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Mrs. McCall—How about your servant girl? The last time I saw you you complained about her being so very slow.  
Mrs. Hiram Offen—Oh, she's progressing.  
Mrs. McCall—Indeed?  
Mrs. Hiram Offen—Yes, she's getting slower and slower. — Catholic Standard and Times.

HOWARD E. BURTON—Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Special prices Gold, Silver, Lead, Tin, Zinc, Copper, etc. Full price list upon application. Control and Umpire work special. Reference: Colorado National Bank.

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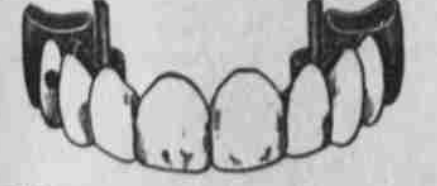
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TEETH WITHOUT PLATES A SPECIALTY



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Means an unending water supply. It means that you will have the most practical Domestic water supply system now in use. No elevated tank, no frozen pipes in winter, no stagnant water in summer, no water supply troubles of any sort. Tank placed in basement out of sight and way, made of pressed steel, will not rust and will last a lifetime.

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LEWIS & STAVEN CO.  
Portland, Ore.  
Spokane, Wash.  
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**A Tribute.**  
"To E. H. Harriman's obituary notices," said a New York clergyman, "due prominence wasn't given to his fondness for little children. That children were also fond of him was proved by a remark my little daughter made last month."  
"Mr. Harriman is dead, my dear," I said to her.  
"Her eyes filled with tears, and she said, with a gulp:  
"Oh, papa, how happy the angels will be!"

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Hoar*

**A Modern Instance.**  
The mighty Casey had struck out. "I had to do it or spoil the poem," he explained.  
Years afterward, however, when he saw how the elocutionists had over-worked it, he bitterly regretted the act.

## BREAKS A COLD IN A DAY.

And Cures Any Cough That Is Curable. Noted Physician's Formula.

This prescription is one of the very best known to science. The ingredients can be gotten from any good druggist, or he will get them from his wholesale house.  
"Mix half pint of good whiskey with two ounces of glycerine and add one-half ounce Concentrated pine compound. The bottle is to be well shaken each time and used in doses of a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful every four hours."  
The Concentrated pine is a special pine product and comes only in half ounce bottles, each enclosed in an airtight case, but be sure it is labeled "Concentrated."

Does Sometimes.  
Youthful Customer (at book store)—What does "Bridge Whist for Beginners" cost?  
Somber Salesman—It will probably cost you your entire wad.—Chicago Tribune.

## Headache

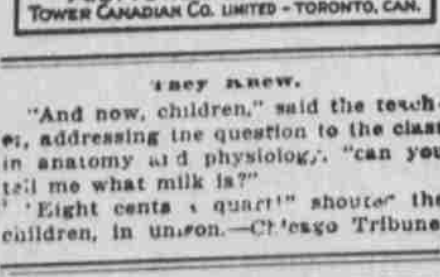
"My father has been a sufferer from sick headache for the last twenty-five years and never found any relief until he began taking your Cascarets. Since he has begun taking Cascarets he has never had the headache. They have entirely cured him. Cascarets do what you recommend them to do. I will give you the privilege of using his name."—E. M. Dickson, 1120 Resiner St., W. Indianapolis, Ind.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

## Baby Smiles—When He Takes PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

So pleasant that he likes it—and cures so quickly. There is nothing like it for Bronchitis, Asthma and all troubles of the throat and lungs. A Standard Remedy for half a century. All Druggists, 25 Cents.



They knew.  
"And now, children," said the teacher, addressing the question to the class in anatomy and physiology, "can you tell me what milk is?"  
"Eight cents a quart!" shouted the children, in unison.—Chicago Tribune

## Stops Hair Falling

Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will certainly stop falling of the hair. Indeed, we believe it will always do this unless there is some disturbance of the general health. Then, a constitutional medicine may be necessary. Consult your physician about this.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle Show it to your doctor Ask him about it, then do as he says

**Ayer's**

The reason why Ayer's Hair Vigor stops falling hair is because it first destroys the germs which cause this trouble. After this is done, nature soon brings about a full recovery, restoring the hair and scalp to a perfectly healthy condition.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

# What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Beaten's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)  
Hope looked at him with a very puzzled expression, then a smile parted her lips.  
"I think you are all very curious people here," she said. "There are small signs of English reserve about you. But I don't want to hear any more confidences; so I shall leave you."  
"This is too bad!—when I thought I should have a minute's talk with you in peace! Did you ever know anything so idiotic as Miss Dacre's dramatic attempt?"  
"I thought you pronounced it 'splendidly generous.'"  
"Well, so it was, considering how mad she was about Hugh herself a couple of years ago. It was a match that would have suited my aunt down to the ground, but he would never hear of it. Are you really going? Well, it is too bad of you! I hope you will not go over to this practicing to-morrow? I am on duty, and have to return to quarters to-night."  
"What I can or cannot do depends on Mrs. Saville. Good-by for the present." She gave him her hand for a moment, and was gone.  
With an air of extreme annoyance Captain Lumley, stepping through one of the open windows, followed the path taken by Miss Dacre.  
The dinner at Inglesfield was very tranquil that evening. Mrs. Saville, her son, Hope Desmond, and Mr. Rawson made up the whole party. Mrs. Saville looked ill; there were deep shadows under her eyes, and her face seemed smaller than usual; but she was unusually talkative and gracious.  
She discussed politics with her guest, and occasionally directed her remarks to Hope. Mr. Saville contributed some rather original observations, and all things went smoothly. On leaving the table she said to Rawson, "I must leave you to Miss Desmond's care this evening, for I have a very bad headache; but I shall see you in the morning."  
After a little conversation Mr. Saville went to look for some sketches he had taken of the Lincolnshire churches, and in his absence Mr. Rawson said, "Mrs. Saville is most friendly. She particularly wishes you to remain; she says you know when to be silent and when to speak; so I think things promise well. Go on as you have begun. She talks of going on the Continent in a month or two. You are, I imagine, firmly fixed in her good graces. This is having half your work done."  
"Heaven grant it!" said Hope, with heartfelt earnestness; and soon they separated for the night.

CHAPTER XI.  
"I think, Miss Desmond, I shall go abroad next week," said Mrs. Saville, breaking silence one dull, drizzling, depressing November day, when they were sitting by the fire in the smaller of the two drawing-rooms. Mrs. Saville had been in deep thought, and Hope diligently making a long strip of lace which usually occupied her when not reading aloud.  
"Do you wish me to accompany you?"  
"Yes, of course. You are very ready to leave me."  
"No, indeed, Mrs. Saville; I should be sorry to do so; but I wish you to feel quite free. The secret of comfort in such a relationship as ours is that we are not bound to each other."  
There was another pause.  
"Very likely," resumed Mrs. Saville, as if she had been reflecting. "However, I do not wish to part company as yet. I must say you are one of the few young women—indeed, young or old—who have any common sense, though your ideas on some points are by no means sound."  
"What are my chief errors?" asked Hope, with the pleasant fearlessness which was one of her chief attractions to the imperious little plutocrat.  
"You are a sentimentalist in some directions, and you do not recognize the true value of money. The first is weakness; the second, willful blindness."  
"I dare say I am weak," returned Hope, laying down her work and speaking thoughtfully; "but do you know, Mrs. Saville, I think I have a truer estimate of the value of money than yourself?"  
"How do you make that out?" Mrs. Saville spoke with some degree of interest.  
"I know that a certain amount is necessary, that real poverty is degrading, that every right-minded individual will strive and toil for a sufficiency, enough to secure independence and respectability; but, after that, what can money buy? Not health, nor a sense of enjoyment, nor intelligence, nor the perception of beauty, nor that crown of life, love. Very moderate means will permit of fullest pleasure in all these, but they must be all the

with such girlish simplicity for dear George is quite touching. Of course the Lumleys are enchanted at the possibility of such a marriage. I wonder does it ever occur to them to count up the number of aspirants Miss Dacre has encouraged and thrown over? I do not myself quite understand why George Lumley hung about here so much. I fancy he was rather laughing at the future Baroness Castleton; and he is too much of a Saville to do what he doesn't like, even for a wealthy marriage."

"I must say, Mrs. Saville, that seems to me erring in the right direction."  
"I suppose it does, to you. To me it seems weak self-indulgence, when you consider the position George Lumley is born to, and which he is bound to keep up."  
"What a terrible birthright!" returned Hope Desmond, laughing, as she resumed her lace-work, and tea coming in at that moment, the conversation was interrupted.  
Hope had been for four months Mrs. Saville's constant companion, and having got over the first almost overpowering inclination to fly from her awful presence, every day added to the steadiness of her nerve, and to her influence with her wealthy patroness. She, too, rejoiced in Miss Dacre's departure for more brilliant fields of conquest, as her constant demands on her new confidante's time and sympathies were rather exhausting. The village concert had been a great success, but the practicing which led up to it had been an equally great trial. Moreover, Captain Lumley's manners had caused her much annoyance. Pre-occupied feeling had at first blinded her as to the true meaning of his attentions and efforts to escort her to and from the Court and Inglesfield House; while the self-confident hussar was enraged, piqued, and above all fascinated, by the friendly, kindly unconcernedness of his aunt's attractive companion. He had never met anything like it before, and gradually prudence, worldliness, every consideration, became merged in an all-devouring desire to conquer the smiling indifference which baffled him, and to revenge the endless slights he thought he had received. At last he had torn himself away, hoping to renew his attack with fresh effect on his return. Meanwhile, he masked his batteries under a very overt flirtation with Miss Dacre.  
Before starting for the Continent, Hope had leave of absence for two or three days, which she spent with her friend Miss Rawson. These were a refreshment to her spirit, and after much confidential talk and some necessary shopping she returned to her post.  
The welcome accorded her by the self-contained mistress of Inglesfield was warmer than she anticipated. Mrs. Saville had missed her pleasant companionship. Her presence soothed and satisfied the imperious woman. The sincere respect she evinced was so thoroughly a free-will offering that it was more flattering to Mrs. Saville than the most elegantly turned compliments from a luminary of fashion.  
"You will go on and prosper, I have no doubt," were Mr. Rawson's parting words, the day before the intending traveler started, when he had come to Inglesfield on business.  
"So far all goes finely. If I can win Mrs. Saville's confidence so completely that she voluntarily mentions her offending son, I shall think I have done well."  
"It will be a long experiment, I fear; but you have twelve months before you."  
"Yes; and who knows what a day may bring forth?"  
Twenty-four hours later saw Mrs. Saville and her companion dining at Maurice's. In the former's youth the hotel had been the favorite quarters of the well-to-do English in Paris, and she never left it. Hope Desmond had often been in Paris before, but generally in very lofty placed and diminutive apartments; and her present luxurious surroundings did not please her as much as they saddened by the memories and contrasts they evoked.  
After a few days' rest, Mrs. Saville set out for Germany, and in the quiet routine of their comfortable life there the current of this "ower true tale" seemed to stagnate.

## Back to the Farm.

There is just one way for the people of the city to find it possible to buy eggs, chickens, meat and flour for less money—that is for some of them to leave the city and go back to raising more hens, more cattle, and growing more wheat. The fact is that the country is getting top-heavy. The cities are calling too heavily on the producing areas. Farming is getting to be one of the most profitable businesses of the country because the proportion of non-producers is getting so large. It is all a matter of supply and demand; just now the demand for foodstuffs is larger than it has ever been in proportion to the supply.—Denver Republican.

## The Bachelor's Job.

"Any one who has the notion that a bachelor's life is all bliss is in wrong," remarked a bachelor. "All summer long I'm supposed to sit up until the small hours in the morning entertaining married men whose wives have gone away for a few weeks."—Detroit Free Press.

## For the Scholar.

Medical Assistant—How about this vaccine virus? Is it all right?  
Doctor—I'm not quite sure about it. I wouldn't use it in my private practice. Better set it aside for use only in the public schools.—Life.



## JOLLY JOKER

Bess—That's a quaint ring you're wearing. Is it an heirloom? Tess—Well, it dates from the Conquest.—Cleveland Leader.

Tramp—Say, mister, I haven't had a bite all day. Dejected Angler—Same here. Where did you fish?—Boston Transcript.

"Where is Hong Kong, John?" asked teacher. "I don't know, sir," answered John. "I think he was in China last time I heard."

When John had a small piece of pie put on his plate he grumbled: "I wish cook wouldn't put so much shortening in this pastry."

"My doll is very sick," said Dottie, mournfully. "Yes," said her chum Polly, "she does look waxy. You ought to have her waxinated."

"What did you say last night when Jack asked you to marry him?" "I shook my head." "Sideways or up and down?"—Boston Transcript.

"Women have gained fame despite the men!" shouted the sharp-featured suffragette. "Yes, for untold ages," replied the mere meek man.—Judge.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed Dottie, running in from the garden, where she saw a robin redbreast for the first time, "come and look at this sparrow with a red fannel shirt on!"

She after a long silence—Did I bear anything fall? He (timidly)—Why, no. She (with a yawn)—Oh, excuse me, I thought you dropped a remark.—Baltimore American.

Her—Yes, he used to take me to the theater and send me flowers and candy. Him—What did you do to him to make him quit it. Her—Oh, I went and married him!—Cleveland Leader.

"But, Willie," said the bad boy's mother, "don't your conscience tell you that you were doing wrong?" "Yes'm," replied Willie, "but you know you told me not to believe everything I hear."

Medium (after the seance)—Can any one tell how spirits could have got into the room and moved the furniture when all the doors were locked? Bright Boy—(raising his hand)—With skeleton keys.

An old gentleman was playing with his little granddaughter one day, when she noticed that most of his hair was missing. "Grandpa," she queried earnestly, "why don't you wear a switch?"

"But I don't see that you need be so heart-broken because Mabel Fly-away has jilted you." "It isn't the jilting I mind, but she returned the ring in a parcel marked 'Glass. With care!'"—Exchange.

First Guest—Won't you join me in requesting young Squalls to recite? Second Guest—But I don't like recitations. First Guest—Neither do I. But if the young beggar doesn't recite he'll sing.—New York Globe.

"Pa," said John, the other day, "I planted some potatoes last summer, and what do you think came up?" "Potatoes, of course," answered Pa. "Nup," said John. "There came up a drove of pigs and ate them all!"

"Ma," cried Dot, "my button-shoes are hurting me." "Why, child, no wonder," exclaimed Ma; "you put them on the wrong feet!" Dot looked puzzled; then said: "What will I do, ma? They are all the feet I got!"

"I can't do this example," pouted John. "You can do anything you want to do," replied his pa. "Even water may be carried in a sieve, if you only wait." "How long must I wait?" asked John. "Till it freezes," coolly answered Pa.

"John," she said, "don't you think this talk about trial marriages is just horrid?" "Oh, I dunno." "Why, you don't believe in them yourself, do you?" "Have to. If there's any marriage that ain't a trial, you just show me."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Young Lady—Give me one yard of—why, haven't I seen you before? Draper's Assistant—Oh, Maud, have you forgotten me? I saved your life at the seaside last summer! Young Lady (warmly)—Why, of course you did. Then you may give me two yards of the ribbon, please.

One day Elsie's mother sent her to find a switch with which to chastise her little brother, who had been teasing her. After a time she returned with a dozen or more pebbles in her apron. "I couldn't find any switch, mamma," she explained, "but you can throw these rocks at him."

"Have you ever noticed," began the bald gentleman, who liked to entertain the people gathered in his corner of the hotel piazza, "that little men invariably marry large women?" "It may be so," murmured a mild-eyed fellow guest, "but I had always supposed that it was the other way about—that the large women married the small men."

He was poor, but otherwise honest, and he had just proposed to the heiress. "Are you sure," she queried after the manner of her kind, "that you do not want to marry me for my money?" "Of course I don't," he replied. "I am anxious to marry you because I haven't the heart to let you become an old maid merely because you happen to have a paltry half million."—The Waap.