was gaining. Still he must get a good mile of advantage before he would dare to run ashore and attempt to stop the train. At last the roar became a rumble

train. At last the rour because of him and the rumble died out astern of him the heat's head to

minute. A brakeman went running down the track to meet the other train and the

"Now, mother," said Harry that even-ing, "I think it has turned out that even-ice-boating may be useful sometimes."

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER

THE CHILDREN'S SECOND VISIT.

(Copyrighted, 1804, by Joel Chandler Harris.)

XI-THE KING OF THE CLINKERS Chickamy Crany Crow and Tickle-My-Toes had stopped frolicking and were now listening to the stories. While Mrs. Mead-

ows was telling about the lucky conjuror, Tickle-My-Toes became very uneasy. He moved about restlessly, pulled off his big

straw hat, put it on again, and seemed to be waiting impatiently for the time to come when he might say something.

So, when Mrs. Meadows had finished

she looked at Tickle-My-Toes to see what he wanted. The rest did the same. But Tickle-My-Toes blushed very red, and

looked at his feet.
"You acted as if you wanted to say something," said Mrs. Meadows, "and if

you do, now's your chance. What's the matter? Have you run a splinter in your foot? You look as if you wanted to cry."

"I did want to say something," replie Tickle-My-Toes.
"What was it?" Mrs. Meadows inquired.
"Nothing much," answered Tickle-My-

needles for you every day, and I do every-thing you ask me."
"I know what's the matter with you." remarked Mrs. Meadows. "You want me to take you in my lap and rock you to

"Oh! I don't!" cried Tickle-My-Toes, blushing again. "I wanted to tell a story I heard, but I'll go off somewhere and tell

it to myself."
"There wouldn't be any fun in that,"

suggested Buster John.
"No," said Mrs. Meadows, "Tell the story right here, so we can enjoy it with

"You'll laugh," protested Tickle-My-

"Not unless there's something in the

story to laugh at."
"This is no laughing story. It's just as solemn as can be," explained Tickle-My-

there's anything I like, it is one of those solemn stories that make you feel like you want to go off behind the house and shake.

"Once upon a time, and in a big town away off yonder somewhere, there lived a little boy who had no father nor mother. He was so small that nobody seemed to

care anything about him. But one day a

and warmed him by the fire, and after

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Rabbit.

Bleep."

danger was averted.



"PESH!"

The said that "all things o But balf the world is waiting all in vain. Vitile those who wait insistent at the gates Of Opportunity admittance gain.

barking smote upon their ears.
"Listen!" said Nunnie Rowe, as the
party halted on the edge of the overgrown rice patch which intervened between them and the cabin. "Can't you fellers hear something?" A peculiar grating sound, like a chain This is an age of action, and no son Of Adam may sit down with folded arms, For Pame and Fortune must be woosed and won Like mortal maidens conscious of their being dragged over bare boards, was dis-tincity heard.

The boys stood riveted to the spot, more

He who would have these things that most mur

Must on Life's rugged highway take his place, And run balf way to meet them-otherwise fome one more fleet of foot will win the race,

Be up and doing, then; let lethurgy No longer hold thee helpless in the crush; The door that separates success from thee Doth bear but this knowle legend—"Pusht"

## 'Merica's Possum Hunt.

'Merica whacked off great junks of fat lightwood from the blg tree which sprawi-ed its length across the cotton beds and then proceeded to reduce them to more "Golly! but dat was a spirit dat time sure enough!" said April Neeck, gasping for breath as the party paused for the first time in an open clearing a mile away; and all agreed that they wouldn't go back to that place again for all the coons and "possums in the words." slender, convenient-sized pieces. Suzanne



and Trinket looked on, Trinket with par licular interest, because she knew that Merica was selecting those pieces of lightwood to go 'possum hunting with and that she would play a conspicuous part in the proceedings. The evening was cold. 'Merica's torn shirt-siesce flopped disconso-lately with every movement and his bare feet were gray from exposure, as were Su-zanne's, whose scant little homespun dress zanne's, whose scant little homespun dress scarcely seemed -comfortable in such

not in the ascendant. 'Merica's mother had been ailing, and her baby had been ailing for several weeks, and not long since the sheriff had come and carried off his father to the county jail. It depen on 'Merica's energy whether the fan got anything to ent or not, and whether they had wood to burn. Suzanne waited on her mother and tried to cook the food that her brother provided. 'Merica was Il years old, and Suzanne was 6. Three or four boys went 'possum hunt



MERRICA'S FIND.

ing that night and three dogs beside

Merica was the smallest of the boys but he possessed a quality that made him welcome among them. He had what they called grit. Twas he who suggested that they hunt down the creek loward linele Jupiter's cabin, a place that all the negroes on the plantation avoided because

it was said to be haunted.

Uncle Jupiter had always kept away from the other tenants, never going to church or attending any of their gatherings. He and his wife ceked out their anty income by making baskets and hing. The old man died quite suddenly life standing knee deep in read, fishing cane in hand, there in the thick shadow of the swamp, and he was not found until this diagres had stiffened round the pole they grasped and his form grown rigid and inflexible. He was known to be a proper man, and this fact coupled with the strange manner of his taking off had invested his former hanns with uncanny associations. His wife had moved away, and for two years no one had lived in the cane in hand, there in the thick shadow

Ediled by go Frances M.

Burnett.

repeated. It came from the cabin, of that they felt assured, and while they looked in amazement something white flitted before the open window. Nunnie Rowe gave a snort of terror and plunged away through the swamp, waiting at a little distance to see what the other would do. "Let's fire

see what the other would do. "Let's fire at it," said the only one of the party who carried a gun, but no voice responded. All eyes were fixed upon the square of deeper

gloom which showed the open window, back of which a white object was slowly growing bigger and whiter, looming up larger and larger. The clank of that mysterious chain was heard again in the

meantime, and the superstitious hunters stampeded from the spot.

right before his eyes. If he put up a martin house the martins would beat the hawk off, and he had heard that there

were always plenty of gourds by Uncle

Jupiter's cabin,
The next morning when the sun was

out bright, he took Susanne with him for company and started in search of the gourds. He would not let Trinket go with them, because he thought she might

sarkat the spirits and disturb them, a de-

cision which she resented very much.
'Merica was feeling very downcast be-cause some men had told him that his

father was pretty certain to go to the penitentiary for two years, 'Merica's father, Nat Todd, was accused of break-

ing into his landlord's house and robbing

his store of a large quantity of goods the same night. He claimed to be innocent, but circumstances were against him, and 'Merica wondered what they were to do if the head of the family had to stay

way so long. 'Merica did not tell Suzanne what he

ad seen the night of the hunt, the party

his family. He saw peeping out from be-

neath a heap of pine straw a piece of

three or four more bolts like it, and though

staggering under the weight he carried them at once to Mr. Fanning, the pro-

prietor of the store that had been robbed.

"You say you found these beneath some straw by Jupiter's old cabin?" asked that gentleman looked interestedly at the boy's

"Yes, sir; and dare's more like dat dare et. I tink dere's somebody libbin' een

"Somebody living there?" repeated the gentleman, "what makes you think so?" "I see where water been dash on de

ground dis mawnin' on dat side where de oun ain't git round to yet. And I notice where wood been drag een trough de

porch; den us hear voice dere when us

was possum huntin' t'other night."
Investigation proved that two escaped
convicts had been inhabiting the haunted

cabin. It was to their interest to make sople dread the spot, and they resorte all sorts of devices to keep up th

They, with two negroes from an ad-

nothing to do with it. The homespun that 'Merica found was some of the stolen goods which they were afraid to

'Merica's father was released from jail and given a job which paid him good wages and ruised the fortunes of the fam-

ily. 'Merica's father built him & pretty martin house of Uncle Jasper's gourds. letting them hang from cross pieces

mailed to a high, straight pole, the small gourds at the very top, the bigger ones lower down. Many martins live there now, going in and out of their cony

houses all day, and they fight the hawks so vindictively that not one dares to ven-ture near 'Merica's chickens. The mar-tins are like 'Merica, small, but plucky.

SAVED BY AN ICE-BOAT.

By W. J. Henderson.

"I don't see any use of it, anyhow,"
That was what Harry Swift's mother said to him when he came home from an afternoon on the river with his iceboat.

"Did you see me heat the 3:55 express down this afternoon" cried Harry. "Why mother, I just ran away from her, and she was doing a good forty-an-hour, too." "It isn't hurting your health yet, Harry

but I'm afraid you'll break your neck at

hurt in almost any sport that's good for

sigh. "I suppose you must have your own

Harry Swift, who had the previous win-

ter visited a friend living at a famous ice-

Well, Harry," said Mrs. Swift with a

OLIVE F. GUNBY.

dispose of for fear of detection.

ming county, had robbed the Fanning

excited face.

mystery.

dat house right now.

and once he had made the run between his home and the next town, a distance of seven miles, in six minutes.

About a week after the conversation between Harry and his mother a storm arose. It was said afterward that it was the most terrific that had visited that region in 20 years. The wind roared down in quick, hot pants. The ice-book, groan-ine river valley at the rate of 50 miles an hour, uprooting trees, overturning chimneys and throwing down telegraph poles. Show fell fast and furiously, and on the third day of the storm the snow turned to the midst of all the strife and writhing of show and wind, and the shores faded from the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing of the midst of all the strife and writhing on the mad, whiring, bhading white of a anow squall. The sharp blast strock Harry full in the face and stung, the pittless and white of a now squall. The sharp blast strock Harry full in the face and stung, the pittless and white of a now squall. The sharp blast strock Harry full in the face and stung, the pittless and white of a now squall. The sharp blast strock Harry full in the face and stung, the pittless and white of a now squall. The sharp blast strock Harry full in the face and stung, the pittless and while of a now squ The groat weight of snow, soaked with rain and then frozen, played havoc with trees and telegraph wires. The wind continued to blow fercely, though its direction was now directly across, instead of down the river.

"I wonfer when this is going to let up."

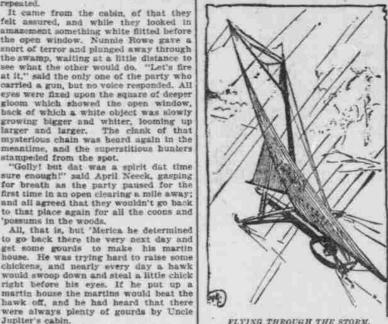
"I wonder when this is going to let up," open and a sound other than Trinket's said Harry.
"I thought there was never too much wind for you to go ice-boating," said his

mother. "It isn't the wind, mother; it's the mis-erable state of the ice. The snow and rain are all frozen on top of it, and it's too rough to sail on."

Harry's mother was not sorry to hear that. In the afternoon Harry went down to the station to hear the news about daminterested in puzzling out that sound than in getting the bewildered 'possum that the dogs had treed.

A second later the clanking noise was

age along the river.
"I can tell you something about up the river," said the station master, "because



FLYING THROUGH THE STORM

"Protty near time for the 2:35, isn't it?" sked Harry. "Yes, but she was five minutes behind telegraph instrument for a few me

"Because it makes things uncertain about her passing the up accommodation which she meets at Colbyville. But I suppose they'll order her to stop here and

had agreed to keep matters secret, but he kept his eyes and ears on the alert, and "How long does it take her to come down here from Helmsburg?" "Fifteen minutes, and she'll not make up any of it this weather, either." kept his eyes and ears on the alert, and told his sister to be quiet and walk quickly when they approached the place.

The window of the house was shut this time; however, he heard no peculiar noises, and, gaining confidence from the bright sunshine and the companionship of Suzanne, who did not realize that there was anything to fear, he ventured quits may the cobin and even walked.

It was just seven minutes after 4 when they heard the rumble of the train, and at eight minutes after she thundered past at quite near the cabin, and even walked into the old garden patch through a gap in the paling. Various signs which he noticed about the outside of the house fully 50 miles an hour. The engineer had made up two minutes of his loss and was dashing on to Colbyville. The train was not 200 yards away when the agent was

> hands with yourself and cry boo-hoo to the ell-and-yard and seven stars." Mr. Rabbit's enthusiastic remark was Mr. Rabbit's enthusiastic remark was very encouraging to Tickle-My-Toes, who, after scratching his head a little, and looking around to see if he could find a place to hide when the time came, began his story in this wise:
>
> "Once upon a time, and in a big town."

enough for a very generous-sized martinhouse.

They had got clear of the dreaded premises without any adventure when 'Merica's sharp eye spied out something that
proved of the greatest benefit to him and
his family. He saw neeping out from beThe box ray at the top of his arread to The boy ran at the top of his speed to the place where he kept his ice-boat. The halyards were hard and stiff with ice and

blue striped homespun, which he soon dis-covered to be the end of a whole bolt. Quickly delving into the heap he found woman, the wife of a baker, heard him crying in the streets and carried him into "Harry! What are you about? Didn't you tell me the ice was too rough?" the house and gave him something to eat

The next instant he was under way

that he felt better. "The baker himself grumbled a great down the river. As he flew past the rail- deal when he came home and found what

I've got one wire working between here and Helmsburg; but I have no connection down, and that would be pretty had in case of accident on the line."

"Pretty near time for the 3:45, isn't it?"

"Nothing much," answered Tickie-ay-Toes, putting his fingers in his mouth.
"I declare, I'm ashamed of you," ex-claimed Mrs. Meadows. "Here you are mighty near as old as I am, and yet try-ing to play boo-hoo baby."
"I don't think you ought to talk that way," said Tickie-My-Toes. "I thread your today 40 miles above here. I shall not hear from her again till she goes through Heimsburg. Hello, here it is now!" The agent listened to the ticking of the

and then said:

"She's had to stop at Helmsburg to cool off a hot box, and she's lost five minutes more. That's bad,"

"Why?"

"Then she ought to pass here at 4:10 to-day, oughin't she?"
"That's right."
"I guess I'll wait," said Harry.

made him think it was occupied, still, he couldn't think who by, for everyone in that neighborhood was known.

There were plenty of logg-necked gourds of all sizes lying about, some still attached to the shriveled vines, and he and Suzanne soon supplied themselves with reported for a very secondariate.

snow, but the boy got up his mainsail and fib. At that moment his mother culled

"Den't stop me, mother," he called back; "it's a case of life or death."

SAVED.

That was his one thought. He had no anxiety about his own danger. How the wind blew! And how madly the boat tore with screaming runners across the loc!

Harry had had many a fast ride, but nevitable with swife paid no attention to him. She sat er one like this,

'She must have had a mile and a half the best of it when we started, but it's 12 miles to Colbyville and straight down the river. Hold hard, old Ictole, and do your

The black ice, here and there when the wild wind had blown its surface clean, was spotted with bubbles of water under-

way station he waved his hat to the agent, who, understanding his purpose, cherred and waved both hands.

"Will she hold together?" thought Harry as his boat struck the first rough spots in the ice.

"Will she was the way of the wa brat, she said, he wouldn't fill a milk jar

> his wife paid no attention to him. She sat in her chair and rocked and sang and was just as good-natured as she could be. After awhile the baker himself got over his grumbling and began to laugh. He told his wife that he had sold all his bread that day and had orders for as much the

en her own son, and the baker hin soon came to be very fond of him. He was very amart, too. He learned to watch the fire under the hig oven and to make him-self useful in many ways. He played about the oven so much, and was so fond of watching the bread bake and the fire burn that the baker's wife called him

Sparkle Spry.

"For many years the country where the baker and his wife and Sparkle Spry lived had been at peace with all the other countries. But one day a man from a neigh-boring country had his nose pulled by somebody in the baker's country, and then the giare ahead of him, and show that he was overtaking the train. Nearer and nearer the rumble came until it grew into a roar abreast of him.

"Blow on, good squail, and send me shead of the train!" he muttered.

And now the roar began to diminish little by little, and the boy knew that he was gaining. Still he must get a good war was declared by the kings and queen

war was declared by the kings and queens and the people fell to fighting.

"Now, when people fight they must be fed, and the cheapest thing to feed them on is bread. A part of the army camped near the town where the baker lived and there was a great demand for bread. baker's oven was not a large one, and by running it day and night he could only bake 300 loaves.

"He and his wife baked until they were tired out. They told Sparkle Spry to watch the oven so the bread wouldn't burn and the rumble died out astern of him. Just as he was turning the boat's head toward the shore, determined to risk going at full speed into the hidden bank, the snow ceased and he saw that he was about three miles above Colbyville. He had made the nine miles in seven minutes. He ran the boat to the bank, leaped ashore, and bounded up to the track. He hastily pulled off the red comforter he wore around his neck, and as the train came into sight, began to wave it. The next instant he saw the steam spurt into the air, telling that the air-brakes were on, and the flying express came to astandstill before him. His story was told in a minute. A brakeman went running down and to wake them when it was brown They were so tired that Sparkle Spry was sorry for them and he wondered why he wasn't big enough to take their places if only for one day and night. While he was thinking and wishing he saw something moving. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, and then he saw an old man, no bigger than a broomstick, and no taller than a teacup, peeping from behind the

"'Are they all gone?' he whispered, com-ing forward a little way.
"'All who?' asked Sparkle Spry.

'The old ones-the big man and the fat "They have gone to bed,' said Sparkle

Spry. 'I can call them!'
"'No, no!' cried the old man. 'They are such fools! They don't know what is good for them. I have been waiting for years to get a chance to show them how to bake bread. Once I showed myself to the man and he thought I was a snake; once

to the woman and she thought I was a rat. What fools they are! "'Who are you?' inquired Sparkle Spry He didn't like to hear his friends

"'Who-me? I'm the King of the Clink

The baker and his wife have been try-ing to supply the army that is camped, here, but their oven is too small. They

have worked until they can work no long-

er, and now they have gone to bed to

bread.'

about! Be lively!"

'Good!' cried the King of the Clinkers, Shut the door so they can't hear us! I'll show them a thing or two about baking

"Then he walked close to the hot over

tapped on it with a little poker that he carried in his belt and called out: 'Wake

up! Get out! Come on! Hurry up! We've no time to lose! Show yourselves! Stir

pleaded Mr. Rabbit, shuddering, and scratching himself behind the ear. "It

scratching himself behind the ear. "It makes the cold chills run up my back. I never hear 'em named but I think I

imes on the edge of the men, sometin

on the edge of the flour barrels, some times on the edge of the trough, some times on the woodpile, and sometimes a

the door of the furnace. And wherever he stood ne waved his tiny poker and told the others what to do.

Some of the little men carried wood

wood and pile it here by the furnace door

You can do that!"
"Sparkle Spry did as he was bid, but though he brought the wood as fast as he

ould, he found that he couldn't bring I

Clinkers called out to him:
"You can rest now; the flour is all

" 'How many barrels?" asked the King of the Clinkers.
"'Two hundred,' Sparkle Spry an-

"The King of the Clinkers wrung his hands in despair. 'Hardly a mouthful-hardly a mouthful! It will all be gone

before the chickens crow for day. But run fetch the key. Two hundred barrels will keep us busy while they last.

"Sparkle Spry brought the key to the

storehouse door and the little men swarm ed in and rolled the barrels out in a Jiffy

Only one accident happened. In taking the flour out of one of the barrels, after they had rolled it near the dough trough, one of the little men fell in and would

have been drowned but for Sparkle Spry, who felt around in the loose flour and lifted him out."

Mr. Rapbit, solemnly-"better stick to the

"Now, I think he's doing very well,"

said Mrs. Meadows, in an encouraging

"Drowned!" cried Sweetest Susan.

"Better stick to the story,"

gone, and we have hardly begun, "There's plenty in the storehouse, said Sparkle Spry.

swered.

een feel 'em crawling on me.

self | the King of the Clinkers had carried into

the storehouse.
"When all this was done, and done, the King of the Clinkers went door of the room where the baker and his wife were sleeping. They were snoring as peacefully as two good people ever did. Then he went to the street door and list-

ened.
"'Get home-get home!" he cried to the
little men. 'I hear wagons rumbling on
the pavement; they will be here presently

for bread."
"The little men scampered this way and that, behind the oven and into the ash heap, and, in a few seconds, all had disappeared. 'Now,' said the King of the Clinkers, 'I

want to tell you that I've had a splendid time, and I'm very much obliged to you for it. I have enjoyed myself, and I want to make some return for it. Fretty soon the bread wagons will be at the door clamoring for bread. You will wake the baker and his wife. When they find all their flour made into nice bread they will be very much surprised. They will ask you who did it. You must tell them the truth. They will not believe it but they'll truth. They will not believe it, but they'll truth. They will not better a, but tary in be very proud of you. They will be willing to give you anything you want. Tell them you want a wooden horse. They will have it built for you. It must have a window on each side and good atrong hinges in the legs. Good-byel I hear the wagons at the door."

wagons at the door.

"The King of the Clinkers waved his hand, and disappeared behind the oven The wagon ratiled near the door, the teamsters cracking their whips and call. ing for bread for the hungry army. Sparkle Spry ran to the baker and shook him and ran to the baker's wife and shook her. They were soon awake, but when the baker learned that the wagons had come for bread he threw up both hands in

''I'm ruined!' he cried. 'I ought to have been baking and here I've been sleeping? And the army marches away today leaving me with all my stock of flour on hand. Oh, why didn't the boy

floor on hand. On, why didn't the boy wake me?"

"Come, said his wife; 'we'll sell what we've got and not cry over the rest."

"They went into the storehouse and there they saw a sight such as they had never seen before. The room was so full of steaming bread that they could hardly contact the storehouse the storehouse the storehouse. ers—twice plunged in the water and twice burned in the fire.'
"'Well, tonight you can bake all the bread you want to,' said Sparkle Spry.'
"It was stacked and packed. They sold and sold until every loaf was gone, and then instead of the bread, the baker and his wife had a sack of silver money.

AND TESTIMONIA

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"The baker frowned a little at this, but his brow cleared when Sparkle Spry re-plied that he wanted a wooden horse built. ""You shall have it," said the baker's Bank CAUKIN, G. E., District Agent Travelers' CARDWELL, DR. HERBERT W., Physi-CARDWELL, DR. J. R., Dentist...808-809-810

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"'Yes, indeed,' assented the baker. 'As fine a one as you want.'" (To be continued.)

'You are right,' cried the baker. 'It's

the most wonderful thing I ever heard of. How did you manage it?"
""Some little men helped me," answered

Sparkle Spry.
"The woman seized his hands and kissed his fingers. 'These are the little men,' she

"'Why we had to burn so much wood,"
'Don't mention it,"
protested the baker.

"'Now,' said the baker's wife, embrac-

ing Sparkle Spry again, 'you deserve something for making us rich. What shall it

'There's one thing I'm sorry for,' said Sparkle Spry.
"'What is that?" asked the baker.

THE KING.

exclaimed.

wife.

can feel 'em crawling on me."

"Anyhow that's the way the little men jumped about," said Tickle-My-Toes, resuming his story. "They swarmed in and out of the oven, hot as it was; they swarmed in and out of the flour barrels; they swarmed in and out of the trough where the dough was kneaded; and they swarmed in and out of the wood shed.

"The King of the Clinkers stood sometimes on the edge of the men, sometimes WALTER BAKER & CO. PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES On firis Continent, have received "Some of the little men carried wood to the furnace, some carried flour and water to the trough, some carried dough to the oven, and some brought out the hot and smoking bread. Sparkle Spry watched all this with so much surprise that he didn't know what to say or do. He saw the loaves of bread rise up in rows as high as the ceiling, and he sat and watched it as dumb as an oyster. He had seen bread baked, but he had never seen such baking as this.

"Finally the eye of the King of the Clinkers fell on Sparkle Spry. "Don't sit there doing nothing," he cried. "Go fetch wood and pile it here by the furnace door. Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS In Europe and America. Their delictions BREAKFAST COCOA is absorped and soluble, and costs (on their property)

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## "Of course," answered Tickle-My-Toes, "Why not? I ought to have said 'smothered," but now that I've said 'drowned' I'll stick to it." "Bette stick 15 YEARS IN OREGON

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