

Woman's Foot Growing Larger.

Shoe manufacturers claim that the American woman's foot is growing larger. The number two shoe is almost obsolete, they say, and sizes four and five are much commoner than three. The explanation seems to be that the phenomenon is due to the increased use of the feminine foot as a means of locomotion. The constantly increasing number of women engaged in industry and the growth in popularity of tennis, golf and walking have had their inevitable result, and common sense has done much to abolish the wearing of pinching shoes. The tradition that small feet are an excellent thing in women has persisted long and will not die without a struggle. Conservatives need not fear that women will carry this matter too far; they know when to stop.—Success Magazine.

Distemper

In all its forms among all ages of horses and dogs, and others in the same stable prevent it from having the disease with Spohn's Distemper Cure. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. \$2.50 and \$1.00. Good druggists, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Write for free book. Spohn Med. Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

A Quick Recovery.

"Mamma," said Johnny, "if you will let me go just this one time I won't ask for anything to eat."
"All right," said his mother. "Get your hat."

Johnny, perched on the edge of a big chair, became restless as savory odors came from the region of the kitchen. At last he blurted out:
"There's lots of pie and cake in this house."

The admonishing face of his mother recalled his promise, and he added:
"But what's that to me?"—Success Magazine.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Correcting Willie.

Papa and mamma and son Willie were crossing the ocean. Willie had done something for which his mother thought he needed correction, but not feeling equal to the occasion she turned to her husband.
"John," she said, "can't you speak to Willie?"

Papa replied in a thin, weak voice, "Howdy, Willie."—Success Magazine.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.

Decision Reversed.

The cook, who had held sway long enough to be established as family autocrat, was sent out to buy the Christmas turkey. She returned with two fine, plump chickens. "Why, Mary," her mistress remonstrated, "I told you to get a turkey, not chickens."
"I know, mum," she answered, "but I don't like turkey."—Success Magazine.

"His wife is a business woman, all right."
"What makes you say that?"

"She's installed a time clock in the hall and he has to punch it when he goes out nights and when he gets back."—Detroit Free Press.

Tumors, Goiters, Rheumatism

Chronic, Nervous and Female Diseases. Are cured without the knife. Thoroughly equipped Sanatorium. Beautiful location. Rates the lowest. Write for literature.

Meadow Glacé Osteopathic Sanitarium. Dr. Head C. Cook, Physician. Battle Ground, Wash.

OESCH'S

CRYSTALIZED LINIMENT.

FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SPRAINS, BRUISES OR ANY PAIN.
MADE ONLY BY
BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO.
PORTLAND, OREGON

Mexican Mustang Liniment

FOR RHEUMATISM.

Mrs. Olive Huntington, Norton, Ore., says: "I consider your Mexican Mustang Liniment the best of liniments. I have used it for different ailments and it always gave satisfactory results. It is especially good in cases of Inflammatory Rheumatism and all forms of lameness."

25c, 50c, \$1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores

As We Speak It.

A German who had come to America to master our language was being shown behind the scenes of a vaudeville theater by one of his American friends.

"That man," said the American, indicating an actor with a wave of his hand, "is taking off his make-up to make up for another take-off."
The German departed, sputtering.—Success Magazine.

PISO'S

is the name to remember when you need a remedy for COUGHS and COLDS

SERIAL STORY

The Courtship of Miles Standish

With Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy

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Sailing of the Mayflower

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows, there was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth: Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, "Forward!" Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence. Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village. Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army, led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men, Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage. Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David; Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible.—Aye, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.



Take His Musket, and So Stride Out. Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning; Under them loud on the sands, the scented billows, advancing, Fired along the line and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth

Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors. Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward; Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather. Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the Mayflower;

Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced. He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence. Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women

Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household. Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming; Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;

Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at anchor, Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter. Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas. Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.

Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean, Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!

Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people! Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible, Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!

Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth, Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea shore, Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower. Homeward bound o'er the sea and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber.

Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever. He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council, Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur, Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing. Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence; Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not wake him; Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!" Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet. Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning.— Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders.— Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action. But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor. Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus. Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber. Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him.

Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon; All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions; But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him.— Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult. So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spoke not. Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spoke not! Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying. Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert. Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture. And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea shore, Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep Into a world unknown,—the cornerstone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient. Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward. Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him. Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together. Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered. Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale. One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors. Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting. He, too, was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish. Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas, Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.

But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla. Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing. Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention. Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring and patient. That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose. As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction. Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts!

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel. Much endeared to them all, as something living and human; Then, as if filled with the spirit, and rapt in a vision prophetic. Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth

Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed and thanked the Lord and took courage. Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered. Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard; Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of escaping. Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian. Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other. Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished. So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little, Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine. Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Height of Fame. "And how is your son Henry getting on in literature?" asked the visitor. "Oh, he's doing famously," said the proud mother. "His autograph brought \$10 the other day."

"Really?" "Yes—signed to a promissory note for three hundred. I bought it myself."—Harper's Weekly.

How Good You Have Been to Me. Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance. Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller. Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel. Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry. Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow. Short allowance of victuals and plenty of nothing but Gospel! Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims. O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower! No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this plowing!

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Standing Dejected, Unconscious of All. Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments, Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine! "Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him. Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the mad-ness, Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong. "Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me, Seems like a hand that is pointing

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TALE OF HORROR TOLD

MISSIONARY TELLS OF AWFUL CHINESE PUNISHMENT.

Tortures of Prisoners and Almost Unbelievable Penalties Exact by Official Sanction—How Deserting Soldiers Were Disciplined.

Kansas City, Mo.—Chinese military discipline is something fierce, according to Dr. A. L. Shelton, of Anthony, Kan., who has just returned from the land of the pigtails. The doctor tells this blood-curdling story of the cruelty practiced upon a good friend of his who was a major in the Chinese army:

"Three companies of Chinese soldiers under the major's command, but stationed in a different city, rebelled and deserted, taking their arms and ammunition. As the Chinese army is in the main made up of men who accept the service in place of a penal sentence, the most rigid rules are enforced heartlessly to get a minimum of service and discipline. They are paid the equivalent of \$2.40 a month, on which they must subsist. To them starvation is always imminent and a dead dog or mule or other animal, even when dead of disease, is greedily cooked and eaten.

"The major was held responsible for his rebellious troops, and only the intercession of the commanding general of the district, who got down on his knees and begged for the life of his subordinate to the civil governor, saved his head.

"The punishment was modified to dismissal from the army and 2,000 light blows from a small paddle. The paddle used is from one to one and a half inches wide, 18 inches long and probably the eighth of an inch thick. In administering it the thighs are bared, and light, even blows are struck on the thick flesh between the hip and knee, the victim lying prostrate on his face. The paddle is used with a sort of a flip and for some time makes no impression; 500 blows makes the flesh red and puffy, 1,500 brings the flesh to a jelly-like consistency, and 2,000 marks the limit of torture a strong man may endure and live.

"Often gangrene sets in and the victim dies; with the best of treatment it is months before the man paddled can use his legs naturally. In the case of the major the flesh sloughed off his thigh an inch and a half deep, five inches broad and 17 inches long. He expected to get well, but his legs would always be crippled. The rebellious troops were pursued, 200 of them were killed in action and the balance brought to camp for beheading. Eighteen of the soldiers were given swords and required to cut gashes in the flesh of their captain who was unable to prevent their rebellion, then they were beheaded before the captain.

"To stimulate other officers to greater zeal in handling their men the captain was then taken in hand by the official executioner who had bound him to a big stake for the men to gash with swords. With a keen knife the lips of the captain were sliced off, then his nose, later his eyelids were cut off and his eyeballs were exposed to the pitiless sun. After a few hours the skin of the forehead was cut away and allowed to drop over the blinded eyes, hanging by the corner edges. Then later the breasts were cut off, all but the skin at the lower edge, and allowed to hang; if the victim survived that, and the captain did, then the flesh covering the bowels was cut away and allowed to hang apron fashion while the wind and sun dried, and flies and vermin fed upon the blood and cut flesh. In this case the captain, long unconscious, died with dismembering; in cases where a man survives that, then a knife is plunged in his heart at the end of the day of horrible torture."

AN OLD CRIME IS REVEALED

Bones of Long-Buried Woman Found Beneath the Brick Floor of a House.

Elkton, Md.—Bones of a woman, with several faded bits of red silk, two remnants of what were once side-combs and a gold-plated pin, apparently evidence of a murder which probably never will be unraveled, were unearthed from beneath the brick flooring in the kitchen of the Thompson property at Centerville Landing, by William J. Eilers, a carpenter, who was removing the bricks preparatory to laying a wooden floor.

When the bricks were removed Eilers noticed a black subsoil. Digging down he unearthed decayed pieces of wood and old hand-made nails, then pieces of bones began to make their appearance. The condition of the bones indicated that they had been buried half a century or more, but the oldest residents of the locality can recall no mysterious disappearance of a woman.

Woman of 96 Weds Man of 24. Troy, Mo.—Mrs. Nancy Edey, 96 years old, has become a bride for the sixth time, her newest husband being Ree Indow, 24 years old. The bride's fifth husband died six weeks previous at the county poor farm here.

Dynamite Cured His Earache. Shreveport, La.—Fellow-workmen to the employ of the Dollinger Lumber company told James Donovan dynamite would cure earache. It did. Donovan used one application and was buried two days later.

How Good You Have Been to Me. Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance. Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller. Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel. Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry. Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow. Short allowance of victuals and plenty of nothing but Gospel! Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims. O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower! No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this plowing!

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DOCTORS

FAILED TO HELP ME

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Pound, Wis.—"I am glad to announce that I have been cured of my peptic and stomach troubles by the medicine you have both for four years and could not get relief. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blue Purifier I can say I am a well woman. I can't find words to express my gratitude for the good your medicine has done for me. You may publish this if you wish."
—Mrs. HERMAN SLETH, Pound, Wis.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, irregularities, toxic pains, back bearing-down feeling, flatulence, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been a standard remedy for female ailments, suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., U.S.A. It is free and always helpful.

KEGS BARRELS TANKS

FINKE BROS. 133 MADISON ST. PORTLAND, ORE.

Whittemore Shoe Polishes

Finest in Quality. Largest in Variety. Their most varied equipment for cleaning, polishing shoes of all kinds and colors.

Whittemore Bros. & Co. 20-22 Albany St. Cambridge, Mass. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

The Easiest Way. A steam heating plant had been stalled in the house of the new president of a small, conservative college. The president, startled by a broken steam pipe, went in search of the college janitor. Being unfamiliar with his new surroundings, he entered the library.

"Dr. Soandso," he inquired, "breath coming in gasps, "how can I find the janitor?"

"Well," the librarian replied in slow drawl, "I find the surest way to send him a postal card."
—Success Magazine.

Colds on the Chest

Ask your doctor the medical name for a cold on the chest. He will say, "Bronchitis." Ask him if it is ever serious. Lastly, ask him if he prescribes Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for this disease. Keep in close touch with your family physician.

Ayer's

When you tell your doctor about the taste in your mouth, loss of appetite, breakfast, and frequent headaches, he will say, "You are bilious." Ayer's works well in such cases.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.