

HEARS CALL OF THE WILD.

Chief No Shirt Longs for the Free Mountain Air Again.

Chief No Shirt and about 100 Walla Walla Indians among the Umatillas desire to take their share of the tribal funds and withdraw from the reservation to some place where they will be allowed to live in the good old way which prevailed before Indian agents and department rules were known.

The chief grievance of No Shirt is that the government insists on legal marriages, attendance of children at school, conformity to the rules of the Indian Department and progress in the ways of civilization.

The call of the wild is echoing deeply in the heart of No Shirt. He longs for the free mountain air, the untrammelled liberty of the hills and the patriarchal roving with family, goods and warriors, as the savage inclination might dictate.

The fetters of civilization chafe the old chieftain. The yoke of the white man hangs heavily upon his neck and he rebels at the rigid rules of Washington.

But despite the call of the wild in his heart, No Shirt will be reconciled to his lot. His people have some of the richest land in the county. His little handful of mountaintops is dwindling year by year. Civilization is making swift and unfeeling inroads into his savage influence and soon his people will finally embrace, without one lingering remembrance of savagery, the full code of civilization, and while they may never become complete citizens they will be rated as an excellent type of Indian citizenship.

The influence of the white man will have much to do in transforming the old chieftain and his people. Bad white men prejudice the savage against civilization. The Indians remember the evil influence of one white rascal more vividly than the good influences of a dozen good white men. Therefore the white man is responsible largely for the salvation and uplift of the Indian.

The call of the wild will echo in vain in No Shirt's savage life. He is on the upward path. His little remonstrances are but the inflex action of the savage nature which is not yet fully subdued. —East Oregonian.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

"What I like about Parson Tarbell's sermons is that they always give you an idea that you can carry home with you and use in your everyday life," said Mrs. Jenkins. "He's what I call a real practical preacher."

"So do I," said Mrs. French, as the two women walked slowly home from the church arm in arm. "Wasn't his sermon grand? I know just what he meant about hunting for one piece of silver you've lost, even if you have got nine others. If my little Willy strays off I'm all of a whew till I find him, for he's just as precious to me as if he behaved like the rest of my children."

"Then how 'tis if we lose our faith in some folks; how we'll search and hunt till we find an excuse for getting it again, though we may have plenty of other friends. We hate to lose anything we've valued. The way he described that poor woman brightening up her lamp, so it would cast a light as far as—"

"Um-m, that was what I had in mind," interrupted Mrs. Jenkins, who had been listening with some impatience. "When he spoke of that I thought me of those two old lamps I keep in Mis' Graham's room always, and put away for winter, so they won't get harmed anyway. Here's Mis' Graham coming Tuesday for the summer, and those lamps had never crossed my mind."

"Of course I wouldn't make any regular plans on Sunday, but come to-morrow morning I shall have a little something to do, I'm thinking."

Never Breaks Down.

Mark Twain has handed out a story about a physician friend of his who not long ago had to engage a new chauffeur. A big strapping fellow applied and was questioned as to his technical ability, his size and strength appearing wholly satisfactory. "What is the first thing you do when you get that your carburetor is out of order?" asked the doctor. "Well, I tell ye," replied the applicant, "I honestly don't never have no trouble with it. It never gets out of order. I ain't been sick one day for the last two year." —Boston Herald.

Art's Absorptiveness.

"An actor should put his whole heart into his work, shouldn't he?" "Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "And even that isn't enough. He must find a man willing to put his whole pocketbook into it." —Washington Star.

The steward of a political club in New York, John Paul by name, has the rare distinction of being a grandson and a grandfather at the same time. His grandmother is living at the age of 97, and a baby granddaughter has recently been born.

The biggest department store in London, Herod & Co's., has a section devoted to night orders. Here goods can be ordered at any time during the night, to be sent out by the first morning delivery.

The longest bridge in the world is at Sangong, China, and is called the Lion bridge. It extends five and a quarter miles over an arm of the Yellow sea, and is supported by 300 huge stone arches. The roadway is seven feet above the water and is enclosed in an iron network.

Since Cupid has begun to wear automobile goggles he can be depended upon to make more mistakes than ever.



Did you ever notice that "talk" doesn't hurt a man much? Perfection isn't looked for in a man, and when some one tries to injure a man by ranting about a few faults he has, the absent one, who is probably attending to his own affairs, is elevated in the hearers' estimation, while the informant is lowered accordingly. If a man knoocks along doing fairly well, people realize that while he has some faults, he has more virtues, and they are charitable enough to overlook these faults. But it is different with a girl or woman. No matter how good and pure a woman may be let someone start an infamous lie about her and everyone is willing to pass it along, and there is always some one to believe it. That lie can never be lived down. It may burn low but gossip loving are ready with new fuel. Did you ever think how damnably means some good-zoody people are in this respect.

A recent fire alarm aroused the amateur firemen of Mexico, Missouri. A local report gives these particulars of the conflagration: "After some half-hour's fooling trying to find out where the fire was how to get there and what to take, at last it was decided to take the fire extinguishers. The hose cars were left in front of the City Hall, and all the firemen piled into an omnibus and were driven to the fire only to find it was just a brush-pile which some boys had lighted to get a rabbit out."

THE WAY OUT.

Change of Food Brought Success and Happiness.

An ambitious but delicate girl, after failing to go through school on account of nervousness and hysteria, found in Grape-Nuts the only thing that seemed to build her up and furnish her the peace of health.

"From infancy," she says, "I have not been strong. Being ambitious to learn at any cost I finally got to the High School, but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous prostration and hysteria.

"My food did not agree with me. I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affair, for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines.

"This wretched condition continued until I was twenty-five, when I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine and who were being cured by eating Grape-Nuts.

"I had little faith but procured a box and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfied feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better that night and in a few days began to grow stronger.

"I had a new feeling of peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease—of course using Grape-Nuts every day. It is now four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts, I am the mistress of a happy home and the old weakness has never returned." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Wedderly—What's wrong, old man? You look as if you had been disappointed in love.

Singleton—You have said it. Wedderly—Oh, well, don't let a little thing like that worry you. It might be worse.

Singleton—I don't see how it could. The girl I am engaged to insists on facing the parson with me.

Man's Appreciation. Mrs. Wedderly—The audacity of our cook! She told me this morning that she didn't want me fussing around the kitchen.

Wedderly—Guess I'll go right down and interview her.

Mrs. Wedderly—Are you going to discharge her?

Wedderly—I should say not. I'm going to raise her wages.



Tramp (who has just asked for a trifle)—Sense me, ma'am, but if this 'ere copper says I've been beggin', you might tell 'im I ain't, and that I'm only your 'usband.—The Bystander.

Secret of Success. Higgins—I understand you tried farming last year. Did you make it pay?

Wiggins—No; I lost a lot of money but I'm going to make it back this year.

Higgins—How?

Wiggins—I'm going to write a book on how to make farming pay.

Forced to Do It. "Young man," said old Gotrox, "you have a lot of nerve to ask for my daughter's hand in marriage."

"I know it, sir," answered the poor but supposed-to-be-honest young man, "and I wouldn't have done it had she not refused to ask you herself."

Insinuation. The new boarder had passed up his cup for the third time.

"You seem to be rather fond of coffee, Mr. Newman," remarked the landlady.

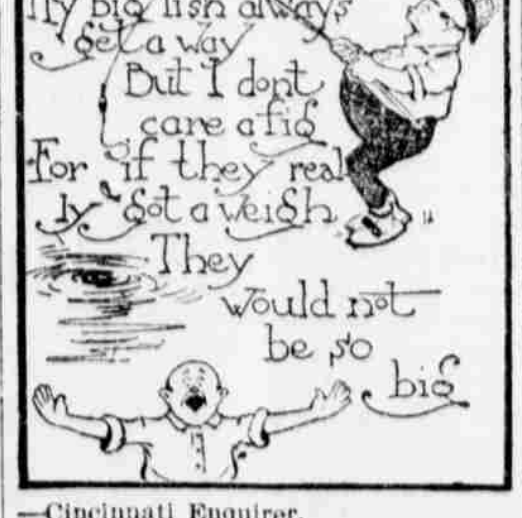
"Yes," he replied, "otherwise I wouldn't swallow so much hot water in order to get the taste of it."

Similar. The Star (of the Knightstand Comedy Company)—Did you know there was a cigar named after me?

The Low Comedian (whose salary is in arrears)—I guess that was one of them I just smoked.

The Star—Indeed! What makes you think so?

The Low Comedian—It didn't draw very well.—Puck.



His Arrival. Gyer—He was frequently alluded to as a coming man until he fell in love.

Myer—And now? Gyer—Now he is completely gone.

Art Criticism. Artist—I have just completed the portrait of one of your friends. What do you think of it?

Art Patron—Perfectly striking like a mess. Who is it?—Bon Vivant.

The trade territory of a town is not all dependent upon the distance of the neighboring trading points. The trade territory depends upon the enterprise of the merchants and the residents of the town. If a town does not reach after the trade it will come only as fast as it has to and it will grow as it is forced to. But if the merchants go after business in the surrounding country advertising in every possible way, and making good every one of their advertising, trade will come from an ever-increasing radius, the town will gain a reputation for being awake and it will force to the front. It is the men in the town and not altogether the men living within a certain number of miles from it that makes the town.

Under the provisions of a new Belgium law, Sunday labor in that country will hereafter be forbidden in all commercial and industrial enterprises except sea, canal and river transport, fishing and hawking and peddling. Only members of an employer's family living with him, or his domestics, may work more than six days per week, and the weekly day of rest is to be Sunday.

Miss Georgia A. Burns, of Oklahoma, although only twenty-five years of age, owns and manages a ranch of eleven thousand acres. She has also just leased, for ninety-nine years, one hundred thousand acres of oil and mineral lands. She spends much time in the saddle, and can shoot and rope cattle with the skill of an expert cowboy.

The announcement of a distressing accident almost a tragedy, is thus poetically phrased by the Herald of Joseph, Oregon: "Maud Dale, while on her way to Chico, Friday, had the misfortune to be thrown from her horse. She broke seven bones and half killed Maggie Jones in the shade of a stately pine tree."

Do You Open Your Mouth

Like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you? Or, do you want to know something of the composition and character of that which you take into your stomach whether as food or medicine?

Most intelligent and sensible people now-a-days insist on knowing what they employ whether as food or as medicine. Dr. Pierce believes they have a perfect right to insist upon such knowledge. So he publishes, broadcast and on each bottle wrapper, what his medicines are made of and verifies them for sale. This he feels he can well afford to do because the more the ingredients of which his medicines are made are studied and understood the more will their superior curative virtues be appreciated.

For the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses, irregularities and derangements, giving rise to frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down pain or distress in lower abdominal or pelvic region, accompanied, oftentimes, with a debilitating, pelvic, catarrhal drain and kindred symptoms of weakness, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a most efficient remedy. It is equally effective in curing painful periods, in giving strength to nursing mothers and in preparing the system of the expectant mother for baby's coming, thus rendering childbirth safe and comparatively painless. The "Favorite Prescription" is a most potent, strengthening tonic to the general system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. It is also a soothing and invigorating nerve and cures nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea or St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the distinctly feminine organs.

A host of medical authorities of all the several schools of practice, recommend each of the general ingredients of which "Favorite Prescription" is made for the cure of the diseases for which it is claimed to be a cure. You may read what they say for yourself by sending a postal card request for a free booklet of extracts from the leading authorities, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post.

If the almanac makers want to make a hit with women they should divide the seasons of the year some thing like this: Spring Styles, Summer Styles, Fall Styles, Winter Styles—and some in between.

Tired, Nervous Mothers

Make Unhappy Homes—Their Condition Irritates Both Husband and Children—How Thousands of Mothers Have Been Saved From Nervous Prostration and Made Strong and Well.



Mrs. Chester Curry Mrs. Chas. F. Brown

A nervous, irritable mother, often on the verge of hysterics, is unfit to care for children; it ruins a child's disposition and reacts upon herself. The trouble between children and their mothers too often is due to the fact that the mother has some female weakness, and she is entirely unfit to bear the strain upon her nerves that governing children involves; it is impossible for her to do anything calmly.

The ills of women act like a firebrand upon the nerves, consequently nine-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous despondency, "the blues," sleeplessness, and nervous irritability of women arise from some derangement of the female organism.

Do you experience fits of depression with restlessness, alternating with extreme irritability? Are your spirits easily affected, so that one minute you laugh, and the next minute you feel like crying?

Do you feel something like a ball rising in your throat and threatening to choke you; all the senses perverted, morbidly sensitive to light and sound; pain in the abdominal region, and between the shoulders; bearing-down pains; nervous dyspepsia and almost continually cross and snappy?

If so, your nerves are in a shattered condition, and you are threatened with nervous prostration.

Proof is monumental that nothing in the world is better for nervous prostration than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; thousands and thousands of women can testify to this fact.

Mrs. Chester Curry, leader of the Ladies' Symphony Orchestra, 42 Saratoga Street, East Boston, Mass., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—For eight years I was troubled with extreme nervousness and hysteria, brought on by irregularities. I could neither enjoy life nor sleep nights; I was very irritable, nervous and despondent.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended and proved to be the only remedy that helped me. I have daily improved in health until I am now strong and well, and all nervousness has disappeared."

Mrs. Charles F. Brown, Vice-President of the Mothers' Club, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., writes:

"I dragged through nine years of miserable existence, worn out with pain and nervousness, until it seemed as though I should fly. I then noticed a statement of a woman troubled as I was, and the wonderful results she derived from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I decided to try it. I did so, and at the end of three months I was a different woman. My nervousness was all gone, I was no longer irritable, and my husband fell in love with me all over again."

Women should remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine that holds the record for the greatest number of actual cures of female ills, and take no substitute.

Free Advice to Women.

Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write to her for advice. Mrs. Pinkham's vast experience with female troubles enables her to advise you wisely, and she will charge you nothing for her advice.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year. THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEDICINE

CANDY CATHARTIC

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

20c, 25c, 50c. All Druggists