11

SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanician of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They alight to take walk, and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto. Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and they dine together. Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurt, but not seriously. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very ill and loses consciousness. On recovery, at his hotel Stanton receives invitation and visits Jessica. They go to theater together, and meet Miss Carlisle.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued).

"Don't see or hear too much, and don't tell me if you do," advised Stanton suddenly, and leaned forward.

The Mercury uttered a vibrant roar that cleared the Parkway for a quarter of a mile ahead, and leaped.

Floyd kept his eyes upon the road in front, carefully avoiding view of the hubbub left in their wake. He had a fleeting glimpse of one scandalized officer struggling with his rearing horse, as they thundered past, and he entertained no doubt of the number in their rear.

"She steers a little stiff," Stanton observed, twisting between a limousine and two carriages. "But we can fix that at the track. What?"

"Two motor-cycle policemen are just behind," communicated Floyd, devoured by silent mirth. "Had enough?"

"I haven't seen them yet. I can't let out the machine here, of course, but—was that a dog?"

"Poodle."

"But it seems all right."

Around a curve ahead darted a blue-uniformed figure on a motor-cycle, one arm raised. Stanton instantly checked his car, Floyd throwing out his hand in warning to those behind. There was a mad series of explosions from the abruptly halted motor-cycles in pursuit.

"You're under arrest!" shouted three voices at once, as the Mercury slid to a standstill.

"Is it possible?" inquired the driver, removing his goggles.

Two more motor-cycle officers were coming up, three mounted on horses were arriving from side-paths. Surrounded by the outraged eight and all the population in the neighborhood, the Mercury stood quiescent.

"Will you follow to the police station, or will we have to take you?" came the crisp question. "We've got your number."

"I'll follow wherever you like," engaged Stanton. "Lead the way."

They started, preceded by one officer and followed by another, also by a shabby young man on a bicycle. Into the station they went, accompanied by their three attendants.

The charge was three fold: exceeding the speed limit by some fifty miles an hour, resisting arrest, and violating the smoke ordinance. That set forth, the usual interrogatory was put, Stanton replying with concise brevity.

"Name and age?"

"Ralph Stanton, twenty-six."

"Occupation?"

"Automobile driver."

"Name of car?"

"Mercury."

"Owner?"

"The Mercury Company."

The shabby young man interrupted proceedings by a stifled gasp, grasping the sleeve of Floyd, who stood looking on.

"That's Stanton? Stanton? And you—who are you?"

"Jes Floyd, his mechanician," was the wondering response.

Stanton glanced that way, as Floyd was drawn to the other side of the room by his excited captor, but turned back to answer the remainder of the examination. When the ceremony was ended, he signaled to his mechanician.

"Come; I've got to go before the magistrate and give bail," he summoned impatiently.

Floyd came across to him, shining-eyed and eager.

"Stanton, that is a reporter; he wants us to tell him about your doing this. He needs a fresh story to make good with his paper—can't we give it to him?"

Stanton surveyed his companion, eyebrows lifted.

"Why should we? The newspapers will get it, whatever we do. Come."

"But he needs it; it would help him," Floyd urged. "He, he's thin and frayed out—Stanton, he looks hungry."

"Do you want to help him?" the driver queried astonished. "Do you care about a man you do not know and never see again?"

"Don't you?" asked Floyd simply.

"I'm not from Paradise," dryly answered Stanton. "Tell him anything you like, but be quick."

He looked at the reporter again, with a new use of his eyes. Floyd was right; the man was threadbare and gaunt, and pathetically young. Stanton had a rebuked consciousness of being strong and brutal in his strength, successful and selfish in his success.

"You are an educating companion," he observed, as they went out with an officer.

"Why?" Floyd inquired, puzzled.

But Stanton would elucidate no further.

The ordeal before the magistrate was not long. Stanton was held in a thousand dollars bail for future trial, produced a surety company's bond, and in fifteen minutes was free and once more in his seat behind the Mercury's wheel.

"We will reach the office on time," commented the lawbreaker.

"You do it like a veteran," Floyd mused with mock suspicion.

At the office they left the car, but not each other. There was growing upon Stanton more and more the desire for Jesse Floyd's companionship, a final rebellion of nature against his lonely existence.

"Do you have to stay here?" he demanded, upon concluding arrangements at the office.

"No," Floyd replied.

"Come to dinner with me, then."

The mechanician shook his bronze-curled head in laughing refusal.

"There has been enough of that, Mr. Stanton; you come to dinner with me."

"At your home?" escaped Stanton involuntarily. He had a sudden vision of Jes and Jessica together, a premonition of mental bewilderment before the spectacle of their incredible likeness.

"I would like that, but you know we live up town, and I have got to be back here in an hour. Mr. Green wants me."

"Oh, anywhere you say. See here, why can't you wait and come on the train with me to Indianapolis? We might make the trip less monotonous for each other."

Taken by surprise, Floyd hesitated.

"I—you are good to think of it—but Mr. Green would never consent. He has arranged for me to go on to-night."

"Why shouldn't he consent? You would be there in plenty of time."

Floyd turned his mischievous gray eyes to the other man's, guarding silence. But Stanton halted in the middle of the sidewalk, his face locking in his steel-hard anger and determination.

"I know what you mean, Floyd. And, speak openly, do you believe that you would be unable to stand forty-eight hours of me without leaving the company?"

"No."

"No?"

"No. I am very certain that I could stand much more of you than I am ever likely to get, Ralph Stanton. We are blocking traffic here, aren't we?"

For one passing moment he had looked Jessica herself; Stanton saw again the girl's sorrowful face as she bent over the embroidery, and heard her answer "often" to his question of her loneliness. They were not altogether sufficient for each other, then, these twins? They might possibly admit a third? Stanton caught his breath; a slow strong pulse of vague excitement began to beat in him, and

They spent a long time over the simple meal, enjoying themselves completely. But at last they sank into a thoughtful silence, which Stanton was the first to break.

"I saw that Miss Floyd's arm was hurt, the other evening. I hope it is better."

Floyd raised his head, starting so violently as to overturn the goblet of water beside him.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed sharply. "What do you mean? Her arm?"

The shattering of glass and the consequent flood brought their waiter on a run, but Floyd did not even glance down at the wreck, his eyes upon Stanton; who returned the gaze in utter amazement.

"What do I mean? I say that your sister's bracelet slipped off and scratched her arm, the night we went to the play, and I asked you if she were well. What is the matter with you?"

Floyd pushed back his chair to permit the waiter's ministrations, his lashes falling.

"You gave me a turn," he exclaimed, with hurried lightness. "I wondered if Jessica had hurt herself and not told me. We've only got each other, and we are twins—I suppose we are silly about each other, in fact I remember, now, that she did have a scratch on her arm; I blamed it on the kitten."

He was still pale, and paid the check without looking at his companion.

"Your nerves are out," Stanton frankly commented, contemplating him with curiosity. "One would think it was you who were just over the arrest. You'll have to get in form before we strike a race-track."

"Don't you worry," besought Floyd, his gaiety and color rushing back together. "I'll take some smelling-salts with me in case I feel faint when you commence to speed up."

Outside the two paused, Floyd looking at his watch.

"I've got to go over to the office," he said. "Shall I see you again before we leave?"

"When is that?"

"Nine o'clock from the Grand Central. We always start a few days ahead of you, of course."

"Better shake hands, then," advised Stanton.

They did so, and separated.

At five minutes past nine, that evening, the Chicago special pulled out of New York. Ten minutes later a hand was laid on Floyd's shoulder, as he sat gazing out the window at the flying darkness and brightness that was the outskirts of the city.

"Do you want to talk, or shall I go back to my own section in the next car?" Stanton inquired.

His mechanician turned swiftly, incredulously.

"Stanton? Really you?"

"Since you had to start to-night, I saw no reason why I should not do likewise. I hate train travel; we'll get it over. You haven't answered my question yet."

"I didn't know that I had to," smiled Floyd.

And indeed there had been no possible mistaking of the welcome and pleasure in his cry, or in his truthful

The Mercury Uttered a Vibrant Roar and Leaped.

thereafter was never stilled until a day when all his world crashed into blank stillness.

They went on to the quiet French restaurant that Floyd had chosen; so recovering tone on the way that they contrived to disagree over the merits of rival speedometers and argued energetically all through the dinner.

face. Stanton took the seat opposite and pulled a folded newspaper from his pocket, passing it across.

"I suppose you have seen that," he inferred.

"Race gossip?" questioned the other taking the paper.

"Court news," was the correction.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Crab's Walk of 98 Miles

Homing Instinct Is Shown by Some Recent Experiments in England.

Some remarkably interesting details regarding the movements and the homing instinct of the edible crab were presented to the Eastern Sea Fisheries Committee. During the past two years Fishery Inspector H. Donnison has been carrying out investigations on behalf of the committee, and the results of his work cannot fail to be of considerable use to those concerned in biological research.

In the course of an exhaustive report he stated that between July and September, 1910, nearly two thousand crabs were captured, and after being labeled were again set free along the Norfolk and Lincolnshire coasts. The crabs had recently cast their shells, and new ones were then in process of hardening.

Rewards were paid to fishermen upon returning the crabs when recaptured. They were returned to the sea at varying distances from the shore, and up to the present 21 per cent of the labeled crustaceans had been recaptured and full data tabulated.

With regard to the Norfolk crabs liberated in the places from which they were originally obtained, fifty two were recaptured within one mile of their first home, but one traveled as far as Flamborough Head, a distance of ninety-eight statute miles. Nearly three hundred had traveled only three or four miles from where they were originally taken.—London Standard.

The Gloom of English Clubs.

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, at a dinner in New York, was talking about English clubs.

"There is something very triste, very depressing," he said, "about the really fashionable clubs of Pall Mall, St. James' street and Piccadilly. The stiff dignity, the somber quietude of these clubs, gets on an American's nerves.

"An American visitor to White's once said that the air of the place seemed to him to suggest that the king lay dead upstairs."

Do Homage to the Sun

STONEHENGE AT SUNRISE

THERE was a curious pilgrimage a few weeks ago to the famous Druid stones at Stonehenge, Cornwall, in the southwest corner of England. It was composed of the English members of the Universal Board of the Sons of Men, and they visited the ancient monuments of a primitive religion which goes back to the dawn of time, in order to do homage to the sun.

The pilgrimage was undertaken at the command of the guardians of the bond, the sacred five, as their title is, and the order decreed that the ceremony of adoration must take place within the sacred inclosure of Stonehenge during the days of the summer solstice. The date was Sunday, June 23.

The representatives of the bond consider that they are consecrations of the past—"a glorious past within which the Druids searched the treasuries of nature"—and they are called on to recover all that was lost and to find the corner stone of the temple that is to be "amid the rejections of a thoughtless and mind suppressed people."

The religion has only recently reached England. Its origin, according to its votaries, goes back into the mist of centuries, but it was brought to London by Dr. Macgregor Reed, who is now the head of the order in London. Dr. Reed was born at Darjeeling, India, where a lonely monastery in the name of the order has existed for many years. But Dr. Reed served his sacred apprenticeship at Teheran, Persia, where the religion is most actively practiced at the present time.

The rules governing the religion are stringent. They exact that when a disciple starts out to spread the creed through the world he shall take nothing with him beyond what he stands up in, and shall make his way from place to place and exist on only what is given him on the journey.

Religion Is Broad.

This Dr. Reed says he faithfully did until he reached London. His coming was foretold and expected, and he rapidly gained converts and adherents. Many of these were West Indian residents in London, but there was a large sprinkling of Englishmen, too.

The religion is a broad and sweeping one. Not only is the sun worshiped, but most things in nature as well. Herbert Close, an Englishman who has risen to the dignity of one of the sacred five, told the representative of the Sun that universalism is unity (Hebrew Achad).

"We believe," he said "that all religions in spite of surface differences, are merely different aspects of one religion—that is, if of religious impulse in the heart of man.

"We believe that religion and science are sisters, 'Hand in hand and soul in soul,' and that all men are brothers. There is no fundamental difference between east and west, between creed and creed.

"We seek for unity in all things. And through unity we endeavor to lead mankind to the right view and the right comprehension of the problems of existence. The cause of sorrow is ignorance; hence, by the removal of ignorance sorrow ceases."

Among the articles in the confession of faith, and which were recited at the ceremony at Stonehenge, are these:

"I believe in the existence of divine purpose within all that is.

That there is no disorder or wrong within nature.

"That nature is the reflected majesty of the powers and of the Almighty Power that lies beyond the All.

"Believing in the All Purpose, I believe in the great conception of the Infinite, called Allah, universal majesty, verity and Love Infinite, who dwells within the heart, and the life of all that is controlled by the wisdom and purpose of the great designer.

"I believe in the ultimate growth of all things unto good.

"I believe in the purposed evolution of all things toward the better and the best."

Ceremony at Stonehenge.

The date, June 23, was selected for the ceremony because it was the longest day in the calendar. The sacred five, clad in flowing robes of Tyrian purple, white and gold, which bore mystic signs about them, set out for the historic circle of Stonehenge long before the dawn. They were followed reverently by a goodly number of worshipers, who included several Americans who were visiting Stonehenge.

When the sacred five arrived at the great stones they sat down patiently to await the rising of the sun. It is necessary that they should wait until the first shaft of light strikes the head of Chaba, the great altar stone in the center, when their ceremony can begin.

As the sun slowly rose over the great plain of Salisbury the weirdly clad priests of the order rose, too, and proceeded to walk solemnly round each of the giant stones, bowing low before each and chanting the invocation of praise to the sun. When they reached the altar stone the chanting ceased and the chief priest or messenger stood forward and in stentorian tones asked:

"Brethren, know ye why we are gathered into this sacred meeting?"

To which the worshipers solemnly made reply together:

"To proclaim our recognition of the power of Allah, the universal majesty and love infinite, according to the commands of the sacred five, the great souls and angel messengers of Allah to the sons of men."

Following this one messenger passed into a deep contemplation, while his followers raised their hands to the sun from time to time and uttered strange cries and invocations.

At the end of an hour the pilgrimage returned to have breakfast. There was another ceremony called the service of preparation at 11 a. m., and at 6:30 in the evening a message was delivered to the pilgrims within the sacred inclosure by the high priest.

He told them of a wonderful manifestation which was coming to them from on high in 1914, and urged them to prepare for it.

"See that it does not catch you unawares!" he cried.

The last time that sun worshipers were prominent in London was at the end of last year, when representatives of the Mazdaznan, the queer Chicago sect, came over to make converts in the metropolis. The Mazdaznan sun worshipers were accused of having worshiped as an earthly sun god Willie Lindsay, the 12 year old son of an American contractor.

For a time they held services in an unfurnished house in Seymour street, near the marble arch.

MOST HYBRID ENGLISH WORD

Five Languages Have Contributed to Form the Term Known as Remacadamizing.

The most hybrid word in the English language, according to Prof. A. F. Chamberlain, is "remacadamizing." The professor points out that this word is derived from five languages: Latin, Gaelic, Hebrew, Greek and English. He resolves it into its factors as follows: 1, re, a Latin prefix, suggesting a repetition of doing over again; 2, mac, a Gaelic word for son, in common use as a prefix for genealogical purposes; 3, Adam, the representative in many European languages of the Hebrew name of the first man, according to the Mosaic account of the creation, as given in the book of Genesis; 4, is (or ize), the modern English representative, through the French, iser, of the Greek verbal terminal izein; 5, ing, the English suffix of the participle present, verbal noun, etc. The root of this word, "macadam," illustrates in another way the vitality of our English speech and its ability to draw new words into its vocabulary whenever the need arises. The term "madacam" is really the family name of the man, John Macadam, who, in 1819, devised the now common method of paving roads with small broken stones. Celtic and Semitic had already combined to produce Macadam, meaning, "son of Adam," which the English language then took up and further molded to suit its genius.

Quite a Number.

Patience—There are four species of manlike apes—the gibbon, the orang, the gorilla and the chimpanzee.

Patrice—I know another one, but I'm not going to tell you his name.

The Way of It.

She—So your cousin is thinking of marrying a nice girl and settling down.

He—Not exactly; he's thinking of marrying a rich girl and settling up.—Boston Evening Transcript.

A man with a monocle always has something to live for.

ALWAYS TIME FOR COURTESY

Even in This Age of Rush and Hustle the Wise Person Will Never Neglect It.

"Life is not so short but there is always time enough for courtesy."

So says the wisest of American philosophers, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and all will agree with him.

It is said, however, that this most pleasing quality has deteriorated since the days of chivalry, and since the time has grown so short for the accomplishment of all that we have to do in this busy, bustling world. But this should not be. Gracious courtesy is well worth the trouble which it entails. It costs but so little to bestow, and yet means so much to the recipient.

Lord Lytton, the polished novelist and gentleman, tells us: "What a rare gift is that of manners! How difficult to define—how much more difficult to impart!"

The receipt is given by Emerson in these few words, "Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices."

Not big sacrifices, but petty sacrifices. It is the little things that tell, and the courteous man is careful to do little things to help his friends and please them.

Where'er they be, all hearts of gentle strain
Still cannot choose but courtesy pursue;
For they from nature and habit gain
What they henceforth can never more undo.

These are the words of the Italian bard, which tell at once of the need and the advantage of courtesy.

But if we would fully appreciate the charm of courtesy we should view it in contrast with that most abhorrent churlishness by which some portion of the humanity seem to like to be distinguished. Let us be courteous ourselves and learn our manners from the unmanerly, as did Lucian the fabulist.

NATURE IS NEVER UNKIND

Provides Compensation in Some Way for Those Who Suffer From Affliction.

When the third question put to the girl who was tinting a customer's hair a fashionable shade elicited no reply the woman turned to the manager of the beauty shop and said: "What is the matter with that girl, anyhow? Is she deaf?"

"Very nearly," said the manager.

"How does she hold her place?" said the woman. "It seems to me that a person employed in a place like this stands in need of her five senses."

"That is just what they do not need," was the reply. "If one sense is lacking the other four make up for the deficiency and become more valuable because more acute. Your hairdresser cannot hear, but her sight is marvelous. She can detect a gray hair half a block away and her gift for shading and matching colors amounts to real genius. No woman with all her faculties is so consummate an artist as she is in touching up a difficult head of hair. When you are ready for massage I shall bring you a blind girl. All her art is centered in her finger tips. She can find and smooth away wrinkles that less sensitive fingers would not discover. Another deaf girl in the establishment is particularly sensitive to scents and is invaluable in mixing and applying perfumes. The manager in a place of this kind needs her five senses and as many more as nature can provide, but for her assistants, elimination and concentration are desirable."

Musical Insects.

A carefully trained mind and ear are indispensable to enable one to detect and to discriminate readily from the general insect medley any particular species of musician.

As with birds and their songs, much of the charm and pleasure to be gotten from insect music depends on the emotional coloring associated with it. We are enraptured with the notes of the peepee in spring, or the earlier piping of the frogs, not because these sounds in themselves possess any intrinsic sweetness, but because they recall endearing memories of many happy, hopeful springtimes. They are always the harbingers of another verdant season. Their plaintive notes add to our minds an emotional warmth and sunshine. The yawaken for us an inner, subjective springtime.

In a similar way the crickets and katydids gladden and inspire us with their music in proportion as their notes have become associated in our minds with the emotional coloring of past memories.—Country Life in America.

Care of Your Umbrella.

A soft silk wears the best in an umbrella. A steel frame is lighter to carry and admits of a closer roll. When carrying your umbrella on the street not in use, keep it furled; if hanging in your closet keep its case on. In fact, it presents a very neat appearance if the case is on when it is carried. To furl, grasp the stick in the right hand, shake out the folds, wrap them closely around the stick, beginning at the lower end, and smooth as they are wrapped around the stick, then fasten with the silk band on the silk cover.

When coming in with a wet umbrella, wipe off the handle and ferrule, and furl the silk sections. If the silk gets a spot on it, remove it with a silk cloth, warm water and soap. Clean a gold or silver handle in warm soapsuds, rub up a wooden handle with a very slightly oily cloth.

They Must Be There Now.

Bill—The common variety of bee, known as the honey bee, is thought by some authorities to have had its original home among the woods and mountains of central Europe.

Jill—Well, from what I hear, a person always could get stung good over there.

Sky View.

Wifey—There go the Browns in their new monoplane!

Hubby—Are you sure it's the Browns?

Wifey—Of course I am. I'd know the top of her hat ar

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.

IDEAL FRUIT PICKERS' BAG.
Send us one dollar and we will mail you sample of Ideal Apple Pickers' Bag. Positively the best picking bag on the market, allowing man to use both hands. Barker Manufacturing Co., 35 Ambrose St., Rochester, N. Y.

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.

KODAK rolls developed, 10c, any size. Largest and best shop in Northwest. Complete price list on request. Best results guaranteed.
JACOBS PHOTO SHOP P.-I. Build'g, Seattle

Hand Woven, Unblocked PANAMAS FROM WEAVER TO WEARER
Can be worn unblocked by women. Blocked in any size, shape or style for men. Brims 3 and 4 inches. Light weight. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Get a durable, stylish hat for the half of what it would cost you elsewhere. Address NEW MODE HAT CO. C. H. Mossenholfer, Prop. 227 1/2 Washington St. Twenty years in Portland. Portland, Or.

HOLMES BUSINESS COLLEGE
WASHINGTON AND TENTH STS. PORTLAND, OREGON
WRITE FOR CATALOG
The School that Places You in a Good Position

Mount Sinai Located.

The discovery of what is believed to be the real Mt. Sinai of Holy Scripture is reported to the Academy of Science at Berlin by Prof. Dr. Al Musil from Damascus. Prof. Musil believes that the extinct volcano, Hala-l-Bedr, in the Hedja region of northern Arabia is the biblical mountain where the Ten Commandments were given to Moses.

Red Cross Ball Blue gives double value for your money, goes twice as far as any other. Ask your grocer.

Revised Version.

"I suppose that when you left the convention you exclaimed: 'I came, I saw, I conquered?'" "Not exactly," replied the delegate who changed his mind. "That is what I was going to say, but I modified it to 'I came, I was seen, I concurred.'"

Misunderstanding.

First Boarder—Will you pass the cheese? Second Boarder—How fast is it traveling?—Judge.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURED A CUT HORSE.
Fred DeNeffe, Marshall, Wash., writes
"I have used Mexican Mustang Liniment for some time and am well pleased. One of our horses had a deep cut in her breast and we used all kinds of medicines without effect until we tried Mustang Liniment and it healed it up in less than 10 days."
25c. 50c. $1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores

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
We finish plate and bridge work for out of town patrons in one day if desired. Painless extraction free 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
Best Red Rubber Plates 7.50
Painless Extraction .50
BEST METHODS
All work fully guaranteed for fifteen years.
Wise Dental Co., Inc.
Painless Dentists
Failing Building, Third and Washington PORTLAND, ORE.
Office Hours: 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays, 9 to 1

You will get a thorough examination

C. Gee Wo
C. Gee Wo
THE CHINESE HERBALIST.
The Chinese system of medicine differs from all others. It employs only purely herbal remedies and adheres to principles that have been thoroughly tested for thousands of years. When a patient comes to C. Gee Wo for treatment he is given a careful examination and he is told what ails him. Then he is given sufficient herb remedies for a course of time and told to report again to have his condition noted. In most cases patients notice a decided improvement in their health in a week's time. This is particularly so in nervous diseases and where the system is run down. The system itself when toned up to sundown. The system itself when toned up to ... is often able to throw off sickness. If you are ailing don't continue to suffer when the help of harmless remedies is so near at hand.
CONSULTATION FREE.
Out-of-town people can begin treatments by sending 4c in stamps for symptom blank, which is to be filled out and returned.
C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co.
162 1/2 First St. cor. Morrison. Portland, Or.

WHEN writing to advertisers, please mention this paper.