

CHICAGO MERCHANT MAKES STATEMENT.

After Spending Thousands of Dollars and Consulting the Most Eminent Physicians, He Was Desperate. CHICAGO, ILLS.—Mr. J. G. Becker, of 104 Van Buren St., a well-known wholesale dry goods dealer, states as follows: "I have had catarrh for more than thirty years. Have tried everything on earth and spent thousands of dollars for other medicines and with physicians, without getting any lasting relief, and can say to you that I have found Peruna the only remedy that has cured me permanently. "Peruna has also cured my wife of catarrh. She always keeps it in the house for an attack of cold, which it invariably cures in a very short time."

The Conscience of Clara.

One day when Mrs. Bell was making a neighborly call on Mrs. Ellis the latter in the presence of her caller, disturbed her colored maid, whose obstreperousness could be borne with no longer. A few weeks later Mrs. Bell again called on Mrs. Ellis, and to her surprise her mistress informed her that Clara was back. The services of the maid were required by her mistress, who pressed the button in the drawing room. There was, however, no response. Finally Mrs. Ellis went out and waited on herself. While she was gone Clara, who was a quainter with Mrs. Bell, having served in her family also, put her head in at the door and explained: "Miss Bell, I heard Miss Ellis all the time, but do you realize, the last time you was here she discharged me and said she'd never have me again? But here I am, so we're both here. That's why I'm ashamed to come in. I was ashamed for both of us." New York Times

Chili Con Carne.

From remotest Mexico comes this recipe for chili con carne, which is capable of warming whatever cools the heart may have and of diffusing calories to one's works at large: First comes a fire of logs in the open. Second comes an olla of generous proportions. Into the olla put a gallon of water and plenty of the hot chilis, and in that region of Mexico they ripen so hot that not even the rattlesnake will dare take refuge in their shade. Upon this begining lay as much of a side of beef in one piece as may be squeezed into the pot. Set the cover on this olla and lute it down with clay. Then put the pot into the fire and heap the glowing coals all over it, with particular attention to the lid, so that the luting may bake into brick. Keep the fire burning slowly all day long. When night has come scatter the embers, break the brick seal of the olla, fork out and throw away whatever of the meat remains solid. The remainder is the chili con carne. No sauce is needed.

First Sextet.

The earliest piece of music for "six-men's song" (sextet) was written in 1240

IT SOLVES THE BREAD QUESTION



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MAN AND MULE.

The mule is a gentle beast, And so is man, He's satisfied to be the best, And so is man. Like man, he may be taught some tricks, He does his work from eight to six, The mule when he gets mad he kicks, And so does man.

The mule he has a load to pull, And so has man, He's happiest when he is full, And so is man. Like man, he holds a patient pose, And when his work's done will rejoice, The mule he likes to hear his voice, And so does man.

The mule he has his faults, 'tis true, And so has man, He does some things he should not do, And so does man. Like man, he doesn't yearn for style, But wants contentment all the while, The mule he has a lovely smile, And so has man.

The mule is sometimes kind and good, And so is man, He eats all kinds of breakfast food, And so does man. Like man, he balks at gaudy dress, And all outlandish foolishness, The mule's accused of mulishness, And so is man.

—Cynthia Scott in Missouri Ruralist.

Playful Pussy.



"How did you come by those scratches?" "I was playing with the cat." "And that bruise on your forehead?" "She—she threw a dattiron at me." Fliegende Blatter.

A Cruel Allusion.

Representative Sherley of Kentucky, apropos of his pure food and drugs bill, told in Washington a story about a milk adulterator. "This chap is a millionaire," he said. "He has made his millions out of the milk trade. Last summer he decided to give a bal masque at his magnificent country house. "Discussing the bal masque with an aristocratic old lady—she was the guest of honor of a large house party—the millionaire said: "I don't know whether to go myself to the ball as Louis XIV or Shakespeare. What do you advise?" "The aristocratic old lady put her tortoise shell tortonette on her high bridged and aristocratic nose, she looked at the millionaire milkman slowly up and down, and she replied: "If I were you, I'd just put on a pair of pumps and go as a waterfall." Buffalo Express.

A Christmas Check.

Al Ryan, the hospitable flint glass worker of Lockport, N. Y., and formerly organizer of the Socialist local at that place, was being congratulated by the boys at the glass factory. "Yes," said Al, "my uncle out in Tiffin is mighty good to me. The day before Christmas he sent me a check for \$100, just as a little Christmas gift." After the usual congratulatory comments had been duly made all around Al added: "Yes, he certainly is a fine old fellow. In the postscript of his letter containing the check, he said: "Dear Al, if you manage to get this check cashed, please send me \$1. I need a pair of shoes."—The Coming Nation

Followed Advice.

The beauty editor of the Holton Signal was asked by a girl who wasn't of much account around the house what she should do to make her hands white. The beauty editor answered with wasted sarcasm that the best thing the young woman could do would be to soak her hands in dishwater three times a day. It never touched her. She went home and gravely asked her mother to save the dish water after she got through.—Kansas City Star.

Favorite Fiction.

"Warranted to Keep in Any Climate." "Passengers Will Please Keep Their Feet Off the Seats." "I'd Tip You, Waiter, if I Had Anything Less Than a Twenty Dollar Bill." "Trips to the Holy Land." "The Band Then Played 'America.'" "Lamb Chops."—Chicago Tribune.

Too Much For Him.

"Did you ever come across a man who knew perfectly how to manage a woman?" "Yes, but he had no chance to exercise his ability in that line." "Why not?" "They won't let him out of the insane asylum."—Baltimore American.

New Use For Criminals.

Clinton—Can you get in nights without waking your wife? Clubman—No, but I expect to be able to soon. I'm taking lessons of a burglar.—Boston Transcript.

Not New.

"Do you believe doctors have a right to kill where they can't cure?" "They have always been doing it, my dear."—Baltimore American.

BEAT CROCODILE IN RIVER FIGHT

It Had Taken Man to Its Cave and Started Eating Him.

PIRA RODE IT TO SAFETY

Plucky East Indian Used Its Nostrils as a Bit and Kept It Racing on the Surface of the River Till Friends Threw Him a Rope.

A remarkable tale of desperate courage under extraordinary danger as is in the world's history is related by a missionary from India in the World's Magazine. It tells of probably the only time that a man seized by a crocodile and carried to its underriver cave escaped to describe his experiences.

The man in question is a poor native named Pira, who went to the river bank near his home in the Maratha country at sunset to fill a water jar.

He was standing in the river about thigh deep when he felt something strike against one of his feet and was knocked over on his face. Before he could realize what had happened a crocodile seized one of his legs and proceeded to pull him under the water. After being taken in this manner for about forty yards the creature came to the surface again, and the man was able to breathe once more.

Taken to Crocodile's Cave.

By this time he was half dead with fright and nearly drowned and must have fainted. When he recovered consciousness he found he was in what he calls "the crocodile's house," which appears to have been a sort of cave under the river bank with a smooth muddy bottom. He afterward computed he had been unconscious for a night and a day before his senses returned to him. Now, as his brain cleared he became aware of the horrible fact that the crocodile was on his back, with its tail over his head and its mouth at his feet, where it was making a meal off one of his heels. Shortly afterward the brute left off feeding and went away.

After having been away about an hour the crocodile returned. The man lay still, and shortly afterward the brute departed, having only sniffed at its victim. Some time elapsed, and the crocodile did not return, so, thinking he was fairly safe, the man began to examine his surroundings to discover if there was any possibility of escape.

Brute Waited For Him.

Encouraged by the fact that he had been left so long alone, Pira crawled nearer to the river. This, however, was the sign for more trouble, for the crocodile, which had been all the time



QUEEREST RIDE MAN EVER TOOK.

lying at the mouth of the cave, apparently saw and heard him, for, coming back, it precipitated him into the river with a violent blow of its tail.

While the man was struggling in the water the crocodile dived, and Pira suddenly felt it rising beneath him. This movement brought him upon its back. Finding his hands were near the crocodile's head and nerved by desperation, he felt for its nostrils and hung on to them as hard as he could. Meanwhile he made his "seat" as secure as his remaining strength permitted by twining his legs under the monster's stomach.

Rode It Like a Horse.

And now comes the most exciting part of the adventure—the story of the unfortunate man's ride. Pira found that if each time the crocodile attempted to dive he pulled upon its nostrils hard enough it promptly came to the surface.

As soon as the sun rose Pira espied two men near the river bank and shouted to attract their attention. The crocodile started at a brisker pace to go downstream. Eventually it arrived at a watering place, where four men were waiting with a long rope. By pulling the crocodile's snout in their direction Pira managed to get close enough to catch the end of the rope when it was thrown to him. Those on the bank pulled him in as fast as they could, and after a month in the hospital he was up and around, apparently as well as ever. The crocodile has not been seen in that part of the river since.

HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

It Made a Difference Whose Head Was on His Shoulder.

After he had roughly shaken off the head of the third belated passenger who had sought repose on his shoulder the stout man proclaimed in a voice loud enough to be heard by everybody in the car that the next time anybody went to sleep with his head pillowed on his shoulder he would give that head a good punching, that's what he would do.

The stout man's wife said, "Sh-sh-sh. James. Don't get so violent." "Violent?" said the stout man. "I've a right to be violent. I'm no pillow; I'm no feather bed. If anybody thinks I am, just let him come on and I'll show him."

At the next station two women came in and found seats near the stout man. Presently the younger and prettier of the two began to nod. Lower and lower drooped her head, and soon it found a substantial resting place. The stout man sat still; so very still did he sit that his wife wondered what had happened to him. She leaned over and looked past his bulky frame to find out. Her face flushed.

"Why, James," she said indignantly. "Don't you remember what you said a little while ago about punching heads? There's a head on your shoulder now." "Is there?" said the stout man meekly. "I hadn't noticed it."

It was apparent then that if there was any head punching to be done somebody besides James would have to do it, also it was apparent that somebody was perfectly willing to undertake the job.

"James," said the stout man's wife significantly. He wriggled uneasily until the head was gently dislodged; then the stout man and his wife changed places.—New York Times.

Congenial.

Really modern couples are just as apt to be truly mated as the old-fashioned sort whom we read about in the romances. A young Cleveland who is often described as a "man about town" became engaged not long ago, and he spoke as follows to the lady who had honored him:

"I don't want to have anything that I must hide after we are married, dear. So I may as well tell you that I play poker, I smoke cigarettes, I drink, I stay out late and I bet on the races." "I'm glad to hear you say so," said the up to date girl, brightly. "I was so afraid that you and I wouldn't be perfect companions."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Gilbertian.

This anecdote was famous in the 70's. As it concerns W. S. Gilbert, lately deceased, it is reprinted on a chance. The first performance of "Pinafore" in London enlisted an actor named Standing, to whom the librettist took a violent dislike. The show was a tremendous hit through its burlesque of British politics and old time Italian opera, and a friend of Gilbert's, congratulating him, predicted that it would run a year or two. To which Gilbert added: "Notwithstanding."—Chicago Post.

His Treat.

"How," she murmured in passionate tones, leaning across the table, "how can you treat me so?" A shadow crossed his brow. Then he said frankly, "Well, I got \$25 on my watch today." Her face was wreathed in dimples. "Let's have some more lobster," she gurgled.—Toledo Blade.

Simple Solution.



First Thief—I can't quite reach it, Fritz.

Second Thief—Let me get up there—my legs are longer than yours!—Fliegende Blatter.

Delaying.

"If it isn't a score until the base runner has come around to the home plate, why don't they all come round?" asked the girl who was getting an insight into the game. "You know how it is with men," her escort answered. "A man never goes home while there is any place else to go."—Buffalo Express.

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