

PERUNA PRAISED.



MRS. ESTHER M. MILNER.

Box 321, DeGraff, Ohio.
Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

Dear Sir:—
I was a terrible sufferer from pelvic weakness and had headache continuously. I was not able to do my housework for myself and husband.

I wrote you and described my condition as nearly as possible. You recommended Peruna. I took four bottles of it and was completely cured. I think Peruna a wonderful medicine and have recommended it to my friends with the very best of results. Esther M. Milner.

Very few of the great multitude of women who have been relieved of some pelvic disease or weakness by Peruna ever consent to give a testimonial to be read by the public.

There are, however, a few courageous, self-sacrificing women who will for the sake of their suffering sisters allow their cures to be published.

Mrs. Milner is one of these. In her gratitude for her restoration to health she is willing that the women of the whole world should know it. A chronic invalid brought back to health is no small matter. Words are inadequate to express complete gratitude.

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"Borax in the Laundry, Kitchen, Nursery and Sick Room."
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It gives invaluable information on the 1000 uses of 20-PURPLE-TEAM BORAX in the Home, Farm and Dairy.

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If you have any Alder timber to sell, write the Wash. Broom & W. Co., Seattle.

Dishwashing Device.
Where a great deal of dishwashing is necessary, it is a good plan to do away with the drying of them. To make this possible in the average household, a 25-cent rack is now sold. It is shaped like these photographers use for negatives, only, of course, much larger. After being rinsed with clean hot water, the dishes can be set up on edge in the rack and allowed to dry by evaporation. All they need then is a polish with a dry towel as they are placed on the table.

Pale, Thin, Nervous?

Then your blood must be in a very bad condition. You certainly know what to take, then take it—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If you doubt, then consult your doctor. We know what he will say about this grand old family medicine. Sold for over 60 years.

This is the first question your doctor would ask: "Are your bowels regular?" He knows that daily action of the bowels is absolutely essential to recovery. Keep your liver active and your bowels regular by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
HAIR VIGOR, AGUE CURE, CHERRY PECTORAL.

"A MAN MUST LIVE."

"A man must live!" Now God forgive the one whose tongue or pen first framed the sordid phrase, And God forgive us who have let it run And grow to be a motto of our days.

"A man must live!" The preacher must tone down The rugged word of truth, lest he offend Some snug old sinner in the pew, whose frown Might bring his monthly wage to sudden end.

"A man must live!" A politician wise Whose judgment urges measures strong and bold, Must by this motto erge and compromise, To save the goose that lays him eggs of gold.

"A man must live!" Are we then Esau all, To sell our birthright for a little food? Must we unto Expedience be thrall, And, worldly wise, mix evil with our good?

"A man must live!" Not such the old-time creeds That stirred to sacrifice the noble dead! We cannot look for great unselfish deeds With this compounding banner overhead.

Show me the man who dares to set his back Firm at the rock of Right, and boldly cry "Let come what may! I stand to the attack!" 'Tis base to live when Duty calls to die!"
—G. Hembert Wesley.

Wooing "A Native"

O H, Gertrude, won't you help me peel these peaches? It's most train time and supper isn't anywhere near ready."

The voice came with a pleasantly suggestive clink of dishes through the screen door to where Gertrude Woodford stood under a large elm.

"I think the train is in," she answered, entering the cool, pleasant house in answer to her mother's call.

"For the land's sake!" Mrs. Woodford turned to her handmaid and gave an order with some asperity. Keeping



"LET US GET BACK TO THE HOUSE."

summer boarders was really the one excitement of her dull life, eagerly looked forward to during the long winter months when her daughter pursued her musical career in the city and she lived alone on the rugged cape.

"Small this year, aren't they?" she said, watching her daughter's pretty bent head and referring to the fruit.

"Not more so than usual," the girl laughed.

"Well, I don't care," Mrs. Woodford declared. "Mr. Garst says he never tasted sweeter peaches, and as to Mr. Clifford—"

"Who's trifling with my august appellation," called a gay voice as a young fellow swung himself on to the piazza. "Miss Woodford, I don't know which I shall devour first, you or the peaches, I'm so ravenous."

"I was just going to say that your appetite is all right, anyhow," Mrs. Woodford laughed. "Did your cousin come down with you?" she added.

"Yes, Garst got as far as the hammock and collapsed."

"Go and call him, Gertrude. Supper is ready," her mother said.

The girl rose and went through the hall. Inside the door she paused, looked with darkening eyes at the man who lay at full length in the hammock.

The slight clasp of the screen as she stepped outside caused him to turn. He sprang up at once and came toward her, showing a strong, clean-shaven face and a figure singularly muscular, in spite of the fact that he walked with a slight limp.

"It is heavenly here after even a day in town," he said. "I have just been thinking that the most marvelous changes in our lives come when we least expect them. I wonder if you know what this summer has been to me?"

He was looking gravely into her eyes and the color mounted to her temples.

ocean and crimsoning sky, she turned suddenly to her companion.

"Why is Mr. Garst lame?" she asked gently.

"Well, I suppose it won't do any harm to tell you," Jack hesitated, "though we never speak of it when he is present. His leg was crushed in a railway accident, trying to save the girl to whom he was engaged."

"Did he save her?"

"Yes."

"Then why were they not married?"

"Oh, she threw him over for a man twice his age, and the trifling adjunct of \$3,000,000."

Gertrude Woodford drew her breath sharply.

"She tried to stuff it down Stephen's throat that she was sacrificing herself to save her father from financial ruin, and I think he believed her," Jack went on. "Then she attempted a platonic correspondence with him after her marriage, but he would have none of it. All the same, I don't believe he has ever quite forgotten her. Anyway, he could not do so now, even if he would."

"What do you mean?"

"For she is here, she is here," as Jean Ingelow says in 'The Letter L.' "Here?"

"Yes; at the Ocean View. I saw her on the piazza to-night as I came up from the train. Handsomer than ever, by Jove! Tall woman, with bronze hair."

"Bronzed, you mean. I saw her arrive this morning," Gertrude said coldly.

"The old man very considerably 'shuffled off this mortal coil' two years ago, leaving her complete mistress of his millions," Jack rambled on. "My own opinion is that this alighting next door to where she knew Stephen was staying, in the subdued attractiveness of second mourning, is the beginning of the end." You should have seen him start when he saw her on the hotel piazza to-night."

Gertrude rose quickly.

"How cold it is up here," she said, with a shiver. "Let us get back to the house."

A group from the summer hotels and cottages was standing near Mrs. Woodford's house, watching the sunset, when they descended. Gertrude would have passed on, but Jack Clifford detained her. Unwilling as she was, she had to submit to an introduction to Mrs. Armitage, Stephen Garst's former fiancée.

The latter turned to her at once with a scrutinizing look. The girl was too pretty not to be dangerous.

"It is beautiful here in these late summer weeks," she drawled.

"I think it beautiful at all times. The cape is my home," Gertrude answered quietly.

"Indeed! Then you are a—native. I should hardly have thought it."

A faint color rose under the girl's skin at the supercilious tone.

"Miss Woodford's forefathers settled here over two hundred years ago," Garst broke in quietly. "I believe her ancestors for six generations back are buried in the little cemetery at Plum Cove. Not many of us can go as far back as that."

Mrs. Armitage looked quickly from Garst to the girl beyond him. But Gertrude had left the group with her head held high. She wanted none of Garst's vindication for her family. She had almost reached the house when he overtook her.

"One moment," he pleaded. "I want so much to speak to you to-night."

"I am afraid I must ask you to excuse me," she said, leflly.

Had Garst known that the cold, direct look which she sent into his eyes was really the outcome of burning jealousy, he would not have turned away with so heavy a heart.

Jack Clifford had hard work to persuade her to accompany them on the yachting party arranged for the next morning.

"You forget that I am a 'native.' The summer people might object," she said, with a bitter little smile, and Garst set his heel into the ground as he listened.

When they reached the wharf Gertrude turned to Jack Clifford.

"Old Capt. Lufkin is sick and can't go, the boy tells me," she said quickly. "I think we had better give up the trip."

"Miss Woodford"—Jack looked at her with mock reproach—"I am pained that you should thus undervalue my yachtmanship. Nothing but patriotic feeling prevented my offering my expert services to Sir Thomas for Shamrock III. Step on board the Widgeon, ladies, and fear nothing."

Mrs. Armitage flung herself on Garst's shoulder.

"Stephen! Save me!"

But in that moment when death seemed upon them he was not even aware of her presence. His arm went around the girl at his side and drew her close, his lips brushing her cheek, while her damp hair blew against his face. Gertrude scarcely cared whether it was life or death.

Then she suddenly wrenched herself free and flung her weight upon the tiller, putting it hard to port, for Jack's amateur skill seemed to have deserted him. The Widgeon came round, shuddering into the wind, and lay like a frightened thing with flapping sails while the squall raced by.

"I think we owe our lives to you, Miss Woodford." One of the women from the Ocean View approached Gertrude when they were safely landed on the wharf, but Garst drew her aside.

"Sweetheart!" His voice vibrated as he bent over her.

Mrs. Armitage turned to look after them, lifting an end of her bedraggled flannel skirt.

"Well," she said, slowly, "for nerve give me a native!"—San Francisco Call.

OBsolete Rite in Hindoostan Was Abolished Long Ago.

The other day a delicate, golden-browed East Indian woman appeared at Ellis Island, shedding the light of her pathetic story before her to the effect that she was a widow, flying from the suttee rite, which hinges on the burning up of a widow on the same funeral pyre with her deceased husband. That business was all put a stop to something like seventy or seventy-five years ago, as it shocked the British sense of humanity and violated British ideas of the proper etiquette of the conjugal relation, says the New York Tribune.

No such rite has been performed in Hindoostan during that long interval, unless in secret and to satisfy some impulse of piety in wives to whom the custom had come down with all the sanctions of the 80,000, more or less, gods in the Hindoo pantheon, and who wanted to go the way their mothers went—a thoroughfare blocked up by a churchful government with no sound ideas of religion and its accompanying rites. But it is quite clear that there cannot have been many such cases. The custom went into permanent desuetude a long time ago, and can only be restored by the lapse of the great oriental peninsula, if such a retrocession could be conceived, into its old-time conditions.

The repertorial chronicle in which the tale was given to the public said that the lady had been the wife of a parsee merchant, but the parsees are not burned up after, nor their wives before or after, death. On the top of Malabar hill, near Bombay, the chief seat of the sect, which in all the world amounts to only a handful, there is a tower of silence, open to the upper air, to which the remains of the dead are consigned, and the vultures, which hover about in clouds, their generations reaching back to Zoroaster and the Achaemenian dynasties, in a short time leave nothing of them but the bones. Such funeral customs did Zarathustra decree in far-off days near the morning of the world. But in the faith of which he laid down the institutes, to endure almost with Sinal and Sileam's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God, there has never been anything like the suttee ritual, and, of course, there never will be. The young woman may have many legitimate reasons for coming over here and a gentle and generous hospitality may be invoked for her wherever she may go, but no sympathy need be claimed for her as a fugitive from the funeral pile of her husband. If her visit be with an eye to the variety stage, which may well be possible, she shows—or some shows for her—a cultivated sense of the value of advertising. In such case the suttee story is as good as another, notwithstanding the flaws in its plausibility.

He Never Got the Money.
A good story is told on John R. Thomas, a well-known District Judge. One night Thomas found himself in a shabby little town which had no hotel. Desiring to stay all night, he asked a lounge in front of a grocery store where he might find accommodations. The lounge went inside of the store, which was run by an Indian. When informed that there was a man outside who wanted a place to spend the night, the Indian asked:

"Who is the fellow?"

"Judge Thomas," was the reply.

"Well, if that's the fellow, he had better pay me what he owes me before asking me for any favors."

"How is that?" queried the lounge.

"Is he in debt to you?"

"Yes," replied the Indian. "When he was Judge in Muskogee I was brought before him for selling liquor. I was convicted, and in sentencing me he said, 'I will give you sixty days in jail and \$100. I got the sixty days all right, but he never came across with the \$100.'"

Not Like Other Women.
Mrs. McCall—She's precise to the point of eccentricity.

Mrs. Ascum—Is she, really?

Mrs. McCall—Gracious, yes! Why, if you ask her how much her new gown or bonnet cost her she invariably replies, "It cost my husband whatever the price may happen to be."—Philadelphia Press.

The average man attributes his success to his own good judgment and his failure to his having followed the advice of others.

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Put the wonderful K C Baking Powder to the test. Get a can on approval. Your money will be returned if you don't agree that all we claim is true. You'll be delighted with the delicious, wholesome things that

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will bring to life in your oven. K C Baking Powder is two-thirds cheaper and makes purer, better, more healthful food than other powders anywhere near K C Quality. 25 ounces for 25 cents. Get it to-day!

JAQUES MFG. CO.
Chicago

Baked Rhubarb.
Take 1 pound of rhubarb, the red kind, cut in small pieces; add one scant cup sugar, put in an earthen or granite baking dish, cover and put in the oven. Bake in a slow oven until tender, the time varying with the variety of the rhubarb. When cooked in this way the taste is much more delicate and rich than the old-fashioned way of stewing.

Wearing.
The pretty girls I used to know, When they were young and I was younger, Are not so charming now—and, oh! They mind me of a circus show— For both I've lost my boyish hunger. For nowadays, both—pardon me—Are wearing spectacles, you see!
—Cleveland Spectator.

WANTED—Alder bolts or logs by Wash. Broom & W. W. Co., Seattle.

The 'Skeeter and Peter.
There was a bright fellow named Peter, Who struck at an active young 'skeeter, But the 'skeeter struck first And slakened his thirst. For the 'skeeter was fester than Peter.
—St. Nicholas.

We heard a man to-day speak well of his landlord.

Philadelphia surgeons are performing operations on children for the purpose of curing them of criminal tendencies. What kind of an operation would a Philadelphia surgeon recommend for a jury briber?

Deafness Cannot Be Cured
by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube re-opened to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Many a father who has won his way from poverty to riches by hard and grinding toil makes the mistake of deciding that his boy shall not know the drudgery of daily routine, and brings the lad up in idleness, with all the pocket-money he can spend. Attention has lately been called to such a one, now awaiting trial for murder, whose father gave him a thousand dollars a month while he was still under 21 and a pupil in a boarding-school. It is not surprising that he fell on the pathway paved for him with slippery gold pieces.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, L.D., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Harlequin Jelly.
Dissolve a half package of gelatine in a pint and a half of cold water. Have ready the juice of two lemons, two oranges and a can of pineapple and add to it a cup and a half of sugar. Pour over the mixture a pint of boiling water and add the whole to the gelatine; stir thoroughly, strain, and set away to cool. Cut into dice pineapple, oranges, candied cherries and bananas until there is a cup and a half, and when the gelatine begins to harden drop in the fruit lightly. Pour into a mold and chill.

Marmalade Turnovers.
Take two eggs, the weight of one in butter and in flour, half a pint of milk, and a desertspoonful of sugar; cream the sugar and butter together, working them in a basin with a wooden spoon; add the flour and the milk, and beat well. Pour the latter into some buttered saucers, and bake for about twenty minutes in a moderate oven, but do not let them harden; turn out and fold in two, like turnovers, putting a teaspoonful of marmalade in each. Sift white sugar over, and serve hot.

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Men's Shoes, \$5 to \$15.00. Boys' Shoes, \$3 to \$12.00. Women's Shoes, \$4 to \$12.00. Misses' & Children's Shoes, \$3.25 to \$11.00. Try W. L. Douglas's Women's, Misses' and Children's shoes; for style, fit and wear they excel other makes.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

Wherever you live, you can obtain W. L. Douglas shoes. His name and price is stamped on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and inferior shoes. There is no substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes and insist upon having them.

Fast Color Effects used in all styles will not wear through. Write for Illustrated Catalog of Full Styles. W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 13, Brockton, Mass.

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