Farmers and Merchants

Write us for our cash offer on your Farm and Dairy Produce. If we don't handle it will refer you to reliable buyer. PEARSON-PAGE CO. Portland, Oregon.

Machinery Second-Hand Machinery bought, sold and exchanged; engines, boilers, sawmills, etc. The J. F. Martin Co., 70 1st St., Portland. Send for Stock List and prices.

Hand Woven, Unblocked
PANAMAS
FROM WEAVER TO WEARER
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Can be worn unblocked by woman. Blocked in any size, shape or style for man. Brims 3 and 6 inches. Light weight check prepaid on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Get a free booklet. Address NEW HOME HAT CO. 27 1-2 Washington St. Portland, Or.

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rolls developed, 10c, any size. Largest and best shop in Northwest. Complete price list on request. Best results guaranteed.
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Clippings of every kind and character from the press of the Pacific Coast furnished at reasonable rates.

DAKE'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU
412 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Peculiar Case of Poisoning.

Metal poisoning from handling copper coins was the curious cause for death recently assigned at West Ham, England. The deceased, age twenty-seven, had been employed to collect coins from penny-in-the-slot gas meters, and his physician testified that the coins were often green with verdigris, which remained on the collector's hands and was absorbed through his habit of curling his mustache with his finger.

Sounded Like Gaelic.

A story is told of a certain mayor of Cork who headed a deputation to the emperor of the French and commenced an oration to his majesty in which he conceived to be the French tongue. "Pardon me," said the emperor, after he had listened to the speech with much patience, "English I know fairly well, but, I regret to say, I have never had an opportunity of studying the Irish language!"—Argonaut.

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laundress smile.

Mahomet and the Mountain.

Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observance of his law. The people assembled; Mahomet called the hill to come to him, again and again; and when the hill stood still he was never a whit abashed, but said: "If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill."—Bacon's Essay "Of Boldness."

Queer Counting of Distances.

In the rural parts of Schleswig-Holstein people do not measure distance by miles, as we do, or by hours, as in other parts of Germany. They say that a place is a pipe, or two pipes, or three pipes off, according to the number of pipes one could smoke while walking there. Shorter distances are reckoned by dogs' barks; a village under a mile away would be two or three dogs' barks.

Formed Queer Alliance.

A pair of linnets made their nest in a beehive on a farm in Switzerland, and have succeeded in coming to an understanding with the bees, so that both branches of the natural world dwell in peace and harmony together. The birds and the bees use a common entrance to the hive.

Explained.

Dick—"What part of the family tree am I, maw?" Mother—"I guess you are one of the limbs, Dick." Dick—"Do you suppose that's what dad meant that morning when he said that I ought to be trimmed about every so often?"—Judge.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers or sent prepaid for $1.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Limit to His Foolishness.

Wife—You say I ought to practice economy, John. Now, what did your dinner downtown cost you today? Husband (a trifle weakly)—About three dollars. Wife—Heavens, John, three dollars just for a dinner? Husband (a trifle indignantly)—Well, that included a bottle of wine, of course. (More indignantly) You don't s'pose I would pay three dollars just for food, do you?—New York Sun.

The Coughs of Children

They may not cough today, but what about tomorrow? Better be prepared for it when it comes. Ask your doctor about keeping Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Then when the hard cold or cough first appears you have a doctor's medicine at hand. This cough medicine is especially good for children. No anodynes. No alcohol.

Many a child is called dull and stupid when the whole trouble is due to a lazy liver. We firmly believe your own doctor will tell you that an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills, sugar-coated, will do such children a great deal of good. Ask him.

Made by the J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

STANTON WINS

By ELEANOR M. INGRAM

Author of The Game and the Candle, The Flying Mercury etc.

Illustrations by FREDERIC THORNBURGH

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1

CHAPTER I.

The Man Who Dared.

The official starter let his raised arm fall and leaned forward, peering across the blended glare and darkness.

"What?" he shouted, above the pulsating roar of the eleven racing machines lined up before the judges' stand. "What?"

There was a flurry around the central car, whose driver leaned from his seat to stare down at the man who had slipped from beside him to the ground. The great crowd congesting the grand-stand pressed closer to the barrier, staring also, commenting and conjecturing.

"The mechanician of the Mercury is off his car!"

"Fainted—"

"Fell—"

"The automobiles hadn't started; he must be sick."

The referee was already pushing his way back, bringing the report from the hastily summoned surgeon.

"Heart disease," he announced right and left. "Stanton's mechanician just dropped off his seat, dead.

But Stanton himself had already swung out of his car, with the energetic decision that marked his every movement.

"My man is out," he tersely stated to the starter. "I've got to run over to my camp and get another. Will you hold the start for me?"

The question was rather a demand than a request. There was scarcely one among the vast audience who would not have felt the sparkle gone from this strong black wine of sport they had come to sip, if Ralph Stanton had been withdrawn from the twenty-four-hour contest. He had not only fame as a skilful and scientific racer; he had the reputation of being the most spectacularly reckless driver in America, whose death could be but a question of time and whose record of accidents and victories verged on the appalling. He knew his value as an attraction, and the starter knew it, although preserving impassivity.

"Five minutes," the official conceded, and drew out his watch.

Already a stream of men were running toward the Mercury camp with the news. Stanton sprang into his machine, deftly sent it forward out of the line, and shot around into the entrance to the huge oval field edged by the Beach track; a mile of white ribbon bordering a green medallion.

The row of electric-lighted tents, each numbered and named for its own racing car, was in a turmoil of excitement. But most agitated was the group before the tent marked "9, Mercury."

"Durand's down and out—give me another man," called Stanton, halting his noisy, flaming car. "Quick, you—"

But no one stepped forward from the cluster of factory men and mechanics. Only the assistant manager of the Mercury company responded to the demand:

"Yes, go; one of you boys. I'll make it right with you. You, Jones."

"I'm married, sir," refused Jones succinctly.

"Well, you then, Walters. Good heavens, man! what do you mean?"

For the burly Walters backed away, actually pale.

"I'll dig potatoes, first, sir."

"Why, you used to race?"

"Not with Stanton, sir."

There was a low murmur of approval among his mates, and a drawing together for support. Stanton stepped down from his car, snatching off his mask to show a dark, strong face grim with anger and contempt.

"You wretched, backboneless cowards!" he hurled at them, his blue-black eyes flashing over the group. "Do you know what I and the company stand to lose if I'm disqualified for lack of one of you jellyfish to sit beside me and pump oil? Isn't there a man in the camp? I'll give fifty dollars myself to the one who goes, a hundred if I win."

"I'll promise twice that," eagerly supplemented Green, the assistant manager. He had private bets on Stanton.

Not one of the clustered workmen moved.

"Damn you!" pronounced the driver, bitterly and comprehensively. "I'll repeat that offer to the man who will go for the first three hours only, and meanwhile we'll send to New York and find a red-blooded male."

The men looked at one another, but shook their heads.

"No? You won't? You work your miserable bodies three months to earn what I offer for three hours. What's the matter with you, don't I risk my neck?" He turned, sending his powerful voice ringing down the line. "Here, hunt the paddock, all of you—two hundred dollars for a man to ride the next three hours with me!"

"You can't take a man from another camp, Stanton," protested the frantic Mr. Green. "He might trick you, hurt the car."

His appeal went down the wind unheeded, except for one glance from the racer's gleaming eyes.

"He won't trick me," said Stanton.

The crowded stands were a bulk of swaying, seething impatience. The paddock was in an uproar, the Mercury camp the center of interest. But no volunteers answered the call. The panting machine, its hood wrapped in jets of violet flame, headlights and tail-lights shedding vivid illumination around the figure of its baffled master, quivered with impotent life and strength. Raging, Stanton stood, watch in hand, his face a set study in scorn.

Suddenly the harsh rasp of the official klaxon soared above the hubbub, warning, summoning.

"Four minutes," panted the despairing assistant manager. "Stanton—"

Some one was running toward them, some one for whom a lane was opened by the spectators from other camps who had congregated.

"Get aboard," called ahead a fresh young voice. "Get aboard; I'll go."

"Thank Heaven for a man!" snarled Stanton, as the runner dashed up. "Why, it's a boy!"

"Floyd," Mr. Green hailed hysterically. "You'll go?"

"I'll go," assured Floyd, and faced the driver; a slim, youthful figure in a mechanic's blue overalls, his sleeves rolled to the elbows and leaving bare his slender arms; his head, covered like a girl's with soft closely cropped curling brown hair, tilted back as his steady gray eyes looked up at Stanton.

"You? You couldn't crank a taxicab," flung the racer, brutal with disappointment and wrath. "You'd go? A boy?"

"Im as old as the driver of the Singer car, and scant five years younger than you—I'm twenty-one," flashed the retort. "And I know all there is about gasoline cars. I guess you're big enough to crank your own motor aren't you, if I can't? You've got thirty seconds left; do you want me?"

Met on his own tone, Stanton gasped, then caught his mask from the man who held it.

"Why don't you get on your clothes?" he demanded savagely. "Are you going to race like that? Jump, you useless cowards there—can't you pass him his things? Telephone the stand that I'm coming, some one."

There was a wild scurry of preparation, the telephone bell jingled madly.

"Jes Floyd is one of our new factory men," hurried Mr. Green, in breathless explanation, as Stanton took his seat. "He's a gas-engine wonder—he knows them like a clock—he tuned up this car you've got, this morning—"

The klaxon brayed again. A trim apparition in racing costume darted from the tent to swing into the narrow seat beside the driver, and Stanton's car leaped for the paddock exit with a roar answered by the deafening roar of welcome from the spectators.

"Seven minutes," snapped the starter, as the Mercury wheeled in line.

Stanton shrugged his shoulders with supreme indifference, perfectly aware of his security, since the start had not been made. But his mechanician leaned forward with a little gurgle of irresistible, sunshot laughter.

"Don't worry," he besought. "Really, we'll get in seven minutes ahead."

His mocking young voice carried above the terrific din of the eleven huge machines, and Stanton turned upon him, amazed and irritated at the audacity. The starter also stared, just as a flashlight flared up and showed fully the young gray eyes dancing behind the goggles, the red young mouth smiling below the mask, the shining young curls which the cap failed to cover. He stared, then slowly relaxed into a smile, and went forward.

"The talking done while I'm up, is done by me," stated Stanton forcibly. "Remember."

"Don't you ever need a rest?" queried Floyd.

Stanton opened his lips, and closed them again without speaking. His trained glance went to sweep his opponents, gaging their relative positions, their probable order on the first turn, and his own best move. The successive flashlights on either side were blinding, the atmosphere was suffocating with the exhaust gasolene and acetylene fumes. It was as familiar to him as the odor of sawdust to the circus dweller, as the strong salt wind to a habitant of the coast; the unusual element lay in the boy beside him. Man, he refused to acknowledge him.

The sharp crack of a pistol, the fall of a flag, and the whole struggling, flaming flock sprang forward toward the first turn, wheel to wheel in death-edged contest. And Stanton forgot his mechanician.

The Mercury led the first circuit, as usual. It was very fast, and its pilot took the chances more prudent drivers avoided. Still, the lead was less than the car's own length, two of its closest rivals hanging at its flanks, when they passed the tumultuous grand-stand. Just ahead lay again the "death curve." There was a swift movement beside Stanton, the pendent linen streamers floating from his cap were deftly seized and the dust swept from his goggles with a practiced rapidity.

"Car on each side an' one trying to pass," the clear voice pierced the hearing. "No room next the fence."

Stanton grunted. The boy knew how to rise in a speeding machine, then, and how to take care of his driver, he noted. Nevertheless, he meant to take that fence side.

And he did. As the other drivers shut off power to take the dangerous bend more slowly, Stanton shot forward at unchanged speed, cut in ahead and swept first around the turn, taking the inside curve. The spectators rose with a universal cry of consternation; the Mercury swerved, almost facing the infield fence, skidding appallingly and lurching drunkenly on two wheels, then righted itself under the steering-wheel in the master's hands, and rushed on, leading by a hundred feet.

The people cheered frantically, the band crashed into raucous music. Stanton's mechanician got up to lean over the back of the flying car and feel the rear casings.

"You're tryin' to tires," he imparted, his accents close to the driver's ear.

That was the first time that Stanton noticed that Floyd lisped and blurred his final "g" in moments of excitement. It might have sounded effeminate, if the voice had not been without a tremor. As it was—

At the end of the first hour, the bulletin boards showed the Mercury five laps ahead of its nearest rival. And then Floyd spoke again to his driver.

"What?" Stanton questioned, above the noise of the motor.

"We've got to run in; I'm afraid of the rear inside shoe. It won't stand another skid like the last."

Stanton's mouth shut in a hard line.

"I will not," he stated. "Get back in your place. You can't tell."

"I can."

Stanton deigned no reply, sliding past one of the slower cars on the back stretch. To go in meant to lose the whole time gained. As they took the back turn, Floyd again leaned over.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stanton Stood, Watch In Hand, His Face a Set Study in Scorn.

DESERVED TO MAKE A SALE

Book Agent at Least Showed That He Had the Valuable Quality of Perseverance.

The book agent who walked into Peter Steffen's office looked like an ingenious fellow, but Steffens, glancing up in a hurry, spied his trade in a minute and muttered to himself.

"Confound that boy. Now, how did that fellow get in?"

Aloud, he said: "You're wasting your time here. I won't buy anything today."

"If you'll only let me show you—"

"No," shouted Steffens.

"It won't take a minute—"

"But, really, my dear sir, this is something out of the common—"

"No use. I can't read," said Steffens.

"But your family, sir, would you deprive them—"

"I would," said Steffens, "if I had any. I'm an orphan."

"Well, you might want something to throw at the cat," suggested the book agent.

"Do you think," demanded Steffens, "that I would demean my cat by throwing your miserable publication at her?"

The book agent was only dashed a second.

"What about me," he asked, insinuatingly. "Don't you want something to throw at me the next time I come?"

HIPPETY-HOP.

Hippety-hop to the candy shop
To buy some chocolate drops;
Hippety-hop to the fruiter's shop
To buy some corn which will pop.

Hippety-hop to our home again,
With candy, pop-corn and popper;
Hippety-hop to the kitchen fire,
For each of us is a hopper.

FIGURE SEVEN IS MYSTICAL

Day on Which Our Creator Finished His Work and Rested—Many Other Interesting Facts.

On the seventh day God ended His work.

On the seventh day Noah's ark touched the ground.

In seven days a dove was sent.

Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom.

Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph.

Jacob pursued a seven days' journey by Laban.

A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven ears of full and seven ears of blasted corn.

On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days, and remained seven days in their tents.

Every seventh day the law was read to the people.

Solomon was seven years in building the temple.

In the tabernacle there were seven lamps.

Naaman washed seven times in the River Jordan.

Our Saviour spoke seven times from the cross, on which He hung seven hours, and after His resurrection He appeared seven times.

In the Apocalypse we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven trumpets, seven plagues, seven thunders, seven virgins, seven angels and a seven-headed monster.—Newark News.

BOYS THAT ARE IN DEMAND

Business Man Wants One Who Is Modest, Prompt, Pleasant, Industrious and Honest.

"What kind of a boy does a business man want?" repeated a shrewd, practical man of many concerns, the other day.

"Well, I will tell you. In the first place he wants a boy who doesn't know too much; business men generally like to run their own business, and prefer some one who will listen to their way, rather than try to teach them new kinds; secondly, they want a prompt boy—one who understands seven o'clock as exactly seven, not ten minutes past; third, an industrious boy, who is not afraid to put in a little extra work in case of need; fourth, an honest boy—honest in his service, as well as in matters of dollars and cents; and fifth, a good-natured boy, who will keep his temper if his employer loses his own now and then!"

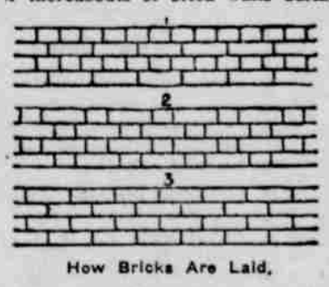
"But you haven't said a word about his being smart!" was suggested.

"Well, to tell the truth," was the rather hesitating answer, "that's about the last thing we worry over. The fact is, if a boy is modest, prompt, pleasant, industrious and honest, he's quite as smart as we care about—and that's a fact."

MANNER OF LAYING BRICKS

Surprisingly How Few People Outside of Building Trades Can Sketch the Proper Method.

Can you tell how the bricks of a brick wall are laid? If you are a town dweller you perhaps pass a mile or thereabouts of brick walls during the day, yet it is surprising how few people outside the building trade can sketch bricks laid in a proper manner. Fig. 3 is the method most people will show, whereas the bricks are almost invariably laid in the styles shown in the first two sketches. Make a point of looking at several brick walls and see for yourself.



How Bricks Are Laid.

Try It.

It is said the queen of Sheba tested King Solomon's wisdom by bringing before him an equal number of boys and girls, dressed exactly alike, and asking him to decide which was which.

The father of wisdom called for wash basins, and told the group to wash its hands.

The girls daintily rolled up their cuffs, but the boys splashed away without regard to neatness.

And there you are.

There was no match trust in that early day. If there had been any the great king would have enjoyed a simpler test. For the London Chronicle declares that when women strike a match she invariably scrapes it outward and away from herself, while a man scrapes it in and toward himself.

Fill your match box and try this.

REDUCE YOUR LIVING EXPENSES

Eat Golden Cereal Foods and recommend them to your acquaintances. You get better quality and more for your money. They are made in your home state from the best Oregon Oats and Wheat. Large packages contain a Handsome Premium and all goods are guaranteed. Ask your grocer.

Golden Rod Oats. Golden Rod Pancake Flour.
Golden Rod Wheat Flakes. Ralston Select Bran.
Golden Rod Wheat Nuts. Golden Rod Chick Food.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE—160 A. IN LINN CO., ORE.; 70 A. cult.; 2-story 10-r. residence, barn, outbldgs., 150 bearing fruit trees, machinery, etc. Haven, Box 819, Chicago.

FOR SALE—80 A. NEAR VANCOUVER, B. C., Can.; 5 a. cult.; house, barn, hennery, incubator, outbldgs., 2 a. fruit orchard, etc. Allen, Box 819, Chicago.

Foolish Waltzing Contest.

An extraordinary waltzing watch in which eight couples competed took part at Allessandria, Piedmont, Italy. The dancers commenced at 10 o'clock in the evening of the 25th instant and did not cease until they were compelled to do so from exhaustion. At midday on the 26th, when there remained only two couples in the contest, the jury ordered the termination of the match, which had lasted 14 hours, and Regaldi, who was adjudged champion, fainted immediately afterward.

How Taste Is Cultivated.

People who live in climates where malaria abounds, frequently have to take so much quinine that they get to love the taste of it, and to take it daily, even when they do not need it, just because it tastes good to them. And yet quinine is one of the bitterest of drugs and these same people, did they move away from the malaria district for a few years, would soon get to detest the taste of it.

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

Chinese Children Like Paris.

Recently a number of Chinese children have been found in the streets of Paris and taken before the magistrates as vagabonds. These children were brought to France by showmen to perform as acrobats. After a few months, their performances having lost their novelty and ceased to attract, the managers abandoned them. They have been taken to the Chinese legation to be sent home. But they don't want to go home. The beautiful city of Paris is more to their liking.

Clocks Run by Fan Motors.

Fans actuated by currents of air have from time to time been used as motors for running clocks. One, by Lepaute, is in the Louvre, Paris. Benjamin Hanks, of Litchfield county, Connecticut, patented one in 1783. In a more recent patent the weight is wound up by the current of air in a chimney which is stopped by a self-acting brake as the weight nears the top of its course.

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other.

Get His Knowledge First Hand.

Benson J. Lossing, whose historical collections were sold in New York city recently, was a historian of the old school, whose methods were yet in a way up to date, not to say journalistic. He traveled many thousands of miles in gathering material for his books, conversing with old settlers and descendants of revolutionary heroes and making sketches on the spot of battlefields and scenes of historic interest.

A Bad Spill.

"Here's a young woman that was left half a million dollars merely for spilling a little sunshine into an old man's life." "Her experience is more fortunate than mine. I once spilled a cup of coffee into an old man's lap and he cut me out of his will altogether."

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Dont accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Snail Culture Profitable.

French farmers find snail culture a profitable undertaking. As many as 500,000 "first quality" snails, the price of which throughout the year averages $1.70 a thousand, can be reared on an acre of land. They have to be fed only once a day, preferably in the evening, and though extremely voracious are by no means fastidious. After a fall of rain, which seems to sharpen their appetites, a bed of 100,000 will demolish a barrow load of cabbage in a very short space of time.

Oldest City in the World.

Doctor Harkov, a Russian savant, once affirmed that Samara, on the right bank of the Tigrus, near Bagdad, is the oldest city extant. Relics now discovered show that Samara flourished before the arrival of the Semites in Chaldea or Mesopotamia, 4,000 B. C.

Being Practical.

Practical people are wise people. Genius may create brilliant ideas, and be of a very active turn of mind, but money makes the mare go, and what practical people really wish is to have a pot, to have that full of potatoes, and to have fire enough to make the pot boil.

Quite Too Much for Used Words.

The value of advertising was pointed out to a man with a budding business, and he agreed to give a writer $50 for a full page. The copy was submitted and the merchant looked it over coldly. "Fifty dollars is too much," he commented. "You've used a lot of words I've seen before."

MEXICAN
MUSTANG LINIMENT
For Sprains and Bruises.
B. Street, Cedarville, Cali., writes:
"Have used Mustang Liniment a number of years on stock for cuts, sprains, bruises, etc., with best results. The boys on the ranch here use it for rheumatism, lumbago, sprains, cuts and burns with the most satisfactory results. In fact we use it on man or beast as the best remedy we know of."
25c. 50c. $1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores

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PREPARES thoroughly, and in the shortest possible time, for College, Business, Teaching, Civil Service, and Citizenship. Languages a Specialty.
Eight Courses; no entrance examinations; special classes for foreigners.
EXPENSES LOW: Tuition, board, room and washing, nine months, $180; eighteen weeks, $94; nine weeks, $50.
You ask: How can you furnish all this for less than the usual price of board and lodging? We answer: By the aid of our church we are enabled to give our students more than they pay for.
We can't tell all here. Our free 50-page catalogue will do it. Send for it. Address
N. J. HONG, Principal
Parkland, Wash.

Judge and "Barmaid's Blush."

Judicial ignorance is generally assumed, but there are occasions when a judge is honestly lacking in knowledge. The other day a witness in an Australian court casually mentioned that a certain thing occurred just after he had a "barmaid's blush." Judge and counsel were for the moment "stuck up" by this hitherto unheard of phrase, but the fact was gradually elicited that it meant a drink of compounded beer and raspberry vinegar. —London Chronicle.

Chemical Caterpillars.

The work of former investigators, Tichomorrow, Toyama and Kellogg, has been substantiated by Mr. Ripley of the department of biology, Trinity college, Hartford, Conn. Mr. Ripley has produced caterpillars from unfertilized eggs by the action of sulphuric acid, and has therefore carried one step farther the investigation of his predecessors in the production of larvae.

Sunshine of Life.

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.—J. M. Barrie.

WHERE DOCTORS FAILED TO HELP

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Mrs. Green's Health—Her Own Statement.

Covington, Mo.—"Your medicine has done me more good than all the doctor's medicines. At every monthly period I had to stay in bed four days because of hemorrhages, and my back was so weak I could hardly walk. I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I can stay up and do my work. I think it is the best medicine on earth for women." —Mrs. JENNIE GREEN, Covington, Mo.

How Mrs. Cline Avoided Operation.

Brownsville, Ind.—"I can say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me more good than anything else. One doctor said I must be operated upon for a serious female trouble and that nothing could help me but an operation.

"I had hemorrhages and at times could not get any medicine to stop them. I got in such a weak condition that I would have died if I had not got relief soon.

"Several women who had taken your Compound, told me to try it and I did and found it to be the right medicine to build up the system and overcome female troubles.

"I am now in great deal better health than I ever expected to be, so I think I ought to thank you for it."—Mrs. O. M. CLINE, S. Main St., Brownsville, Ind.

Painless Dentistry

Is our pride—our hobby—our study for years and now our success, and ours is the best painless work to be found anywhere, no matter how much you pay. Compare our Prices.

DR. W. A. WISE, President and Manager
22 YEARS ESTABLISHED IN PORTLAND

We finish plate and bridge work for out-of-town patrons in one day if desired. Painless extraction when plates or bridge work is ordered. Consultation free.

Molar Crowns	$5.00
22k Bridge Teeth	4.00
Gold Fillings	1.00
Enamel Fillings	1.00
Silver Fillings	.50
Good Rubber Plates	5.00
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