

GOVERNOR OF OREGON

Makes Use of His Family Pe-ru-na in For Colds.



CAPITOL BUILDING, SALEM, OREGON.
Peruna is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Letters of congratulation and commendation testifying to the merits of Peruna as a catarrh remedy are pouring in from every State in the Union. Dr. Hartman is receiving hundreds of such letters daily. All classes write these letters, from the highest to the lowest.

The outdoor laborer, the indoor artisan, the clerk, the editor, the statesman, the preacher—all agree that Peruna is the catarrh remedy of the age. The stage and rostrum, recognizing catarrh as their great enemy, are especially enthusiastic in their praise and testimony.
Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well-nigh universal. Peruna is the best safeguard known.

Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Almanac for 1906.

WHY TAKE CALOMEL?

When Mozley's Lemon Elixir, a purely vegetable compound, with a pleasant taste, will relieve you of Biliousness, and all kindred diseases without griping or nausea, and leave no bad effects.

50c. and \$1.00 per bottle at all Drug Stores.

MOZLEY'S LEMON ELIXIR.

"ONE DOSE CONVICTS."

STOP BELCHING BY ABSORPTION

—NO DRUGS—A NEW METHOD.
A Box of Wafers Free—Have You Acute Indigestion, Stomach Trouble, Irregular Heart, Dizzy Spells, Short Breath, Gas on the Stomach?
Bitter Taste—Bad Breath—Impaired Appetite—A feeling of fullness, weight and pain over the stomach and heart, sometimes nausea and vomiting, also fever and sick headache?
What causes it? Any one or all of these: Excessive eating and drinking—abuse of spirits—nervous and depression—mental effort—mental worry and physical fatigue—lack of air—insufficient food—sedentary habits—absence of teeth—bolting of food.
If you suffer from this slow death and miserable existence, let us send you a sample box of Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers absolutely free. No drugs. Drugs injure the stomach.
It stops belching and cures a diseased stomach by absorbing the food odors and pain over the stomach and heart, sometimes nausea and vomiting, also fever and sick headache.
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Frozen Fingers in Summer.

One of the most peculiar cases that has ever come under the observation of a Denver physician came to the office of Dr. H. H. Martin recently.
Mrs. George Rold of Chicago was up on Rollins pass and descended in the snow until the train went to Arrowhead and turned on the "wye" and started back to Denver. It leaves the passenger two hours and forty minutes on the bleak top of the pass and all around is a wide expanse of snow.
The temptation to make balls of the summer snow to pelt her companions was too great to be resisted, and Mrs. Rold enjoyed the novelty to the full. When she boarded the train for home she soon discovered her fingers were frosted. Arriving in Denver her hands were badly swollen and she was driven at once to the office of Dr. Martin.
The fingers of the hands were swollen and the flesh had turned blue. The pain was very severe, and it will be a week, the doctor says, before Mrs. Rold can use her hands—Denver Post.

PASTORAL.

The farmer sows his crop
And his good wife sews his clothes;
The farmer dawns the weather
And his good wife dawns his hose,
The farmer pitches in the hay,
But should he cross her whim,
His good wife lays aside her work
And pitches into him. —Judge.

Burnah is stirred by the question of official dress.

THE "COFFEE HEART."

It is as Dangerous as the Tobacco or Whisky Heart.

"Coffee heart" is common to many coffee users and is liable to send the owner to his or her long home if neglected. You can run thirty, forty, fifty, and find out if your heart is troubled. A lady who was once a victim of the "coffee heart" writes from Oregon:
"I have been a habitual user of coffee all my life and have suffered very much in recent years from ailments which I became satisfied were directly due to the poison in the beverage, such as torpid liver and indigestion, which in turn made my complexion blotchy and muddy.
"Then my heart became affected. It would beat most rapidly just after I drank my coffee, and go below normal as the coffee effect wore off. Sometimes my pulse would go as high as 157 beats to the minute. My family were greatly alarmed at my condition, and at last my mother persuaded me to begin the use of Postum Food Coffee.
"I gave up the old coffee entirely and absolutely, and made Postum my sole table beverage. This was six months ago, and all my ills, the indigestion, inactive liver and rickety heart action have passed away, and my complexion has become clear and natural. The improvement set in very soon after I made the change, just as soon as the coffee poison had time to work out of my system.
"My husband has also been greatly benefited by the use of Postum, and we find that a simple breakfast with Postum is as satisfying and more strengthening than the old heavier meal we used to have with the other kind of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

How he Loved His Engine.

The intense love which an engineer bears for his engine is exemplified in "The Wildwood Limited," a story by Cy Warman in the Christmas number of Lippincott's Magazine. This makes a new high record for a writer of railroad stories of considerable reputation.
If a man wants to marry a girl it is a sign that she thinks a lot of other do.

REGULAR AT CHURCH SERVICE.

Two Philadelphia Cats Have Pronounced Religious Turn.

Opposite Hunting Park, on Old York road, resides a family, Torpey by name. The Torpeys own two cats that are different from other cats in that they go to church. As regularly as Sunday morning arrives the pair of felines may be seen following the Torpeys to St. Stephen's church, Broad and Butler streets. No matter what the weather or transpirations on back fences, the two pious cats brava probable attacks by inquisitive mongrels and set an example that many humans would do well to follow.
Neighbors will attest to the truthfulness of the statement that the church-going felines spend the very early morning hours of Sunday in licking themselves into that state of cleanliness which is said to be secondary only to godliness. Their fur is glossy, their paws immaculate, and not a whisker is out of place.
Arrived at the church, the cats content themselves with peering in at the door. They are seemingly content to delegate the praying to their owners. Then they slip into the vestibule of the priests' house adjoining, curl up and doze until church is out, when they follow the Torpeys home and live normal cat lives until another Sunday. —Philadelphia Telegraph.

Courage and caution make a splendid working team.

Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullen is Nature's great remedy—Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup and Consumption, and all throat and lung troubles. At druggists, 50c., 50c., and \$1.00 per bottle.

A blunt man usually has a sharp tongue.

Cures Blood, Skin Troubles, Cancer, Blood Poison, Great Blood Purifier Free.
If your blood is impure, thin, diseased, hot or full of humors, if you have blood poison, cancer, carbuncles, eating sores, scabs, pimples, skin, bone pains, catarrh, rheumatism, or any blood or skin disease, take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) according to directions. Soon all sores heal, aches and pains stop, the blood is made pure and rich, leaving the skin free from every eruption, and giving the rich glow of perfect health to the skin. At the same time, B. B. B. improves the digestion, cures dyspepsia, strengthens weak kidneys. Just the medicine for old people, as it gives them new, vigorous blood. Druggists, 50c. per large bottle, with directions for home cure. Sample free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and special free medical advice also sent in sealed envelope. B. B. B. is especially advised for chronic, deep-seated cases of impure blood and skin disease, and cures after all else fails.

Pointed Paragraphs.

If the public is willing to bite the actor cares not for the critic's bark.
It is very exciting to kiss a girl before she likes you. —So. 40.

Permatmentured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 50c. per bottle. Treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, M.D., 185 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Forest Gate, England, has a three-year-old swimming champion.

Mrs. Wins' own Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays the pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Emperor William was recently photographed again.

Do not believe Pico's Cure for Consumption, has a special quality for coughs and colds. —J. J. Morris, Flatly Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1903.

The heat developed by the firing of heavy guns is remarkable.

JOYS OF MATERNITY

A WOMAN'S BEST HOPES REALIZED

Mrs. Potts Tells How Women Should Prepare for Motherhood

The darkest days of husband and wife are when they come to look forward to childless and lonely old age.
Many a wife has found herself incapable of motherhood owing to the displacement of the womb or lack of strength in the generative organs.

Frequent backache and distressing pains, accompanied by offensive discharges and generally by irregular and scanty menstruation indicate a displacement or nerve degeneration of the womb and surrounding organs.
The question that troubles women is how can a woman who has some female trouble bear healthy children?
Mrs. Anna Potts, of 510 Park Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark., writes:
"My dear Mrs. Pinkham—
"During the last year of my married life I was delicate in health; both my husband and I were very anxious for a child to bless our home, but I had two miscarriages, and could not carry a child to maturity. A neighbor who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advised me to try it. I did so and soon felt that I was growing stronger, my headaches and backaches left me, I had no more bearing-down pains, and felt like a new woman. Within a year I became the mother of a strong, healthy child, the joy of our home. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly a splendid remedy, and I wish every woman who wants to become a mother would try it."
Actual sterility in woman is very rare. If any woman thinks she is sterile, let her try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and write to Mrs. P. P. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free to expectant or would-be mothers.



"You can avoid making it worse."
"There's no harm in the book," he insisted doggedly.
"My boy, there is. Don't take my word. I'm an old man; old enough for sin to be saltless. I haven't been a saint, either, but I've been an honest sinner. I never passed off wrong for right, even to myself. Ask one of your own generation. Ask—I laid my hand on his shoulder—"ask your wife if she would like to have written that book."
He stopped walking and made a queer little gulp in his throat. His wife was a bold card to play against him, for she was a colorless little person—some one had called her "the little gray woman"—and I knew of no reason why he should value her opinion, except that he had married her. As she couldn't have won him by her looks or external attractions, I credited her with some charm of character.
"My wife is proud of my books," he said, after he had wiped his face with his handkerchief.
"You're wife is proud of you. She takes your books to trust—blind trust. If you put her instinct as a woman to the test—her instinct as a good woman—"
"I won't discuss her, I say." He raised his voice angrily. "You can say what you like about me."
"Then I say that you are doing the devil's dirty work. I'm an old citizen

THE ENGINE'S SONG,

Through city and forest, and field and glen,
I rush with the roaring train;
My strength is the strength of a thousand men,
My brain is my master's brain.
I hallow the senses of him within
Who watches the gleaming line;
His pulses I feel through my frame of steel,
His courage and will are mine.

I hear, as I swerve on the upland curve,
The echoing hills rejoice
To answer the knell of my brazen bell,
The laugh of my giant voice.
And, white in the glare of the golden ray
Or red in the furnace light,
My smoke is a pillar of cloud by day,
A pillar of flame by night.
—Arthur Guiterman, in Four Tracks News.

THE LITTLE GRAY WOMAN

Written by Owen Oliver.

I DID not notice that Brand was in the smoking room when I denounced his new novel. He pretended not to hear, but I saw him color up, and took no notice of me, when I left the club just behind him, till I touched him on the arm.
"You heard what I said about your book?" I remarked.
"Yes," he said. "I heard. I knew you hadn't seen me, so you needn't apologize."
"No," I said. "I didn't see you, but I wasn't going to apologize. It is a bad book." I looked at him, but he would not look at me.
"It's true to life," he asserted.
"And what has that to do with it?" I asked.
"There's poison, but you needn't give it to people."
"People needn't take my poison unless they like. Apparently they do. It's run to 35,000 already."
"I am sorry you are poisoning so many."
"It isn't my fault if life is poisonous. I didn't make it what it is."
"You're helping to make it what it will be. People can't touch pitch, or read it without the usual consequences."
"You've no right to call it that," he protested. "There's nothing coarse or repulsive in the book."
"That's why I condemn it! Vice that looks like vice only appeals to the vicious. Vice that looks like virtue contaminates the virtuous."
"I didn't invent the virtuous looking vices; only described them as I found them."
"You didn't describe them as vices."
"Preaching isn't my business—or yours."
"Photographing vices in fancy costumes is the devil's business," I told him. "The things that you force upon people's notice wouldn't enter the mind of a good man—if there is such a person. Anyhow, there are good women, and they don't suspect that problems like those in your book exist."
"They can't help seeing them unless they shut their eyes."
"Then they shut their eyes. Would your mother—"
"My mother belonged to a past generation. She was recently photographed again."
"Good women are the same in all generations. We'll take one of the present day. Would your wife—"
He grasped my arm roughly.
"I won't discuss my wife," he said sharply.
"I'm not discussing your wife. I'm discussing you. I was fond of your father, Brand, and I've known you since you were a little chap in petticoats. You used to play with the dog's head on my stick. I suppose I didn't know you all the time. I never suspected you had it in you to write as you do, or that you would if you could. You can write. There's no doubt about it. The less excuse for wasting your powers on these 'men and women' stories."
"I shall be grateful if you can discover a third sex to write about," he observed.
"Men and women are good enough to write about, if you write about the good in them. You only give us the bad—Adam and Eve's legacy that manhood and womanhood have fought against since Eden. I don't say you can give us all good. They wouldn't be real men and women if you did, but take the writer's privilege, and give us something just a little better than poor humanity."
"I can't make humanity what it isn't."
"You can avoid making it worse."
"There's no harm in the book," he insisted doggedly.
"My boy, there is. Don't take my word. I'm an old man; old enough for sin to be saltless. I haven't been a saint, either, but I've been an honest sinner. I never passed off wrong for right, even to myself. Ask one of your own generation. Ask—I laid my hand on his shoulder—"ask your wife if she would like to have written that book."
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that. A lame dog, a man who's down on his luck; even a 'little gray woman'—you see I know my name—he can't pass them. He came and talked to me just because he thought I wanted some one to talk to. I made up my mind that next time he should come because he wanted to talk to me. Do you know I almost screamed with my anxiety to attract him. And when he was going he gripped my hand and nearly broke it—you know how he does with people he likes—and said, 'What a lot people miss by not talking to you.' And I began to cry. I've been lonely—lonely—lonely! I told him, 'and every one thinks I'm stupid and dull.' And he said, 'You needn't be lonely if you'll let me talk to you. No! Talk to me, you bright little thing!' It was the first compliment I ever had—the very first! Well, that is over now. I'm not a bit spiteful to the world. I even like a few people. I like you. But you see I'd got into the habit of studying the defects in people, and I'd grown curious about them. Women always are. I knew others would be curious. So I wrote the books. They succeeded. I knew they would, or I shouldn't have used Charlie's name."
"And he was willing to borrow your success?" I said huskily. It hurt me to lose my good idea of him.
"No. He wasn't. I made him do it. I don't think you realize that I am clever enough to manage Charlie quite easily. I told him that I didn't want success for myself—I don't very much—and that my greatest desire in life was success for him. That was certainly true. I declared that I hadn't the courage to publish the books under my own name. That wasn't true at all. I pointed out that I should find it difficult to study people if they knew I wrote. I persuaded him that the books would do good, because truth always does good. That, of course, is false. I don't think he was quite persuaded at the bottom of his mind, but he thought the bottom of his mind was wrong, because he believed in me. I believed in myself. Well, you've shown me I was wrong."
She snatched up the work and sewed again for a few minutes. Her eyelids flickered and I supposed she was going to cry, but she did not. So I let her fight out her battle alone. I thought she was using heavier artillery than I could bring to bear.
"I suppose," she said, presently, "you expect me to say that I'll own up to the books and clear him? If so, you're mistaken. I shall not. I wonder—she laid down the work again—"if you'd believe me if I told you why?"
"Yes," I promised. "I shall believe you."
"If I owned the books the blame would fall on me, I shouldn't care, but Charlie would. You see—her face lit up, and I saw at last that she had attractions—Charlie is very much in love with me. He would rather see people attacked him than attacked me. I shall get my punishment in knowing that he is hurt. You need not fear that I am going to see free. I don't think you want me to be hurt, though?"
I picked up my hat and rose.
"No," I said, "I don't. You are a good woman, in spite of the book. God bless you! You'll come out all right, my dear."
I held out my hand and she put both hers over it and smiled up at me.
"Yes," she said. "It is the belief of you good men that makes women better. I shall come out all right. You will see."
I saw, when the next book appeared under his name. It was a great, good story, and it took the world by storm. The hero was a man who sacrificed himself to shield a woman—and I knew she meant herself. Her father-confessor was a kindly old gentleman who tried to spread the butter of benevolence over the bread of the world. She thought she had portrayed me, but she had only succeeded in picturing the man I ought to have been! The cleverest of women subordinate reason to feeling, and "the little gray woman," whose charm society is beginning to find out, has an affection for my unworthy self. If the blessing of an old sinner can benefit her, she has it.—Black and White.

THE MERRY WHIRL.

Crawford—"Why is your wife going to remain away in the country so late?"
Crabshaw—"After resting all summer at a fashionable resort, she has to go to a sanitarium."—Browning's Magazine.

NO RIGHT TO KICK.

Customer (at 5-cent lunch counter)—
"Say, waiter, one of these eggs is from last year's crop."
Waiter—"Well, if you will look at your check you'll find I haven't charged you anything for that one."—Chicago Tribune.

SHE WAS PROVIDED FOR.

"Want any typewriter supplies?" asked the peddler, sticking his head in the office door.
"No," replied the young business man, absentmindedly, "I just got a box of bombs only an hour or so ago."—Philadelphia Press.

WORK IN PROSPECT.

"If you keep on," said the credulous layman, "you will find cures for all the diseases that flesh is heir to. Then what will you do?"
"Then," answered the scientist, "we will proceed to seek cures for the new diseases to which our remedies have given rise."—Washington Star.

ONTO HIM.

Mr. Jolyer—"Ah! believe me, I love no one in all the world but you."
Miss Bright—"There isn't a man living who can truthfully say: 'I love no one in all the world but you.'"
Mrs. Jolyer—"There isn't!"
Miss Bright—"No; unless he's talking to himself."—Philadelphia Press.

HE NEEDED STALKING.

IN OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

"You don't taste any real in these chicken croquettes," said the landlady, her face beaming with conscientious pride.
"That's right," rejoined the hardened hardware clerk. "What are they made of—codfish?"—Columbia Dispatch.

USELESS TO HER.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Elgure, "I've engaged a box for the opera this evening and—"
"George! how thoughtless of you!" cried Mrs. Blugore. "you know very well I'm so hoarse I can scarcely speak above a whisper."—Philadelphia Press.

CONTEMPTIBLE PRUDENCE.

First Student—"Didn't Longhead have any bets on the last football game?"
Second Student—"No. He thought our side would lose and he wouldn't bet."
First Student—"He wouldn't, eh? What sort of a college man is he, anyhow?"

HAS HURT EVER SINCE.

Mr. Biggs—"When you get angry you throw anything at me that you can lay your hands on."
Mrs. Biggs—"Well, I never hurt you. I can't throw straight, you know."
Mr. Biggs—"You hurt me once."
Mrs. Biggs—"When was that?"
Mr. Biggs—"When you threw your self at me before we were married."
—Detroit Tribune.



WILLIE'S HAPPY.

Willie to the circus went
He thought it was immer
His little heart went pit
For the excitement was
—Harvard E.

THE END OF IT.

First Millionaire—"Do you regret your talented money?"
Second Millionaire—"None; the second generation will lose the talent, and the third will lose the money."—New York Sun.

THE WILY HUSBAND.

"Yes, whenever I can I bring home to my wife the freshest bank bills that the bank can deal out."
"What's that for?"
"Why, the money is so pretty that she hates to spend it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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