

WANTED:

Veal, Pork, Poultry, Hides
NO COMMISSION CHARGED.
Write today for tags and our net cash price list. We guarantee fair treatment, highest prices, and prompt payment. **Check by Return Mail.** Give us a trial with next lot of business. **F. H. Schmitz & Co.,** 141-143 Front St., Portland, Or. Tel. 100,000.

SPOT CASH FOR YOUR
Eggs, Poultry, Hogs, Veal
We pay E. C. B. Portland, week ending Oct. 25. Fresh valley eggs, 25c doz; dairy butter, 22c cream; cream, 1200 lbs; springs, 1400 lbs; 47c; 48c; fancy pork, 100 lbs; veal, fancy, 100 lbs; chickens, 50 lb. Ship us furs, wool, hides, and skins. Write for price list and other prices wanted. Cash by return mail. **RUBY & CO.,** 107 Front St., Portland, Or. Assets \$200,000.00.

CARAMELS Delivered on receipt of price. Our special assortment, pure milk. **Public Candy Co.,** 1427 Cathlamet St., Philadelphia.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and location. Most reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

SECOND-HAND MACHINERY
Rebuilt, sold and exchanged, engines, boilers, pumps, etc. See for Stock List and Prices. **THE J. E. MARTIN CO.,** 32 1st St., Portland, Or.

AFFINITY Most popular game of the century. The laughing success, never gets old. Buy mail. **Affinity Card Co.,** 305 Lewis Building, Portland, Oregon.

Agents Wanted

HOLMES
BUSINESS COLLEGE
WASHINGTON & TENTH STS
PORTLAND, ORE.

Most popular of the century. The laughing success, never gets old. Buy mail. **Affinity Card Co.,** 305 Lewis Building, Portland, Oregon.

Agents Wanted

Luck and a Position.
Ralph—Miss Wose, sometimes I think Hattie has a charmed life.
Miss Wose—Why?
Ralph—Whenever he goes after a position he finds it has been taken.—*Kansas City Star.*

You can get insured against any accident except marriage.

Fine Remedy For Eczema
Also for Salt Rheum, Tetter, Psoriasis, Lupus, and All Skin Afflictions.

All skin troubles should be attacked from within by giving the blood circulation a good daily bath. This is accomplished with S. R. S., the best known and most highly recommended blood purifier ever discovered. Its action is very rapid. Its vegetable nature is such that it naturally goes right into the blood, saturates the entire circulation, bathes the tissues with an influence that enables the skin to heal quickly. The action of S. R. S. is that of an antidote, and this fact has been demonstrated time and time again in the most severe forms of weeping eczema.

Its influence in the tissues where the tiny arteries transfer the red blood for the worn out blood to the veins is quite remarkable and goes on constantly with every tick of the clock—the beat of the heart.

And new skin is thus caused to form while the germs of irritating influences that cause eczema are scattered and their harmful nature entirely suspended.

S. R. S. has a wonderful tonic influence in the blood, because it contains no "dope," is not a physic, is entirely free of any mineral drugs or any other drugs except the remarkable medicinal effect of the pure vegetable products of which it is made.

Few people realize how harmful are many of the strong, crude ointments that used to be in favor before they learned that S. R. S. is safe, speedy and sure. Ask at any drug store for a bottle of S. R. S. Give it a good trial and you will soon see a decided improvement in any form of skin trouble. Write to The Swift Specific Co., 160 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for special free advice on eczema and any other form of skin or blood trouble.

Do not allow anyone to palm off a cheap substitute for S. R. S. You will be grievously disappointed if you do. There is nothing else "just as good" as S. R. S.

DRINK HABIT CONQUERED

Wives, mothers and men themselves are reporting by the hundreds a really effective safe, quick-acting home method of overcoming the drink habit. A very interesting book, giving important information, illustrated, will be sent in plain wrapper by the author, **Edward J. Wood,** 621 Sixth Ave., 100 C. New York, N. Y., to anyone who applies. Cut out this ad., show it to others who may want to save somebody from ruin.

WINCHESTER

REPEATING RIFLES FOR HUNTING

No matter what you hunt for or where you hunt, the answer to the question "What rifle shall I take?" is—**Winchester.** Winchester Repeating Rifles are made for all styles of cartridges, from .22 to .50 caliber. Whichever model you select you will find it an accurate shooter, reliable in action and strong in construction. It is an accurate shooter, reliable in action and strong in construction. Winchester Guns and Ammunition—the Red W Brand—made for each other.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Bookkeeping - - Shorthand - - Telegraphy
To your Ability add **BEHNKE-WALKER** training. We stand back of our graduates. Result—a good position—a good salary.

Behnke-Walker
Portland, BUSINESS COLLEGE Oregon.

SERIAL STORY

The Isolated Continent

A Romance of the Future

By **Guido von Horvath and Dean Hoard**

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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's death. 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. Lying, he warns his daughter Astra that this means a foreign invasion. He tells her to hurry to the island of Cyrine, but dies before he can tell her the location of the place. Astra is nominated for the presidency by 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 sample of a newly discovered substance which, he says, will solve the problem of flying. Chevalier de Lenzburg, an American, is suspected of being an American. He is seized 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. He has agreed to be a prisoner for two months on the island of Heloland and has just escaped. He announces that the continental fleet of Europe American ships has been ordered to call on her the following night. Countess Rosita, a spy, becomes a prisoner in hope of securing Napoleon's secret. She falls in love with him. He promises to join him in an attempt to escape. By the use of fire-wire he summons a curious flying machine which resembles a monster eagle. 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 Cyrine in three hours. His plans are based on the peculiarity of the new substance, which is lighter than any known metal and is practically indestructible. The Europeans succeed in passing the line of isolation, but find that the Americans have established a second one. Edison delivers a note to von Werdenstein in his flagship demanding that the fleet be withdrawn. Edison is attacked, but escapes by a narrow escape. He sends two destroyers to warships and several aeroplanes. Realizing his helplessness, von Werdenstein withdraws his fleet and consents to a universal disarmament. The Americans are ill on the island of Cyrine. Countess Rosita offers to go and comfort her, hoping to discover Edison's secrets. She begins to wear a net around her neck. Santos, Edison's assistant, the Countess gets a letter from Werdenstein offering her the principedom of Schomburg-Lithow for Edison's secret.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

He went up high in the air and adjusting the electro-stylograph, with which all the aerodromes were equipped, he began to send out calls for Napoleon.

In a few minutes the connection was established and Santos told Napoleon of his discovery.

"Wait for me, my dear boy, I am coming," Santos saw Napoleon adjust the mechanism to full power, then dart forward. They spoke from time to time, and Santos gave directions, until he discovered in the southwestern sky the rapidly approaching American Eagle.

They met on top of the extinct volcano that was called Suemeg, on whose slopes the richest grape vines grew.

Napoleon shook Santos' hand warmly and congratulated him on his discovery. After he had inspected the ground thoroughly he could not find words to express his joy, but as he knelt there, looking up, his whole being expressed a silent prayer of thanksgiving toward the omnipotent being who creates and governs the universe.

"We don't need to look farther, Santos; there is sufficient clyrinity under our feet to meet the demands of the coming century."

They started homeward.

Napoleon communicated, through his electro-stylograph, with his friend Kalmar, to find out who owned the property on which the peak of Suemeg stood. After a delay his questions were answered. The peak, as part of the Schomburg Lithow estates, had fallen to the crown, as the prince had recently died without heirs. That was all the information he could get, so he decided he would call on the Hungarian minister of agriculture, who would probably be in a position to tell him what he wished to ascertain.

"Fate is jesting with me. I had to find that precious metal in a foreign country, but gold will buy it," thought Napoleon, and returned that day to Washington, to tell his betrothed the good news.

Santos returned to Cyrine, where he found the countess with Mrs. Edison. He did not mention the discovery of the new clyrinity deposit, as he knew Napoleon wanted to keep it secret until negotiations for its purchase were completed.

The little island, hardly three square miles in size, was in the glory of tropical spring, and the fine weather had brought back the health of Mrs. Edison.

The sunsets were wonderful. Poetry and love were adrift in the air. Poor Duprell! It was only a question of time until he would become Rositta's slave, only a question of time when

he would betray his master for a sweet word from those treacherous lips.

Napoleon came a week later and thanked Rositta for her kindness to his mother during her indisposition. He did not talk about the discovery of the rich clyrinity deposit in her presence, but when they went out for a walk he found an opportunity to communicate the good news to his mother.

There was but one obstacle in the way of his acquiring this property. The last Prince of Schomburg Lithow had died. His possessions were now German crown lands and diplomacy must be employed, or the Count von Werdenstein would suspect the value of the property, and if he discovered the secret of the aerodrome Napoleon well knew that he would not hesitate to take to war in the air.

"It would be terrible," he sighed, "to destroy all the good we have accomplished."

Napoleon invited the countess to return to the capital with him and spend a few days with Astra. She consented, and when they were alone asked what had become of the assassin who had sought Astra's life. Napoleon could give her no information except that he was in prison.

Almost every mail brought the countess letters from Europe, among which was another from the Count von Werdenstein.

The cleverly worded contents of that message conveyed the information that Napoleon was interested in a piece of land belonging to the Schomburg Lithow principedom. Rositta was requested to find the reason for his interest. As soon as she was ready to cast the bomb that would destroy peace she might ask would be hers.

All this harmonized with her plans, and she looked forward to the next trip to Cyrine with Santos.

There was a reception at the Crystal Palace that evening for the diplomatic corps of the countries represented at the capital. It brought back the days before the isolation. Uniforms glittered, orders of valor and distinction were exhibited by the Europeans, who seemed to hold to their traditions; the barbaric splendor of the Orient mingled with the simple evening dress of the Americans, for simplicity characterized every American citizen.

When Astra appeared she was herself the greatest jewel.

A concert was arranged for the entertainment of the distinguished guests.

The Countess Rosita and Mr. Hale sat near each other; he was dreamily enjoying the wonderful mellow contralto voice.

An attendant whispered: "A messenger wants to see your ladyship."

Quietly she withdrew from the hall.

Ambrosio Hale looked after her. He had seen the changing expression on her face, and shook his head doubtfully as he watched her leave.

A man awaited the countess in a small reception room; he wore the black cassock of a Trappist monk, an ancient order that still existed in a few of the European countries.

His face resembled that of the Countess Rosita to an extraordinary degree.

When she saw him she uttered one word: "Robert." He motioned for her to step nearer, and she obeyed.

The pale padre brought from under his robe a small parcel and unfolded it. It contained a small locket with a fine chain of gold. Fine miniatures were on either side, and pressed between was a curl of black, glossy hair, bound with a narrow black ribbon. One portrait was Rositta's. The other was a little girl's.

In pantomime the monk told Rositta that he had brought this to her at the request of the little girl. She watched him stupidly, seeming unable to grasp

his meaning. At last it came over her with a rush and she grasped the monk's arm convulsively.

"Brother, what has happened to her, to my—my daughter?"

The monk slowly raised his right hand heavenward.

Rositta gave one shriek and fell fainting.

The monk picked his sister up and placed her tenderly on the sofa, then he wrapped the locket and chain in its silk covering and placed it carefully in the bosom of her dress.

His large eyes rested somberly on Rositta, and a sigh escaped his lips. He crossed himself and, with a last glance at the silent woman, departed.

CHAPTER XV.

Love.

When Rositta regained consciousness she looked around for the Trappist monk whom she had called

Robert. At first, when she saw no one, she felt as though she had had a dream, but she felt the package in her bosom and she knew that it was no dream.

She did not weep. Her eyes were dry and hard. She slowly unwrapped that medallion and looked at that lock of glossy hair. The portrait of her own child and a lock from her head! She repressed her feelings resolutely and left the room with a firm step. She passed through several rooms, nodding now and then to the people she met, until at last she arrived at her own door.

She entered and locked the door, and sank into a chair; not to give way to her sorrow and sob, not to pray for consolation, but to curse the cruel fate that had robbed her of her only child, the only pure, clean, innocent thing in her life.

She looked at the clear, smiling eyes gazing at her from the exquisite little portrait. Still she did not weep; her mouth was tightly closed, and the corners slightly drooped.

"You have taken her from me!" she hissed to the invisible foe. "You wanted to crush me!" She shook her clenched hand toward that phantom pictured in her brain. "But you cannot. I am stronger. Until today there was one pure spot in my soul; I had one being whom I loved unselfishly, whom I wanted with me always, yet I would not let her live in my atmosphere, because I wanted her to be all that I was not. And now she is gone!" She groaned in anguish.

"God! Are you the God of Love that Christ told of, or are you the vengeful, terrible God who vents his wrath 'till the seventh generation? You have taken my love; now my heart is black and empty of all save hatred."

She became calm; her pale face was expressionless, her movements measured.

"Nobody shall know that I have suffered." She stepped before the mirror and looked at herself. "But millions shall suffer. I will make the whole world suffer for my loss.

"No more love, not another tender feeling shall creep in my heart." Her eyes glowed fiercely.

"I swear, by all the devils of the underworld, that I will plunge the world into mourning, that rivers of tears shall flow to repay me for my heart's blood."

After a few minutes' work before her mirror, she emerged from her room as rosy-cheeked as ever and smiling. At first her steps were slow, but they soon quickened, and by the time she arrived at the concert hall nobody could have told that she had gone through a terrible ordeal.

The last entertainer was leaving the stage when she entered the room. No one, save Mr. Hale, knew of her long absence from the hall. When she met Astra she felicitated her on the success of the concert.

When the guests had left, Astra and the countess retired into the little room that was reserved for family occasions.

"You will soon be the happiest woman on earth, my dear," remarked Rositta, casually.

"I am happy now, my dear girl," smiled Astra.

"The gods have given you a wonderful temperament, my dear Astra. You, with your calm, serene nature, were created to be happy. You simply shed the difficulties of life."

"Why, dear, are you unhappy?"

"Unhappy?" A sigh escaped the countess' lips, a spark of fire gleamed in her eyes, then a smile parted her coral lips. "A person with a temperament like mine never could be happy. My selfish mind craves just the thing some one else has, and if I should rob that person I would get tired of the object and cast it away." She looked at Astra, but Astra only smiled serenely, not taking Rositta's remarks seriously.

"Such is my fate, my dear. Tell me, am I responsible for being such an unhappy combination? Am I to be judged by the same measure as you, who cannot help but be good?"

"We all have passions. Mine are for liberty, peace."

"Liberty, peace," repeated Rositta, then relapsed into thought. Had Astra been able to read those thoughts, she would have had cause for alarm. Her brain was filled with war, destruction and mourning all over the world.

The next evening Rositta returned to Cyrine, with Santos at the wheel of the aerodrome.

Napoleon and Astra watched the great bird disappear in the western sky, and then they walked silently to a seat that overlooked the city. Napoleon talked for the first time about his love for her. Astra was calm, but she rose quietly and stood looking at the pulsating city below them. Their love had been understood between them, although they had never spoken of it. Yet it made her heart throb with happiness to hear his tender words. He rose and gently taking her arm, they walked among the plants that grew on the roof. A faint sound of music came to their ears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"I Will—Make the Whole World Suffer for My Loss."

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She entered and locked the door, and sank into a chair; not to give way to her sorrow and sob, not to pray for consolation, but to curse the cruel fate that had robbed her of her only child, the only pure, clean, innocent thing in her life.

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She became calm; her pale face was expressionless, her movements measured.

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When Rositta regained consciousness she looked around for the Trappist monk whom she had called

Robert. At first, when she saw no one, she felt as though she had had a dream, but she felt the package in her bosom and she knew that it was no dream.

She did not weep. Her eyes were dry and hard. She slowly unwrapped that medallion and looked at that lock of glossy hair. The portrait of her own child and a lock from her head! She repressed her feelings resolutely and left the room with a firm step. She passed through several rooms, nodding now and then to the people she met, until at last she arrived at her own door.

She entered and locked the door, and sank into a chair; not to give way to her sorrow and sob, not to pray for consolation, but to curse the cruel fate that had robbed her of her only child, the only pure, clean, innocent thing in her life.

She looked at the clear, smiling eyes gazing at her from the exquisite little portrait. Still she did not weep; her mouth was tightly closed, and the corners slightly drooped.

"You have taken her from me!" she hissed to the invisible foe. "You wanted to crush me!" She shook her clenched hand toward that phantom pictured in her brain. "But you cannot. I am stronger. Until today there was one pure spot in my soul; I had one being whom I loved unselfishly, whom I wanted with me always, yet I would not let her live in my atmosphere, because I wanted her to be all that I was not. And now she is gone!" She groaned in anguish.

"God! Are you the God of Love that Christ told of, or are you the vengeful, terrible God who vents his wrath 'till the seventh generation? You have taken my love; now my heart is black and empty of all save hatred."

She became calm; her pale face was expressionless, her movements measured.

"Nobody shall know that I have suffered." She stepped before the mirror and looked at herself. "But millions shall suffer. I will make the whole world suffer for my loss.

"No more love, not another tender feeling shall creep in my heart." Her eyes glowed fiercely.

"I swear, by all the devils of the underworld, that I will plunge the world into mourning, that rivers of tears shall flow to repay me for my heart's blood."

After a few minutes' work before her mirror, she emerged from her room as rosy-cheeked as ever and smiling. At first her steps were slow, but they soon quickened, and by the time she arrived at the concert hall nobody could have told that she had gone through a terrible ordeal.

The last entertainer was leaving the stage when she entered the room. No one, save Mr. Hale, knew of her long absence from the hall. When she met Astra she felicitated her on the success of the concert.

When the guests had left, Astra and the countess retired into the little room that was reserved for family occasions.

"You will soon be the happiest woman on earth, my dear," remarked Rositta, casually.

"I am happy now, my dear girl," smiled Astra.

"The gods have given you a wonderful temperament, my dear Astra. You, with your calm, serene nature, were created to be happy. You simply shed the difficulties of life."

"Why, dear, are you unhappy?"

"Unhappy?" A sigh escaped the countess' lips, a spark of fire gleamed in her eyes, then a smile parted her coral lips. "A person with a temperament like mine never could be happy. My selfish mind craves just the thing some one else has, and if I should rob that person I would get tired of the object and cast it away." She looked at Astra, but Astra only smiled serenely, not taking Rositta's remarks seriously.

"Such is my fate, my dear. Tell me, am I responsible for being such an unhappy combination? Am I to be judged by the same measure as you, who cannot help but be good?"

"We all have passions. Mine are for liberty, peace."

"Liberty, peace," repeated Rositta, then relapsed into thought. Had Astra been able to read those thoughts, she would have had cause for alarm. Her brain was filled with war, destruction and mourning all over the world.

The next evening Rositta returned to Cyrine, with Santos at the wheel of the aerodrome.

Napoleon and Astra watched the great bird disappear in the western sky, and then they walked silently to a seat that overlooked the city. Napoleon talked for the first time about his love for her. Astra was calm, but she rose quietly and stood looking at the pulsating city below them. Their love had been understood between them, although they had never spoken of it. Yet it made her heart throb with happiness to hear his tender words. He rose and gently taking her arm, they walked among the plants that grew on the roof. A faint sound of music came to their ears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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