

DRAGGING

down pains are a symptom of the most serious trouble which can attack a woman, viz: falling of the womb. With this, generally, come irregular, painful, scanty or profuse periods, wasteful, weakening drains, dreadful backache, headache, nervousness, dizziness, irritability, tired feeling, inability to walk, loss of appetite, color and beauty. The cure is

WINE OF CARDUI

THE FEMALE REGULATOR,

that marvelous, curative extract, or natural wine, of herbs, which exerts such a wonderful, strengthening influence on all female organs. Cardui relieves pain, regulates the menses, stops drains and stimulates the womb muscles to pull the womb up into place.

It is a sure and permanent cure for all female complaints.

WRITE US A LETTER

Put aside all timidity and write us freely and frankly, in strictest confidence, telling us all your symptoms and troubles. We will send free advice (in plain, sealed envelope), how to cure them. Address: Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

"I SUFFERED AWFUL PAIN

in my womb and ovaries," writes Mrs. Naomi Baker, of Webster Groves, Mo. "also in my right and left sides, and my menses were very painful and irregular. Since taking Cardui, I feel like a new woman, and do not suffer as I did. It is the best medicine I ever had in my house."

LAI D DOWN FOUR AGES

(From the New York Sun.)

"Did you ever know a poker player to lay down four aces?"

The Cripple Creek man threw an unconscious leg over the arm of his chair, and his eye grew reminiscent.

"Yes, several of them," he mused, "and all good short eard men, too. Nobody but a blood cousin to the king fool balks at laying down any hand, no matter how good it looks to him, if his poker sense tells him it's best."

"Right there is the dividing line between the easy mark and the man who knows how—the gulf between the mule and the master mind knowing when to quit. God hates a quitter, they say. He may hate him, but I'll risk fifty he don't look on him with the same sour contempt a fellow feels for himself the morning after he's spent the night—and his July salary—calling hands because he wasn't going to let any stiff in that game get away with a bluff, b'goosh!

"Curiosity is all right in scientific research, but in poker it's about as useful as a vermiform appendix, and make it a sore one, at that; just good for trouble—and the sooner you cut it out, the better for you."

"But, coming back to our fours, I've known that bunch of aces land down several times, I say; but I reckon I saw the only play that ever came up where a man laid down a fatal like that without making even a bet or a call after the draw, and he was as smooth a fellow as ever fondled a stack of blues."

"I don't reckon any of you ever heard of Jake Saunders, but between the Big Muddy and the Golden Gate Jake is as well liked as he is well known, which is saying a whole lot, for he's prominent in everything—politics, public enterprise, and play—that comes up. And 10 years ago the least of his talents wasn't poker."

"He could sit in a game for two hours, without a hand better than a pair of nines and stay good natured—that impenetrable good nature that marks the old masters of the art. When a man begins to throw cuss words around, you can count his stack over in your winnings, but you

None can have a Well-Balanced Constitution without taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

All people subject to Bilious attacks, or who suffer from Stomachic disorders, should never be without a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS. Their gigantic success and genuine worth are known all over the world, and the proof of their excellence lies in the fact that they are generally adopted as the Family Medicine after the first trial.

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by their purifying effect upon the Blood, cleanse and vivify the entire system, causing every organ of the body healthfully to continue its allotted function, thereby inducing a perfectly balanced condition, and making life a pleasure.

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maintain their reputation for keeping people in Good Health and Good Condition.

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have stood the test of the most exacting experience through many years.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes, 10c. and 25c.

ing up the deck and about to ask Jake how many cards he'd like, when the third man, Ryland, who had passed the open, cut in.

"Hold on," he said, "I'm in this. Gimme a card," and he pushed his \$125 into the center.

"Jake held up a kicker and drew for a blind. The fifth man took a couple, and the dealer remarked with thinly disguised satisfaction that he had all he wanted.

"It began to look like Jake's three aces were going to have more company than they really needed, but when he flashed his draw to me I saw that he was ready to entertain all comers. The gentlemanly dealer handed him the fourth ace!

"It was Jake's first say, of course, being the opener, but he quietly hummed 'The Dying Cowboy,' and passed up the bet so as to back in against the dealer's pat hand and give him a jolt that would make him hate cards for a year.

"The fifth man, though, seemed to feel considerable better for his two card draw. He set in a 100 stack of blues right under the muzzle of the dealer's hand as though a pat didn't strike him as particularly formidable anyhow.

"But if he thought he was going to scare that dealer out of a raise he was badly fooled, for the next instant that obliging gent swarmed in with a tilt of \$150 more. At this Jake let up on the 'cowboy' and was counting out chips to bring a glad surprise with a \$200 bill from his pile and dropped it into the pot, quietly remarking:

"Two hundred and fifty simoleons more, if you please."

"I was smiling at the thought of that much extra meat coming to Jake's market, when, to my astonishment, he tossed his four aces face down on the discard.

"That's good here," he said, and pushed his chips over to the second man, who was banking the game. Then to me: 'I'm ready now. What! Don't want to go just yet? All right, I've got to telephone a party anyhow and I'll meet you in the lobby in five minutes,' and he left the room, placidly humming the 'Cowboy.'

"No, not much I didn't go just then. You couldn't have pulled me loose with a lariat until I saw what kind of cards were backing those husky bets, especially that hand of Ryland's."

"I knew it wasn't possible that Jake had overlooked his hand. That wasn't Jake, and besides he had tipped off the fourth ace to me. But it seemed just as impossible that he should lay down such a bunch without a call and go strolling off with all the indifference of an elevator boy."

"I watched while the fifth man and the dealer called, one showing down a four full—he'd caught a pair in the draw—and the other a ten full he had had pat all the time. Then in a dazed sort of a way I saw Ryland carefully spread his hand face up on the table, poke his cards apart with his finger and silently gather in the pot while his two late opponents breathed like a yoke of tired steers."

"'Jake,' I said an hour later as we sat over a breakfast and a Budweiser in the cafe, 'what in the name of all the gods of chance made you lay down fours to a hand that couldn't even open the pot before the draw?'"

"'You've said it right there,'" replied Jake. "It was just because Ryland couldn't open the pot that I quit."

"'No, I don't care what he had. I'm not curious about post mortems. From your question I guess my judgment was wrong though this is the way I had it figured out: 'First, it was a sure thing that Ryland didn't have openers; he's too good a player to pass for a raise when he's sitting as 'round as third from the dealer, especially when the pot's as far as that one was. 'I opened it light, as you saw, to get the crowd in against my big threes—and succeeded mighty well, too. When the fifth man raised my open I put him down for two pairs small threes, for evidently he didn't want any more folks in with us, and I'd have gone back and lifted him out of the game if the dealer hadn't come tripping in and tilted it himself. 'I put him up for a pat hand, for a man would scarcely make a second raise like that unless he had the top threes—and I knew might well where they were. So the play came up to Ryland not only with strength showing in three hands, but saddled with a double raise to boot, making it mighty expensive to draw cards. 'Now, Ryland's got all kinds of poker sense and wouldn't pay that price just to draw a straight or a bobtail flush that probably wouldn't be good if he caught it. So when he did back in, it looked to me like a cinch he was hunting for but one thing—a straight flush. 'It was plain to a blind man there was going to be big trouble after the draw, and if he caught he'd have us all whipped under the bed. Of course

when I corralled that fourth ace I knew I had all the others going south, for the pat hand was bound to bet and then if Ryland laid down I'd come up with all the blues that dealer had."

"'Still Ryland might make it and if he did it was chnos come again, and I'd better stay footloose, ready to jump. And so, after the draw I passed up the bet."

"'When the fifth man with the two-card draw took the bet in the teeth of the dealer's pat it looked mighty sure to me he'd made something better than a straight or a flush, the usual pat hands, but when the dealer cheerfully lifted him to the tune of a hundred and fifty, I began to think that pat of his mightn't be such a usual one after all."

"'Still I knew I was sitting on a velvet throne no matter what they had, and I was sorting out a chunk of money to show 'em what good people I was when in oozes Ryland with his little old five hundred dollar bill. Now I didn't believe anybody with a teaspoonful of gray matter would have tripped a bluff in that seat."

"'The strength already shown in draw and bet made it a moral cinch he'd get at least on call, maybe more. So I made up my mind that my aces were as worthless as a wooden leg in a foot race and quit."

"'That's all; that's the way, I figured it out, but if my judgment was bad I guess it's a joke and a bottle on me.'"

"'I reckon I'll pay for the wine this trip,' I said. 'One ace was as good as four in that deal. I know you make it a rule not to play over dead hands, but it may interest you to know that Ryland drew to the four, five, six and seven of hearts—and caught the tray of the same skit!'"

Furious Fighting

"For seven years," writes Geo. W. Hoffman, of Harper, Wash., "I had a bitter battle, with chronic stomach and liver trouble, but at last I won, and cured my diseases by the use of Electric Bitters. I unhesitatingly recommend them to all, and don't intend in the future to be without them in the house. They are certainly a wonderful medicine, to have cured such a bad case as mine." Sold under guarantee to do the same for you, by J. C. Perry, druggist, at 50c a bottle. Try them today.

Kicker and Knocker

A kicker is an optimist. A knocker is a pessimist. The kicker kicks to make things better. The knocker knocks to make them worse. The kicker is refreshing and accomplice. The knocker is depressing and decadent.

When you hear a man lambasting his community for lack of business spirit or municipal pride, or its weak morals—he's a kicker.

When you hear another harping on "hard times," bemoaning his lot, and seeing no good either present or future—kill him on the spot. He's a knocker.

The kicker sends us forward if we

The Itch Fiend

That is Salt Rheum or Eczema,—one of the outward manifestations of scrofula. It comes in itching, burning, oozing, drying, and scaling patches, on the face, head, hands, legs or body.

It cannot be cured by outward applications,—the blood must be rid of the impurity to which it is due.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has cured the most persistent and difficult cases. Accept no substitute for Hood's; no substitute acts like it.

CHANCE FOR YOUNG MEN OR YOUNG WOMEN TO

Earn Easy Money and a Fine Vacation

FREE TRIP TO THE BIG FAIR

Journal Will Give a Free Trip and Visit to the Lewis and Clark Fair to Active Young Person

The Journal has a contest on in which it wishes to enlist the services of a score of active young men and women. In this work these young people can have paying employment all the time, and the winner in the contest, the one who gets the best results, will receive a free trip and admission to the Lewis and Clark fair. High school pupils, business college graduates and other delay applying for terms.

beed; the knocker is always letting out his toboggan free of charge.

The kicker never gives up. The knocker is invariably a quitter, and lives continually in the hope that somebody will make him rich through no effort of his own.

The kicker is usually an honest and happy man. The knocker is usually a grifter and is disconsolate because his graft isn't big enough. The kicker blames himself for his failings and tries to correct them; the knocker blames God Almighty and grows steadily worse. A slow death overtakes him after a while and then he takes his own toboggan hence, with no one to haul it up again.—Everett (Washington) Record.

The Southern Pacific Company Will sell tickets, Salem to Boswell Springs and return up to and including September 30, 1905, 1906, limited to 30 days, rate of \$5.55. 6-5-1f

"GAY PAREE"

Visitors Object to It as Being an Offense Against Decency.

As yet the officials of the exposition have taken no measures looking to the closing of the Trail's disgrace, "Gay Paree," run by George Jabour, but it is believed that the protests will come to President Goode so regularly from now on that to wipe the show out of existence will be the only course left to him.

Jabour paid a big price for the space on the Trail, and as "Gay Paree" mulets a sufficient number of the unwary every day to make it a paying proposition, and the exposition receives 25 per cent of the gross receipts, there is naturally a disposition on the part of the officials to "let 'er run," no matter how great the stench. The show is, however, condemned by all who witness it, and it is only a question of time before such influences are brought to bear as will make it imperative on the part of the exposition to get rid of its one nauseating exhibition.

young people who want pleasant and profitable occupation for the summer should call at The Journal office at an early date and learn of the exceptional opportunity offered.

The question of profitable employment for the summer, with light, easy and agreeable work, at which you are learning something, and making money easily, is one that is worth considering.

A prize worth working for is a free trip to the Lewis and Clark fair at the end of the summer's work, as the guest of The Journal, as a representative of the press. You need only to be able to write plain English, and have a little knowledge of business, and you are ready to take up the work. Young or middle-aged men or women are eligible to undertake the work. Call at The Journal office and enter this contest, not later than 9 o'clock any day of the week. Contest begins at once, and you can begin work at any time. Only a limited number can be taken, so do not delay applying for terms.

BUSY LITTLE TOWN

Jug Houses Cut Worms, Licensure and Some Other Things

Tip Humphrey came down from Jefferson today between trains, and entertained his friends by telling them how they are going to build up a second Chicago up there by preventing water works to protect their property from fire and electric light to illuminate the city. He says they have now a gallow house dispensing liquor at either end of the town, but that they are above allowing a saloon to come inside the town limits and pay \$400 license, because they could build streets with that, and that is something Jefferson does not need. He reports something new in that section in the way of cut worms attacking the new hop yards. In a new yard owned by Mr. Groushog the stand is just about ruined, and upon examination as high as 23 cut worms were found in one hill. In a ten-acre yard adjoining this there is no damage done, showing that the festive cutters have a special taste for the succulent young vine. The new brick block, which is to be occupied by the Oregon State Bank, is well under way, and will also include a large store room, which will probably be occupied by some one of Jefferson's attractive stores.

SUMMER SCHOOL

The first term begins on the first Monday in May, and continues for eight weeks. A thorough review will be given in all branches through the tenth grade. Address J. J. KRAPE. 4-20-1f

Standard Liquor Co.

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148-156 South Commercial St

OUR EXCUSE

Every Good Business Must Have Its Excuse

EVERY GOOD BUSINESS MUST HAVE ITS REASON FOR EXISTING. WHEN WE STARTED IN BUSINESS WE HAD HARDLY ANYTHING BUT AN EXCUSE. BUT WE HAD THAT EXCUSE, AND WE HUNG ONTO THAT EXCUSE THROUGH THICK AND THIN. WE HAVE IT YET, AND HERE IT IS:

WE BELIEVE THAT WE CAN SERVE THE PEOPLE OF SALEM AND VICINITY WITH GOOD, PURE LIQUORS BETTER THAN THEY CAN BE SERVED BY ANYBODY ELSE. NOT JUST AS GOOD, MIND YOU —BUT BETTER. IF WE DIDN'T BELIEVE THAT WE WOULDN'T BE IN BUSINESS.

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