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 See a SEELEY SPERMATIC RUPTURE TRUSS. No worrying or dangerous operation. Rupture is not a tear, it is a stretching, or dilation, of a natural opening. This SEELEY SPERMATIC RUPTURE TRUSS closes this opening in the most perfect manner. If you can't come, send the measuring blank and literature.

DAVIS DRUG CO.
 1206 Lincoln Ave., Tyrona, Pa. County of Blair, State of Pennsylvania

Forgot the Password.
 Cavalry horse was in the stable and the officer was in a hurry. The reins from the driver, he called "Charge!" and away the animal leaped, stopping dead when he reached the barracks at the word "halt."

Next morning an Englishman went to catch the boat from the pier. The driver said, "Sure, your horse ain't no horse in oild and who can go so fast."
 The man cracked his whip and shouted, "Charge!" and away the horse went, stopping the quay, Pat yelled, "Jump overboard, you snake. I've forgotten the password!"—New York Globe.



Lameness
 Sloan's Liniment is a speedy, reliable remedy for lameness in horses and farm stock. Sloan's proof.

Lameness Cures
 Had a horse sprain his shoulder by jumping, and he was so lame he could hardly get at all. I got a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and put it on four times, three days he showed no lameness at all, and made a thirty mile trip. —Walter B. Aborn, La Salle, Ill.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT
 Quick, safe remedy for poultice, canker and hump-foot.
FOR SORE AND CANKER
 Sloan's Liniment is the speediest and most reliable remedy for poultice and canker in all its forms, especially for sore and canker in the windpipe. —E. P. Spaulding, New York, N. Y.

U. No. 10, '14
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 Parties who are using **Alamo Gas Engines** in Oregon, Washington and Idaho are hereby advised that **The Western Farquhar Machinery Co.**, of Portland, Oregon, are the exclusive distributors of **Alamo Engines**, and carry a complete line of extras and repairs for **Alamo Engines** in stock.

Write us direct and save time and money. We ship the same day by Parcel Post. Special prices and easy terms to you direct.
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 Write us stating what you need, and we will mail catalog free.
The Western Farquhar Machinery Co.
 808 to 814 East Salmon St., Portland, Oregon.

The Burden of the Time.
 "Have any packages been brought to the house, Ma?"
 "Only the one your father brought home last night."

The total amount of money reposing on the ocean's bottom in the shape of submarine cables is \$250,000,000.

Locomotive Engineer Has Remarkable Experience

I have been thinking that word from me would benefit those who may be suffering as I was before I began taking your Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. I am a locomotive engineer, employed on the Tyrone & Clearfield Branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Three years ago I was afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble so bad that I was compelled to lay off duty from my engine and was in the care of two doctors. However their medicine did not benefit me. One day, I noticed your advertisement, to send name and address for a sample bottle of Swamp-Root. At this time my trouble had reached a serious stage. I sent for the sample bottle and in three days received a small bottle of Swamp-Root which I took according to directions, and by the time I had taken the contents, I could pass water more freely. I was so pleased with my experiment that I sent my wife to the drug store of W. H. Millic, Phillipsburg, Pa., and secured a one-dollar bottle. I continued taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root until I was entirely cured. Now whenever I feel any pain or soreness after being exposed to bad weather or hard work, I take a dose or two of Swamp-Root. I cannot recommend this remedy too highly, especially to brother engineers who are more or less troubled with their kidneys (more than any other class of men.)
 Yours truly,
T. J. VAN SCOYOC,
 1206 Lincoln Ave., Tyrona, Pa. County of Blair, State of Pennsylvania

Personally appeared before me, a Notary Public, T. J. VanScoyoc, who being duly sworn, doth depose and say that the foregoing statement is true. Sworn and subscribed to before me this 15th day of July, A. D. 1909.
H. B. CALDEWOOD,
 Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.
Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You
 Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

General Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the United States army, has had many expressions of admiration voiced as to his personal appearance. It remained, however, for a humble maid servant to apothecize his looks.
 A young girl—who, knowing the general, worships him as her hero—always keeps a photograph of him in uniform on her dressing table. One day, entering her bedroom suddenly, she chanced upon her newly acquired maid, who stood agape, with gleaming eyes, holding the photograph in her hand.
 Started into speech, the servant asked "What's he, miss?"
 "He's an officer, Norah." The young mistress deemed that answer sufficient.
 "Gee, miss," was the breathless comment, as the maid put down the picture lingeringly. "but ain't he the sweet-lookin' cop!"—Neale's Monthly.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Finely sugar-coated granules.
Breaking it Gently.
 "I am in great trouble, Nellie."
 "Tell me, dearest, what it is—no one has a better right to share your troubles than your fiancée."
 "I have just got married!"

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FOR SICK HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, SLEGGISH LIVER AND BOWELS—They work while you sleep.

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret tonight will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months.

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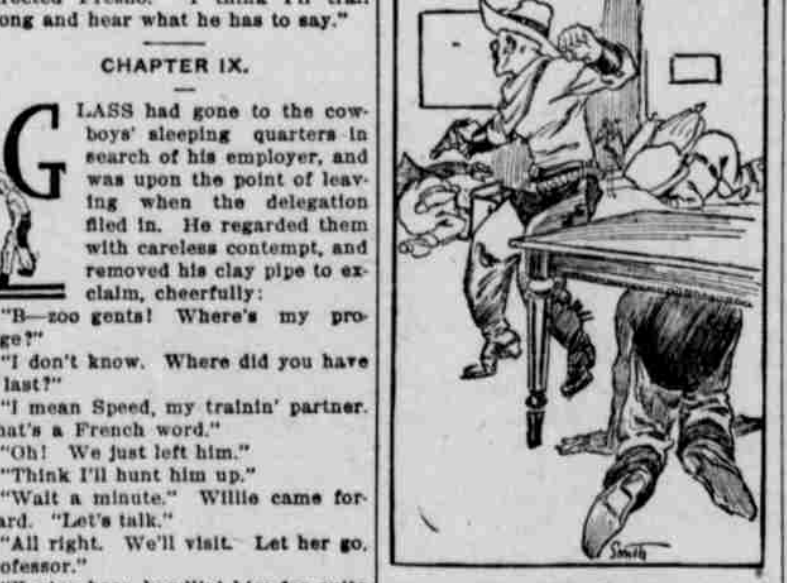
GOING SOME
 A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION
 BY **REX BEACH**
 SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY **REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG**
 Illustrated By **Edgar Bert Smith**
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SYNOPSIS.
 Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are searbroken over the loss of their much prized photograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is given at the Flying Heart. J. W. Wallingford, speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Oliver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, becomes interested in the loss of the photograph. She suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The Cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insists, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Fresno, glee club singer from Stanford university and in love with Helen, tries to discredit Speed with the ladies and the cowboys. Speed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be making playing cards in a second outfit. The cowboys explain to Speed how much the race means to them. Speed assures them he will do his best.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.
 But this comforting conclusion wavered again, when Berkeley Fresno, who had awaited their report, scoffed openly.
 "He can't run! If he could run he'd be running. I tell you, he can't run as fast as a sheep can walk."
 "Sensor, you see those beautiful medals he have?" expostulated Carara.
 "Sure," agreed Willie. "His bracelet was covered with 'em. He had one that hung down like a dewlap."
 "Phony!"
 "I've killed men for less," muttered the stoop-shouldered man.
 "Did you see his legs?" Fresno was bent upon convincing his hearers.
 "Couldn't help but see 'em in that runnin' suit."
 "Nice and soft and white, weren't they?"
 "They didn't look like dark meat," Stover agreed, reluctantly. "But you can't go nothin' on the looks of a feller's legs."
 "Well, then, take his wind. A runner always has good lungs, but I'll bet if you snapped him on the chest with a rubber band he'd cough himself to death."
 "Mebbe he ain't in good shape yet," Fresno sneered. "No, and he'll never get into good condition with those girls hanging around him all the time. Don't you know that the worst thing in the world for an athlete is to talk to a woman?"
 "That's the worst thing in the world for anybody," said Willie, with cynicism. "But how can we stop it?"
 "Make him eat as well as sleep in his training quarters; don't let him spend any time whatever in female company. Keep your eyes on him night and day."
 Willie spoke his mind deliberately. "I'm in favor of that. If this is another Humpy Joe affair I'm a-goin' to put one more notch in my gun-handle, and it looks like a cub bear had chawed it already."
 "There ain't but one thing to do," Stover announced, firmly. "We've got to put it up to Mr. Glass and learn the truth."
 "You'll find him in the bunk-house," directed Fresno. "I think I'll trail along and hear what he has to say."

CHAPTER IX.
GLASS had gone to the cowboys' sleeping quarters in search of his employer, and was upon the point of leaving when the delegation fled in. He regarded them with careless contempt, and removed his clay pipe to exclaim, cheerfully:
 "B-zoo gents! Where's my protegee?"
 "I don't know. Where did you have it last?"
 "I mean Speed, my trainin' partner. That's a French word."
 "Oh! We just left him."
 "Think I'll hunt him up."
 "Wait a minute," Willie came forward. "Let's talk."
 "All right. We'll visit. Let her go, professor."
 "You've been handlin' him for quite a spell, haven't you?"
 "Sure! It's my trainin' that put him where he is. Ask him if it ain't."
 "Then he's a good athlete, is he?"
 "Is he good? Huh!" Glass granted, expressively.
 "How fast can he do a hundred yards?"
 Larry yawned as if this conversation bored him.
 "Oh—about—eight—seconds."
 At this amazing declaration Willie paused, as if to thoroughly digest it.
 "Eight seconds!" repeated the little man at length.
 "Sure! Depends on how he feels, of course."
 Berkeley Fresno, in the corner, snickered audibly, at which the trainer scowled at him.
 "Is he can't do it, eh? Well, he's think four ways from the ace." Seeing no evidence that his state-

ment failed to carry conviction in other quarters at least, Glass went further. It was so easy to string these simple-minded people that he could not resist the temptation.
 "Didn't you never hear about the killin' he made at Saratoga?" he queried.
 Willie started, and his hand crept slowly backward along his belt. "Killin'! Is that his game?"
 "Now, get me right," explained the former speaker. "He breaks trainin', and goes up to Saratoga for a little rest. While he's there he wins eight thousand dollars playin' diablo!"
 "Playin' what?" queried Stover.
 "Diablo! He backs himself, of course."
 Glass took an imaginary spool from his pocket, spun it by means of an imaginary string, then set it aloft and pretended to catch it dexterously. The cowboys watched him with grave, uncomprehending eyes.
 "He starts with a case five and runs it up to eight thousand dollars, that's all."
 Stover uttered an exclamation of astonishment, whereupon the New Yorker grew even bolder.
 "The next week he hops over to Bar Harbor and wins the futurity ping-pong stakes from scratch. That's worth twenty thousand if it's worth a lead nickel. Oh, I guess he's there, all right!" He searched out a match and relighted his pipe.
 "I suppose he's a great croquet player, too," observed Fresno, whose face was purple.
 "Sure!" Glass winked at him, glad to see that the Californian enjoyed this kind of sport.
 "We don't care nothin' about his skill at sleight-of-hand tricks," said the man in spectacles, seriously. "And we wouldn't hold his croquet habits agin him. Some men drink, some gamble, some do worse; every man has his weakness, and croquet may be his. What we want to know is this: Can he win our photograph?"
 "Surest thing you know!"
 "Then you vouch for him, do you?" Willie's eyes were bent upon the fat man with a look of searching gravity that warned Glass not to temporize.
 "With my life!" exclaimed the trainer.
 "You're on!" said the cowboy, with unexpected grimness.
 "What'd you mean?"
 But before the other could explain, Berkeley Fresno, who had sunk weakly into a chair at Larry's extravagant praise of his rival, afforded a diversion. The tenor had leaned back, convulsed with enjoyment when, losing his balance, he came to the floor with a crash. The sudden sound brought a terrifying result, for with a startled cry the undersized cowman leaped as if touched by a living flame. Like a flash of light he whirled and poised on his toes, his long, evil-looking revolver drawn and cocked, his tense face vulturelike and fierce. His eyes glared through his spectacles, his livid features worked as if at the sound of his own death-cry. His whole frame was



Like a Flash His Revolver Leaped Out.
 tense; a galvanic current had transformed him. His weapon darted toward the spot whence the noise had come, and he would have fired blindly had not Stover yelled:
 "Don't shoot!"
 Willie paused, and the breath crept audibly into his lungs.
 "Who done that?" he asked, harshly. Still Bill brought his lanky frame up above the level of the table.
 "God 'mighty! don't be so sudden, Willie!" he cried. "It was an accident."
 But the gun man seemed unconvinced. With a cat-like tread he stole cautiously to the door, and stared out into the sunlight; then, seeing nobody in sight, he replaced his weapon in its resting place and sighed with relief.
 "I thought it was the marshal from

Waco," he said. "He'll never git me alive."
 Stover addressed himself to Fresno, who had gone pale, and was still prostrate where he had fallen.
 "Get up, Mr. Berkeley, but don't make no more moves like that behind a man's back. He most got you."
 Fresno arose in a daze and mopped his brow, murmuring, weakly: "I didn't mean to."
 Carara and Mr. Cloudy came out from cover whither they had fled at Willie's first movement.
 "I dreamed about that feller agin last night," apologized the little man. "I'm sort of nervous, and any sudden noise sets me off."
 As for Glass, that corpulent individual had disappeared as if into thin air; only a stir in one of the bunks betrayed his hiding place. At the first sight of Willie's revolver he had fired for a refuge and was now flattened against the wall, a pillow pressed over his head to deaden the expected report.
 "Hey!" called the foreman, but Glass did not hear him.
 "Seems to be gun-shy," observed Willie, gently.
 Stover crossed to the bunk and laid a hand upon the occupant, at which a convulsion ran through the trainer's soft body, and it became as rigid as if locked in death. "Come out, Mr. Glass, it's all over."
 Larry muttered in a stifled voice, "Go 'way!"
 "It was a mistake."
 He opened his tight-shut lids, rolled over, and thrust forth a round, pallid face. He saw Stover laughing, and beheld the white teeth of Carara, the Mexican, who said:
 "Perhaps the Senor is sleepy!"
 Finding himself the object of what seemed to him a particularly senseless joke, the New Yorker crept forth, his face suffused with anger. Strangely enough, he still retained the pipe in his fingers.
 "Say, are youse guys tryin' to kid me?" he demanded, roughly. Now that no firearm was in sight, he was master of himself again; and seeing the cause of his undignified alarm leaning against the table, he stepped toward him threateningly. "If you try that again, young feller, I'll chip you on the jaw, and give you a long, dreamy nap." He thrust a short, square fist under Willie's nose.
 That scholarly gentleman straightened up, and edged his way to one side, Glass following aggressively.
 "You're a husky, ain't you?" said the little man, squinting up at the red face above him.
 "Am I?" Glass snorted. "Take a good look!" With deliberate menace he bumped violently into the other. It was with difficulty he could restrain himself from crushing him.
 Stover gasped and retreated, while Carara crossed himself, then sidled back of a bunk. Mr. Cloudy stepped slightly out through the open door and held his thumbs.
 "You start to kid me and I'll wallop you!"
 "One moment!" Willie was transfixed suddenly. An instant since he had been a stoop-shouldered, short-sighted, insignificant person, more gentle mannered than a child, but in a flash he became a palpitating fury: an evil atom surcharged with such terrific venom that his antagonist drew back involuntarily. "Don't you make no threat'nin' moves in my direction, or you'll go East in an ice-bath!" He was panting as if the effort to hold himself in leash was almost more than he could stand.
 "G'wan!" said Glass, thickly.
 "You're deluded with the idea that the Constitution made all men equal, but it didn't; it was Mr. Colt." With a movement quicker than light the speaker drew his gun for the second time, and buried half the barrel in the New Yorker's ribs.
 "Look out!" Glass barked the words, and undertook to deflect the weapon with his hand.
 "Let it alone or it'll go off!"
 Glass dropped his hand as if it had been burned, and stared down his bulging front with horrified, fascinated eyes.
 "Now, listen. We've stood for you as long as we can. You've made your talk and got away with it, but from now on you're working for us. We've framed a foot-race, and put up our panga because you said you had a champeen. Now, we ain't sayin' you lied—cause if we thought you had, I'd gun-shoot you here, now." Willie paused, while Glass licked his lips and undertook to frame a reply. The black muzzle of the weapon hovering near his heart, however, stupefied him. Mechanically he thrust the stem of his pipe between his lips while Willie continued to glare at him balefully.
 "You're boss is a guest, but you ain't. We can talk plain to you."
 "Y—yes, of course."
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gallant Unto Death.
 When Sir Ralph Abercromby was mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir, he was carried on a litter on board the Foudroyant. To ease his pain, a soldier's blanket was placed under his head. He asked what it was.
 "It's only a soldier's blanket," he was told.
 "Whose blanket is it?" he persisted, lifting himself up.
 "Only one of the men's."
 "I want to know the name of the man whose blanket this is," the dying commander insisted.
 "It is Duncan Roy's of the Forty-second, Sir Ralph," said his attendant at last.
 "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night," commanded the brave man, who did not forget even in his last agonies the comfort and welfare of his men. Of such unselfish stuff are true soldiers made.—Youth's Companion

Free to Our Readers
 Write Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 48 pages illustrated Eye Book Free. Write all about Your Eye Trouble and they will advise as to the Proper Application of the Marine Eye Remedies in Your Special Case. Your Druggist will tell you that Marine Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes. Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and sells for 50c. Try It in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Sealy Erythra and Granulation.
Artesian wells are gaining in favor in London because of the expense attached to the municipal water service.
Labrador has an area of 200,000 square miles, but the population is only 4000.

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 or experiment with freak trusses—It's expensive and dangerous. No matter how severe or long standing the rupture, we fit a truss to suit, by mail or in person—that's our business. We guarantee satisfaction. Send NOW, or call for FREE BOOK. It tells all.
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Green-Eyed Monster.
 "Do you care for Browning?" asked the poetical man with the long hair of the conspicuously dressed lady at his right.
 "Not so loud, please," whispered the woman. "My husband has an awfully jealous disposition."

Radium ore has recently been found in large quantities in the Ferghana district of Russian Central Asia.
GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD
 Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender Little Stomach, liver and bowels.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

A Martyr for His Country.
 "My grandfather ain't got any arm, 'cos he was in the war at Gettysburg," boasted a young woman of 7 years.
 "My dad was in the war, too," said another.
 "Did he fight any battles, darling?" asked an older person.
 "Yes. Bull Run and Antietam, and Chattanooga."
 "And he was wounded?"
 "No; but he had awful headaches from the sound of the cannon!"—New York Evening Post.

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KOW-KURE
 50¢ and \$1.00 Sizes.
 No Fear.
 "Doctor, I am afraid I am losing my mind."
 "Well, don't mention it and nobody will notice the difference."—Josh Wink.
 An English engineer proposes to defend his country in event of war by suspending bombs from balloons, which could be exploded from the ground when approached by a hostile dirigible or aeroplane.
 Anybody can dye successfully with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.
 Disagreed With Science.
 Biz—Scientists say that it is much easier to support a weight than it is to lift it.
 Dix—I haven't found it so. I can lift my wife quite easily.
 English engineers assert that enough coal to last the world 800 years is still available in Newcastle.