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THE WOODBURN NURSERIES Woodburn, Ore.

Memorial to Be Marble.

Washington, D. C.—The Lincoln Memorial commission has decided to award the contract for the erection of superstructure of the Lincoln Memorial in this city to a local construction company at \$1,637,800.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN. \$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 and \$5.00. Includes an illustration of a man's face and a shoe.

Lime and Sulphur Spray. Turnips and Watermelons. Turnip seeds scattered among the watermelon vines after cultivation has ceased, will produce a good second crop on the land.

Bookkeeping - - Shorthand - - Telegraphy. To your Ability add BEHNKE-WALKER training. Behnke Walker BUSINESS COLLEGE Oregon.

CEMENT FEEDING FLOOR BEST

No Better Foundation Can Be Had Than Solid Clay Soil—No Advantage in Using Rocks. In making a cement feeding floor on ground underlaid with clay a few inches below the surface, remove the surface dirt down to its hard clay foundation. Then tap that down concrete made of one part of Portland cement, two parts of clean, coarse, sharp sand and four parts of crushed rock or clean gravel, thoroughly mixed dry, then wet and remixed, right onto the clay.

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.

To Remove Stains. Grass stains may be removed from washable fabrics by rubbing with fresh lard before washing.

Use for Aniline Colors. That aniline colors have a marked action upon various kinds of microbes appears to be established. It is discovered that aniline compounds in general act to destroy microbes, even in greater degree than does phenic acid.

Much Gold in World's Coin. Seventy per cent of the gold in civilized man's possession is in the form of coin.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy.

Shake Into Your Shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet.

Knew Where He Was. Sportsman—"Can you tell me where to send a handkerchief I have found belonging to Father Maloney?" Irish Priest—"I can; but he'll have no use for it. He's been in Hiven these three weeks."—Punch.

THINK OF THE MILLIONS that have been relieved in the past 75 years by Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills and decide whether they are not worth a trial. They regulate the bowels, stimulate the liver and purify the blood. Adv.

SERIAL STORY

The Isolated Continent A Romance of the Future By Guido von Horvath and Dean Hoard

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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 Wendenstein of Germany that he has 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 Clyryne, but dies before he can tell the location of the place. Astra is nominated for the presidency by the continental parliament, and she carries off an Astra, informs her that he was a pupil of her father's, and promises to help her. He gives her a ring made of a new, diamond-shaped substance which, he says, will solve the problem of flying. Chevalier de Leon appears in Europe. He calls on von Wendenstein and offers him the secret of making gold in return for absolute disarmament and peace. The chevalier is suspected of being an American. He is arrested at night and carried off in an airplane. 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 Helgeland and has just escaped. He announces that the confederated fleet of Europe has sailed for America. He promises to assist her in the following night. Countess Rosita, a spy, becomes a prisoner in hope of securing Napoleon. He tells her to join him in an attempt to escape. By the use of fireworks he summons a curious flying machine which resembles a motor car. He escapes and sends his message to Astra. Edison calls on Astra as promised. He tells her his plans for defense have been completed, but that he will give full details at his workshop on the island of Clyryne in the Pacific. They make the trip in three hours. His plans are based on the peculiarity of the new substance, zynth, which is lighter than any known metal and is practically indestructible. The European fleet is destroyed on her line of isolation, but find that the Americans have established a second one. Edison delivers a note to von Wendenstein in his fastest messenger plane. He is withdrawn. Edison is attacked, but by the use of some mysterious power he destroys two warships and several planes. Hearing a helplessness Wendenstein withdraws his fleet and consents to universal disarmament.

CHAPTER XII. Casting the Net.

Six months had passed. The captured army and navy had been sent home to Europe and disarmed. The various monarchs had raged at the Count von Wendenstein for acceding to the terms of the agreement submitted by the United Republics, but the people were happy.

The United Republics of America offered a large tract of land in the interior of Brazil, Venezuela and Colombia for emigration purposes. Drainage and irrigation had been so perfected that those great plateaus were habitable and supplied the richest agricultural districts in the world.

A meeting had been called to formulate the rules of peace. Napoleon, with full sanction and authorization of Congress, made short work of the agreement with the orientals. He appeared above the island Empire and announced the ultimatum: that he would blow up every man-of-war unless they were turned over to the United Republics of America peacefully, in which case the latter would pay one-third the value of the monsters. The orientals had been prepared for this action and agreed to the terms. China, the young Oriental Republic, followed Japan's example.

Christmas was nearing. The war vessels of the world were harbored in the ports of the Americans and turned over to the Navy Department, with the command that they be used for commercial purposes.

The disarmament went on all over the world. When Christmas day dawned, peace reigned. Not Christian peace, but a peace begotten of fear.

The 24th of December found the American Continent open to everyone. Napoleon Edison, on account of the service he had rendered his country, had been appointed president of the world peace committee.

His mother's illness had caused him anxiety. He spoke of it to Astra one day while the Countess Rosiny was near. The beautiful Rosita had undergone a great change. She was believed to be a thorough American in spirit, and had thus gained the confidence of the people surrounding Astra.

She begged Astra and Napoleon to let her go and comfort Mrs. Edison. They consented, glad to have her go to the island of Clyryne, even though the secrets of the aerodromes were there, to be a companion to Mrs. Edison.

Astra said it would be very lonely without her, and Napoleon solved the problem in a way that pleased the countess the most. "I will take you to Clyryne in the Eagle and send you back in a few days by Santos, and you can thus divide your time between Astra and my mother." She could hardly repress her triumphant joy.

That evening Napoleon took Rosita to Clyryne, to his mother.

She won the mother's sympathy at once. Her pleasant companionship was a relief to the stately matron, as save the servants there were no other women on the island. It was she who watched over the precious plant during the long and repeated absences of Napoleon.

Notwithstanding the difference in their ages, they became good friends. Rosita was anxious to see the manufacturing plant, where the aerodromes were made, but she was not permitted to enter the workshop, as she had failed to obtain Napoleon's permission to do so. He had promised to return for her within a few days, or to send Santos. One balmy morning the two women were enjoying the sea breeze on the porch, when they saw the aerodrome approaching from the east. The great bird settled in its hangar gracefully. The two women went down the path to meet, as they supposed, Napoleon. But it was Santos Duprel, bringing two letters, one from Napoleon to his mother and the other from Astra to the countess.

Santos' honest eyes glowed when he saw Rosita, who took pains to give him a friendly glance as she shook hands.

Her letter said that Santos and the Hawk were at her disposal, and that Astra would be glad to see her again as soon as Mrs. Edison's condition permitted her to leave. She also invited Mrs. Edison to come to the capital, but the mother knew that her son depended on her presence on the island, so declined.

Rosita expressed deep disappointment when Mrs. Edison gave her reasons for not going back with Santos and the Hawk, but the chance to talk to Santos on the return trip suited her best. After some hesitation she decided to make a flying trip to Washington the next day, assuring Mrs. Edison that she would stay only a day.

Santos received instructions to be ready to leave early in the morning. The little, round fellow was elated when he thought of the three hours alone with Rosita.

His nights, since he had met Astra and Rosita, were restless. Rosita's many kindnesses especially gave him food for thought. He paid more attention to matters of dress; he shaved his round, ruddy face every day. He even used perfume.

It dazzled him to think of the trip to the capital with the countess for company.

Early in the dewy morning Santos brought the Hawk to the cottage and waited for Rosita.

A little later the wonderful machine leaped into the air and up and forward with mighty flaps of the glittering wings.

Countess Rosiny rose and went slowly forward to the man who was directing the flight of the great bird; the brain of the mechanism.

She leaned over the railing that separated the cabin from the steering wheel and the various levers. "How high are we now, Mr. Duprel?" she asked.

Santos looked at the aerograph: "2,527 feet, countess. Do you want to go higher?"

"Oh, yes!" The Hawk darted up; a turn of the wheel worked the wings, and electric sparks were seen in a steady stream.

"What a wonderful machine this is!" whispered the countess in Santos' ear. He had mastered his timidity.



"How Much I Admire Men Like You, Mr. Duprel!"

and, for the first time, turned to look at her. Her brilliant eyes melted into the light blue, round eyes of Santos. "Yes, it is," he said simply. "Are we going still higher?" she asked in a breathless tone.

Santos looked hurriedly at the aerograph and saw that it showed 16,000 feet. In his nervousness he had gone higher than he intended, so he hastily changed the direction. It was bitterly cold for a short time, but the wings soon generated enough heat to warm the cabin; in fact, it was too warm, and Santos opened the air condenser that let in the fresh, pure air of that altitude, where it is clear and intoxicating in its sweetness.

"How much I admire men like you, Mr. Duprel. You have conquered the air!" whispered the countess to the good boy who had succumbed to her charms.

"Countess, you are too good to me; you are the sweetest, dearest woman I have ever met," stammered the bird man. He was still more dazed when she placed her dainty, dimpled hand on the steering wheel where it touched his.

"By with such velocity?" questioned Rosita.

"Electricity," was all the little man said; then he smiled at his fair passenger, whose hand still rested on the wheel, touching his.

"Electricity?" She looked around at the simple machinery in sight. "How do you generate it?" Santos laughed at the shrewd question. "We don't. At least, not much of it." Then he suddenly closed his mouth like one who has realized he is saying too much.

The clever woman read his thoughts. She was quiet for a short time, then her hand released the wheel and fell in her lap. She sighed deeply.

"Are you happy, Mr. Duprel?" was her sudden question.

Santos was so surprised that he gave an involuntary pull at the wheel that took them from their course. "Why do you ask this question, countess?"

"Because a man like you ought to be very happy."

"A poor, lonesome fellow, such as me?"

"Are you lonely? I would have supposed that a genius, who could conquer the air and save his country, couldn't be lonely."

Santos Duprel put on the automatic lock and let the wheel go. His instinct was aroused; something told him that this beautiful woman was playing with him, and he, the brave Santos Duprel, turned toward the bewitching enemy with eyes lit up.

"Countess Rosiny! Why are you playing with me? I am not a great man. I am not an inventor and conqueror; I am only a simple workman trying to give my best to my master. Should you tell all this to him, to Napoleon Edison, it would be well placed, but why do you speak to me this way?"

His appearance was changed. His tone was clear and strong. His round face was pale.

The countess looked at him as if fascinated by his outburst. Tears appeared in her eyes.

"Mr. Duprel! Have I wounded you? I am all alone, with no one to care for me. You have been so kind to me that I have, ever since Helgoland, looked on you as my best friend. Can I help it if my loneliness has—"

she did not finish her sentence, but fell to sobbing hysterically and poor Santos' heart was softened.

"Can you pardon me, Mr. Duprel? Will you still be my friend, my kind-hearted friend?" She offered both her hands to the unhappy man.

The control signal rang. Santos jumped to the wheel. He was excited, but automatically slackened the Hawk's pace. It almost fell downward with a graceful curve settled on the roof of the Crystal Palace.

Astra was awaiting Rosita's arrival, and Santos watched the two women as they walked toward the elevator that took them down to their rooms. "At eleven tomorrow night," called Rosita, with a friendly wave of her hand.

Santos felt the encouragement in her manner and happily took the Hawk to its resting-place.

CHAPTER XIII. Letters From Europe.

The Countess Rosiny was surprised to find a number of letters awaiting her, all bearing European postmarks.

"How did they reach me?" she asked Astra.

"Napoleon told the Count von Wendenstein that you are my guest, and he also made arrangements to have your property interests protected."

"Mr. Edison is very kind." She looked at Astra. "Do you know, I sometimes envy you."

Astra raised her eyebrows questioningly. "My dear, I do; you are so good and noble that Mr. Edison cannot help loving you as he loves goodness itself through you."

Astra sighed: "Then you love Napoleon, Rosita?"

"I love him, indeed," she replied laughing. "And were I as good as you are, I would take up the glove and fight for the prize. But I—my heart was poisoned long ago. I do not inspire pure love." Her voice sounded somewhat bitter.

"Dear sister," said Astra, putting her arm around Rosita, "I cannot believe that you are not as good as you appear, for I do not believe I could love you as I do if you were not good and true."

Astra left to preside at the Educational Society of Independent Women of America. "We shall have luncheon together at two o'clock, and then we will have a ride with Napoleon," she said as she left.

Rosita hurriedly went to her own rooms, taking the letters she had received. One was in Count von Wendenstein's handwriting. She locked her door carefully, then opened the letters one by one, leaving the countess until the last.

RAISES the DOUGH

Better than other powders—producing light, dainty, wholesome cakes and pastries—CRESCENT BAKING POWDER. Includes an illustration of a Crescent Baking Powder tin.

Phones for Rescuers. A telephone designed for use of mine rescuers whose heads are covered with helmets while at work is operated by throat vibrations, the transmitter being held at the throat.

Banish All Skin Troubles

Remarkable Remedy That Works Wonders Against Eczema and All Rash

If you have been fighting some blood trouble, some skin disease, call it eczema, lupus, psoriasis, malaria, or what you will, there is but one sure, safe way to get rid of it. Ask at any drug store for a \$1.00 bottle of S. S. S. and you are then on the road to health. The action of this remarkable remedy is just as direct, just as positive, just as certain in its influence as that of the sun rises in the East. It is one of those rare medical forces which act in the blood with the same degree of certainty that is found in all natural tendencies. The manner in which it dominates and controls the mysterious transference of rich, red, pure arterial blood for the diseased venous blood is marvelous.

Out through every skin pore acids, germs and other blood impurities are forced in the form of invisible vapor. Beneath the skin is a fine net work of nerves, a myriad of them in which S. S. S. works with untiring energy to prevent the further destructive work of the acids and blood impurities. These are scattered into the veins to be driven from the system. The lungs breathe it out, the liver is stimulated to consume a great proportion of impurities, the stomach and intestines cease to convey into the blood stream the catarrhal, malarial germs; the bowels, kidneys, bladder and all emunctories of the body are marshaled into a fighting force to expel every vestige of eruptive disease.

There is scarcely a community anywhere but what has its living example of the wonderful curative effects of S. S. S. Get a bottle of this famous remedy today, and if your case is stubborn or peculiar write to The Swift Specific Co., 150 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Their medical laboratory is famous and is conducted by renowned experts in blood and skin diseases.

Gross Carelessness.

"Bill's going to sue the company for damages." "Why, what did they do to him?" "They blew the quinn' whistle when e' was carryin' a 'eavy piece of iron, and 'e dropt it on 'is foot."—Everybody's Magazine.

MAKING HAIR GROW

It appears that in all the world there has been discovered one drug—and ONLY one—that actually stimulates to renewed action the follicles and cells that nourish the hair and thereby make it grow—even on bald heads. That drug is a standard article of commerce well known to the drug trade. The National Standard Dispensary says it acts as a powerful stimulant to the growth of the hair. Therefore even if you have tried a hundred kinds of hair tonic without that drug you have not proven that a hair tonic containing that drug will not make your hair grow. The best way is to mix your own tonic or have a reliable druggist mix it for you. Here is a formula that includes the drug referred to: Bay Rum, 6 oz.; Menthol Crystals, 1/4 drachm; Lavona de Compose, 2 ounces. You can get these ingredients at any drug store. If you choose you may add 1 drachm of your favorite perfume. Apply to the scalp with the fingers night and morning. This formula is recommended for falling hair and dandruff. It should make your hair grow. It is NOT in any sense a dye and contains no coloring matter whatever, but has a tendency to stimulate the pigment-secreting cells and thereby restore prematurely gray hair to its natural color.

Robber Band Loots Bank.

Fort Smith, Ark.—After a rifle battle with several citizens Wednesday, a band of robbers, who had looted the vaults in the First State bank at Dardenele, Ark., escaped. There were said to have been eight men in the band. The robbers secured approximately \$4,000, according to a statement from the bank officials. The robbers have succeeded in eluding half a dozen posses which are scouring the country.

"Arouse Yourself"

Get rid of that feeling of depression, commonly known as "the blues." It is only the liver that has become lazy as a result of impaired digestion and clogged bowels. Try

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

today and notice the improvement in your general health. It tones and strengthens the entire system.