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WORTH TIME AND TROUBLE

Salad Rolls Call for Care in the Making, but the Result Repays All the Outlay.

Sold one cup milk, add three tablespoons sugar and a half a teaspoonful of salt. When lukewarm add one egg yolk, dissolved in one-quarter cup lukewarm water and one and a half cups flour. Cover and let rise, then add white of one egg beat stiff, and folded to knead. Again let rise, shape in small biscuits, place in rows on floured board, cover with both and let rise until light and well puffed. Flour hands of wooden spoon, and make a deep crease in middle of each biscuit, take up and press edges together. Place closely in buttered pan, cover, let rise, brush over with one egg slightly beaten and diluted with one tablespoonful milk and bake 12 or 15 minutes in a hot oven. This may seem quite a process to go through, but when done and ready to be eaten one feels really repaid. They are the best I ever ate.

Premium Fruit Cake. Sugar, three cups; butter, one and one-half cups; six eggs; sour cream one and one-half cups; saleratus or soda, two teaspoonfuls; currants, one half pound; raisins, three-fourths pound; citron, one-fourth pound; one nutmeg, flour. Directions, beat the eggs thoroughly, then add sugar and butter and beat till smooth; dissolve the saleratus in a little warm water and put in the cream and make the cake quite thin with flour to prevent the fruit from settling to the bottom. Do not chop the raisins, but cut them in halves and remove the seeds; use seedless raisins. Then scald a few moments to soften, drain and flour (dredge); then before putting into the cake cut the citron in thin slices, and as you fill in a layer of cake put the citron over evenly, then more of the cake mixture and another layer of the citron and so on until the citron is evenly divided through the whole.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE" That is **LAGATIVE BROMO QUININE**. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE, Care of One Day, Dunes Grip in Two Days, 5c.

Frightened by Meteor's Fall. The fall of a ten-ton meteor, its tail a hundred yards long, lightened up the Allegheny Valley for three miles, the other day, just above Pittsburgh, as it fell. Residents of nearby hamlets ran from their homes in fright. The next day the mass of substance was smoking hot and incandescent in places.

About as Far as He Could Go. On the first of the month there was to be a shift in studies in some of the public school grades, and a young son was consulting his father. He had finished with ancient history, which was ancient arbitrarily up to the time of the Christian era. "How far did you get in it?" asked the sire. "Down to zero," responded the heir.

To Save Matting. To save your matting, make a cover of outing flannel to slip over your room when sweeping. This will be found to take up the dust easily and saves the matting much wear.

Alliterative Attributes. Apt alliterative artful phrase asserts its potency in the utterances of one of the newly enfranchised western women thus: "Petrified, puttified, preadocious, partisan politics."

What Luck! Fond Mama—"What have you in your apron?" Daughter (breathlessly)—"O, mamma, such good luck! Clara Gray's cat had six kittens and her mama would only let her keep one, so she gave me the other five!"—Judge.

Consolation of an Early Settler. Adam heard them blame the cost of living on the middleman. "The only thing they don't blame on the frater man," he thankfully observed.—New York Sun.

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OUT OF TOWN PEOPLE can receive prompt treatment of their teeth. Health-building remedies from **C. GEE WO** the Chinese doctor.

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DEFINITION OF WORD CARAT

Has Different Meaning When Applied to Purity of Gold and Size of Precious Stone.

You have probably often heard of the word carat applied in jewelry and such things, but perhaps you do not know that it has an entirely different meaning when it is used for a ring and for a diamond in the ring. The jeweler tells you that the ring or your watch case is 18 carat gold and you have an idea that it must be pretty good, as you never have heard of any that was 20 or 22. What the jeweler means is that eighteen twenty-fourths of the ring is pure gold and that the rest is copper.

Pure gold is 24 carats fine and would be too soft for every-day use, so it is mixed with an alloy to make it harder. The best alloy known for this purpose is copper, as it interferes very little with the color of the gold. If a ring is only 14 carat, that means that nearly half of it is copper, and many that are sold for that are not even 14 carats. In England all such rings are stamped to show exactly what they are.

But when we come to the diamond in the ring and the jeweler tells us that it is two carats or one and a half he does not refer to the purity of the stone at all as he did when speaking of the gold, because a carat is a weight when spoken of in connection with a diamond.

Precious stones are weighed by Troy weight, which runs 480 grains to the ounce, and a carat is only about three and a fifth grains.

LITTLE TRICK WITH PENCIL

Clever Illustration of How Our Senses Are Often Deceived—Many Make Wrong Guess.

Here is a little trick to try on your friends. Ask one of them to close his eyes and cross his fingers. When he has done this take a pencil and touch the tips of the crossed fingers with it. Then ask him how many pencils he feels. Nine times out of ten he will insist that there are two pencils touching his fingers instead of one. This trick illustrates how our senses often deceive.

TREE PUZZLERS. 1—What is the double tree? (Pear.) 2—What tree is nearest the sea? (Beech.) 3—Name the languishing tree. (Pine.) 4—What is the chronologist's tree? (Date.) 5—What tree is adapted to hold shirt-waists? (Box.) 6—What tree will keep you warm? (Fir.) 7—What is the Egyptian plague tree? (Locust.) 8—What is the tree we offer friends at meeting and parting? (Palm.) 9—The tree found in churches? (Elder.) 10—The fiery tree? (Burning Bush.) 11—The tree used in wet weather? (Rubber.) 12—The tree that protects from the fierce heat of the sun? (Umbrella.) 13—The tree used in kissing? (Tulip.) 14—The level tree? (Plane.) 15—The tree used in a bottle? (Cork.) 16—The fisherman's tree? (Bass-wood.) 17—The tree that belongs to the sea? (Bay.) 18—An immortal tree? (Arbor Vitae.) 19—A tree worn in Oriental countries? (Sandal.) 20—A tree used in battle? (Bayonet.) 21—A tree used in drawing an accurate line? (Plum.) 22—A tree used to describe pretty girls? (Peach.) 23—An emblem of grief? (Weeping Willow.) 24—A personal pronoun tree? (Yew.) 25—The sweetest tree? (Maple.)

Petting a Horse. Nearly every boy and girl loves horses and often when they pass along the street and see a nice looking horse hitched close to the curb they want to pet him. Now most horses like to be caressed, even by strangers, providing they are petted in the right place. Here lies the trouble, however, and the reason why so many horses shy at being caressed. People, as a rule, do not know where to pet them. Nearly everyone will pet the horse upon the nose. Now a well behaved horse will endure this caress, though he doesn't just as readily like it. He would much prefer to have you gently stroke his gelder or to rub him right between the ears. He would be in the seventh heaven of delight if you were to caress him in either of these places. Try to remember this next time you are about to pet a horse.

Childish Grammar. Carrie and Madge, aged four and five, were making mud pies. "Me am going to make a cherry pie," said Carrie. "Don't say 'me am' for 'I am,'" rejoined Madge, with an authoritative air.

Bargain Hunter. Little Loda, aged five, upon being shown her twin brothers that had arrived the night before, said: "Well, I never saw such a woman as mamma is for hunting up bargains!"

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON
Co-Author with A. Conan Doyle of 'The Hound of the Baskervilles,' etc.
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THE TERROR IN THE SNOW

(Continued.)

"Baron Steen," he said, "met with his death on an open path between a shallow duck-pond and a little pavilion. He had fought hard for life, had rolled and struggled with his enemy. There were four or five punctured wounds in his throat and neck, from which he had bled profusely. And now for the thing that killed him—whatever it was. It could not have fled down the cliff path, for the boat's crew waiting below had heard the screams, and had come running up at that way. They were with him when we arrived, and assured me they had seen nothing. It could not have turned to the right or left, for though the paths had been swept clean—doubtless by the baron's orders, for he would not desire his way of escape to be easily traced—he snow on either side lay in unbroken levels. It could only have retired by the yew avenue, and it did not break through the hedge. That, again, the snow proved clearly. So, we may take it, that whatever the thing may have been which you saw—it killed Baron Steen; further, it escaped into the house—this, you will remember, we decided in the garden. Let us imagine it was a man—that you were deceived by the uncertain light. His clothes must of necessity have been drenched in blood. He could not have struggled so fiercely with his victim and escaped those fatal signs. Yet, he cannot have buried his clothes, for the fires are downstairs where people were passing. Nor can he have washed them, for neither the bath rooms nor the bedroom basins have been recently used. I have spent some time in searching boxes and wardrobes with no result. Strange or still, as far as my limited information goes, every one in the house can prove an alibi—save two."

"And who are they?" I asked eagerly. "Mr. Henderson, the baron's valet—and yourself."

"Inspector Peace—" I began angrily. "Tut, tut, my dear Mr. Phillips, I was merely stating the facts. Mr. Henderson's case, however, presents an interesting feature, for he has run away."

"Run away," I said. "Then that settles it."

"Not altogether, I'm afraid. I think it is more a matter of theft than murder with Mr. Henderson."

I stared at him in silence as he sat there, with his little hands clasped upon his lap, a picture of irritating composure.

"Peace," I said, struggling to control my voice. "What are you hiding from me? It is something inhuman, unnatural that has done this dreadful thing."

The little detective stretched himself, yawned, and then rose to his feet. "I have no opinion except that I think you had better go to bed. Don't lock your door, for I may find time for an hour's sleep on your sofa before morning."

The news was out after breakfast—the news that led to mild hysterics and scurrying of lady-maids to the packing of boxes, and the chastened sorrow of those gentlemen who owed the baron money. Through all the turmoil of the morning moved the little detective, the most sympathetic of men. It was he who apologized so humbly for the locked doors of the bath-rooms; he who superintended the lighting of fires, and the making of the beds, and the packing of trunks for the station so closely that the housemaids were convinced that he entertained a secret passion for each one of them; it was he who announced Henderson's robbery of the gold plate, following it by information as to the culprit's arrest. The establishment had by this time become convinced that Henderson was the murderer, and breathed relief at the news.

They had brought the body of Baron Steen to the house early in the morning—it had been laid in the garden pavilion on its first discovery.

With death in so strange a form present among us, I was disgusted by the noise and bustle, the gossip and chatter among the guests of the dead man. I wandered off in search of the one person who had seemed sincerely affected by the news, the young secretary, Maurice Terry. He was nowhere to be found. A servant of whom I inquired told me that the secretary had kept to his bed, being greatly unnerved by the tragedy, and I stroiled up the stairs again on an errand of consolation. The door was locked, and there came no answer to my continued tapping.

"Terry," I called through the keyhole. "It is I, Phillips; won't you let me in?"

"I have a key that will fit. If you will kindly stand aside," suggested a modest voice. I rose from my knees to find the inspector at my elbow. "It would be a gross intrusion," I told him. "If he wishes to be alone with his sorrow, we have no right to disturb him."

On his bed, fully dressed, lay poor Terry, with a face paler than his pillow. His breath came and went in short, painful gasps. One hand strayed continuously about his throat, groping and plucking at his collar with feverish unrest. It was a very painful spectacle.

"I will send for a doctor at once," I whispered, stepping to the bell. But Peace held up a warning hand. "Come here," he said, "I have something to show you."

With movements as tender as a woman's he unfastened the man's collar and slipped out the stud. Then he paused. The eyes that watched me had turned cold and hard.

"If it is as I suspect, you may be called as a witness. Do you object?" "Yes; but I shall not leave you on that account."

"Very well," he said, as he opened the shirt and the vest beneath it. Smearred and patched in dark etching upon the white skin was a broad stain of blood, of dried and clotted blood, the life's blood of a man.

"He is wounded, Peace," I cried. "Poor fellow, he must have nearly bled to death."

"Do not alarm yourself," said the inspector, dryly. "It is the blood of Baron Steen."

A week had gone by, and I was sitting alone in my Kettle Street rooms, when Peace walked in, with a heavy travelling coat over his arm.

"Thank Heaven, you have come at last," I cried. "How is Maurice Terry?"

"Dead—poor fellow," he said, with an honest sorrow in his voice. "Yet, after all, Mr. Phillips, it was the best that could have happened to him."

"And his story—the cause—the method?" I demanded.

"It has taken some hard work, but the bits of the puzzle are fitted together at last. You wish to hear it, I suppose?"

"According to your promise," I reminded him.

"It is a case of unusual interest," he said. "Though it bears a certain similarity to the Gottstein trial at Kiel in '89."

He paused to light his big pipe, and then sat back in his chair, with his eyes fixed in abstract contemplation.

where the body had lain, there was a patch of bloody snow. This puzzled me a good deal, until the solution had ferred itself that the murderer had tried to wash his hands in the snow, the water of the pond being frozen hard. Yet his clothing would also bear the stain. What had he worn that showed so white to you in the starlight? Could it have been that he wore no clothes at all?

"A naked man! The suggestion was full of possibilities."

"It was fortunate that I had brought assistants to help me in Steen's capture. Their presence gave me a wider scope, for they were both good men. I left them to search the pavilion and laurels for the clothing, which the murderer might have concealed when he realized how fatal was his evidence. As I walked back to the house I began to understand the situation more clearly. The main drive, curving down the slope of the park, was in view of a tall man coming up by the yew walk. The murderer might have noticed our approach. What more natural than that he should have bent double as he ran, thus obtaining the cover of the left hand hedge, which was not more than four to five feet high? Did not this answer to your description of the thing you had seen? It would have been cold work for him. I made a note to be on the lookout for chills."

"For a couple of hours I devoted myself to speeding those guests who caught the eleventhirty train. I do not think a trunk left for the station of which I have not a complete inventory. Indeed, the baron's creditors have to thank me for the return of several trifles of value, which were included, accidentally, no doubt, in the ladies' dressing-bags."

"After the carriages had started I went in search of Terry, and discovered that he had not left his room. Equally to the point, his windows looked down upon the spot where the baron made his detour over the grass while escaping. I became interested in this young man. The score was creeping up against him. A ladder from an obliging gardener allowed me to observe him from the window. A visit to the housekeeper gave me a duplicate key to his door. What happened in the room you know, Mr. Phillips."

"But, the motive—why did he kill his patron?" I asked him eagerly.

"I doubt if we shall ever learn the truth on that point," he said. "As far as I can make out, Steen was directly responsible for the ruin and disgrace of Terry's father. Probably the son did not fully realize this when the baron, with a pity most unusual in the man, gave him the secretaryship. But of all participation in the fight he was certainly innocent, for he was in bed at the time."

"In bed?" I cried.

"Do not interrupt, if you please. What happened I take to be as follows: Terry was in bed when the old man tried to creep past his window. Somehow he heard him, and, looking out, understood what was up. Perhaps that rascal Henderson had told him the truth about his father; perhaps Steen had promised him compensation—he had a mother and a sister dependent on him—which promise the financier meant to avoid, along with many more serious obligations, by running away. At any rate, passion, revenge, the sense of injustice—call it what you like—took hold of the lad. He caught up the first handy weapon; it chanced to be a dagger paper-knife—dangerous things I hate them—and rushed down a back staircase and through the side door in pursuit of his enemy."

"When that had happened, which happened, the fear that comes to all amateurs in crime took him by the throat. He wiped his hands in the snow; he tore off his sleeping suit—that is how I know he had been in bed—and thrust it, with his terrible evidences of murder, into the thatch of the little pavilion. We found it there a day later. Then he started back to the house as naked as a baby."

"He saw us running down the hill and made for the side door, bending double behind the hedge. Who were we? Had we noticed him? Believe me, Mr. Phillips, whether he had held the murder righteous or no, it was only the rage he saw dangling before him. Might not the alarm be given at any moment? He dared not wash himself, and the stairs had dried upon him. He hurried up his clothes, slithering in the chill that had struck home, and so to the safest place he could find—the roulette-table."

"It is well that he died," I said simply.

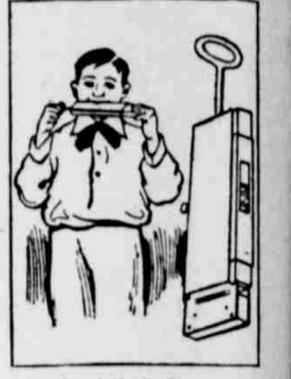
"It saved the law some trouble," remarked the inspector, with a grim little nod at the wall. (CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CHILDREN

NOVELTY IN A MOUTH ORGAN

Case is Held Stationary in Person's Mouth White Bites Back and Forth Within It.

Any man, who, as a small boy has played, or thought he played, a mouth organ, will probably remember how sore his mouth became from sliding the instrument back and forth. An Iowa genius has invented a harmonica which can be played without any such annoyance. The organ proper slides



Novel Mouth Organ.

back and forth in a casing, which is held stationary in the mouth. A handle at one end provides the means for sliding the inner portion. In the front of the casing is an opening through which the player blows or draws in his breath, as the case may be, and the harmonica is operated as the various openings along its body pass this opening in the case. The effect is exactly the same as that achieved with the old-style mouth organ, but there is no danger of cutting the lips on the tin.

UNIQUE LITTLE AERIAL TOY

Anything That Savors of Aviation is of Especial Interest to the Young People Right Now.

In these days of aeronautical expertness, any aerial invention is of unusual interest, even if it is only a toy. The toy shown in the cut was devised by a California man, and its peculiarity is that a glider is blown into the air, describes an arc over the head of the person who blew it, and returns to his feet from the rear. A cylindrical casing has a shaft journaled in it and extending through it and radiating projecting blades secured to the shaft



Novel Aerial Toy.

A blow pipe connects with the casing in eccentric relation to one side, and diametrically opposite the point where the blow pipe enters there is an outlet opening. A glider in the form of an elongated plate, with turned down ends, is set upon pegs on the casing, and when air is puffed through the blow pipe the glider takes its flight.

Fashions for African Brides. An Oil river African belle threads a single row of tiny cowrie shells and hangs these round her hips, leaving to the severe propriety of her spouse to be the ordering of more elaborate costume. He puts his money into wire and disks of brass, and hangs them on his bride. She is weighted from ankle to knee so that she can barely walk, and never knows an hour of ease. When hard times come he removes and sells one of her garments, which is a coil of wire or a plate of brass, the wearing of which has made her straddle deplorably all her married days. The bride of central Australia is dowered with an apron, with which it is the privilege of her husband to chastise her.

Trick. "Twice 10 are 6 of us. Six are but 3 of us. Nine are just 4 of us. Twelve are but 6 of us. Five are but 4 of us. What are we?"

To people who have never heard the puzzle before the above is a poser indeed, and the ignorant may spend hours hunting for a solution. The answer is the number of letters in each numeral mentioned, viz., 4-4-6, 6-6-6, 7-6-6-6, 8-1-2, and so on.

Something Missing. It was Bobbie's first day at church and when the organist began to play he asked: "What's that?" "That's the organ," said his mother. "Well," queried Bobby, "where's the monkey?"

Looks Easy. Out of ten friends very few are able to answer the following: "What part of 3 is on the answer is two months."

GIVES BACK WHAT IS GIVEN
Life, in the Main, is Just and Almost Inevitably Returns Good for Good.

The wrong foot first. You have fumbled all you undertook, your fingers have been all thumbs, and everyone about you has seemed smitten with the grouch.

In all this you have been but seeing yourself as in a glass. It is your ugly mood that dims the shining surface of a really pleasant world.

Nothing is so unerring as the total universe. Time and nature seem now and then alighted, and do things unwise and uncalculated for, but they always make it up in the long run and pay every soul back a hundred cents on the dollar.—Woman's World.

