

MISS LEOPOLD, SEC'Y LIEDERKRANZ.

Writes: "Three Years Ago My System Was in a Run-Down Condition. I Owe to Per-una My Restoration to Health and Strength."



MISS RICKA LEOPOLD, 187 Main street, Menasha, Wis., Sec'y Liederkranz, writes:

"Three years ago my system was in a terrible run-down condition and I was broken out all over my body. I began to be worried about my condition and I was glad to try anything which would relieve me. 'Per-una was recommended to me as a fine blood remedy and tonic, and I soon found that it was worthy of praise. 'A few bottles changed my condition materially and in a short time I was all over me. 'I owe to Per-una my restoration to health and strength. I am glad to endorse it."

Pe-ru-na Restores Strength. Mrs. Hettie Green, R. R. 6, Iuka, Ill., writes: "I had catarrh and felt miserable. I began the use of Per-una and began to improve in every way. My head does not hurt me so much, my appetite is good and I am gaining in flesh and strength."

GAS USED UNDER LIME KILNS. Innovation by Connecticut Company is a Success.

The New England Lime company, of Winstead, Conn., asserts that it is the first to introduce gas as fuel for lime burning. The method is pronounced an entire success. The growing scarcity of wood fuel led to the discovery of gas as a substitute for wood, and the company no longer considers the gas method an experiment. The efficacy and reliability of gas have been demonstrated beyond a doubt. Had it been impossible to find a substitute for wood, said a member of the company, it would have meant the restriction and perhaps the total abandonment of the business. Gas fires are absolutely clean at all times—no clinkers and no cinders—and the lime produced is much whiter than that burned by wood. Gas also produces a more intense heat, and consequently increases the capacity of the kilns. The daily output at the company's kilns is increased from 80 barrels per kiln to 100 barrels, or a total of 700 barrels daily.

Switzerland's Silk Production. Few people probably suspect the extent to which Switzerland figures among the silk-producing countries of the world, which, so far as Europe is concerned, have always been supposed to be France and Italy. But Switzerland exports annually silk to the value of about \$20,000,000, nearly all going to European countries.

Iceland's First Theater. Iceland's first theater was founded only in 1897 and there is only one in the island—at Reykjavik—but it has taken firm root. The dramatic season opens in October and closes at the end of April, when a large part of the inhabitants go fishing.

SALLOW FACES Often Caused by Coffee Drinking.

How many persons realize that coffee so disturbs digestion that it produces a muddy, yellow complexion? A ten days' trial of Postum Food Coffee has proven a means, in thousands of cases, of clearing up bad complexions.

A Wash. young lady tells her experience: "All of us—father, mother, sister and brother—had used tea and coffee for many years until finally we all had stomach troubles more or less. 'We were all sallow and troubled with pimples, breath bad, disagreeable taste in the mouth, and all of us simply so many bundles of nerves. 'We didn't realize that coffee was the cause of the trouble until one day we ran out of coffee and went to borrow some from a neighbor. She gave us some Postum and told us to try that."

"Although we started to make it, we all felt sure we would be sick if we missed our strong coffee, but we were forced to try Postum and were surprised to find it delicious. 'We read the statements on the pkg., got more and in a month and a half you wouldn't have known us. We were all able to digest our food without any trouble, each one's skin became clear, tongues cleaned off and nerves in fine condition. We never use anything now but Postum. There is nothing like it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a reason."

ALL ARE FOND OF MOLASSES

Favorite Dish with Farm Hands After Hard Day's Work.

The farm hands, a dozen brawny colored men, had washed at the pump, and now sat patiently and quietly at the table. Soon their dinner appeared.

There was some kind of boiled pork—a long, low oblong of pure white fat, with just one thread of lean running through it; and there was pone, delicious pone made by the Southern cook; and there were potatoes, coffee and black molasses.

The men put the black molasses on their fat pork. The farmer said: "It is amazing how farm hands like molasses. I like it myself. The long, hard work in the sunny fields gives you an appetite that nothing satisfies as molasses will."

"I used to have an overseer who could no more have eaten his dinner without molasses than without a knife. He would take on his plate meat, potatoes, corn, beans and so on, and he would chop and mingle these things together, adding bits of bread besides, and lastly he would take the molasses jug and pour on about half a pint. That seems like a heavy and sickening dish for the hot noon of an August day, doesn't it? I tell you, though, it tastes good to a man who has been toiling in a blazing field since sunrise. I've tried it, and I know."

Queer Ways of Becoming Dead.

A circular issued by the Travellers' Insurance company tells of some queer ways in which its policyholders have met death.

B. F. Elbert, of Des Moines, Ia., drove a pair of horses that took fright and plunged into a stream. His wagon overturned, plied Mr. Elbert under water and he was drowned.

John H. Hessler, of Wilkesbarre Pa., while walking over a railroad crossing stubbed his toe and fell, fracturing his skull. He died five minutes later.

Henry S. Potter, of New York, an office doorman, when cutting bread cut his thumb. Blood poisoning developed and he died in 13 days.

Charles A. Redmond, of Cincinnati, O., struck his toe against a bedpost. Blood poisoning followed and he died in 13 days.

W. H. M. Barnes, manager of a detective agency in Seattle, was waiting to take a steamer when he fell into the water and was drowned.

Patrick McGarry, proprietor of a boiler works in Chicago, was held up by highwaymen, who fractured his skull. He died three days after.

Old French Bonfire.

Probably the strongest detail record of the old midsummer eve bonfires is one in connection with those that used to be lighted in the Place de Greve in Paris. The main constituent of the bonfire was a tree, which the king was accustomed to fire with his own hands, the ashes being afterwards carried home by the people for good luck. Louis XIV. was the last king who did his part. A mysterious item of earlier times was the burning in the bonfire of a barrel, bag or basket full of cats. The registers of Paris show that a hundred sous were paid to an official for having provided during three years (1871-3) "all the cats required, as usual, for the fire," and also in one year, when the king was present, "a fox, to give pleasure to his majesty, and for having provided a great bag of linen in which the said cats were."

The Thoughtful Husband.

"My dear," says the thoughtful husband, entering the house with a huge package in his arms, "you remember last week when you secured such a wonderful bargain in shirts at 8 cents and neckties at three for a quarter for me?"

"Yes, love," says the fond wife.

"Well, don't think I didn't appreciate your thoughtfulness. See, I have bought something for you. I noticed some beautiful green and yellow plaid goods in a show window on my way home, and bought you 80 yards of it at four cents a yard. The clerk said it was a great bargain, and it will make enough dresses to last you two years. Why she has fainted!"

Paris Has Large Appetite.

The market houses of the great city of Paris—which have no coliseum or music hall attachments—sold last year victuals to the amount of 268,000,000 francs (\$53,500,000), says Le Cri de Paris. "We have eaten in round figures," says the journal, "51,000,000 kilos (a kilo is about 2 1/2 pounds) of butcher's meats; 21,000,000 kilos of poultry and game; 15,000,000 kilos of fruits and vegetables; 4,000,000 kilos of mushrooms (!); 29,000,000 kilos of sea fish; 2,000,000 kilos of freshwater fish; 14,000,000 kilos of cheese, without counting many other appetizing commodities."

That Settles It.

"Gee! Is that the bonnet I put up my good mazuma for?" "Yes, dear; don't you like it?" "Like it! It looks like a mangled cake basket." "I know it does." "Then why in the world did you get it?" "It's the style."

Literal.

The new office boy was found sitting in his chair with the telephone transmitter in his lap. "What in the world are you doing?" asked the boss. "A fellow called up a little while ago," replied the future head of the firm, "and told me to hold the 'phone till he called again."—Lippincott's.



The Harvest.

Once ebb'd a sapphire sea by vagrant breezes stirred. Now stubble bristles drear where reapers' blades have whirred. The ripened, sun-kissed fields have yielded up their gold; The yeomen in their bins the garnered bushels hold. The season's wealth is in; the scales have made their test— The harvest sun, of red, has settled in the West!

The harvest year is done! What treasure didst thou gain? What said the scales in pounds when weighing out thy grain? How planted thee? And what? And how beneath the sun Didst thou thy daily vigils keep with work begun? Didst toll a faithful day o'er healthy planted seed Or didst thou, careless, tarry whilst the grass and weed Crept in and left their suckers on thy harvest field? For by that record did thy garnered harvest yield?

Ah! by thy daily tending shalt Life's harvest be, A-scent of bushels or a bursting sight to see! The harvest field of Life yields what thy self hath sown. And what thou garnerest is all thy very own! Then on the field of Life it pays with care to tend Thy daily duty to the harvest's golden end. Sow only wholesome wheat in kernels sound and strong— Pluck out the stinging growth—the weeds and tares of wrong!

Once ebb'd a sapphire sea by vagrant breezes stirred. Now stubble bristles drear where reapers' blades have whirred— What gleanest thou? A harvest from a laden field Or shrunken grain? What is the record of thy yield?

Thoughts in My Den.

Nature abhors the old, who love her most.

A man with a boil on his neck finds no joy in 18-story buildings.

No fool can ask questions, but it takes a wise man to stop him.

The older we get the more we realize the limits of our abilities.

He who does his level best seldom finds it necessary to do other people.

Absence makes the husband's heart grow fonder after the dishes are all dirty.

It takes seeds to raise flowers, but some men can raise Cain without half trying.

No one knows what is in him until he gets down to hard work and mines the claim.

Too many men who have not the ability to build a dog house try their hand at erecting palaces.

Some men who think they are regular devils are merely innocent lambs with abnormal imaginations.

It is almost worth being away from home to find, upon returning, how much she has missed you.

The goose stands on one leg and holds up the other—but for the life of me I never could tell why.

Some men abhor vice, but rent their buildings to harlots. The love of money covers a multitude of sins.

Some married couples are about as illy mated as a dachshund and a greyhound—and still they wonder why they don't get on together.

There is no city so attractive to the traveler as the little home "back yonder." We see not alone with our eyes, but with our heart as well.

The bill collector always appears so grim and grasping to the man who has just returned from company with nature on his summer.

"What shall I do with all and hours that must be counted? I see thy face!" writes a Kautsky to his innamorata. How would you like to suck cider through a straw filling a straight from the top?

"I see thee in my dreams, heart, and yet I cannot reach thee," writes a Chicago man on his letter to his best girl. "I'll bet how would hug a girl in the while a labor day parade was in progress."

The ambitionless man is frequently happier than is he of restless ambition. Progress is built by men scourging themselves to great deeds. The contented man seldom builds castles.

The revolution is on in Russia. Despite his wishes, the horoscope suggests that Czar Nicholas must soon say with Richard II: "I give this heavy weight from off my head. And this unwieldy scepter from my hand. The pride of kingly sway from out my heart."

Byron Williams

Good Colors for Houses.

It is not generally known—not even among painters—why certain tints and colors wear much better than others on houses, and the knowledge of just what tints are best to use is, therefore, rather hazy. One writer on paints, in a recent book, says that experiments seem to show that those colors which resist or turn back the heat rays of the sun, will protect a house better than those which allow these rays to pass through the film.

Thus red is a good color because it turns back, or reflects the red rays, and the red rays are the hot rays. In general, therefore, the warm tones are good and the cold tones are poor, so far as wear is concerned. In choosing the color of paint for your house, select reds, browns, grays and olives, which, considering the various tones these tints will produce, will give a wide range from which to choose.

Avoid the harsh tints, such as cold yellows (like lemon), cold greens (like grass green, etc.), and the blues. It must be understood that no virtue is claimed for tints in themselves, irrespective of the materials used in the paint. Any color will fade, and the paint will scale off, if adulterated with lead or canned paint is used, but if one is careful to use the best white lead—some well-known brand of a reliable manufacturer—and genuine linseed oil, the warm tints mentioned above will outwear the same material tinted with the cold colors.

Another Dig at Powers.

A few days ago Gov. Cobb, of Maine, and Hon. W. R. Pattangall, prominent in politics in the same state, were together on a train. Mr. Pattangall is a lawyer and an editor, the writer of the humorous "Meddy-bumps Letters" appearing in his paper, the Machias Union.

In the course of conversation, Gov. Cobb remarked to Mr. Pattangall: "I don't see why you and Lilwelln Powers should be so extremely antagonistic to each other. Neither of you ever fails to give the other a rap when there is opportunity."

At this point an interested listener in the car leaned toward their chairs and asked: "Is it really true that ex-Gov. Powers is of Indian descent?" "Well, the Indians deny it," Mr. Pattangall answered, in his inimitable manner.

DOCTOR CURED OF ECZEMA.

Maryland Physician Cures Himself—Dr. Fisher Says: "Cuticura Remedies Possess True Merit."

"My face was afflicted with eczema in the year 1897. I used the Cuticura Remedies, and was entirely cured. I am a practicing physician, and very often prescribe Cuticura Resolvent and Cuticura Soap in cases of eczema, and they have cured where other formulas have failed. I am not in the habit of endorsing patent medicines, but when I find remedies possessing some merit, such as the Cuticura Remedies do, I am broad-minded enough to proclaim their virtues to the world. I have been practicing medicine for sixteen years, and must say I find your Remedies A No. 1. You are at liberty to publish this letter. G. M. Fisher, M. D., Big Pool, Md., May 24, 1906."

Gen. Mercier in England. Gen. Mercier, who has fled from Paris to England, where he hasn't been enthusiastically received, once delivered in the French senate an elaborate speech on the feasibility of invading England.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. Do a bottle.

When the average man does you a favor he never lets you forget it.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion Cheerfulness and Rest Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
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Fair Similar Signature of **Chas. H. Hitcher** NEW YORK.
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA
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The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of **Chas. H. Hitcher** In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**
THE GAYBOURNE COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Libby's Food Products
enable you to enjoy your meals without having to spend half your time between them over a hot cook stove.
All the cooking is done in Libby's kitchen—a kitchen as clean and neat as your own, and there's nothing for you to do but enjoy the result.
Libby's Products are selected meats, cooked by cooks who know how, and only the good parts packed.
For a quick and delicious lunch say "Yes" to Libby's Meat, Libby's Potato, Libby's Camp Sauce.
60 Bus. Winter Wheat Per Acre
There's the yield of Balzer's Red Cross Hybrid Winter Wheat. Send for a sample of seed, as well as a catalogue of Winter Wheat, Rye, Barley, Clover, Timothy, and other feeds. Write for full planting instructions. **BALEEN SEED CO., Box 1, S. L. S. Co., Wash. D. C.**
If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

SALESMEN WANTED.
We want a live, active and thoroughly experienced salesman in this locality with sufficient energy to buy outright his first month's supply of **Highly Low Pressure Hollow Wire Gasoline Lights**. A quality needed in every store, home and fair company with insurance policy. Such a man will give extensive sales rights and guarantee to refund money if goods sold in 30 days. Further particulars on request. The Standard Oil Light Co., 650 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS.
HOWARD E. BURTON, ARSAYER AND CHEMIST.
Appointments: 1000 River Road, St. Louis, Mo. (See card, 2nd Floor, 2nd Floor, 2nd Floor).
Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Unpaid work notified. **W. H. HAMILTON, The Portland, Oregon.**

LAND SCRIP
Approved Forest Reserve and Railroad Scrip for sale. Unsurveyed, timbered or prairie lands approved. United States Military Bounty Land Warrants. Recertified Soldiers' Additional Scrips. All kinds of Land Scrip bought and sold. **W. H. HAMILTON, The Portland, Oregon.**

BUCHAN'S SILVER FLEECE DIP
It unquestionably the best sheep dip on the market. It cures the worst cases of SCAB without injuring the wool. Instantly soluble in water at any temperature. Non-poisonous—safe. If your dealer hasn't it in stock, write the **CAROLIC SOAP CO., NEW YORK CITY.**

INVENTORS proceed right. Learn the truth about your invention before applying for patent. It may save you money and disappointment. Write for particulars. **THE PATENT SEARCH CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.**
W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 34, 1906.

THE LAXATIVE OF KNOWN QUALITY
There are two classes of remedies; those of known quality and which are permanently beneficial in effect, acting gently, in harmony with nature, when nature needs assistance; and another class, composed of preparations of unknown, uncertain and inferior character, acting temporarily, but injuriously, as a result of forcing the natural functions unnecessarily. One of the most exceptional of the remedies of known quality and excellence is the ever pleasant Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., which represents the active principles of plants, known to act most beneficially, in a pleasant syrup, in which the wholesome Californian blue figs are used to contribute their rich, yet delicate, fruity flavor. It is the remedy of all remedies to sweeten and refresh and cleanse the system gently and naturally, and to assist one in overcoming constipation and the many ills resulting therefrom. Its active principles and quality are known to physicians generally, and the remedy has therefore met with their approval, as well as with the favor of many millions of well informed persons who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual experience that it is a most excellent laxative remedy. We do not claim that it will cure all manner of ills, but recommend it for what it really represents, a laxative remedy of known quality and excellence, containing nothing of an objectionable or injurious character.
There are two classes of purchasers; those who are informed as to the quality of what they buy and the reasons for the excellence of articles of exceptional merit, and who do not lack courage to go elsewhere when a dealer offers an imitation of any well known article; but, unfortunately, there are some people who do not know, and who allow themselves to be imposed upon. They cannot expect its beneficial effects if they do not get the genuine remedy.
To the credit of the druggists of the United States be it said that nearly all of them value their reputation for professional integrity and the good will of their customers too highly to offer imitations of the
Genuine—Syrup of Figs
manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., and in order to buy the genuine article and to get its beneficial effects, one has only to note, when purchasing, the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package. Price, 50c. per bottle. One size only.