

Mrs. M. Ettner.



Salem, Oreg.—"For some years I have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as a spring tonic and have never found it to fail in cleansing the system, stimulating the blood and giving a feeling of healthy life. At one time I was weak and run-down, felt all worn out and ready to go to bed, but the help I got from the 'Golden Medical Discovery' brought back to me a feeling of strength and new life. I shall always have a good word to say for this wonderful remedy for I have always found it good when a tonic was needed. I have also used the 'Pleasant Pellets' for the stomach, liver and bowels, and can say they can be depended upon to clear and regulate these organs."

Coral Formation.

Coral islands, formed from petrified skeletons of coral polyps, are numerous in the warmer portions of the Pacific and Indian oceans, where the growth of coral goes on with great rapidity. These islands also occur to a lesser extent in the Gulf of Mexico and along the Atlantic shore of the West Indies.

Answer That.

"This is a diplococus, one of those primeval monsters which existed on the earth millions of years before the appearance of man," said the professor. "Diplococcus?" repeated the perplexed student. "Well, if it existed so long before the appearance of man, how do you know that it is its right name?"

Presidential Succession.

Succession to the Presidency, in case both President and vice president should die is: Secretary of state, secretary of treasury, secretary of war, attorney general, postmaster general and secretary of the navy.

Celebrated Trick Horse.

Morocco, a horse owned by one Banks, amazed all London by his cleverness at the close of the Sixteenth and the beginning of the Seventeenth century. Mention is made of him in contemporary plays.

A man charged in an English police court wrote that he could not attend in the morning, but if the court would sit for him any afternoon he would "be pleased to make an appointment."

Tree's Odd Growth.

The banyan tree is peculiar. Its branches send roots downward, which, when they have become rooted, become props, and in this manner the tree spreads over a great surface and endures for many ages.

Advertisement for Wrigley's chewing gum, featuring an illustration of a man and a woman and the text 'A Sweet Breath at all times! THE FLAVOR LASTS'.

Advertisement for Behnke-Walker, a business college, with text 'You Want a Good Position Very well—Take the Accountancy and Business Management, Private Secretarial, Calculator, Comptometer, Stenographic, Penmanship, or Commercial Teachers' Course at Behnke-Walker'.

LEE SONG, THE CHINESE HATCHET-BOY

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN

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LEE SONG, squatting at midnight in a back seat of the smoker, drowsily inhaled the warm fumes of his cigarette, as he blinked through the lampit reek on the lines of sleeping men sprawled along the sides of the car. His face, round, unwrinkled, guileless, proclaimed him an ordinary inoffensive Chinaman.

Under Lee's feet lay his straw extension case. It contained a Testament and several Chinese tracts, but also the tools of his trade—a bulldog revolver, a long, narrow knife and a stout cord.

A poor workman quarrels with his tools—but Lee Song never quarreled with his. The cord was new and unfrayed, the knife ground keen, and every chamber of the seven-shooter loaded. It was Lee's attention to details, joined with certain other admirable qualities, that had made him the foremost hatchet-boy of the Liu Kwen Tong.

Lee Song was an artist, either at premeditated assassination or impromptu murder. In his make-up was nothing spectacular, no boasting or bravado. Pistol-butt and knife-haft showed no notches—but he never failed to get his man.

When the Tong sends Lee Song after you, you are as good as dead already, and may as well get measured for your coffin.

On this special night the hatchet-boy was bound for a certain city to send a laundryman named Billy Wing to sleep beside his father. Why the Tong wanted Billy killed was immaterial to Lee. His business was simply to obey, to strike like lightning, like lightning to disappear.

The job promised to be a simple one. Lee smoked dreamily. His soul was at peace, save when he thought of his only son, who had died a month before. Every time the little white casket rose before Lee's eyes a devil who stood beside him night and day ran a sharp dagger into his heart. So often had the devil done this that the spot was very sore.

All night he journeyed, sleeping and waking, and at early dawn came to the city where lived Billy Wing.

There were few Chinese in the place, and Lee easily found Billy's laundry. Entering, he made the opium-smuggler's sign to the proprietor, who was wrapping up a shirt for a customer. Billy signaled back, his eyes glittering. After the customer went out, he asked eagerly:

"When?"

"Tonight at ten," answered Lee. Men who smoke opium should not incur the Tong's displeasure.

The hatchet-boy ran an experienced eye over the laundry, sizing it up for the kill and the get-away. Ah, yes, that back room! The job over, he could shed his false queue, shift his clothes, and slip out of town on a freight like a common American tramp.

As he started out of the door, a little Chinese boy slipped in. The devil stabbed Lee sharply in the sore spot, for the lad was about five, just the age his own son had been. The hatchet-man's heart warmed toward him, and he turned back. Billy was upbraiding the child for being late.

"Son of a pig!" he screamed shrilly. "Where have you been so long?"

With a buffet he sent him reeling into a corner. The little fellow picked himself up without a whimper, and disappeared into the back room, rubbing his head. Lee's fingers drew up toward something in his sleeve. He wished it were ten o'clock at night now.

"Tis Jing, the son of my brother, who died with his wife of the fever last spring," explained Billy. "Would the boy had died with them. He is not worth the food he eats or the clothes he wears. I can save no money while he is with me."

Lee replied nothing. Billy was going that night where money would not be needed.

All that day the hatchet-boy lurked in the outskirts of the city. He thought much of little Jing, and of Billy's cruelty to him, and the spot over his heart was very sore. But he could not kill the laundryman, until he received final orders, at seven that night, from the Tong.

Promptly on the hour he was at the post office. The general delivery clerk handed him a letter containing a white sheet, entirely blank. Its upper right-hand corner showed a slight nail-mark. This was made by the right forefinger of the chief of the Tong. It signified that Billy should live.

Lee Song felt the devil's dagger again. He had planned that afternoon to adopt little Jing, after Billy had gone to his father's. Sorely disappointed, he pondered, walking in the dusk. At last he came to a decision. He would kill Billy on his own account, and take the boy. True, it was somewhat irregular—but the Tong's rules did not forbid the avenging of a private feud, and Song took Billy's abuse of Jing as a personal matter.

At quarter to ten he started for Billy's laundry. A crowd of young hoodlums on a corner hooted and hustled the mild Chinaman, and turned him back. Song bore it meekly, but they would not have hustled him, had

they known what lay hid in the secret pocket up his broad sleeve.

It was half-past ten before he tapped on the laundry door. Billy opened it quickly.

"You are late," grunted he resentfully. He did not enjoy being cheated of his smoke.

"Be content," smiled Lee Song. "You shall have enough presently."

In a box in the back room Jing lay asleep, curled up like a kitten. Billy did not even look at him. Out of his sleeve he shook two packets of opium.

"Try this, before you buy," said he; and Billy snatched it greedily.

Each produced his pipe, and they began to smoke.

For the first five minutes between whiffs, Billy talked of Canton; for the second five he spoke occasionally in monosyllables; the third five he smoked in silence; suddenly the pipe twitched from his fingers, and he tumbled back on the bunk. Surely, it was strong opium.

Lee Song, watching him cat-like, laid down his own pipe, and stood up. The time had come for Billy to join his fathers.

There are pistol-jobs, and knife-jobs and rope-jobs. This was to be a rope-job. From his sleeve Lee produced a cord. Skillfully slipping it round Billy's neck, he rolled him over on his face.

Crossing the rope-ends the hatchet-boy grasped one firmly in each hand. His arms stiffened. A strong, steady pull would soon do the business. But Billy snored peacefully on.

Lee Song's gorge rose. Disgust possessed him; not pity, for hatchet-boys know no pity. It was a job for a novice, a bungler, unworthy a finished artist.

"Bah!" he grunted. "It is too easy. I kill men, not pigs."

Contemptuously pulling out the cord he rolled Billy over again on his back. Then he stepped to the box where Jing lay curled, and shook him lightly.

"Come," he said. The boy started up, looked at him a moment in sleepy wonder, then unhesitatingly stretched out his arms. The hatchet-man lifted him, and passed into the night.

Two hours later Lee Song sat in the corner of the smoking car, bound for the great city. In his arms lay Jing, fast asleep, one hand tightly clasping Song's right forefinger, that terrible finger which had sent so many Chinamen to join their fathers.

The hatchet-boy looked down on the little black head in the hollow of his arm. He pressed the limp, thin body against his breast, and felt the quick-beating heart and the gentle breathing. His room in Mott street would be brighter with this little fellow playing in it.

A wave of strange tenderness swept over Lee Song. Again the devil stabbed him, but his dagger was blunted. The sore place did not hurt so much. His lips were silent, but in his heart he said:

"It is good to have a little boy."

Made Up Her Mind to Show Those Jacksons

In earlier days of eastern Indiana, when the community physician acted as dentist, surgeon and sage, it was not infrequently that his knowledge of the personal prejudices of families served him well, the Indianapolis News remarks.

It is recalled by an early physician's son that his father told often of how a cure was effected by a remark that now would come under psychological classification. Mrs. B—, a member of a family known for its strength of character, which then was called by neighbors, "plain contrariness," was ill and had given up recovery. The family happened to have an inherent dislike for all members of another family. The physician wisely thought of a plan.

"Nancy," he said the next time he called on the woman who refused to get well, "I was talking to Bill Jackson today and told him you were pretty sick. He said: 'That's the way with them B—s, they are always dyin' off.'"

"You just tell Bill Jackson," she said hotly, sitting up in her bed, "that there ain't nothin' the matter with Nancy B— and that the B—s ain't no race to lay down and die like the Jacksons are."

It is recorded in the case that Nancy soon arose from her bed and lived in good health to an advanced age.

Lovely Arithmetic

A girl complained to her male companion that she didn't like arithmetic. She couldn't understand it and didn't see the use of it. The young man said he would teach her.

"Now," said he, "I kiss you three times on one cheek and four times on the other. How many does that make?"

"Seven," whispered the girl, disengaging herself to breathe more freely. "Well, that is arithmetic."

"Dear me," said the girl, "I didn't think it could be made such a pleasant study."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Pot From Ancient Copper

Charles M. Forsberg of Williamsport, Pa., has in his possession a coffee pot made of copper more than 400 years old. He made the pot from copper taken from the roof of the cathedral of St. Peter, in Rome, about 42 years ago, at which time replacement of some of the copper was undertaken after it had served nearly 400 years. The roof had been on since the building of the cathedral, in 1503. Commenting on the copper roof, he says that the perfectly made joints indicated that the ancient roofers who did the work were thorough craftsmen.

Mother's Cook Book

Mary had a little lamb With fleece as white as snow; Perhaps you may not know. It followed her to school one day, According to the book; Alas! the school where Mary went, They taught her how to cook. —Lippincott's.

SEASONABLE FOODS

FOR a luncheon or dinner dish the following will be enjoyed:

Browned Pressed Veal. Cook three and one-half pounds of veal and one-half pound of lean pork until the meat falls from the bones. Season and reduce the liquor to three-quarters of a pint. Pour this over the meat and mix thoroughly, then pack in a pan. When cold, slice, dip in egg and crumbs and brown in butter.

Banana Fluff.

Cut seven bananas into slices, sprinkle them with lemon juice and shredded coconut; let stand an hour on ice. Put the fruit through a fruit press and add one cupful, lacking a tablespoonful, of powdered sugar. Fold into the mixture the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs and turn into a freezer; turn until it begins to turn hard, then add a pint of cream that has been whipped until stiff.

Cream Cheese and Walnut Salad.

Make small balls of cream cheese and put together with a walnut on each side. Arrange on lettuce and serve with French dressing.

Creole Soup.

Take one quart of tomatoes, three plants of water, one-fourth cupful of rice, one large onion, one tablespoonful of curry powder, three slices of carrot, one tablespoonful of beef extract, and one tablespoonful of sugar. Cut the vegetables fine and cook with the water and tomatoes for half an hour. Strain; rub as much as possible of the pulp through the sieve. Return to the fire, add the rice, salt, pepper, sugar, beef extract. Cook the butter and flour with the curry powder to a cream, then stir it into the soup; cook for another half hour. The curry may be omitted if not liked.

Curried Bananas.

Put a cupful of desiccated coconut into a dish with a cupful of milk; if the fresh coconut is used add its own milk, if enough. Peel and slice a half-dozen bananas and put them with two tablespoonfuls of butter in which a tablespoonful of curry has been heated; brown lightly. Add a teaspoonful of the essence of anchovies, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne and, last of all, the coconut and milk. Simmer for fifteen minutes, then stir in a well-beaten egg. Serve in a well of freshly boiled rice.

Nellie Maxwell

Advertisement for The Appleton Family, featuring a portrait of Mrs. Lysander John Appleton and text 'The Appleton Family Mrs. Lysander John Appleton Mrs. Lysander John Appleton Miss Dayse Mayme Appleton Master Chauncey Devere Appleton'.

MRS. LYSANDER JOHN APPLETON, recently visited Grant's tomb. She gave a passing glance at



it, and then said: "What a pity to waste all this fine grass when it would keep a cow."

When Lysander John Appleton gets cross his wife gets no sympathy from Dayse Mayme. "You married him," she will remind her mother. "Whatever made you marry a man like that?" Then Mrs. Appleton replies in a low mumble, and Lysander John knows she is apologizing to her children because she didn't marry a prince, or a duke, or at least a banker.

Dayse Mayme Appleton, though a devout member of church, can't resist the desire to be revenged if some one offends her. A girl recently stole her bean, and Dayse Mayme got a sweet revenge. She cut up a loaf of baker's bread into thin slices, put ham between, and tied them with baby blue ribbon. Then she made some lemonade, and invited 12 girls in to spend the afternoon, and left the Hated One out. Oh, it was sweet when she passed the ham sandwiches tied with baby blue ribbon, and watered the lemonade a little more, to reflect on what her rival was missing. "She will be sorry," said Dayse Mayme, when she returned to the kitchen with an empty plate. "When she finds out what she has missed."

PORTLAND OFFERS A MARKET FOR YOUR PRODUCE

Advertisement for Hippodrome Theatre, featuring the text 'HIPPODROME THEATRE PORTLAND, OREGON. Complete Change Saturday Adults, Week day Matinee 20c; Evenings, 35c. Continuous 1 to 11 p. m. Children 10 cents all times'.

Advertisement for The Mallory, featuring the text 'The Mallory Select Residential & Transient 15th and Yamhill, Portland, Oregon. Modern - Fireproof - American Plan RATES MODERATE'.

Advertisement for Wholesale Typewriter Co., featuring the text 'ALL MAKES Guaranteed Rebuilt Typewriters Sale Terms: \$5.00 monthly if desired. Rented 3 mos., \$5.30 & up. Send for illustrated price list. WHOLESALE TYPEWRITER CO., 113 Sixth St., Portland, Ore'.

Springtime Beautiful

—holds no thrills, and but little anticipation, for the sick and puny. Therefore keep up that 100% feeling,

Advertisement for Bark-Root Tonic, featuring an illustration of a bottle and text 'Bark-Root Tonic A Mild Laxative A System Builder That will assist NATURE in keeping your System fit at all times At your Drug Store'.

Advertisement for Queen Hatchery, featuring the text 'WASHINGTON STATE QUEEN HATCHERY, Jay Todd 1402 1/2 AVENUE - SEATTLE'.

Accident Record. The accidental deaths in this country in the course of a year amount to more than those from typhoid, measles, diphtheria, dysentery and whooping cough together. Among the various kinds of accidents those attributed to the automobile have grown with far greater rapidity than any of the other and are now placed among the major causes of accidents in this country.

An Idea of Space. One may judge how great is the distance to even the nearest stars, says Nature Magazine, from the fact that Vega, a near neighbor, is about 1,500,000 times more distant than the sun, which is our own particular sun, the one about which our earth revolves.

First Map of the Atlantic. The first map in which the Atlantic ocean is depicted and given its proper name was published in the year 1366, and was the work of an Italian geographer, Marino Sanuto, of whom little is known.

Prices in Bible Days. Abraham paid 400 shekels of silver (\$200) for a piece of land for a burying place. In Solomon's time (1 Kings 10:29) it is mentioned that the price of a chariot in Egypt was 600 shekels of silver (\$250). The price of a horse was 150 shekels (about \$72).

Uncle Eben. "De discovery of a new comet," said Uncle Eben, "makes a heap 'o' talk. But when you comes right down to human requirements, 'tain't near as important as de discovery of a two-dollar bill in last winter's pants."—Washington Star.

Partisan Parley. A partisan is a man who thinks you an enemy if you can't be as unreasonable as he is.—Duluth Herald.

German Boy Wonder. Johann Baratter, who died in 1740, at the age of nineteen, is one of the world's most striking instances of precociousness. He read and wrote German and French at four, Latin at five, Greek and Hebrew at seven.

Advertisement for Two Hatches Free, featuring the text 'TWO HATCHES FREE WITH GUARANTEED SECTIONAL INCUBATOR. Made in two sizes, \$10 and \$20 each. Add additional time. Each section a complete incubator, large capacity small space automatic regulation, less work, low operating cost. You can't beat it in Price or Hatch. Address me at once for free catalogue. No greater incubator value obtainable. Free trial proves it. 25 years practical experience and Money Back Guarantee. ST. HELENS INCUBATOR CO. A. R. Badger, Prop. Box 39 Centralia, Wash.'.

Advertisement for Elastic Stockings, Trusses, featuring the text 'ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES Abdominal Supporters—Arch Supports. Send for measure blanks. Lane-Davis Drug Co. Truss Experts 173 Third St., Portland, Ore'.

Advertisement for Boyce Hatchery, featuring the text 'New Low Prices on BABY CHICKS Write for lowest prices ever on W. L. Chicks of famous Northwest quality. Choice "Reds and Rocks" \$18 per 100. 100% live delivery guaranteed. BOYCE HATCHERY 89 Pike St., Seattle, Wash.'.