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**Belgium to Pay Debts.**

Washington, D. C.—Baron de Cartier, the Belgian ambassador, informed Secretary Mellon Friday that his government desired to initiate negotiations at an early date for funding of the Belgian debt to the United States.

The ambassador, who conferred with the treasury secretary for an hour, plans to sail soon for home to confer with his government on the question, and upon his return will be accompanied to Washington by members of a commission to take up negotiations.

The move by Belgium came with striking suddenness and was based, it was understood, on cabled instructions to the ambassador to notify the American treasury of his government's intentions before leaving Washington for Brussels.

**That Rude Awakening.**

We read an account of a man who slept past the time for his wedding. That's nothing. Lots of men don't wake up till after marriage.—Los Angeles Times.

**Last Wonder of World.**

Only one of the "seven wonders of the world" survives, that being the pyramid of Cheops at Ghizeh.

**Each One Has a Duty.**

We are members of one great body. Nature wanted in us a mutual love, and fitted us for a social life. We must consider that we were born for the good of the whole.—Seneca.

**Odd Form of Marriage.**

Marriage is celebrated in a strange fashion in parts of India. The woman puts a pot of water in her prospective husband's house, and on his lifting it up the marriage is ratified.

**Tribute to Meekness.**

Meekness is the grace which, from beneath God's footstool, lifts up a candid and confiding eye, accepting God's smile of fatherly affection, and adopting those perfections which it cannot comprehend.—James Hamilton.

**Eskimo Misnamed.**

Eskimo signifies "Eater of raw meat," but these people eat uncooked meat only when the absence of fuel prohibits cooking, or as a side dish.

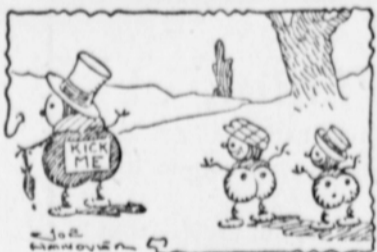
**Indirect Approach**

Educated (affected by moonlight)—Somehow—you're different from other girls I have known. There's something mysterious about you—that unfathomable something that makes me—  
Co-educated (also affected by moonlight)—G'wan! If you want a pet, say so.

**Woman's Viewpoint**

Police Constable—Madam, you are interfering with the traffic.  
Fair Motorist—Sir, I beg to inform you that the traffic is interfering with me.—Answers.

**LAUGHING MATTER**



Professor Bag—I wonder what those fool kids are laughing about?

**Had His Price**

"Will you be quiet for a bit?" His father said to Lew.  
"No, sir," his slanky son replied, "but I'll keep still for two."

**What the Trees Heard**

While viewing nature's gorgeous colorings the fair girl said: "Really, is there anything lovelier than fall?"  
"Yes," replied her sentimental escort, "falling in love."

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P. N. U. No. 23, 1925

**THE BELLS OF FATE**

By CHARLOTTE CANTY

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CHIQUITA, the little burro belonging to the American doctor, had wandered away from the spot where the doctor had left her. He had sprung from her back with a force that set all her silver bells a-jangle, as he hastened into the garden, where a crowd of women sobbed and clung about the dead body of Magdalena. The loveliest of the village girls lay with her dagger thrust into her cloud-white breast.

Nothing of this Chiquita knew, but she knew the trail over the mountain, for only three days ago she had covered it, carrying the doctor from the big city to the quaint Spanish town in the deep valley. Back over the trail she started, stepping lightly and softly, so softly that only the very rough bits of the road clung forth the tinkling music of her bells.

But Valencio, crouching beneath the mesquite bushes on the hillside above the house, knew all of the tragedy and more. He had waited, hoping that there might be some mistake; that Magdalena might have struck a blow less true than she threatened. But there was no mistake; Magdalena was dead; past the shame of having been tricked by him, played with to rouse the jealousy of the woman he preferred. And his coward's heart trembled as he listened to the broken voices from below, for the cry of the moment was, "Who is to tell Luis?"

Luis would come in from the Rancho de los Cerritos at sunset to spend his Sunday with Magdalena. One Sunday out of each month he came, and it was since his last visit that all of this mischief had been done. Valencio, his narrow face working, cursed Luis and himself and the whimsical Tonia, at whose fickle heels he had danced these two years past. But for her coldness he would not have dreamed of setting up this flirtation; and surely he would not have selected Magdalena if he had thought of Luis. For Luis was bold and fearless, and Valencio was a coward. And Luis was coming—even now he might be riding into the town!

Valencio crept up the hillside, keeping under the shade of the bushes, but hastening to get out of earshot of the crying voices below. Luis could crush him—break him in two—and Valencio knew that he would do it. He must get away and at once. Not to any of the big ranches, for no one would take him in now. The mountain trail was his only hope; once across the divide he might feel himself safe, but nowhere on this side of the mountains would there be refuge for him.

Fear lashed him into swift action; the lazy length of his body responded to the new appeal, and at sunset he found himself high on a mountain peak, looking down into deep shaded canyons where the night lay in wait. Faint, tear-white stars were trembling in the sky, but Valencio saw only the shadows, creeping slowly up the mountainside.

He could not stop for the night; night or day Luis was sure to follow him. Again he cursed the luck that had led him past Magdalena's garden the night that it had pleased Tonia to give her smiles to a wandering musician. He had gone blindly down the road, nursing his sullen jealousy, until at Magdalena's gate he had heard a silver-toned laugh, gay and sweet, tinkling like—God! What was that?

Valencio stood, trembling in every cowardly fiber. A silver tinkle, resounding among the rocks, had seemed so near that he could have sworn that Magdalena herself had laughed. \*But Magdalena was dead—lying back there with the life gone out of her torn white breast.

He cast one terrified glance behind; the road was clear. The sound—had seemed to come from a point just ahead of him, where the trail wound up over a head of ragged rocks. In burning haste he pressed on, the chill of the shock changed to a fever of terror. He must get away, down into the wide world beyond the mountains; the wide world that all his life he had been too lazy to desire.

Too lazy. It was this that had made him fix upon Magdalena as an easy prize. She was pretty, prettier far than any of the others, and so young that she knew no better than to glory in her conquest of him. To have wrested him away from the more assured charms of the older woman had seemed to her a triumph indeed. And when Tonia had passed them chatting at the garden gate Magdalena had laughed for very joy—had laughed like—like—

Again Valencio paused, shaken, trembling, clinging to a thorny shrub for support. Again that silver tinkle had rung out, and was echoing faintly and sweetly in the vast silence of the mountain heights. He sank weakly down to the earth. What devil's magic was this? No one was near; no one could be; and yet that sound was like nothing else in the world but Magdalena's laugh, that care-free music bubbling up from the pure depths of her happy heart. But her heart was stilled; never more would laughter well up from it, as it had on the nights that he had sat in her garden and had sung to her the songs that he had made for Tonia. Dead—the child Magdalena—the child who had grown woman before his eyes. He hurried

on, pushing aside the scene that rose before him.

What was it he had said to her about not being able to remain? What excuse had he made? He could not recall his words; he knew only that Tonia had beckoned him back, and that he was going to her. Magdalena, with all her child-woman's witcheries, could not hold him. And Magdalena, stung to the soul, had realized that he had only played with her to win back Tonia's uncertain fancy. He could see now what he had been too dull to read in the girl's pallid, tragic face; the shame of having been made an instrument for his vanity; the self-contempt that pronounced her wholly unworthy of Luis; the certainty that Tonia would laugh now and that the whole village would laugh with her.

Valencio had followed her as she turned from him to run into the garden; he had seen the knife in her hand, had heard her despairing threat; but even as she spoke he had listened for the laugh that should tell him that her threat was but a jest; that he might return, care-free, to his first love. He had listened for the laugh—for the laugh—

Horror seized him and held him rigid. The laugh was ringing all about him, echoing back from rock to rock, tinkling, trembling, taking a hundred new inflections, but always with that silver quality that had been his charm. He lifted his hands to his head to shut out the sound, but he could hear it ringing into his brain; the laugh of Magdalena, the child laugh that had been the chief grace of her young womanhood.

An Indian legend dimly came back to him; the story of a man who had been pursued by the dying whispers of the woman he had murdered. Was this to be his punishment—to be pursued by the laugh that he had killed?

The wild pounding of his heart stopped him. He had been running, sobbing breathlessly in terror of a phantom that ran with him. Spent and exhausted he went down, only to be urged up and on again by the silver tinkle that came to him, now near, now far, but always with the blithe ring that he knew. Overhead the tranquil stars gleamed, and the young moon glided through the velvet sky, but he saw only the shadows that the moonlight cast, and trembling, ran from them.

He had forgotten Luis. Beating in upon his brain the silver tones mocked all thought of human vengeance as they mocked all pity for human weariness. Torn by the thorny brush, bruised by many falls on the rough, stony trail, he would yet have counted himself blessed if he could have a moment's respite from the incessant tinkle of that phantom laugh. The stars paled and the moon went down. In the blacker darkness he stumbled along, and always the silver laugh kept pace with him.

"Magdalena!" he cried, aloud. "By the pity of Christ!"  
"Magdalena!" came back the echo, "interwoven with silver tones, "By the pity—" and then the laugh, more clear, more metallic than ever.

"Magdalena, I die!" he gasped, desperately.

"Die!" rang the echo, and though he was sobbing aloud he could hear the tinkle that came with the response.  
Then in a frenzy of madness he, too, laughed, and the silver tones blended with his as they had on nights too well remembered. He sang, and Magdalena's silver notes paid tribute to the crazy tones as they had to his more artful music. Madly he stumbled along, crying, singing, shouting wildly, and laughing in a crazy hysteria, but the silver laugh was with his every echo and his haste did not outrun it.

Suddenly he stumbled, fell, and plunged into a gully. Crying with fatigue he pulled himself up to the trail again, and in the faint light of dawn he looked over a steep precipice, a scar in the rock face of the mountain. But even as he looked the silver laughter came nearer; sounded at his very shoulder. With a mad shriek he plunged down the precipice into the rock heap at the foot of the mountain scar.

There was a faint, answering cry of fear, and half a dozen stones slid down from the trail as Chiquita, her silver bells jangling, paused at the edge of the precipice, and looked with mild eyes at the shapeless heap below.

**Proof That Pygmy Men Once Lived in Britain**

In the British Isles traces of the European pygmies are to be found. Here they fled from the tall men, and here they survived after their fellows had been exterminated on the mainland. The cairns and stone passages they once inhabited are still to be seen in various parts of Scotland, Ireland and the Hebrides, the Pittsburgh Sun says.

These "Picts' houses," consisting of subterranean stone-faced passages, are so low that they could only have been occupied by a pygmy race. That they were occupied is proved by the discovery of remains of food, fire and other signs of human habitation.

In different parts of Britain as well as on the mainland, tiny arrow heads called "elf-shots" have been discovered. Traditions say they were shot at the cattle by fairies, but science says they were the weapons of pygmy men.

**Another Fish Story**

Husband (returning from angling trip)—What do you think of these beauties?  
Wife—Don't try to deceive me. Mrs. Naylor saw you in the fish shop.  
"Of course she did. Why, I caught so many I simply had to try to sell some."

**Robert Agnew**



This familiar "moyte" actor was born in Kentucky twenty-five years ago. He spent his early boyhood days in Texas. After much experience in vaudeville he entered motion pictures and has been seen with some of the leading players, usually in juvenile leads. He is a relative of the late President McKinley.

**SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT**  
By F. A. WALKER

**UPLAND SOLITUDES**

IT IS becoming a mooted question among observing educators as to whether our present-day diversions do not often dwarf the budding intellects of the young and carry them far afield in the wrong direction.

With the possible exception of music, the universal language, our entertainments, as a rule, have become mere frivolities, appealing to the baser passions, the redeeming features in almost all cases being the superb stage settings.

With their deft brushes the scenery painters seem to be doing more for the elevation of the mind than the welders of the stage pen.

Without the exquisite scenes many of our popular plays would indeed become miserable makeshifts, incapable of holding the boards a fortnight.

The fine art of acting is being relegated to the past. There is a craving for the gross, glaring, flagrant and thumping, rather than for the refined, uplifting and ennobling, doubtless due to perverted tastes and cravings for sensationalism and excitement.

The intermediate colors and fine shadings of the older school have given way to higher tones whose intensities and limits have about been reached.

Just what will follow cannot be guessed, except to hint in a vague way that this modern tower of Babel will some day suddenly topple over, tumble noisily at our feet and leave us babbling in strange tongues, wondering what confusion means!

There is in the human heart an everlasting yearning for something new, and no one apparently knows what to suggest.  
It is just possible that we need now, more than anything else, the upland solitudes, where we may get in the pure, clear atmosphere and reflect awhile without molestation from the crude scarlet letters and blinding lights which have warped our judgment and dulled our finer sensibilities.

We need these upland solitudes far more often than we may suspect, for it is among them that we gather new strength for the higher duties of life, a keener conception of our infirmities, a deeper realization of our lack of human kindness and a sickening sense at the loss of our faith in the good, the clean, the noble and in humanity itself!

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**A LINE OF CHEER**

By John Kendrick Bangs.

**A WORD FROM SPRING**

A GENTLE breeze came whispering by today, and paused a moment on its laughing way.  
"I'm just in from the South," it said, "and I have stopped to tell you that the spring is nigh, and all her styles are based on smiles; and when she comes her pan-niers will be full of blossoms fragrant and delectable!"  
And in her train a gay and choral throng of happy birds will wing their way along;  
And brand new leaves to clothe the naked trees she'll bring and spread as lavish as you please;  
And all the country o'er Her flowers will dance as on a ballroom floor,  
That all may know in these dark days of dread  
That Youth, and Grace, and Beauty are not dead,  
But with us still,  
For man to make such use of as he will."  
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**Record of Lotteries.**

The earliest lottery of which an authoritative record exists was conducted in Bruges in 1446. In 1520 a lottery with money prizes is recorded in Florence. Long before this time lotteries were held in Rome as a form of amusement, Nero having given such prizes as houses and slaves.

**Proper Care of Palms.**

Regular watering is essential, but it is better to keep palms a little dry than to overwater them. Browning of the tips of the leaves indicates trouble at the root, probably overwatering; possibly worms or lack of plant food. A palm which grows three new leaves a year is doing very well.

**Masks for the Sleepless.**

To induce sleep for insomnia sufferers, a Norwegian has invented a metal mask to be worn snugly over the face in order to keep out all light, while the warm breath of the wearer brings a soothing effect.

**Doesn't Ring True.**

"Do man dat brags continuous 'bout hisself," said Uncle Eben, "generally turns out to be like one o' dese intertainments dat gives de best part of de show on de billboards."—Washington Star.

**Slaves Built Great Mole.**

The mole in the harbor of Algiers, Africa, was built by 30,000 Christian slaves whom the Turks set to work on it about 1520. It took this great army three years to complete the work.

**Intelligence of the Rat.**

A paragraph tells us that a couple of carrots placed in a potato bin will keep the rats out of it. Our respect for the intelligence of the rodent is appreciating.—Marion Star.

**Auspicious Occasions.**

"Red-letter day" is an expression used to convey the idea of a lucky or auspicious day. It is so called because in the old liturgical books the greater holy days were always marked with red letters.

**Curl Papers for Dog.**

In order that her long-haired dog may have curls over its forehead an Englishwoman puts her pet's locks in curl papers every night.

**Water from Onions.**

Water from boiled onions will remove dirt from white paint most successfully, leaving the surface glossy and white.

**Polishing Furniture.**

When polishing furniture if it is rubbed the same way as the grain it will polish much brighter and quicker.

**Strength in Calmness.**

Be calm in arguing; for fierceness makes error a fault, and truth discourtesy.—Herbert.

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**First Aid for Neuralgia.**

As a remedy for neuralgia get a thick slice of bread, soak one side in boiling water and sprinkle cayenne pepper over the dry, hot side and apply to the face. This application is better than a mustard plaster, as it does not blister the face.

**Flamingo a Nesting Bird.**

The flamingo is the only member of the stork tribe that builds a nest of mud. These birds, which live in large flocks, sleep standing on one leg.

**Motto of Sons of Rest.**

Let us hope for the best and, if we can rise early enough in the morning, do a little work for it.

**Seldom Wore Crown.**

Queen Victoria, who occupied the British throne for nearly 65 years, did not wear her crown more than 20 times during that long period.

**Bamboo Seeds and Honey.**

A delicacy much prized by the Hindu consists of bamboo seeds, roasted and afterward mixed with honey.—Springfield Republican.

**London's Big Playground.**

In Epping forest there are 114 cricket pitches, 244 football grounds and 139 tennis courts for the use of the public. Epping forest is maintained by the city of London.—London Answers.

**Prepare Things at Night.**

Getting the children off to school is easier on the whole family if their things are in order the night before, says a woman household writer.

**Some Mortgage.**

God made the country, but man put a mortgage on it.—Duluth Herald.

**Sometimes Misjudged.**

It often happens that those of whom we speak least on earth are best known in heaven.—Caussin.

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