

# COND-HAND MACHINERY aght, sold and exchanged; engines, bollera mills, etc. Hend for Stock List and Prices. E. J. E. MARTIN CO., 55 lat St., Portland, Or



Couldn't Resist.

A trained ostrich recently disconrted its exhibitor at a London music ill by continually endeavoring to eak away from all restraint and to eager crowd at the corner store, "but

The widely advertised act came to a adden end, and the professor emerged claimed one of the eager listeners. pm behind the curtain and apologizfor the actions of his pet in about se words:

e are compelled to cease our ingagement until the management ngages a new orchestra leader.

"The one at present hemployed 'as o 'air on top of 'is 'ead, and my bird kes hit for a hegg."-Philadelphia ubile Ledger.

## Free to Our Readers

Free to Our Readers Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for page illustrated Kye Kook Free. Write all bout Your Eye Trouble and the Murine to the Proper Application of the Murine ye Remedies in Your Special Case. Your ruggist will tell you that Murine Relieves bre Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes. Doesn't mart, Souther Eye Pain, and sells for Soc. by It in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for mark Sychids and Granulation.

### Poor Man

President Elliott of the New Haver llroad, condemning socialism, said "Man is an acquisitive animal, and cialism can't come till he loses his quisitiveness. That will be never "The seven ages of man have been ell tabulated by somebody or other an acquisitive basis. Thus:

- 'First age-Sees the earth. 'Second age-Wants it.
- " Third age-Husiles to get it. " Fourth age-Decides to be satis

ed with only about half of it. "Fifth age-Becomes still more

"'Sixth age-Now content to pos-

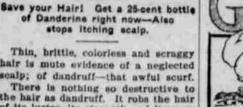
is a six-by-two strip of it. "'Seventh age-Gets the strip."ow York Tribune.

In proportion to its weight Califor redwood is the strongest conifer far tested at the United States for products laboratory. This strength due to its long fibers.

Madras, India, has an electric street diway with 14 miles of track, emloying 700 persons.

# VALUABLE SUGGESTION IMPORTANT TO EVERYONE

It is now conceded by physcians at the kidneys should have more atntion as they control the other or-ans to a remarkable degree and do a s amou ig the poisons and waste matter from e system by filtering the blood.



of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feveriah-ness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die-then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight-now-any time-will surely

ave your hair. Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store. You surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Save your hair! - Try it!

A Sign of Poverty. They were talking about poverty a few evenings ago, when Congressman Gilbert N. Haugen of Iowa told of an mpression a man from the rural wilds once got on visiting the city.

The ruralite, the congressman said, had gone to the town on a long an-ticipated visit, and when he returned he had much to relate of city ways and what he saw.

and away from all restraint and to eager crown at the three strains and the eager crown at the three strains in the strain and the eager crown at the three strains in the strain and the eager crown at the three strains in the strain and the strains in the strai

"Ye don't really mean it. Jake?" "Yans," was the cenvincing rejoin-

ese words: "Ladies and gentiemen: Hi am very try to disappoint you this hevening." der of Jake. "One night I went by a house thet looked purty big, but jes ther same ther people in it were so "One night I went by a darned poor thet two wimmen was playin' on one planner."-Philadelphia Telegraph.

## To Breat in New Shoes

Always shake in Allen's Foot Jass, a powder, it cures hor, sweating, aching, swollen feet, ures corins, ingrowing halfs and binions. At all druggists and shoe steres, Er. Dont accept ory subalitude. Sample mailed FREE, Address Mien S. Olmsted, La Boy, N. Y.

### True Art.

A painter of the "impressionist" school is now confined in a funatic asylum. To all persons who visit his studio he says, "Look here, this is the latest masterpiece of my composition." They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask:

What does that represent?" "That? Why, that represents the passage of why that represents the passage of the Jews through the Red sea." "Beg pardon, but where is the sea?" "It has been driven back." "And where are the Jews?" "They have crossed over." "And the Egyptians?" "Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple, suggestive and unpretentious."—Argonaut.

# THINK OF THE MILLIONS

years by Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills and decide whether they are not worth a trial. They regulate the pelled him from the floor bowels, stimulate the liver and purify the blood. Adv.

Willie was struggling through the story in his reading lesson. "No, said the captain," he read, "it was not a sloop. It was a larger vessel. By the rig I judged her to be a a a a a--

The word was new to him. "Barque," supplied the teacher. Still Willie hesitated. "Barque!" repeated the teacher.

this time sharply. Willie looked as though he had not heard aright. Then, with an apprehensive glance around the class, he

shouted. "Bow-wow!"-Detroit Free Press.

cold water.



"What's wrong ?"

and beat this cook?"

body.'

smiled.

you ?"

"Happen to you?"

SYNOPSIS.

Cowhoys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized phonograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of prized phonograph by the defent of their champion in a fost-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Fising Heart. J. Wallingford Rpeed, cheer loader at Yale, and Cuiver Covington, inter-collogiste champion run-ner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's weetheant, becomes interested in the loss of the phonograph. She suggests to Jean Chapin, slater of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to with hack the phonograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The Cowboys are thiarlous over the pra-pect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive Helen Blake asks Speed, who has poned to her as an ath-lete, to race against the Centipode man. The cowboys foin 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 bis place. Frence gies club singer from Banford university and in love with Heles, tries to discredit. Speed with the indices and the cowboys. Beed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be training playing cards in a secluded spot. The cowboys explain to Speed angents the race means to them. Speed ansures them he will do his best. The cowboys the race means to them. Speed assures them he will do his best. The comboys tell Glass it is up to him to see that Speed wins the race.

# CHAPTER IX .-- Continued.

"You said just now you'd answer for him with your life. Well, we aim to make you! We ain't a goin' to lose this foot-race under no circumstances whatever, so we give you complete authority over the body, health, and speed of Mr. Speed. It's up to you to make him beat that cook."

"S-s-suppose he gets sick or sprains his ankle?" Glass undertook to move his body from in front of the weapon. but it followed him as if magnetized.

"There ain't a goin' to be no accidents or excuses. It's pay or play, money at the tape. You're his trainer, and it's your fault if he ain't fit when he toes the mark. Understand?"

Willie lowered the muzzle of his weapon, and fired between the legs of Glass, who leaped into the air with all that have been relieved in the past 75 the grace of a gazelle. It was due to no conscious action on his part that the trainer leaped; his muscles were stimulated spasmodically, and pro-

"Did you hear what I said?" demanded Willie, in a voice that sounded like the sawing of a meat bone. Glass opened his mouth, and when

no sound issued, nodded. "And you understand?"

Again the trainer bobbed his head. "Then I guess that's all. It's up to Willie replaced his gun, and rou." the fat man threatened to fall. "Come on, boys!" The cowboys filed out silently, but on the threshold Willie paused and darted a venomous glance at his enemy. "Don't forget what I said about Mr. Colt and the equality of man."

"Yes, sir!-yes, ma'am!" ejaculated the frightened trainer, nervously. Putnam Fadeless Dyes color in When they were gone he collapsed. "They are rather severe, aren't

to toe, removed his cigasmiling disdainfully, said: "Buenos dias, Senor Fat!" Glass started. "You talkin' to me?" 'Yes."

said Wally.

fore, come back."

"Who's scared?" said Glass, gruffly. gentle apology.

"Well, what d'you think of that! thought she was a Cuban." Glass begaa to chuckle.

knowledged the other. Then when his employer laughed openly, he broke out at a white-heat. "Joke, ch? Well, you'd better have a good laugh while you can, because Humpy Joe's finish will be a ten-course dinner to what

you'll get if Covington misses his train."

"Do you know what's goin' to hap-

"Yes, me! These outlaws have put

"Well, Covington can beat any-

"Not yet, but-" The young man

"Scared to death, that's all," ac-

"You're not frightened, are

it up to me to win this bet for them."

"But Covington isn't here yet."

pen to me if Covington don't get here

"How easily frightened you are!" "Yes? Well, any time people start shooting shots I'm too big for this earth. The hole in a gun looks as big as a gas-tank to me."

"But nobody is going to shoot you!" exclaimed the mystified college man. "They ain't, hey? I missed the Golden Stairs by a lip not half an hour ago." With feverish intensity he told his narrow escape from destruction, the memory bringing a sweat of agony to his brow. "And the worst of it is," he concluded, "I'm 'marked' with guns. I've always been that way.

"Tut! tut! Don't alarm yourself. If Covington shouldn't come, the race will be declared off."

"No chance," announced the trainer, with utter conviction. "These thugs have made it pay or play, and the bets are down."

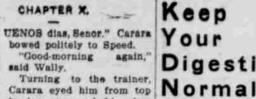
"You know I can't run."

"If he don't come, you'll have to!" "Absurd! I shall be indisposed." "If you mean you'll get sick, or sprain an ankle, or break a leg, or kill yourself, guess again. I'm responsible for you now. Something may go wrong with me, but nothin' is goin' to happen to you. My only chance to make a live of it is to get some one to outrun this cook. You're the only chance I've got, if Culver don't show, and the first law of nature ain't never been repealed." "Self-protection, eh?"

"Exactly." Glass coughed thrice without result, stepped off the prayerrug, rolled it up tightly; then, hugging it beneath his arm, went on: That four-eyed guy slipped me a whole lot of feed-box information. Why, he's a killer, Wally! And he's got a cash-register to tally his dead." "Notches on his gun-handle, I suppose?"

"So many that it looks like his wife had used it to hang pictures with. I

tell you, he's the most deceitful rummy I ever seen. What's more, he's got



rette, and flipped the ashes daintily from it; then,

Carara leaned languidly against the wall, took a match from his pocket, and dextrously struck it between the nails of his thumb and finger. He breathed his lungs full of smoke and exhaled it through his nose. "I would have spik to you bifbut the Senor Fat is-he shrugged his shoulders-"frighten' so bad he will not understan'. So-I

Carara turned his palm outward, in

"You been talk' a gret deal to my Senorita-to Mariedetta, eh?" "Oh, the Cuban Queen!" Glass winked openly at Speed. "Sure! ] slip her a laugh now and then."

"She is not Cubana, she is Mexicana," said Carara, politely.

"Senor Fat," broke in the Mexican sharply, while Larry winced at the distasteful appellation, "she is my

Senorita!" "Is she? Well, I can't help it if she falls for me." The speaker cast an appreciative glance at his employer. "And you can cut out that Senor Fat,' because it don't go-" Then he gasped, for Carara slowly

drew from inside his shirt a long, Millions of mothers keep it handy bethin-bladed knife bearing marks of re-



"The Fat Senor Will Not Spik Wit' Her Again?"-

snapped. His face had become suddenly convulsed, while his voice rang with the tone of chilled metal. Glass retreated a step, a shudder ran through him, and his eyes riveted themselves upon the weapon with horrifled intensity.

boys practice and had not forgotten "Listen, Pig! If you spik to her them. again, I will cut you." The gaze of One day during a lesson in history he observed one of his pupils take the Mexican pierced his victim. "I will not keel you, I will just-cut out his watch every minute or two. you!"

He grew suspicious, thinking that the pupil was consulting notes on the les-Speed, who had sat in open-mouthed son. Finally he strode slowly be amazement during the scene, pinched tween the desks and stopped in front himself. Like Larry, he could not rehimself. Like Larry, he could not re-move his gaze from the swarthy man. of the boy. "Let me see your watch," he commanded. He pulled himself together with an ef-The master opened the front of the fort, however, undertaking to divert case.

the present trend of the conversation. when he read the single word "Sold!" "W-where will you cut him?" he asked, pleasantly, more to make con-versation than from any lingering liv. He opened the back of the case. question as to the precise location. "Here." Carara turned the blade against himself, and traced a cross upon his front, whereupon the trainer gurgled and laid protecting hands upon his protruding abdomen. "You spik Spanish?"

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#### Man's Setbacks.

Men never get a fair deal. If, for instance, a baby happens to have a good disposition, every one will insist that it takes after its mother .- Atchison Globe



they?" ventured Fresno.

"Severel" cried the unhappy man. "Why, Speed can't-" He was about to explain everything when the memory of Willie's words smote him like a blow. That flend had threatened to kill him, Lawrence Glass, without preilminary if it became evident that a fraud had been practiced. Manifestly this was no place for hysterical confidences. Larry's mouth closed like a trap, while the Californian watched him intently. At length he did speak, but in a strangely softened tone, and at utter variance with his custom.

'Say, Mr. Fresno! Which direction is New York?"

"That way." Fresno pointed to the east, and the other man stared longingly out through the bunk-house window

"It's quite a walk, ain't it?" "Walk?" Berkeley laughed. "It's two or three thousand miles!" Glass FOR LIVER AND BOWELS sighed heavily. "Why do you ask?" "Oh, nothin'. Jest gettin' home sick." He calmed himself with an effort, entered the gymnasium as if in search of something, and then set forth to find Speed.

That ecstatic young gentleman wrenched his gaze away from the blue eyes of Miss Blake to see his trainer signaling him from afar.

'What is it, Lawrence?" "Got to see you." "Presently."

"Nix! I got to see you now!" Glass' ruddy face was blotched, and he seemed to rest in the grip of some blighting malady. Beneath his arm he carried a tight-rolled bundle. Sens ing something important back of this unusual demeanor, Speed excused himself and followed Larry, who did not trust to speech until they were

alone in the gymnasium with the doors closed. Then he unrolled the bundle he carried, spread it upon the floor, and stepped into its exact center.

"Are you standing on my prayerrug?" demanded his companion, an

grily. "I am! And from this on I'm goin'

to make it work itself to death. She said a feller couldn't get hurt if he stood on it and said 'Allah.' Well, I'm goin' to mear it out"

the homicide habit, and the habit has got its eye on me." Glass was in deadly earnest, and his alarm contrasted so strongly with his former contemptuous attitude toward the cowboys that Speed was constrained to laugh again,

"It's the most amusing thing I ever heard of."

"Yes," said the trainer, with elaborate sarcasm, "it would be awful funny if it wasn't on the square." He moistened his lip nervously.

"You alarm yourself unnecessarily



"It's Up to You to Make Him Beat That Cook."

We'll hear from Culver soon, either by wire or in person. He's never failed me yet. But if I were you, Larry, I'd leave that Mexican girl alone.

"Mary T "Yes. Marledotta. Now, there's something to be afraid of. If these cowboys are in love with her and have

their eyes on you-" "Come in!"

Senor Aurello Maria Carara entered. He was smoking his customary corn-husk cigarette, but his dark eyes were grave and his silken mustachios were pointed to the fineness at a briatia

"No." Glass shook his head. "But you understan' w'at I try to say ?"

"Yes-oh yes-I'm hep all right." "And the Senor Fat will r-r-remem ber?"

"Surel" Glass sighed miserably and tearing his eyes away from the glittering blade, rolled them toward his employer. "I don't want her! Mr. Speed knows I don't want her!"

Carara bowed. "And the Fat Senor will not spik wit' her again ?" "No!"

"Gracias, Senor! I thank you!" "You're welcome!" agreed the New Yorker, with repressed feeling. "Adios! Adios, Senor Speed!" "Goodby!" exclaimed the two in chorus,

# (TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Knew the Time.

On a cold night a man was hastening across the public square with his overcoat buttoned up to his chin. He was rather anxious to know what time it was, but he was too lazy to open his coat in order to get at his watch. Just then he saw a well-dressed man approaching and remarked to himself: "This is a cinch. I'll e'en ask yon genteel stranger what time it is and he will unbosom.

He perceived that the stranger was buttoned up just as he was. When he came up the man who wanted to know the time removed his hat politely and said: "Sir, do you know what time It 18!"

The stranger paused, removed his right glove, unbuttoned his coat from top to bottom, unbuttoned his under coat, and finally pulled out his watch, while the chill wind cut into his unpro-

tected chest. Holding up the watch so that the light would shine upon its face for an instant he glanced at if and growled:

#### "Yes!"

Then he passed on without another rd \_flavaland Plain Dealar

ily. He opened the back of the case. Then he was satisfied, for he read: "Sold again!"-TidBits.

But he was a shrewd man. He was

He looked somewhat sheepish



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