

A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong, and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
SARSAPARILLA,
PILLS,
CHERRY PECTORAL.

His Awful Fate.

Giles—According to the coroner's verdict, a mob composed entirely of women was responsible for Green's demise.

Miles—How did it happen?

Giles—He accidentally got near a bargain counter where \$1 shirt waists were being sold at 25 cents and was trampled underfoot—Columbus Dispatch.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Hooper*

Indianapolis Banking Facilities.

There are in Indianapolis, where the National B. F. I. association convenes in June, seven national banks with a total capital of \$5,000,000 and total deposits of \$33,400,000. The total surplus and undivided profits are \$2,725,000. In addition there are six trust companies with a total capital of \$2,475,000; the surplus and undivided profits, \$1,210,000, and total deposits, \$10,300,000. All the banks of Indianapolis are in excellent condition, earning fair dividends and entirely worthy of all confidence.

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

Friendship's Tribute.

"Didn't the wedding go off nicely?" exclaimed Miss Weston, enthusiastically.

"Yes," said Miss Tartan, "except that poor, dear Fan needs to be quite so prompt in making her responses. She hadn't the slightest reason to fear that Jack would repeat and back out when she had him again at the altar."

A Farmer's Irrigation.

Under above caption in a recent issue of The Furrow, the following article appeared:

"There is at least one man in the rain belt region of the United States who has solved the drought problem and in overcoming his drought nightmare he has somewhat unexpectedly discovered that every year brings a drought, to a greater or less extent. 'I have put in, as you see,' he said to me, 'a simple plan of irrigating some of my land from a little stream running through the place which I thought would give me crop insurance during dry years; but it has taught me that never a year goes by that there is not some period or periods of greater or less extent that a watering does not greatly increase the crop. I can observe accurately, because I have my irrigated crops growing practically alongside those which get only rainfall for their watering.'

"This farmer's discovery of the efficiency and ease of irrigating was in a measure accidental. A little stream which showed a capacity—in July—of about six cubic feet per second, or say, 2,500 gallons a minute, which is a much smaller stream than the figures would indicate to the unwary, runs with a slight fall through a piece of rich bottom land and at one point near its lower end had been dammed by the boys to form a bathing pool. Several years ago, while in the midst of a destructive drought which was burning up the crops even on this usually moist bottom land, the farmer raised this dam by throwing in earth with the help of a plow and scoops, and crudely flooded several acres of cabbage, melons and some recently planted late corn. The result was so satisfactory and the idea of overcoming nature so fascinating, that the next year, after the spring high water season, a more substantial dam was put in at the head of the field which enabled the flooding of the entire bottom, with a little rough surveying to find the levels. The yield is stated to have been enormous, and while the farmer's tendency has been to over-irrigate, he is learning more than he ever knew before about the great productive capacity of land which has enough water at the right time, and also the great response which comes from heavily manured soil when well supplied with water. His dam is a cheap affair, built entirely by labor on the farm, and largely reconstructed each year. It has no storage capacity, the irrigation depending entirely upon the regular flow.

With the loss of no time or labor and at considerably less expense could this farmer have secured the same, and even better, results by the hydraulic ram. It works automatically after once being started, both nights and Sundays, too, just the same as interest and just as safely. It requires no attention whatever, and need not be rebuilt every year as does the dam. It does more than merely to furnish water for irrigating purposes. Pure water for the house and barn is also supplied. Every enterprising farmer should investigate this ram subject if it is only with the view of supplying water to the house to make it easier for his wife.

Nothing but the Truth.

Mr. Askitt—What age would you rather have lived in, Miss Thirtodd?

Miss Thirtodd—In the birthdays age, I think.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

No other corporation pursues a dishonest dealer or contractor so persistently and so relentlessly as does the government of the United States. Neither the petty grafter nor the man guilty of big frauds escapes trial when once the hand of the law is laid on him. The conviction of the gang of men engaged in petty frauds in the Postoffice Department two or three years ago is an instance of one kind, and the success of the prosecution of Greene and Gaynor, guilty of defrauding the government of more than a million dollars on engineering work in Georgia, is an instance of the other kind. Captain Carter, the army officer, who had charge of the inspection of their work, was convicted of participating in the frauds, and sentenced to dishonorable discharge from the army and to five years' imprisonment. He has served his sentence and is now free, trying to prove his innocence. Greene and Gaynor, after they were indicted in 1902, forfeited their bail and escaped to Canada. For three years they fought extradition, but the British government finally surrendered them, and they were put on trial. After a trial lasting thirteen and a half weeks they were convicted, sentenced to imprisonment for three years, and to pay a fine of five hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars each—the amount which they are charged with stealing.

A DISAPPOINTING STORY.

It was poor, timid Miss Prudy Heath of Roxbury who, when the first road train came through, went about among her friends, asking plaintively of each, "Would you ride in them ravin' stages?" Sooner or later they all said no; but she never ventured. Miss Ann Frickett of Wrentham objected to the coming of the railroad on other grounds.

"Draft animals are a gift of the Lord to man since Adam's time," she declared, "and it's a clear flying in the face of Providence to throw overboard beasts for 'blinders.'"

Transit at the present time is accomplished by means so increasingly various and rapid, and new inventions and improvements follow each other so swiftly, that one scarcely pauses to accustom oneself to each new machine, but, rather, one assumes an attitude of general acceptance toward additional methods of progress of any kind—underground, overhead, submarine or aerial. Two young persons who read aloud in a remote farmhouse where they were staying, a recent airship story by Mr. Kipling, were greatly amused at the disappointment of an old lady of nearly 80 when she found that the tale was fiction.

"I call that a mean trick," she said, indignantly. "Storing up disappointment for folks instead of satisfying 'em! There was I, all the time you were reading, thinking to myself how I'd get a ride in an automobile invented, by way of 'thank you' for giving some gingerbread an' milk to the young fellow that druv it while he was tinkering out there in the lane, an' hoping next time 't would be a flying ship come along instead.

"'Mebbe 't will light right down in the pasture,' thinks I. 'No reason it shouldn't, and just as much reason it should as an automobile in the lane—and my! how I should like to fly!'"

"And now you say 'twas all made up of old whole cloth, that story, and there ain't like to be any air ships running regular for years! Much good I'll get of 'em then!"

"That writer may be clever enough, but he's an unconscionable cheating critter, I say!"

NOVEL GROWTH OF TOBACCO.

Scarlet Plant Originated from Crossing of Red and White Flowers.

The National Council of Horticulture, through its committee, says of the scarlet tobacco plant: "One of the flower novelties of last year which was successfully grown by many experts is a tobacco plant which produces scarlet flowers, nicotiana Sanderae. It is named for its producer, an expert of England. The plant was originated by crossing two South American tobacco plants, one of which had white and the other red flowers. The result was a flower varying from a light pink to the deepest red. Planted in the foreground of a border of the more familiar nicotiana affinis, which has white, star-shaped flowers of a wonderfully sweet fragrance, a combination of color most striking is produced.

"A pleasing characteristic of this tobacco plant is the flowering time, which begins at twilight and lasts until the hot rays of the following day wither the blossoms. Thus it is in bloom at the time when it is most appreciated by persons returning home from a weary day's work. The plants are easily grown from seed sown on pulverized soil. Another method is to sow the seed in shallow boxes and transplant, when the fourth or fifth leaf has appeared, to open beds.

"This plant appears to bear flowers all summer long, and with ordinary care should succeed under a great number of conditions. It has been successfully tested in England, Germany and the United States. It has done well in sunlight and partial shade."

Speaking Their Minds.

The queer thing about the people who boast of always speaking their minds is that they nearly always have such disagreeable minds to speak. Did you ever hear any one preface a compliment, a commendation or anything gracious or pleasant by saying, 'I always must speak my mind?'—Woman's Life.

His Model.

Critic—That villain in your story is a perfect masterpiece. Where did you get the character?

Novelist—I imagined a man possessed of all the forms of wickedness which my wife attributes to me when she is angry.—London Tit-Bits.

SPIDER THAT EATS BIRDS.

Lives in the Forests of the South American Tropics.

There has just been deposited in the insect house at the zoo a specimen of the bird-eating spider, which earns its name by occasionally including in its menu some of the brilliantly hued humming birds and vari-colored finches of the South American tropics.

It is doubtful whether the slithering threads which he spins in profusion constitute his most effective tackle for securing his prey. Indeed, it is more probable that the little birds get caught through alighting upon the banana and other leaves, in the twisted folds of which the spider makes his home. The similarity of his coloring to the bark of trees to which he attaches himself is also a powerful factor in enabling him to approach his prey.

The slithering threads which help to ensnare so many beautiful birds are a serious annoyance to the traveler when riding or driving through the less frequented forests. As they continuously strike the face one is reminded of some flimsy motor trap on the Surrey roads.

The bird-eating spider is much smaller, although not less ferocious in appearance, than the famous tarantula. The body of a full-grown tarantula is as big as a hen's egg and on an average it gives from twenty to forty yards of silk, the weaving of which was expected at one time to prove a very considerable industry in some of the Australian colonies. The slithering output of the bird-eating spider is greater in proportion.—London Daily Graphic.

FLASHES OF FUN

Church—Are you acquainted with Flapshot? Gotham—Oh, yes; why, we sleep in adjoining pews!—Yonkers Statesman.

"Do you think the widow will break his will?" "Won't be necessary. She did that long before she became a widow."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Maid—Are you at home to Mrs. Toney, mum? She's at the door. Mistake—I am if she has a new hat on—not otherwise.—Cleveland Leader.

Inert Ike—Wot does "procrastinate" mean? "Comeless Homer—To put off. Inert Ike—Gee, but wuzn't we procrastinated from dat fast freight!—Cleveland Leader.

Jones—What do you think of the Louvre gallery? Smith (just back)—Oh, the pictures are pretty good, but there are no jokes underneath them.—New York Sun.

Christian Science Mother—Eleanor, what is the matter? Christian Science Child—Oh, mamma, I got a terrible error of the mind in my stomach.—Medical Journal.

Strawler—I've seen Snippem, the tailor, going up to your studio every day for a week. Is he sitting for you? Dauber—No, he's laying for me.—Cleveland Leader.

Madge—They say she is very clever, but I have never noticed it. Marjorie—Of course not. She says all the clever things about you after you have gone.—Harper's Bazar.

New York Man—Why do they call Boston "the Hub"? San Francisco Man—Because the swiftest part of the country is the furthest from it, I guess.—Cleveland Leader.

"Do you joke writers ever make jokes at your own expense?" "For the first few years all our jokes are made that way. After that, if we're lucky, we get paid for 'em."—Ex.

Mother—Has Charles proven himself to be a thoroughly abstemious man? June Bride—Yes, indeed! He particularly abstains from giving me any money.—Detroit Free Press.

"There are too many grafters in the world," said the patriotic citizen. "Unquestionably," answered Senator Sargum; "pretty soon there won't be enough graft to go 'round."—Washington Star.

Miss Passey—A fortune teller has told me where I should find my future husband. Mrs. Situpate—Goodness! Give me her address at once. Perhaps he could tell me where my present one is.—Judge.

Hix—I don't believe half our rich men know when they are well off. Dix—Where did you get that idea? Hix—At the court house. I was down there this morning looking over the tax lists.—Chicago Daily News.

"Dear John," wrote Mrs. Newlywed from the shore, "I inclose the hotel bill." "Dear Jane, I inclose check," wrote John, "but please don't buy any more hotels at this price—they are robbing you."—Smart Set.

Sporting Customer—A pound of cheese, please. Grocer—Gorgonzola or Cheddar? Sporting Customer—Oh, I don't care. Start 'em both across the counter and I'll take the winner.—Philadelphia Telegram.

Cabby—I 'ud a beard like yours once, but when I found what it made me look like I got it cut off. Bussey—An' I had a face like yours once, an' when I found I couldn't get it cut off I grew a beard.—Punch.

"Do you know anything about this note?" asked the man from the collection agency, sternly. The impudacious one looked at the paper carefully. "No," he decided, "I can't say that I ever met it."—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Goode (a clergyman's wife)—My husband always says a short prayer before each meal. The New Cook (indignantly)—Well, he needn't take such precautions while I'm at the ranch; I'm no cookin' school graduate!—Puck.

Friend—What's that big box on the front of your machine? Automobolist—That's a camera for taking moving pictures. You see, I go so fast I don't have time to look at the scenery, and so I photograph it as I go along.—L.L.ustration.

Daughter—No, mamma, Harold has not proposed yet; that is, no in so many words. Mother—Mevy on me, Jane! You must not wait for words! Proposals are mostly made up of sighs, gurgles, stammers, coughs, hems, haws, and looks, you know.—Ex.

"What are you studying now?" asked Mrs. Cumrox. "We have taken up the subject of molecules," answered her son. "I hope you will be very attentive and practice constantly," said the mother; "I tried to get your father to wear one, but he couldn't make it stay in his eye."—Medical Standard.

"A girl," said Miss Prim, "should always teach a man his distance." "Yes," replied Miss Koy, "but the right sort of a man would know his distance. I have no patience with the fellow who stands off about three feet and then leans 'way over to kiss you, as if you were a hot potato."—Ex.

"Sody crackers? Yes'm," said the country store keeper; "I got 'em. I'll send 'em up to you!" "Well," replied Mrs. Medders, "I did 'low to take 'em with me." "Yes'm, but, ye see, Bill Brusser he's a dozin' on top of the bar! Jest now an' he ain't in the best of humor to-day."—Philadelphia Press.

One of Those Questions.

"So," said Captain Bragg, describing an experience in the Philippines, "the scouts came up and rescued me just in the nick of time. But, I tell you, I felt at one time that I should become hopelessly insane."

"And didn't you?" breathlessly asked Miss Chatters.—Philadelphia Press.

Giving Him a Dig.

Blinks—What a humorist! Stay! Blinks—Humorist? Bah! Exhumorist, you mean. Most of his jokes have been buried for decades.—Boston Transcript.

THE KING OF BLOOD PURIFIERS

No other remedy has given such perfect satisfaction as a blood purifier and tonic or is so reliable in the cure of blood diseases of every character as S. S. S. It is known as "The King of Blood Purifiers," and the secret of its success and its right to this title is because "IT CURES DISEASE." It is an honest medicine, made entirely of purifying, healing roots, herbs and barks, which are acknowledged to be specifics for diseases arising from an impure or poisoned condition of the blood and possessing tonic properties that act gently and admirably in the up-building of a run-down, weakened or disordered condition of the system.

One of the greatest points in favor of S. S. S. is that it is the only blood remedy on the market which does not contain a mineral ingredient of some kind to derange or damage the system. It is the one medicine that can be taken with absolute safety by the youngest child or the oldest member of the family, and persons who have allowed their systems to get in such condition that most medicines are repulsive to the stomach will find that S. S. S., while thorough, is gentle and pleasant in its action, and has none of the nauseating effects of the different mineral mixtures and concoctions offered as blood purifiers.

As every part of the body is dependent on the blood for nourishment and strength, it is necessary that this vital fluid be kept free from germs and poisons. So long as it remains uncontaminated we are fortified against disease, and health is assured; but any impurity, humor or poison acts injuriously on the system and affects the general health. Pustular eruptions, pimples, rashes and the different skin affections show that the blood is in a feverish and diseased condition as a result of too much acid or the presence of some irritating humor. Sores and Ulcers are the result of morbid, unhealthy matter in the blood, and Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., are all deep-seated blood disorders that continue to grow worse as long as the poison remains.

But all blood diseases are not acquired; some persons are born with an hereditary taint in the blood and we see this great affliction manifested in many ways. The skin has a waxy, pallid appearance, the eyes are often weak, glands of the neck enlarged, and as the taint has been in the blood since birth the entire health is usually affected.

In all blood troubles S. S. S. has proved itself a perfect remedy and has well earned the title of "KING OF BLOOD PURIFIERS." It goes down into the circulation and removes all poisons, humors, waste or foreign matter, and makes this stream of life pure and health-sustaining. Nothing reaches inherited blood troubles like S. S. S.; it removes every particle of the taint, purifies and strengthens the weak, deteriorated blood, and supplies it with the healthful properties it needs and establishes the foundation for good health. As a tonic this great medicine has no equal, and it will be found especially bracing to weak, anaemic persons. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Sores and Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all other blood troubles are cured permanently by S. S. S., and so thorough is the cleansing of the blood that no trace of the disease is left to break out in future years or to be transmitted to offspring. If you are in need of a blood purifier get "THE KING" of them all, S. S. S.—and good results are assured. Book on the blood and any medical advice desired furnished without charge to all who write.

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Gentlemen—S. S. S. is used as a family medicine in our home. I myself have taken and always found it what it is claimed to be. It thoroughly cleanses the system of impurities, increases the appetite, improves the digestion, and builds up the general health. I have given it to my children with fine results. It promptly restores the appetite and clears the skin of all eruptions. It is a very fine blood tonic and has my hearty endorsement.

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Diseases, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all other blood troubles are cured permanently by S. S. S., and so thorough is the cleansing of the blood that no trace of the disease is left to break out in future years or to be transmitted to offspring. If you are in need of a blood purifier get "THE KING" of them all, S. S. S.—and good results are assured. Book on the blood and any medical advice desired furnished without charge to all who write.

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