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PEARSON-PAGE CO., Portland, Ore.

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Veal, Pork, Poultry, Hides
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Write today for tags and our net cash price list. In guarantee for treatment, highest prices, and check by Western Mail. Give us a trial with our most perfect lot of veal. F. H. Schmalz & Co., 141-143 First St., Portland, Ore. Capital, \$100,000.

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Peril in "White" Australia.
Colonization offers serious problems to the advocates of a "white Australia." North Queensland is within that boundary of 30 degrees north and south of the equator in which white men may live, but they cannot take the doctor's eggs. And the doctor has found that whereas the first generation of whites lives well, the second and third lead down to the failure of the fourth.—London Standard.

Mr. Gompers Sticks.
Whatever may be said or thought of the Hon. Samuel Gompers, he moves how to hold his job as well as his position record.—New York World.

Progressive banks have more than \$300,000 in deposits.

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This is the season for cheer and happiness but you know how it is to "be merry" if your liver has developed a "lazy spell." Become this trouble with a short course of **Worthington's Bitters**.
Very helpful in appetite, Nausea, Constipation and Grippe.

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There is not a medicine for any purpose more carefully made than S. S. S. It represents the highest type of medicine. Its medicinal properties are just as essential to well-balanced health, if the blood be weak, as the nourishing elements of meats, fats and sugars of our daily food. S. S. S. is prepared direct from native medicinal material. Not a drop of drugs is added. Not a drop of mineral is used. This is one of the most important things to know and to remember when your blood needs attention.
It is the most effective, the purest, the quickest and most reliable medicine known for rheumatism, neuralgia, catarrhal infection, malaria, skin diseases, old sores and afflictions that show in the blood, skin and muscles.
An interesting book on the blood is mailed to those who write. Get a bottle of S. S. S. today. It is the world's greatest medicine. It is the dealer handling you S. S. S. and don't let him onto about something that he can't advertise as free, iodine of potash and other destructive general drugs.
If you have trouble getting S. S. S. write to The S. S. S. Co., 206 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. for list of square deal stores.

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 has been isolated from the rest of the world by Z-rays, the invention of Hans Prudent, president of the United States government. A message from Count von Werdenstein, chancellor of Germany, that he has succeeded in penetrating the rays hastens the death of Prudent. Dying, he warns his daughter Astra that foreign invasion is now certain. Astra succeeds her father as president. Napoleon Edison, a former pupil of Prudent's, offers to assist Astra and hints at new discoveries which will make North America impregnable. A man giving the name of Chevalier de Leon offers Werdenstein the secret of making gold in return for European disarmament. The chevalier is made a prisoner. Countess Rosetta, a spy, becomes a prisoner in the hope of discovering Edison's secret. She falls in love with him and agrees to join him in an attempt to escape. By the use of rockets he summons a rocket ship. He escapes and sends a message to Astra which reveals the fact that he is Napoleon Edison. He returns Astra that the consolidated fleets of Europe have sailed to invade America. He calls on Astra the following night and explains his plans for defense. By the use of aeroplanes made of a new substance which is indestructible he expects to annihilate the European forces. He is attacked and several aeroplanes, forces on Werdenstein to agree to universal disarmament. The countess, who has remained in America as a guest of Astra, receives an offer from von Werdenstein of the principality of Schomburg-Lithow in return for Edison's secret. Edison's fleet for the Santos, go in search of new deposits of the remarkable substance, cyrynth. They find it on the estate of Schomburg-Lithow. The countess gets Santos into her clutches. She promises to reveal Edison's secret as soon as von Werdenstein turns over the Schomburg-Lithow to her. On the day of the wedding of Astra and Edison the countess and Santos flee the country. Santos perfects a machine, is made a count and marries the countess, now princess of Schomburg-Lithow. Edison finds a new deposit of cyrynth and builds a fleet of rocket ships. He accidentally discovers a liquid that will render opposing airships helpless. Santos, complicit in the escape of the princess, sends an ultimatum to America, demanding the return of the real plans and is in despair. Edison's new discovery enables his fleet to overcome the fleet of the princess.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

As soon as Santos realized what had happened, he turned to the door and opened it. "Come, Rosetta, my wife, it will be sweet to die together."

"Idiot!" she shrieked.

He looked at her and knew. He turned to his master, who waved a friendly hand at him, and said sadly: "Napoleon, forgive me. I was blinded."

He jumped into the sound and the waters closed over him. Rosetta had not even glanced at him as he fell. She stepped into his place in the doorway and had her foot on the first rung of the ladder that led to the top of the machine when he touched the water. Napoleon opened the door for her, without saying a word.

When she was in the upper machine she stood looking at Napoleon, who was awaiting her further action.

At last she said: "With you I would go down there." Then she flushed and an exquisite little smile appeared on her face. "You devil of a man! You have won again! What do you intend to do with me?"

He looked at her sadly as he replied in a measured voice:

"I will make a queen of you."

"Oh, thanks! That is kind. I presume you have selected a very beautiful country?"

"Yes, Rosetta Rosiny, a very beautiful country. You will have everything you need—it is a veritable Garden of Eden."

She looked at him in alarm, then looked toward her feet. Every one of her aerodromes had been captured.

They reached land. Napoleon called up Whistler and, giving orders regarding the empty aerodrome that he was leaving on a sandbar, released it from the electric clutches of the Eagle. Then he flew up again, with Rosetta sitting motionless and unseeing on the bench. Sending the Eagle toward the south, he turned on full speed.

The man who had outwitted his enemies was silent, watching the rich country run backward under him. Neither spoke on the long journey southward to the Garden of Eden.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Dawn.

A small house had been erected near the Crystal Lake. It had two rooms and kitchen, that was all; but it had been pleasantly and well furnished with everything a lone woman might want. When Napoleon assisted Rosetta from the aerodrome he led her into the pleasant living-room. She followed him obediently, as if in a trance, seating herself in the chair indicated without a word.

"This is your future home, Rosetta," he said, simply.

She did not reply, but sat looking out the window, at the clear lake and the steep mountain sides that overshadowed the little valley forbidding.

A strange fire shone in her eyes.

She stood up slowly and cautiously and stepped to the window. She looked out at the beautiful green foliage and the blooming flowers for a long time, and Napoleon did not disturb her. Her actions commanded respect.

A smile appeared on her face, a smile that reminded Napoleon of his own mother; it expressed mother love, the most holy of all.

"See—see how green the grass is! How blue the sky is! How mild the air, and the water of the Lago di Maggiore is as smooth as a mirror." She beckoned to Napoleon. "Just look at that sweet little girl, see how she runs on the shore—she is after a butterfly. Don't you see her, man! Don't you see her?" She gasped these last words hoarsely and grasped Napoleon's arm. A nameless terror had his noble soul in its grip.

"Answer me, do you see her?" She began to sob. "Ah, don't say no—say you see her. She is my own little girl. She is good and not like her mother. She is good, I say! She must be good to be happy." She sobbed wildly. Turning to Napoleon she screamed: "Speak! Oh, speak to me, or I shall go mad entirely."

He took her hands in his and in a mild voice said: "Rosetta, be quiet; you don't know what you are saying."

She pushed him away. A wild look came into her eyes.

"You fiend! You have killed me, and I'll kill you now!" Her hand slipped into her bosom and a short gilt Venetian dagger glistened brightly. She darted forward blindly and just missed Napoleon. Her dagger struck the wall fiercely. The blade broke and fell with a sharp clink to the floor. The next moment she fainted in Napoleon's arms.

He carried her to the sofa and brought fresh water to revive her.

For two long hours her soul traveled through unknown regions where there is neither time nor distance. When she opened her eyes again she was not the same youthful, vivacious Rosetta. She had become old.

She did not speak for a long time, and Napoleon had the patience to await her pleasure, notwithstanding his neglected duties at Washington.

At last she sat up and said weakly: "Napoleon Edison, you have won. You are strong; I am weak. The Queen Rosetta is dead. The only one I ever truly loved, my little daughter, is dead, and now I can mourn the rest of my life. You may go, Napoleon. That kiss of yours on the roof at Helgoland—that kiss given as alms—is responsible for all I have done." She offered her hand. "Please go; there are many awaiting you. I want to rest in this solitude."

Napoleon took her hand. "Good-by. Should you need me, there is a special signal arrangement in the other room; use it." He left, and she watched his form disappear in the dark night. The man she had once feared, loved and hated was gone, and it was strange, but she found all these conflicting emotions gone as well.

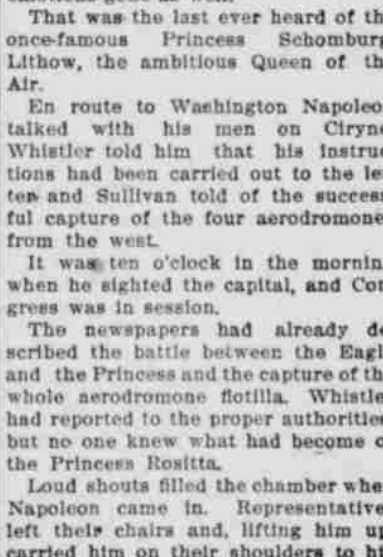
That was the last ever heard of the once-famous Princess Schomburg-Lithow, the ambitious Queen of the Air.

En route to Washington Napoleon talked with his men on Clyne. Whistler told him that his instructions had been carried out to the letter and Sullivan told of the successful capture of the four aerodromes from the west.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when he sighted the capital, and Congress was in session.

The newspapers had already described the battle between the Eagle and the Princess and the capture of the whole aerodrome flotilla. Whistler had reported to the proper authorities, but no one knew what had become of the Princess Rosetta.

Loud shouts filled the chamber when Napoleon came in. Representatives left their chairs and, lifting him up, carried him on their shoulders to his



"My Son, Thou Shalt Be a Citizen of a Happier and More Peaceful Age."

SAID BY THE CHORUS GIRL

Reflections of One Who Has Seen Life That Is by No Means at Its Best.

It would be all right not to judge a man by his money—if there was any other way of measuring him up.

I ain't a pessimist, but—I've seen talent too many years sticking around unregarded while tact in managing a manager gets a taxicab start and an electric light over the theater finish for me to be classed with the optimists.

Temper and temperament—what's the difference? It's temper in the chair, and temperament in the dressing room.

A job that means day and dinner saying so, is an en-

the next seventeen years, according to patents secured, and, since I believe this abortive attempt to crush liberty will not be repeated, I take pleasure in offering my sixty aerodromes to the United Republics of America, to be used in accordance with arrangements to be made. I will reserve the right of ownership and the engagement of aeromen for the machines."

An enthusiastic "hurrah!" sounded and after quiet was restored Napoleon continued:

"The men captured on the Princess' fleet are to be returned to their respective countries and tried as conspirators against the world peace committee and I have no doubt that amicable relations will soon exist between all the nations."

"The United Republics of America is a monument to Freedom and Peace. These two conditions create satisfaction, wealth and advancement of such character that we are nearer the Almighty, who created man in his own image."

Napoleon was interrupted here by an attendant, who slipped a small envelope into his hand. It was addressed to him in his mother's well-known handwriting. He tore it open, ran through the lines and his face became radiant with happiness. He waved his hand toward the waiting audience and without another word quickly left the hall.

His erratic actions would have caused uneasiness if his face had not been so expressive of happiness. He had hardly reached the exit when the representatives cheered once again. He waved his hand in acknowledgment and dashed out.

He raced to the elevator that carried him to his aerodrome and in a few minutes he was on the roof of the Crystal Palace. He quickly descended to the apartment of Astra, his wife.

His mother awaited him outside the door; their embrace told much.

A minute later the great man, the hero, the patriot, the inventor, was kneeling at the bedside of a smiling, happy mother, murmuring broken phrases of joy at her well-being.

At the mother's request, with shaking hands in fear of hurting him, he raised the little, kicking boy and, as he kissed his son, he said with wet eyes:

"My son, thou shalt be a citizen of a happier and more peaceful age."

There is little more to say.

That afternoon Napoleon looked through the mail that had accumulated and found Count von Werdenstein's message addressed to Astra. He carried it, together with other urgent letters, to her. She asked him to read it to her.

"Your Ladyship: My secret service agents have informed me that the Princess Schomburg-Lithow is planning to overthrow the present peaceful balance that exists all over the world."

"I was reared a man of arms and I have been a believer in our glorious traditions. It has taken a long time for me to realize the blessings of Equality, Liberty and Fraternity, but I have realized them at last.

"I regret that I have not the power to crush the princess' conspiracy, for which I, personally, am to blame. On account of my inability to do this I beg your ladyship to inform your honorable husband of the contents of this letter. He is the only one who can check the uprising, and I hope this will find him prepared."

"For the future, I intend to do all I can to make the coming generation a better and more contented one. I intend to try to follow the example set by the man whom I now appreciate."

"In the hope that my warning will reach you in good time and will be of service to your ladyship, I remain, with sincere regards,

"VON WERDENSTEIN."

"I am glad that a man like the count has seen the light," was Napoleon's simple comment when he had finished reading the letter.

Astra's eyes rested lovingly on Napoleon, then wandered over to the crib in which their baby boy slept.

They both felt the dawn of a happier age.

THE END.

CURRENCY BILL BECOMES LAW

President Promptly Signs New Money System Measure.

Washington, D. C.—President Wilson signed the Glass-Owen currency bill at 6:01 o'clock Tuesday night, in the presence of members of his cabinet, the congressional committee on banking and currency and Democratic leaders in congress generally.

With a few strokes of the pen President Wilson converted into law the measure to be known as the Federal Reserve act, reorganizing the nation's banking and currency system, and furnishing, in the words of the President, "the machinery for free and elastic and uncontrolled credits, put at the disposal of the merchants and manufacturers of this country for the first time in 50 years."

An enthusiastic applause ran through the ceremony, not only as the President affixed his signature, but as he delivered an extemporaneous speech, characterizing the desire of the administration to take common counsel with the business men of the country and the latter's efforts to meet the government's advances as "the constitution of peace."

The event came at the close of a day of rejoicing in the national capital, for congress has recessed for two weeks for the first time since it convened last April. The Democratic leaders were jubilant because they had completed two big pieces of legislation—the tariff and the currency reform—in nine months, a performance which they considered unprecedented in the history of the country.

Mexican Federals Adopt Revolutionist's Tactics

Juarez, Mex.—A flying wedge of federal troops swept into rebel territory Thursday and, adopting the tactics of guerrilla warfare, began a campaign to destroy railroad bridges and telegraph lines, according to rebel reports.

Their first act was to cut off communication between General Francisco Villa's 600 rebels at Chihuahua and the rebel base at Juarez. By pulling down telegraph wires south of Juarez, the federals temporarily isolated Villa in Chihuahua, so far as direct communication was concerned.

A small federal band went out from Ojunga, on the border, and was believed to have been commanded by General Ynez Salazar, who is well seasoned in guerrilla warfare. The plan of the federals, as understood by the rebel chiefs, is to operate extensively over Northern Mexico, and, by working in circles, to destroy all property that might be of use to the rebels, without engaging the latter in a fight.

According to report, Salazar's men were headed for the Casas Grandes district, west of the railroad running from Juarez, and were designing to burn houses and other property. In this district are located rich agricultural and grazing fields.

It is believed by the rebels that the federals are nothing more than a fugitive band, destroying what property they can reach, and will disperse before they can be overtaken. Extensive destruction of railroads and telegraph wires will handicap the rebels, but so far no serious damage has been done, as the wires between Juarez and Chihuahua soon will be repaired.

Chicago School Board Re-Instates Woman

Chicago — Mrs. Ella Flagg Young was voted back into the superintendency of the Chicago public schools after a stormy session of the board of education. Seven members refused to vote, on the ground that the board had no power to reconsider the election of John D. Shoop, assistant superintendent under Mrs. Young, who had been elected her successor. Contentions were also made that the four new members of the board named by Mayor Harrison to replace four whose resignations had been enforced, were not entitled to their seats.

The action of the board in removing Shoop and replacing Mrs. Young at once will be challenged in court, it was announced by the opposition.

\$4,500,000 Not Too

—The