nowadays by the application of a little common sense. After all, there is no reason why anybody should have a bad memory. It is merely a matter of training and is, more over, a matter in which it is never too late to attend to it. For grown-ups many methods are advocated, all of them, no doubt, based on the principle of mental concentration. In a young child the faculty can be cultivated by making the child describe everything it has seen in its morning walk, taking care that no fact is exaggerated, but that strict attention is paid to truth in every detail. In the matter of memorizing it is an excellent plan to let the child learn one line of poetry a day, which it should repeat the following morning, and at the end of a week it will be able to say the seven lines. The young brain should not be overloaded with knowledge, but allowed to assimilate a fragment each day.

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