THANKSGIVING

Save all your turkeys, ducks, geese and chickens and send them to us at Thanksgiving. Write at once telling what you have.

We are paying today as follows:

Hens and chickens.....14c
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We never charge commission. Address all shipments.

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Machinery Second-Hand Machinery bought, sold and exchanged; engines, boilers, sawmills, etc. The J. E. Martin Co., 76 1st St., Portland. Send for Stock List and prices.

$1.00 Saved is one made, and you can save more than one dollar by buying your Hats direct from factory. We make them and sell them direct to you. Hats made to order, any shape, style and color. Hats cleaned and blocked. All work guaranteed. Prices very reasonable. Try us on your next hat.

ROYAL HAT WORKS
Mail orders promptly attended to. Main 8442. 223 First St., Portland

BELMONT AUTO SCHOOL
You get the most thorough instructions in driving and practical work that can be produced, also light work, drill press and forging. Finely equipped machine shop and school room. Tuition fee $35 cash; $40 payments $10 per week.
BELMONT AUTO SCHOOL & GARAGE.
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GAS LIGHTING SYSTEMS
For the farm at small cost. Better light than city gas or electricity. Switches on or off like electricity. No matches; no possibility of fire. Cost one-tenth of city gas. Lights house, barn, outbuildings, driveway. Used for cooking like city gas. Write for particulars.
A. A. BRYANT, 190 Madison St., Portland, Or.

BOYNTON FURNACES
Most economical and effective for house and school heating.
J. C. BAYER FURNACE CO.
Front and Market Sts. Portland, Or.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS
Announced for November 4th. Prepare now. Write for free book, mentioning this paper.
PACIFIC STATES SCHOOL
McKay Building Portland, Oregon

HOLMES BUSINESS COLLEGE
PORTLAND, OREGON
Graduates can be found everywhere pointing to this school as the reason for their remarkable success
SEND FOR FREE FIRST LESSONS
POSITIONS SECURED FOR STUDENTS WHEN COMPETENT
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Keeley Cure ALCOHOL
OPIUM—TOBACCO
Habits Positively Cured. Only authorized Keeley Institute in Oregon. Write for illustrated circular.
KEELEY INSTITUTE, 71 E. 11TH N.
PORTLAND, OREGON.

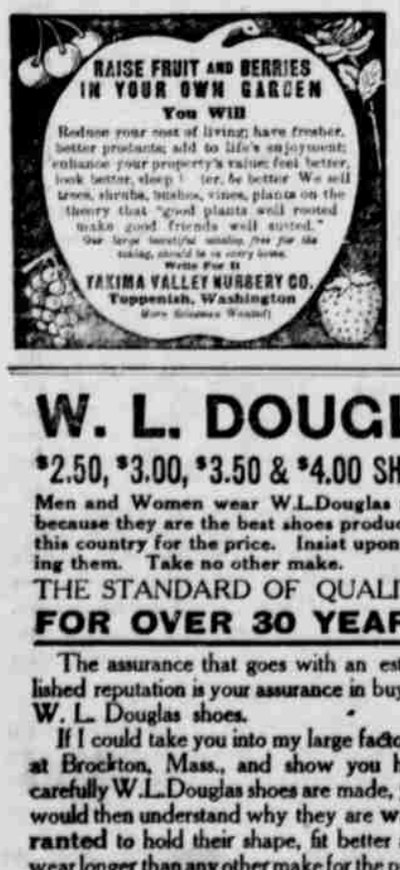
OUT OF TOWN PEOPLE
can receive prompt treatments of Non-Poisonous, Health-building remedies from
C. GEE WO
the Chinese doctor.

Try once more if you have been doctoring with this one and that one and have not obtained permanent relief. Let this great nature-healer diagnose your case and prescribe some remedy whose action is quick, sure and safe. His prescriptions are compounded from Roots, Herbs, Buds and Barks that have been gathered from every quarter of the globe. The secrets of these medicines are not known to the outside world, but have been handed down from father to son in the physicians' families in China.

CONSULTATION FREE.

If you live out of town and cannot call, write for symptom blank and circular, enclosing 4 cents in stamps.

THE C. GEE WO CHINESE MEDICINE CO.
162½ First St., Cor. Morrison
Portland, Oregon.



Hood's Sarsaparilla

Eradicates scrofula and all other humors, cures all their effects, makes the blood rich and abundant, strengthens all the vital organs. Take it.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolated tablets called **Sarsatabs.**

Customer—How much for that suit of clothes, if I pay cash?

Tailor—Forty dollars.

Customer—How much on credit?

Tailor—Eighty dollars, half of it down.—Toledo Blade.

COLDS
CURED IN ONE DAY

As a rule, a few doses of Munyon's Cold Remedy will break up any cold and prevent pneumonia. It relieves the head, throat and lungs almost instantly. Price 25 cents at any druggist's or sent postpaid.

If you need Medical advice write to Munyon's Doctors. They will carefully diagnose your case and give you advice by mail, absolutely free.

Address Professor Munyon, 53d and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

American Heiress and Earl.

Representative Henry, of Texas, at a luncheon in Washington, D. C., inveighed eloquently and wittily against the American heiress who marries the foreign nobleman for his title.

"But she gets the small end of it," said Representative Henry, grimly. "Here's an example:

"There was a Texas girl with 20 millions who married an earl—we'll call him Lord Laclands. Well, this earl was notorious for speeding his motor cars. So they changed the law to fit his case. Afterward a man said to him:

"Well, Laclands, what are you going to do, now that in all speeding offenses the owner of the car and not the chauffeur is to be arrested?"

"Do?" said Lord Laclands, "why I'm going to put every motor I own in my wife's name."—Washington Star.

Mothers will Lad Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Master—Jackson, fetch my umbrella case.

Valet—Here it is, sir.

Master (angrily) — Fool! That is my wife's new tailored suit!—Judge.

Free to Our Readers

Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 48-page illustrated Eye Book Free. Write all about Your Eye Trouble and they will advise as to the Proper Application of the Murine Eye Remedies in Your Special Case. Your Druggist will tell you that Murine 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 Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

First Imp — Ananias won't be so lonesome now.

Second Imp—Why?

First Imp — There's a theatrical press agent coming tomorrow—Puck.

Mexican Mustang Liniment
FOR RHEUMATISM.
Mrs. Olive Huntington, Nortons, 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

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Write for catalogues and literature. Developing and printing. Mail orders given prompt attention
Portland Photo Supply Co.
149 Third Street PORTLAND, ORE.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$2.50, $3.00, $3.50 & $4.00 SHOES

Men and Women wear W.L.Douglas shoes because they are the best shoes produced in this country for the price. Insist upon having them. Take no other make.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY
FOR OVER 30 YEARS

The assurance that goes with an established reputation is your assurance in buying W. L. Douglas shoes.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W.L.Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are **warranted** to hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than any other make for the price

CAUTION The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom

If you cannot obtain W. L. Douglas shoes in your town, write for catalog. Shoes sent direct from factory to wearer, all charges prepaid. W.L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

ONE PAIR of my BOYS' $2, $2.50 or $3.00 SHOES will positively outwear TWO PAIRS of ordinary boys' shoes
Fast Color Eyelets Used Exclusively.

SERIAL STORY

The Courtship of Miles Standish

With Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy

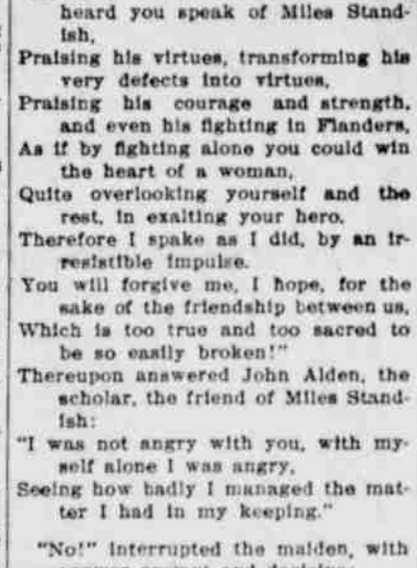
(Copyright, The Bobbs-Merrill Company)

Priscilla

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the lodestone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature,
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

"Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?" said she.
"Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum?
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!"
Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish:
"I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping."

"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive;
"No; you were angry with me for speaking so frankly and freely.
It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,



Homeward Together They Walked.

Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs."
Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women:
"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always
More like the beautiful rivers that watered the Garden of Eden,
More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,
Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden!"
"Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden,
"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.
When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,
Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,
Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,
Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.
This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you;
For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly
If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,
If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and looked at Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.
So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.
"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it:
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.
For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your friendship
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."
Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling:
"Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the Mayflower,
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling,
That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.
But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,
Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly:
"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,
You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,
When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me."
Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story,—
Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.
Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,
"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!"
But as he gently rebuked her, and

"You Will Forgive, I Hope."

speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.
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Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling:

told her how much he had suffered,—
How he had even determined to sail that day in the Mayflower,
And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened,—
All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,
"Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to me always!"

Thus as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,
Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,
Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition;
Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,
Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Porto Rican's Arsenal.

"I have been visiting one of our outlying possessions," said E. Stanley Faversham.

"I wanted a new sensation in the way of travel, and thought it would be worth while to take a look at Porto Rico.

"The Spanish inhabitants cling to their old customs to a great extent, and a stranger is impressed by the remarkable devotion to canes. Men, young and old, and even boys, carry some sort of a walking stick, and the Porto Rico dandies are very proud of the way they can twirl a cane and make passes with it as with a sword.

"The dude of the Porto Rico country is very proud of his collection of canes and refers to it as his arsenal."—Washington Post.

Without Regard to Expense.

After a week in the country, up in Montgomery county, a prominent lawyer returned to town determined to stay here during the summer. But before coming home he had the satisfaction of telling the keeper of the "real old country boarding farmhouse" just what he thought of things.

"There is one thing on your table," said the lawyer, "which is not to be excelled by the best hotels of New York or Philadelphia."

"What is it?" asked the farmer.

"The salt," answered the attorney with a fine display of biting sarcasm.

"Well, I'm glad ye liked it," returned the farmer. "It's the best Jimson's keep, an' I ain't pertickler about the price."—Philadelphia Times.

Girl Fire Chief.

Port Tampa, Fla., is to be protected from fire by a brigade organized and trained by the daughter of the late chief of the Tampa Fire Department. This girl, Maggie Harris, is said to be the first girl in the United States, and probably in the world, to organize a fire department. About 40 men have agreed to serve under her direction. She is drilling them according to the rules and methods of her late father.—Popular Mechanics.

WIT and HUMOR

HOW HE GAVE HIMSELF AWAY

Husband Home Late "From the Office" Makes Bad Blunder in Making Explanation to Wife.

Man may declare that he is the lord of creation, but all the same he fears his wife above everything else should he happen to reach home very late at night. Recently a certain husband arrived home much later than usual "from the office." He took off his boots and stole into the bedroom; but, vain precaution, his wife began to stir. Quickly the panic-stricken man went to the cradle of his first-born and began to rock it vigorously.

"What are you doing there, Robert?" queried his wife.

"I've been sitting here for nearly two hours trying to get this baby to sleep," he growled.

"Why, Robert, I've got him here in bed with me," said the spouse.

And he never said another word all that night.

A Ready Reckoner.

There are no cul-de-sacs for Irish wit. A "jarvey" drove Phil May, the wonderful English artist in black and white, now dead, round Dublin on his first visit to that city and in showing him the sights stopped in front of the Bank of Ireland.

"That, sorr," said he, "is th' receptacle av th' money th' English take f'rm us!"

On the roof of the building are six decorative figures, and Mr. May inquired what they represented.

"Begorra, sorr, they're th' twilve apostles."

"But," said Mr. May, "there are only six."

"Sure, I know that," returned the jarvey; "th' other wans are lunchin' wid th' lord liftinant."—Youth's Companion.

No Business Instinct.

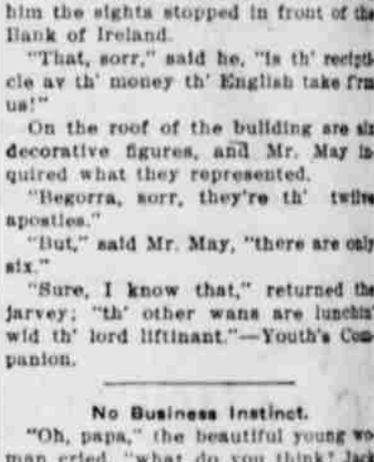
"Oh, papa," the beautiful young woman cried, "what do you think? Jack is a hero."

"Huh! Every girl thinks the man she is engaged to is a hero."

"But Jack really is one. He rescued his rich old uncle from a watery grave this morning. Here it is in the afternoon papers—with his picture and all."

"Send him word never to set his foot inside my door again. He is his rich, old uncle's nearest relative. And he rescued him from a watery grave! Hero! He's an idiot. An to think I had decided to take him into business as a partner! Lord, what a narrow escape."

HE SHOWED NO FEAR.



T-t-this is—the n-night—they s-say ghosts walks. A-a-re you skeered of g-ghosts?

N-n-n-no!

N-ne-neither am I!

What She Really Meant.

The Milkman (emphatically)—Allow me to say on the first onset, mum, that my milk's pure, and don't you forget it!

The Lady (frigidly)—My hallusions was not made to the purity of your milk, my good man. I only observed that it made my mouth water!—Black and White.

Movable Foliage.

"You ought to plant some shrubbery around the station. The division superintendent will be through in a few days."

"That won't give me time enough to plant shrubbery," said the station master, "but I'll get some of our whiskered citizens to stand around as he passes through."

Pat's Solution.

"How peculiar that steamship looks sailing along with her propeller half out of water and a foot of her water line showing," said a bystander on the dock.

"Nivver moind," said Pat, "thot's all be kivvered up whin the toide gits in."