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Colonia Face Cream
A delightful preparation, specially appreciated by ladies who are particular in matters of personal appearance. Sent to you, all charges prepaid, upon receipt of 50 cents. Wusbel Bros. Laboratory, Portland, Oregon.

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"Now," said the stage manager, "you are the heroine. You are supposed to suffer more than anybody else in the play. You must put yourself into a frame of mind which represents grief and remorse."
"I know," replied the leading woman. "I'll try to make myself believe I'm one of the people who paid \$2 to see this play."
—Washington Star.

An Enviably Record
969 Students registered during the past year; the largest number in the history of our school.
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Sporting Blood in Him.

There are ways of doing things. That is elementary and axiomatic wisdom, and yet people are slow to act upon it. Take the case of the East Clevelander who has a garden and a small boy, suggests the Plain Dealer. This man said to his wife the other day:
"Emily, we aren't going to have any sweet corn this season if we don't take better care of it. I wish you would persuade Robert to take a morning from his baseball and swimming, and get after that corn patch."
"I tried to," sighed the mother, "but he just won't do it."
"Tell him you'll give him a quarter to do it."
"I did. I said just yesterday, 'Robert, if you'll cultivate that corn and get all the weeds out of it by noon I'll give you a quarter to put in your bank.'"
"Oh, pshaw! That's not the way to do it. Call him in here and I'll fix it. Robert, have you got any sporting blood in you? Will you take a small bet? I'll bet you a quarter you can't get that corn hoed before noon today."
"I got you," says Robert. Then as a look of triumph spreads over his father's face he adds, "Have you got any sporting blood in you?"
"I sure have, Robert."
"Then I'll bet you a half dollar you win the bet. I'll be at the office this noon and collect."
The corn isn't hoed yet.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.
Strawberry Is From Chili.
A great many people are under the impression that the strawberry is of European origin. As a matter of fact, it is derived from the Chilean berry, which is native to the Pacific Coast.
Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.
"Papa, I want an ice cream sundae." "All right, dear, remind me of it again; this is only Tuesday."—Houston Post.

Recruit.
"A bad mess," declared the junior partner. "Lot of urgent mail to be answered and the typewriter has just left." "The office boy is always fooling around that machine," suggested the senior partner. "Put him in now and let's see what he can do as a pinch hitter."—Pittsburg Post.

"That man is one of our leading capitalists," said Miss Cayenne. "Didn't know he was in that line at all. What is his specialty?" "The capitalization of the letter 'L'."—Washington Star.
For Sunburn, Insect Bites, Ivy Poison or any other skin inflammation use Tyree's Antiseptic Powder and get quick relief. 25c. at druggists. Sample sent free by J. S. Tyree, Washington, D. C.—Adv.

Old lady (offering policeman tract)—I often think you poor policemen run such a risk of becoming bad, being so constantly mixed up with crime.
Policeman—You needn't fear, mum. It's the criminals who run the risk of becomin' saints, bein' mixed up with us!—Punch.
YOUR LIVER
REGULATES YOUR SYSTEM
REGULATE YOUR LIVER WITH
WRIGHT'S SINDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
GRANULATED EYELIDS
Inflamed or Sore Eyes and Sides promptly healed with
Roman Eye Balsam
When It Had Another Meaning.
"Gown" now means a swell dress, but there are old-fashioned girls who will blush if you call it by that name.
Intuition.
Intuition has been defined as a quick method of arriving at a totally incorrect conclusion.—Puck.
"Can you direct me to the best hotel in this town?" asked the stranger, who had set satchel upon the station platform.
"I can," replied the man who was waiting for a train going the other way, "but I hate to do it."
"Why?"
"Because you will think after you've seen it that I'm a liar."—Chicago Herald.

SERIAL STORY
The Isolated Continent
A Romance of the Future
By Guido von Horvath and Dean Hoard
Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman in the United States and Great Britain.

SYNOPSIS.
For fifty years the continent of North America had been isolated from the rest of the world by the use of Z-rays, a wonderful invention of Hannibal Prudent. The invention had saved the country from foreign invasion, and the continent had been united under one government with Prudent as president. For half a century peace and prosperity reigned in this part of the world. The story opens with President Prudent critically ill. His death is hastened by the receipt of a message from Count von Werdenstein of Germany that he has at last succeeded in penetrating the rays. Dying, he warns his daughter Astra that this means a foreign invasion. He tells her to hurry to the island of Clrynth, but dies before he can tell the location of the place. Astra is nominated for the presidency of the continental party. Napoleon Edison calls on Astra, informs her that he was a pupil of her father's, and promises to help her. He gives her a package of a newly discovered substance which, he says, will solve the problem of flying. Chevalier di Leon appears in Europe. He notes that preparations have been completed for an invasion of America. He calls on von Werdenstein and offers him the secret of making gold. He demands in return absolute disarmament and peace. The chevalier is suspected of being an American. He is seized at night and carried off in an aeroplane. Astra is inaugurated as president. She receives a message from Edison, whose long silence has worried her, that he has been a prisoner for two months on the island of Helgoland and has just escaped. He promises that the confederated fleet of Europe has sailed for America. He promises to call on her the following night. Countess Rosiny, a spy, becomes a prisoner in hope of securing Napoleon's secret. She falls in love with him.
CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.
He elevated his arm. After a few twirlings and twistings of the instrument a click was heard and then came the whizzing sound of a bullet.
"Now watch right above us."
Five minutes later, at an immense height, a flash occurred. Directly after the flash a spiral light began to descend, slowly; then, after several minutes, an explosion followed that put an end to the dropping spiral of fire and above them a small white cloud puff slowly fell downward.
"That was a beauty!" commented Captain Euler.
"Have you any more?" inquired the countess.
"I am sorry, madam, but this is the last for tonight," answered Chevalier di Leon, with eyes turned steadily toward the southeast. They all set down, and Captain Euler and the countess started a conversation in which the chevalier refused to take part; he was watching the sky and the stars. It was much later than usual when he returned to his gilt cage, but he was satisfied at last; he had seen a star that winked at him familiarly.
The next day the countess asked if they were to have fireworks again, but the chevalier thought it would lose its charm if they had the displays too often. He retired to his room that evening, complaining of a slight headache.
"Shall I call the post doctor?" asked Captain Euler, but the chevalier declined.
When in his sleeping-room he looked over the contents of his small baggage and selected a number of articles that he packed into one bundle. Then he left the room.
The reading-room was the one that was connected with the outer world by the stairway that ran to the roof. The chevalier stepped quickly to the door leading to the corridor and listened; he could hear the sentry walking up and down. He saw with satisfaction that the door could be locked on the inside with key and bolts; then he examined the door that led to the roof. It was a heavy door, that could be locked only from the inside. He silently crept up the stairs and peered into the inclosure; under one of the plants, in the shade, was the countess reading. There were a number of heavy objects with which the door could be barricaded.
He quietly descended, without being seen by the countess, and inspected her room. Apparently finding everything to his satisfaction, he picked up a book from the table and joined the countess.
"Are you feeling better, my dear chevalier?"
"I thank you, countess, yes. And how are you? Does not this imprisonment tell on your nerves?"
She sighed. "Chevalier, I think it does. If I were in a dark dungeon it could hurt me more; but a prison is a prison, and gilt bars are hateful."
"Why are you here?"
She smiled sadly. "You ask me why I am here as if you did not know my mission."
"Your mission—then you are not a prisoner?"
"I am a prisoner just as long as you are one, chevalier. My fate binds me to you. Why should I hesitate to tell you?" She looked around, and then in a whisper she continued: "I am in the service of the international police, chevalier, and I was sent to you to get your secret." Great tears rolled

down her cheeks. "Chevalier, please don't interrupt me; I want you to know all. The chancellor wants to know your mission in Europe, from where you come and the secret of gold." She was now openly sobbing.
Neither spoke for some time; at last the chevalier turned to the countess: "It is just possible that I am making the greatest mistake of my life, but—what is the difference—you have been frank with me, and I will be frank with you."
She lifted her face quickly. The chevalier thought for a second. "Would you like to get rid of all that belongs to the past? Would you come with me?"
She looked at him with such unutterable longing that he felt irresistibly drawn toward her; he actually started toward the fascinating woman with arms extended. Then his saner nature reminded him of all that would result from letting their friendship merge into a love affair, and he stopped.
A wave of rage swept over her when she saw his hesitation and decision, but she whispered softly: "I shall go with you."
"Now we are becoming real conspirators; be prepared so that at a moment's notice you can leave."
"Where will you take me?"
"Wherever my stars lead!" was his enigmatical answer, as he left the room and went to his room to sleep.
Night came again, the captain left them alone at 9:30, saying that he had some writing to do.
Chevalier di Leon watched the sky, which was somewhat cloudy; there was a strong wind that drove the ragged wanderers to and fro.
The winking star he had observed several times before was stationed in the eastern sky.
Neither of the prisoners talked; both seemed to be fully occupied with their thoughts. Suddenly di Leon turned to the dreaming countess: "Are you willing to leave with me tonight, in half an hour?"
"But how absurd that is, chevalier!" "Do you trust me implicitly?"
"I do!"
"Then go to your room and get all the things that you need to take along ready. Will half an hour be enough?"
"I will be ready."
He led the countess down to her room, and from that moment the chevalier became energy itself. First of all, he locked the door of the reading-room, then ran into his own room, picked up his bundle of belongings and hastily placed it on the roof. He arranged several heavy objects around the trapdoor leading to the reading-room and then sent a rocket from his signal gun toward the winking star.
The light that followed was taken as a warning by the superstitious soldiers on duty below; the red and white stripes of the American flag high up in the air, and the silvery stars on the blue background completed the flag that was causing so much annoyance to Europe.
The red star above twinkled reassuringly and a second later the roof of the prison was flooded with a strong light. The chevalier ran down and knocked at the countess's door. "Are you ready?"
"I am," she replied and appeared with a small suitcase in her hand.
Just as they opened the door leading to the roof, a secret door in the wall, that had escaped the chevalier's scrutiny, opened and Captain Euler stepped into the room.
"To the roof, countess," the chevalier whispered in the ear of the woman and he stepped before the captain. Back of the captain, through the half-open door, he could see several soldiers.
"Your recent fireworks have aroused some suspicion, chevalier."
"I am sorry, captain, but I cannot stop to explain things to you just now; I am in a hurry."
"In a hurry?"
"Yes, my dear captain. I have just time enough to thank you for your kind hospitality, and to bid you farewell!"
The captain stepped forward, but before he could touch the chevalier there was a flash that blinded all. By the time the captain had recovered enough to shout: "To the devil with your jokes!" the chevalier was gone.
Captain Euler ran to the roof door, only to find it barricaded; it took some time for them to force the door, and when they reached the roof and played their searchlight over the whole space, not a soul was to be found.
An hour later Astra received her message from Napoleon Edison.
The following morning early risers in Berlin were treated to a novel sight. High above the city, a white-headed, tremendously large eagle appeared; it circled above the town for a while, then turned suddenly toward the west and disappeared with a rapidity that was astounding.
The learned Professor Kipfelholmer, a noted sociologist who was one of the first to see it, was certain that the bird was a genuine American eagle.

CHAPTER IX.
In the Master's Workshop.
The following day was a long one for Astra; hope, joy and the expectation of seeing the man who was able to do so much made her restless.
Shortly before noon a report came from the Z ray generating station advising that a peculiar vibration seemed to be forcing the rays backward. Orders were given to establish the new Z zone, also to watch for further disturbances and, after a lapse of six hours, to remove the first line of resistance, leaving the new Z ray to meet the invaders.
Astra was happy indeed when she descended to the library to await Napoleon's arrival. As the hands of the chronometer pointed to ten, she listened intently. The main door was opened just as the clock gave forth

its tinkling warning. A moment later Napoleon Edison was admitted to the library and Astra hurried toward him with welcoming hands.
She saw at a glance that his healthy bronze complexion was gone and that he was thinner. She also noted the unfamiliar clothes he was wearing.
"I am so glad that you have come at last!" were her first words.
"I have longed to come, Miss Prudent, but I was detained in a prison, where I had everything but liberty."
"Please be seated; you must be weary after your long trip." She led him to a chair and took a seat opposite. "There has not been a day, since your visit here, that I have not longed for some news from you. And you, all the time, were in prison."
Edison said: "I crossed the isolator in my aerodrome, ascending thousands of feet to get over. My assistant engineer, Santos Duprel, was with me; we landed on the deserted Zugspitze, in Germany. I alone descended on skis to Partenkirchen, where I purchased European clothes. Duprel and I were in constant communication with each other until my imprisonment, which came so quickly that I had no chance to advise him. I had the honor, before I was confined, to meet his majesty, the Emperor of Germany, the Prince of Wales and, above all, the Count von Werdenstein, who is the real ruler of Europe."
"Are your plans for our defense formulated?" Astra asked.
"I will, with your permission, tell them in a more detailed manner at the workshop. I hope you will accompany me there as soon as you can."
"I am ready to go at any time; only you know I cannot leave the capital for a long period. Besides, I must lay a decided plan of action before the continental congress meets, day after tomorrow. Where is your plan?"
He looked at her in surprise, but all he could see in her face was frank expectation, and in a measured voice he said:
"On the island of Clryne."
"Clrynth!" whispered Astra.
"At last you have spoken the word!" said Napoleon eagerly. "The word I have been expecting to hear you say."
Astra looked at Napoleon questioningly; evidently there was something back of this that she was supposed to know. Napoleon read her thoughts: "Miss Prudent, I will enlighten you. When I discovered the element of which your ring is made I came to your father. He was a friend and teacher. When your father realized the value of my discovery and saw the far-reaching possibilities of this wonderful metal he gave me full instructions, and I based my further experiments on them.
"His prophetic soul foresaw the events that are now upon us, and he was anxious to know the results of my experiments. Three days before his death I received a letter from him. I had just returned from the trial trip of my aerodrome. I was intoxicated with my success. The American Eagle, my first aerodrome, was a marvel, but I will come to that later. I hurried to the capital as soon as I read your father's letter, but was too late! How happy he would have been to know that I had won, that no nation can destroy the work of his lifetime." Napoleon's voice softened to a whisper. "But his last letter told me that you would be instructed to go to the island of Clryne and that, when I met you, you would greet me with the word you have just spoken, 'Clrynth,' the name I have given to this element."
Astra's eyes filled with tears. The memory of the last hour of her father returned to her in its smallest detail, and then she told Napoleon how the dying man had tried to tell her everything, but that the shock caused by the message from Count von Werdenstein had killed him before he could do so, though with his last strength he had written, in shaking letters, the word: "Clrynth."
"I cannot tell what he said about you," finished Astra, smiling at Napoleon through her tears. "All I can say is that I am very happy today, for you have come."
Her expressive eyes told even more, and Napoleon Edison felt that he was amply rewarded for the services he had rendered, not for the girl he loved, but for the country they both loved.
"I have one favor to ask, your excellency!"
"Whatever it is, I will grant it in advance."
"The Countess Rosiny, whom I have mentioned, and who played a part in the plot, is homeless in our continent. She is in the waiting-room. I brought her with me, thinking you would not let her go without trying to aid her. Under your care, I feel sure she will regain all that is good in her nature and lose all that is bad."
"She is welcome," Astra said, simply, and started to summon an attendant, but Napoleon interrupted her.
"Astra, permit me! Before you call her, I wish we could make arrangements for your visit to my island."
"How long does it take to make the trip?"
Edison smiled. "The word 'distance' is stricken from the American dictionary. I will place you on the island within three hours."
"Where is your island?"
"Where the 124 degree W. of Greenwich and the 34 degree N. meet."
"In the Pacific Ocean! Wonderful! Could we go tomorrow?"
"Yes, but I think it would be best to travel at night, as I wish to keep the existence of the American Eagle a secret for a while."
"That is wise. Let us start at eleven tomorrow evening."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Germs are bad, of course; but they could be worse. Suppose they came at their work!

Talking Shop.
Enthusiastic interest in one's occupation is always an advantage, but, on the other hand, it is not well for a woman in business to talk of her work at all times and places. Naturally, the thing that we do constantly is our most absorbing interest, but we must remember that other people have other things to talk about.
Supreme Test.
The supreme test of physical fortitude: To kiss a lady doctor.—Smart Set.
Look to Your Own Powers.
Winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.—Gibson.
Almost Silent.
If money really talks some men are fond of whispering.—Judge.
When Your Eyes Need Care
Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try It for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is recommended by our Oculists—most a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practices for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 50c and 60c per Bottle. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.
Laughter Pays Well.
Laughing as a business-getter attracts favorable attention, makes pleasant impressions, transforms gruffness into cheerfulness and leaves the work done with a contented after-feeling.
No Cause to Worry.
"My brushes are all worn out," sighed the futurist painter, "and I have no money to buy new ones."
"Never mind," his wife replied. "Take the broom!"

Wan, Weary and Worn Out
If You Feel Fagged to a Finish and Utterly Used Up Here is Quick Relief.
Half the people who meet complain of weary muscles, stagnant brain, jangled nerves, and a mournful desire to lay down and just quit. Most of these people have been using nervines that spasmodically flare up the nerves only to die down again, as die they must. Avoid nerve stimulants. Bear in mind that this worn out feeling is due to poor blood, to bacteria in the water you drink; to the multiplying of destructive germs in the blood faster than they can be overcome by the white corpuscles; and to what is known as auto-toxemia, that condition where the venous or impure blood accumulates faster than it can be replaced by the red arterial blood.
One ingredient in S. S. S. serves the purpose of stimulating the cellular tissues to select from the blood the nutriment that renews its health and energy.
If you feel played out go to any drug store and ask for a bottle of S. S. S., Swift's Sure Specific. Insist upon having it and do not be persuaded to take something else claimed to be "just as good." S. S. S. is a remedy that gets at work in a twinkling; it just naturally rushes right into your blood, scatters germs right and left, up and down and sideways. You feel better at once, not from a stimulant, not from the action of drugs, but from the rational effect of a natural medicine just as active and just as timely as to a man who has been lost in the mountains, is about starved and comes across a settler just cooking a savory meal of good honest beef. Do not neglect to get a bottle of S. S. S. to-day. It will make you feel better in just a few minutes. It is prepared only in the laboratory of The Swift Specific Co., 140 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Send for their free book telling of the many strange conditions that afflict the human family by reason of impoverished blood.
"The time has passed," said the orator haughtily, "when any man can hide himself behind a woman's petticoats."
"You bet!" commented the cynic in the back seat. "Those X-ray skirts have stopped that."—Buffalo Express.
Every man likes to say that when he was younger he was quite handy with his mitts. Also, that "he was a devil among the girls."—Athens Globe.
"Here's something queer," said the dentist. "You say this tooth has never been worked on before, but I find small flakes of gold on my instrument." "I think you have struck my back collar button," replied the victim.—Cullage Commercial.
He—Don't you think that you could learn to love me? She—Well, I don't know. I learned to like olives six or seven years ago.—Somerville Journal.

CRESCENT BAKING POWDER
ONE POUND
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Raises the Dough Better
ALL GROCERS.