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Chiropractor
SPINAL ADJUSTMENTS
Scientific Treatment of all Acute and Chronic
Diseases. Licensed Practitioner. Suite 214-7
Avalon Building, Seattle.

**YOUR CHILD IS CROSS,
FEVERISH, CONSTIPATED**

Look Mother! If tongue is coated,
cleanse little bowels with "Calif-
ornia Syrup of Figs."

Mothers can rest easy after giving
"California Syrup of Figs," because in
a few hours all the clogged-up waste,
sour bile and fermenting food gently
moves out of the bowels, and you have
a well, playful child again.
Sick children needn't be coaxed to
take this harmless "fruit laxative."
Millions of mothers keep it handy be-
cause they know its action on the
stomach, liver and bowels is prompt
and sure.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bot-
tle of "California Syrup of Figs," which
contains directions for babies, children
of all ages and for grown-ups.

Did as He Was Ordered.

A new boy had gone on board a
West India ship, upon which a painter
had also been employed to paint the
ship's side. The painter was at work
upon a staving suspended under the
ship's stern.

The captain, who had just got into
a boat alongside, called out to the
new boy, who stood leaning over the
rail. "Let go the painter!"

Everybody should know that a
boat's painter is the rope which makes
it fast, but this boy did not know it.
He ran aft and let go the ropes by
which the painter's staving was held.
Meantime the captain was wearing
with waiting to be cast off.

"You rascal!" he called. "Why don't
you let go the painter?"

"He's gone, sir," said the boy briskly.
"He's gone—pots, brushes and
all!"—London Standard.

**Putnam Fadeless Dyes color in
cold water.**

Plausible.

"The trouble with this tooth," said
the dentist, probing it with a long,
slender instrument, "is that the nerve
is dying."

"It seems to me, doctor," groaned
the victim, "you ought to treat the
tooth with a little more respect."

Midnight Son.

"There's nothing new under the
sun," said the ready-made philosopher.
"No," replied the patron of cafes
and musical comedies, "ner under the
electric lights, either, for that matter."
—Baltimore American.

**\$10,000,000 A Year
Wasted On Trusses**

**How 60 Days' Trial Protects You
Against Throwing Money Away**



**Away With
Worthless
Makeshifts**

Ninety-nine out of every hundred dollars
spent for elastic and spring trusses might
as well be thrown away.

Close to ten million dollars a year—in this
country alone—is practically wasted on such
contraptions.

And all simply because nine sufferers out
of ten trust to a mere try-on or hasty examination
instead of first making a thorough test.

A Mere Try-on Is a Snare

You can't possibly tell anything about a
truss or anything else for rupture merely by
trying it on.

A truss or so-called "appliance" may seem
all right at first and afterward prove utterly
worthless.

The only way in the world you can make
sure of exactly what you're getting is by
making a thorough sixty-day test without hav-
ing to risk any money.

**The Only Thing Good Enough
To Stand a 60-Day Test**

There is only one thing of any kind for
rupture that you can get on sixty-day trial—
one that is good enough to stand such
a long and thorough test—

That is our guaranteed rupture holder.
We'll make you especially for your case—
make it to your measure—and let you try it
sixty days.

We'll practically lend it to you to let you know
without asking you to risk a penny.

If it doesn't keep your rupture from coming
out or bothering you in any way, no matter
how hard you work or strain—if it doesn't
prevent you from doing anything you want
to do—then you can keep it. If it doesn't
do all this, it is self-regulating,
self-adjusting—eventually and automatically mes-

**THIS BRINGS IT
Box 204-CLUTHE COMPANY
125 East 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY**

Send me your Free Book and Trial Offer.
Name _____
Address _____

SHORT CHANGE GRAFT.

An "Honest" Industrialist That Does Big
Business in New York
"One form of honest graft is a hote
keeper has to fight the hardest in this
town is 'accidental short changing,'" said
the manager of a very popular hotel
near the Grand Central depot famous
for its oyster bar.

"The same sort of 'honest graft' ob-
tains at almost every cash changing
place in the city where there is a net-
ting on the cashier's desk to protect
the cash and a lower bar of wood to
hold up the netting of glass screen.
This bar of wood or metal runs across
the hand hole for change. The cash-
iers have figured out the angle of vi-
sion of all men, short and tall, and
the distance they stand from the desk
to receive their change.

"Say a dollar is changed to take out
30 cents. The 'accidental short
change' artist will push forward the
70 cents in coin, but his hand will
halt one dime that is hidden from the
angle of vision of the man getting
change by the line of the bar over
the cash hand hole. If the man is in
a hurry or absentminded he grabs the
change he sees and rushes off without
one dime. Always, stop, stoop and
look if in doubt.

"And you would be surprised to
know how much money is left on
cashiers' counters, box offices, sub-
way ticket booths and other places.
I'll wager \$100,000 is short changed
annually in New York. They never
call you back."—New York World.

**END STOMACH TROUBLE,
GASES OR DYSPEPSIA**

"Pape's Diapiesin" makes Sick, Sour,
Gassy Stomachs surely feel fine
in five minutes.

If what you just ate is souring on
your stomach or lies like a lump of
lead, refusing to digest, or you belch
gas, and eructate sour, undigested
food, or have a feeling of dizziness,
heartburn, fullness, nausea, bad taste
in mouth and stomach-headache, you
can get blessed relief in five minutes.
Put an end to stomach trouble forever
by getting a large fifty-cent case of
Pape's Diapiesin from any drug store.
You realize in five minutes how need-
less it is to suffer from indigestion,
dyspepsia or any stomach disorder.
It's the quickest, surest stomach doc-
tor in the world. It's wonderful.

In the Pocket.

A tramp approached an old gentle-
man who was reclining in a comfort-
able arm-chair on the porch.

"Please help a poor cripple, sir," he
whined.

The old gentleman slowly thrust
his hand into his pocket as he gazed
with anxious concern at the ill-kept
creature standing before him.

"Bless me, why, of course," he said,
as he handed him a coin. "How are
you crippled, my poor fellow?"

"Pocketing the money quickly the
tramp replied: "Financially crippled,
sir."—Manchester Union.

**Peanut Candy—Put 2 cups of sugar
into a smooth frying pan and stir with
the bowl of a spoon till melted, keep-
ing the spoon flat. As soon as the
sugar is all melted, remove from the
fire and stir in 1 cup of chopped pean-
uts. When it begins to stiffen, pour
upon the bottom of an inverted pan,
shape with knives, and cut into small
squares.**—Oregon Agricultural College.

**Divinity Creams—Add 1 1/2 cups sug-
ar and 1/2 cup of corn syrup to 1/2
cup of water, and boil to the "Hard
Crack" stage—until the portion tested
is hard and brittle. Pour in the beat-
en white of 1 egg, and beat, adding 1/2
teaspoonful vanilla as it thickens, un-
til stiff. Mold in a box lined with
oiled paper, and cut in slices, when
cold.**—Oregon Agricultural College.

Will Save You From Operation

This guaranteed rupture holder has
been thoroughly tested in nearly
300,000 cases that surgeons in the U. S. Army
and Navy and physicians in all parts of the
world now recommend it instead of advising
operation.

It has completely cured hundreds and
hundreds of people whose cases seemed al-
most hopeless.

The Things We Tell in Our Book

There are so many mistaken ideas about
rupture that we have taken the time to sum
up in a book all we have learned during
forty years of experience.

This remarkable book—cloth-bound, 98 pages,
20 chapters, and 23 photographic illustrations—
is full of facts never before put in print.

It deals with rupture in all its forms and
stages.

It shows the dangers of operation.
It exposes the humbug "appliances,"
"methods," "plasters," etc.

It shows why wearing elastic or spring
trusses is almost sure to shorten your life.
And it tells about the famous Cluthé Auto-
matic Messing Truss—how simple it is—
how it ends constant expense—how you can
try it sixty days without having to risk a
penny, and how little it costs if you keep it.

Also gives over 5,000 voluntary endorse-
ments from benefited and cured people.

Read for this book to-day—don't put it off
—the minute it takes to write for it may free
you from trouble for the rest of your life.
Simply use the coupon or just say in a letter
"Send me your book."

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Send me your Free Book and Trial Offer.
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Address _____

**IF I KNEW HE DONE IT A-PURPOSE I'D
GIT HIM.**

**nouncement in a man's metallic syl-
labuses:**

"The Baggage Coach Ahead," as
sung by Helena Mora for the Echo
Phonograph, of New York and Pa-a-
ria!

From the dusk to the right of the
two listeners now issued soft Spanish
phrases.

"Madre de Dios! The Baggage Car
is Front!" Tadora Mora! God bless
her!

During the rendition of this affect-
ing ballad the two cow-men remained
uncomfortably over the barbed-



GOING SOME
A ROMANCE OF
STRENUOUS AFFECTION
BY
REX BEACH
SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY
REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG
Illustrated By
Edgar Bert Smith
COPYRIGHT 1910 BY HARPER & BROTHERS

CHAPTER I.

FOUR cowboys inclined their
bodies over the barbed-wire
fence which marked the di-
viding line between the Centi-
pede Ranch and their own,
staring mournfully into a
summer night such as only
the far southwestern coun-
try knows. And as the four
inclined their bodies, they
inclined also their ears, after
the strained manner of listeners who
feel anguish at what they hear. A
voice, shrill and human, pierced the
night like a needle, then, with a
wall of a tortured soul, died away
amid discordant raspings: the voice
of a phonograph. It was their own,
or had been until one over-confident
day, when the Flying Heart Ranch
had staked it as a wager in a foot-
race with the neighboring Centi-
pede, and their own man had been too
slow. As it had been their pride, it
remained their disgrace. Dearly had
they lo-d, and dearly lost it. It
meant something that looked like
honor, and though there were ten
thousand thousand phonographs, in all
the world there was not one that could
take its place.

The sound ceased, there was an ap-
proving distant murmur of men's
voices, and then the song began:
"Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Lift up your voice and sing—"
Higher and higher the voice mount-
ed until it reached again its first thin,
ear-splitting pitch.

"Still Bill!" Stover stirred uneasily
in the darkness.

"Why'nell don't they keep her
wound up?" he complained. "Gail-
agher's got the soul of a wart-hog. It's
criminal the way he massacres that
hymn."

From a rod farther down the wire
fence Willie answered him, in a boy's
falsetto:

"I wonder if he does it to spite me?"
"He don't know you're here," said
Stover.

The other came out of the gloom,
a little stoop-shouldered man with
spectacles.

"I ain't noways sure," he piped,
peering up at his lanky foreman.
"Why do you reckon he allus lets
Mrs. Melby pester out on my favorite
record? He done the same thing last
night. It looks like an insult."

"It's nothing but his ignorance,"
Stover replied. "He don't want no
trouble with you. None of 'em do."

"I'd like to know for certain." The
small man seemed torn by doubt. "If
I only knew he done it a-purpose, I'd
git him. I bet I could do it from
here."

Stover's voice was gruff as he com-
manded:

"Forget it! Ain't it bad enough for
us fellers to hang around like this
every night without advertising our
idioty by a gun-play?"

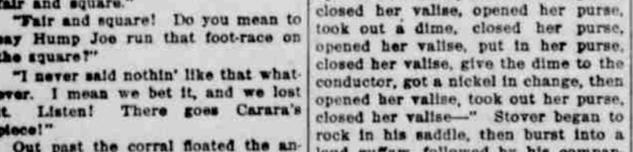
"They ain't got no right to that
phonograph," Willie averred darkly.

"Oh yes, they have; they won't
fair and square."

"Fair and square! Do you mean to
say Hump Joe run that foot-race on
the square?"

"I never said nothin' like that what-
ever. I mean we bet it, and we lost
it. Listen! There goes Carara's
piece!"

Out past the corral floated the an-



wire barrier, lost in rapturous enjoy-
ment. When the last note had died
away, Stover roused himself reluc-
tantly.

"It's time we was turnin' in." He
called softly, "Hey, Mexi!"
"Si, Senor!"

"Come on, you and Cloudy. Vamos!
It's ten o'clock."

He turned his back on the Centi-
pede Ranch that housed the treasure,
and in company with Willie, made his
way to the ponies. Two other figures
joined them, one humming in a mus-
ical baritone the strains of the song
just ended.

"Cut that out, Mex! They'll hear
us," Stover cautioned.

"Caramba! This t'ing is brek my
'eart," said the Mexican, sadly. "It
seem like the Senorita Mora is sing
that set to me. Mebbe she knows
I'm set out 'ere on cactus an' listen
to her. Ah, I love that Senorita ver'
much."

The little man with the glasses be-
gan to swear in his high falsetto. His
ear had caught the phonograph oper-
ator in another musical mistake.

"That horn-toad let Mrs. Melby die
again to-night," said he. "It's sure
comin' to a huncnacboo between him
and me. If somebody don't kill him
pretty soon, he'll wear out that ma-
chine before we git it back."

"Humph! It don't look like we'd
ever get it back," said Stover.

One of the four sighed audibly, then
vaulting into his saddle, went loping
away without waiting for his compan-
ions.

"Cloudy's sore because they didn't
play 'Navajo,'" said Willie. "Well, I
don't blame 'em none for omittin' that
war-dance. It ain't got the class of
them other pieces. While it's devised
to suit the intellect of an Injun, per-
haps it ain't in the runnin' with 'The
Holy City,' which tune is the sweetest
and sacredest ever sung."

Carara paused with a hand upon the
neck of his cayuse.

"Eet is not so fine as 'The Baggage
Car in Front,'" he declared.

"It's got it beat a mile!" Willie
flashed back, harshly.

"Here, you!" exclaimed Stover, "no
arguments. We all have our favorites,
and it ain't up to no individual to
force his likes and dislikes down no
other feller's throat." The other two
men he addressed mounted their bron-
cos stiffly.

"Td hate to think it," said the fore-
man, gloomily; then after a moment,
during which the only sound was that
of the muffled hoof-beats: "Well, what
we goin' to do about it?"

"Humph! I've laid awake nights
figurin' that out. I reckon we'll just
have to git another foot-racer and beat
Skinner. He ain't the fastest in the
world."

"That takes coin. We're broke."
"Mebbe Mr. Chapin would lend a
helpin' hand."

"No chance!" said Stover, grimly.
"He's sore on foot-racin'. Says it dis-
turbs us and upsets our equalubrium."
Carara fetched a deep sigh.

"It's ver' bad t'ing, Senor. I don't
feel no worse w'en my gran'mother
die."

The three men loped on ward through
the darkness, weighted heavily with
disappointment.

Affairs at the Flying Heart Ranch
were not all to Jack Chapin's liking.
Ever since that memorable foot-race,
more than a month before, a gloom
had brooded over the place which
even the presence of two Smith Col-
lege girls, not to mention that of Mr.
Fresno, was unable to dissipate. The
cowboys moped about like melancholy
shades, and neglected their work to
discuss the disgrace that had fallen
upon them. It was a task to get any
of them out in the morning, several
had quit, the rest were quarrelling
among themselves, and the bunk-
house had already been the scene of
more than one encounter, altogether
too sanguinary to have originated
from such a trivial cause as a foot-
race.

The master of the ranch sought his
sister Jean, to tell her frankly what
was on his mind.

"See here, Sis," he began, "I don't
want to cast a cloud over your little
house-party, but I think you'd better
keep your friends away from my
men."

"Why, what is the matter?" she de-
manded.

"Things are at a pretty high ten-
sion just now, and the boys have had
two or three rows among themselves.
Yesterday Fresno tried to 'kid' Wil-
lie about 'The Holy City,' said it was
written as a coon song, and wasn't
sung in good society. If he hadn't
been a guest, I guess Willie would
have murdered him."

"Oh, Jack! You won't let Willie

murder anybody, not even Berkeley,
while the people are here, will you?"
coaxed Miss Chapin, anxiously.

"What made you invite Berkeley
Fresno, anyhow?" was the rejoinder.
"This is no gilded novelty to him. He
is a Western man."

Miss Chapin numbered her reasons
sagely. "In the first place—Helen.
Then there had to be enough men to
go around. Last and best, he is the
most adorable man I ever saw at a
house-party. He's an angel at break-
fast, sings perfectly beautifully—you
know he was on the Stanford Glee
Club—"

"Humph!" Jack was unimpressed.
"If you roped him for Helen Blake to
brand, why have you sent for Wally
Speed?"

"Well, you see, Berkeley and Helen
didn't quite bit it off, and Mr. Speed
is—a friend of Culver's." Miss Chapin
blushed prettily.

"Oh, I see! I thought myself that
this affair had something to do with
you and Culver Covington, but I
didn't know it had lapsed into a sort
of matrimonial round-up. Suppose
Miss Blake shouldn't care for Speed
after he gets here?"

"Oh, but she will! That's where
Berkeley Fresno comes in. When two
men begin to fight for her, she'll have
to begin to form a preference, and I'm
sure it will be for Wally Speed. Don't
you see?"

The brother looked at his sister
shrewdly. "It seems to me you
learned a lot at Smith."

Jean tossed her head. "How ab-
surd! That sort of knowledge is per-
fectly natural for a girl to have." Then
she teased: "But you admit that my
selection of a chaperon was ex-
cellent, don't you, Jack?"

"Mrs. Keap and I are the best of
friends," Jack averred, with supreme
dignity. "I'm not in the market, and
a man doesn't marry a widow, any-
how. It's too old and experienced a
beginning."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Endeavoring to Be Polite.

"Look out, down there!" yelled Pat,
after a heavy beam had fallen from
the sixteenth story.

"What's the use looking out now?"
called a man who had narrowly
escaped being crushed.

"There mayn't be any use, but I
thought you might be provoked if I
didn't notice it."—Judge's Library.

**A Happy
New Year**

Being happy is the se-
cret of being well, look-
ing well and feeling
well. Start the New
Year right, by resolving
to assist the Stomach,
Liver and Bowels in their
daily work by use of

**HOSTETTER'S
STOMACH BITTERS**

It tones, strengthens and
invigorates the entire
system. Try a bottle today

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MUSIC
Do you want to learn to play Piano,
Organ, Violin or Guitar. For a small
sum we will teach you
AT HOME
to play fourth grade music regardless
of number of lessons required. Any-
one who can read can learn by our
method.
EASIEST
and most up-to-date system in ex-
istence. We loan you a perfect "Time-
beater" free. Write for particulars.

American School of Music
516-517 Commonwealth Bldg.
Portland, Oregon.

**TAKES OFF DANDRUFF,
HAIR STOPS FALLING**

Save your Hair! Get a 25-cent bottle
of Danderine right now—Also
stops itching scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy
hair is mute evidence of a neglected
scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive
to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair
of its lustre, its strength and its very
life; eventually producing a feverish-
ness and itching of the scalp, which
if not remedied causes the hair roots
to shrink, loosen and die—then the
hair falls out fast. A little Danderine
tonight—now—any time—will surely
save your hair.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's
Danderine from any drug store. You
surely can have beautiful hair and
lots of it if you will just try a little
Danderine. Save your hair! Try it!

Marselles plans to spend more than
\$6,000,000 to demolish its ancient
slums and replace them with modern
highways.

A Flattering Fear.

"I'm afraid we made a mistake send-
ing that man to Congress," said Farm-
er Cortossel.

"But you can't hold him responsible
for the delay in legislation."

"I dunno 'bout that. He's such a
fascinatin' talker, I'm afraid they're
keepin' up the argument for the sake
of hearin' him orate."

Free to Our Readers

Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for
46-page illustrated Eye Book Free. Write all
about Your Eye Trouble and they will advise
as to the Proper Application of the Murine
Eye Remedies in Your Special Case. Your
Druggist will tell you that Murine Relieves
Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes. Doesn't
Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and sells for 50c.
Try It in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for
Scurly Eyelids and Granulation.

Sold Again.

For 10 long but blissful years they
had walked along the path of love;
but as yet the lovesick youth had
never mentioned about their getting
married. Courtship is very charming;
but when there does not seem to be
after rails at the end of it, girls natu-
rally begin to lose interest in the game.