

An Experienced Man.  
"How do you conquer your elephant when he goes on a rampage?" I asked the menagerie proprietor.  
"We avail ourselves of an experienced baggage man," he replied.  
"An experienced baggage man?" I repeated with wonderment.  
"Yes," he explained patiently, although it was evident that he was nettled by my stupidity, "we get a man who knows how to smash trunks."



THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS  
**HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS**

Its great merit alone has enabled the Bitters to continue before the public for over 57 years. You really ought to try a bottle for Poor Appetite, Indigestion, Headache, Cramps, Diarrhoea and Malaria.



REDUCE THE COST OF LIVING  
**USE CRESCENT BAKING POWDER**  
25c. FULL POUND

It's Size.  
"The theme failed as a book and now it fails as a play. Yet the central idea is good."  
"Quite right. I think you could boil it down into an anecdote and get ten dollars for it."

**TRY MURINE** When Your Eyes Need Care  
**EYE REMEDY** You Will Like It  
Liquid Form, 25c, 50c. Salve Tubes, 25c, 50c.

## Portland BUSINESS COLLEGE

TERNS AND MORRISON, PORTLAND, OREGON  
A. P. ARMSTRONG, LL. B., PRINCIPAL  
Ours is admittedly the high-standard commercial school of the Northwest. Teachers having both business and professional experience qualify students for success, by individual instruction if desired, in a short time and at small expense. Position for each as soon as competent. Open all the year. Catalogue, business forms and penwork free. Write today—there is money in it.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR K. & S. BRAND OF  
Bleaching Disinfectant Spray  
Ammonia Cold Water Liquid Starch  
"Clean, O" Non-Boiling Washing Fluid

**K. AND S. CHEMICAL CO.**  
WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS  
PHARMACISTS  
Phone Main 113  
401 Main St. Vancouver, Washington

**GOLDEN WEST**  
COFFEE  
TEA SPICES  
BAKING POWDER  
EXTRACTS  
JUST RIGHT  
CLOSSET & DEYERS  
PORTLAND, ORE.

**GALL CURE HORSE COLLARS**  
Are made over Curled Hair Pads and will not gall the horse. Write us for free sample of the Pad. Give the name of your harness dealer. Sold by best dealers everywhere.  
**W. H. McMONIES & CO.**  
PORTLAND, OREGON

**NOW IS THE BEST TIME**

of the year to have your teeth and bridge work done. For out-of-town patrons we finish plate and bridge work in one day if necessary.  
Molar Crowns \$5.00  
22k Bridge Teeth \$3.50  
Gold Fillings 1.00  
Enamel Fillings 1.00  
Silver Fillings .50  
Good Rubber Plates 6.00  
Best Rubber Plates 7.50  
Painless Extraction .50

**Wise Dental Co.**  
INCORPORATED  
Painless Dentists  
Building Building, Third & Washington, PORTLAND, OREGON  
Office Hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays, 9 to 1

## THE QUICKENING

—BY—  
**FRANCIS LYNDE**

Copyright, 1906, by Francis Lynde

CHAPTER V.  
On rare occasions the Major, riding to or from the cross-roads post-office in Hargis' store, would rein in his horse at the Gordon gate and ask for a drink of water from the Gordon well. At such times Thomas Jefferson remarked that his mother always hastened to serve the Major with her own hands; this notwithstanding her own and Uncle Silas' oft-repeated asseveration touching the Major's unenviable preeminence as a Man of Sin. Also, he remarked that the Major's manner at such moments was a thing to dazzle the eye, like the reflection of the summer sun on the surface of burnished metal. But beneath the polished exterior, the groping perceptions of the boy would touch a thing repellent; a thing to stir a slow current of resentment in his blood.

It was Thomas Jefferson's first collision with the law of caste; a law Draconian in the Old South. Before the war, when Deer Trace Manor had been a seigniorial with its six score black thralls, there had been no visiting between the great house on the inner knoll and the overgrown log homestead at the Iron furnace. Quarrel there was none, nor any shadow of enmity; but the Dabneys were lords of the soil, and the Gordons were craftsmen.

Even in war the distinction was maintained. The Dabneys, father and son, were officers, having their commissions at the enrollment; while Caleb Gordon, whose name headed the list of the Paradise volunteers, began and ended a private in the ranks.

In the years of heart-hardenings which followed, a breach was opened, narrow at first, and hever very deep, but wide enough to serve. Caleb Gordon had accepted defeat openly and honestly, and for this the unconquered Major had never fully forgiven him. It was an added proof that there was no redeeming drop in the Gordon veins—and Major Caspar was as scrupulously polite to Caleb Gordon's wife as he would have been, and was, to the helpmate of Tike Bryerson, mountaineer and distiller of illicit whiskey.

Thomas Jefferson was vaguely indignant when Pettigrew came to ask his father to go forthwith to the manor-house. In the mouth of the foreman he invitation took on something of the flavor of a command. None the less, he was eager for news when his father came back, and though he got it only from overhearing the answer to his mother's question, it was satisfyingly thrilling.

"It's mighty near as we talked, Martha. The Major lumps the railroad in with all the other improvements, calls 'em Yankees, and hists his battle-flag. The engineer, that smart young fellow with the peaked whiskers and the eyeglasses, went to see him this evening about the right of way down the valley, and got himself slung off the porch of the great house into a posy bed."

"There is going to be trouble, Caleb; now you mark my words. You mustn't mix up in it."  
"I don't allow to, if I can help it. The railroad's goin' to be a mighty good thing for us if I can get Mr. Downing to put in a side-track for the furnace."

Following this there were other conferences, the Major unbending sufficiently to come and sit on the Gordon porch in the cool of the evening. The iron-master, as one still in touch with the moving world, gave good advice. Failing to buy, the railroad company might possibly seek to bully a right of way through the valley. But in that case, there would certainly be redress in the courts for the property owners. In the meantime, nothing would be gained by making the contest a personal fight on individuals.

So counseled Caleb Gordon, sure, always of his own standing-ground in any conflict. But from the last of the conferences the Major had ridden home through the fields; and Thomas Jefferson, with an alert eye for windstraws of conduct, had seen him dismount now and then to pull up and fling away the locating stakes driven by the railroad engineers.

ney pasture to see if the train were really there.

It was there, as he could tell by the noise of hissing steam when the cross-out was reached. But the parked wooding of the pasture still screened it. How near could he go without being "near" in the transgressing sense of the word? There was only one way of finding out—to keep on going until his conscience pricked sharply enough to stop him. It was a great convenience, Thomas Jefferson's conscience. As long as it kept quiet he could be reasonably sure there was no sin in sight. Yet he had to confess that it was not always above playing mean tricks; as that of sleeping like a log till after the fact, and then rising up to stab him till the blood ran.

He was half-way across the pasture when the crash of a falling tree stopped him in mid-rush. And in the vista opened by the felled tree he saw a sight to make him turn and race homeward faster than he had come. The invaders, hundreds strong, had torn down the boundary wall and the earth for the advancing embankment was flying from uncouth shovels.

Caleb Gordon was at work in the blacksmith shop, Sunday-repairing while the furnace was cool, when Thomas Jefferson came flying with his news. The iron-master dropped his hammer and cast aside the leather apron.

"You hear that, Buck?" he said, frowning across the anvil at his helper, a white man and the foreman of the pouring floor.

The helper nodded, being a mail of as few words as the master.  
"Well, I reckon we-all hain't got any call to stand by and see them high-rollers ride it roughshod over Major Dabney thataway," said Gordon, briefly. "Go down to the shanties and hustle out the day shift. Get Turk and Hardy away and every white man you can lay hands on, and all the guns you can find. And send one of the black boys up the hill to tell the Major. Like as not, he ain't up yet."

Helgerson hastened away to obey his orders, and Caleb Gordon went out to the foundry scrap yard. In the heap of broken metal lay an old cast-iron field-piece, a relic of the battle which had one day raged hotly on the hillside across the creek. A hundred times the iron-master had been on the point of breaking it up for remelting, and as often the old artilleryman in him had stayed his hand.

Now it was quickly hoisted in the crane shackle—Thomas Jefferson sweating manfully at the crab crank—clamped on the axle of a pair of wagon wheels, cleaned, swabbed, loaded with quarry blasting powder and pieces of broken iron to serve for grape, and trundled out on the pike at the heels of the ore team.

By this time Helgerson had come up with the furnace men, a motley crew in all stages of Sunday-morning dishevelment, and armed only as a mob may arm itself at a moment's notice. Caleb, the veteran, looked the squad over with a slow smile gathering the wrinkles at the corners of his eyes.

"You boys'll have to make up in fierceness what-all you're lacking in soldier-looks," he observed, mildly. Then he gave the word of command to Helgerson. "Take the gun and put out for the Major's hawss-lot. I'll be along as soon as I can saddle the mare."

Thomas Jefferson went with his father to the stable and helped silently with the saddling. Afterward he held the mare, gentling her in suppressed excitement while his father went into the house for his rifle.

"That'll do, Buddy," he said, when he came back. "Run along in to your mammy, now."

But Thomas Jefferson caught again at the bridle and held on, choking.  
"O pappy!—take me with you! I—I'll die if you don't take me with you!"  
Who can tell what Caleb Gordon saw in his son's eyes when he bent to loosen the grip of the small brown hand on the rein? Was it some sympathetic reincarnation of his own militant soul striving to break its bonds? Without a word he bent lower and swung the boy up to a seat behind him. "Hold on tight, Buddy," he cautioned. "I'll have to run the mare some to catch up with the boys."

Thomas Jefferson ran to the nearest retting log, but one of the negroes was before him with a blazing pitch-pine splint. There was a respectful recoil in the opposing ranks which presently became a somewhat panicky surge to the rear. The shovellers, more than half of whom were negroes, had not come out to be blown from a cannon's mouth by a grim-faced veteran who was so palpably at home with the tools of his trade.

"That's right; keep right on goin'!" yelled the iron-master, waving his blazing slow-match dangerously near to the priming. "Keep it up."

The panic had spread by its own contagion, and the invaders were fighting among themselves for place on the flat-cars. And while yet the rear guard was swarming upon the engine, hanging by toe- and hand-holds where it could, the train was backed rapidly out of range. Caleb Gordon kept his pine splint alight until the echoes of the engine's exhaust came faintly from the overhanging cliffs of the mountain.

"They've gone back to town, and I reckon the fire's plum' out for to-day, Major," he drawled. "Buck and a few of the boys'll stay by the gun, against their rallyin' later on, and you might as well go home to your breakfast. Didn't bring your hawss, did ye? Take the mare, and welcome. Buddy and me'll walk."

But the Major would not mount, and so the two men walked together as far as the manor-house gates, with Thomas Jefferson a pace in the rear, leading the mare.

It was no matter of wonder to him that his father and the Major marched in solemn silence to the gate of parting. But the wonder came tumultuously when the Major wheeled abruptly at the moment of leave-taking and wrung his father's hand.

"Suh, you are a right true-hearted gentleman, and my very good friend, Mistuh Gordon!" he said, with the manner of one who has been carefully weighing the words beforehand. "If you had been given youh just dux, suh, you'd have come home from 'ginia wearin' youh shouldeh-straps." And then, with a little throat-clearing pause to come between: "Suh; an own brotheh couldn't have done mo'! I've been misjudgin' you, Caleb, all these years, and now I'm proud to shake you by the hand and call you my friend. Yes, suh, I am that!"

It was, in a manner not to be understood by the Northern alien, the accolade of knighthood, and Caleb Gordon's toll-rounded shoulders straightened visibly when he returned the hearty hand-grasp. And as for Thomas Jefferson: in his heart gratified pride flapped its wings and crowded lustily.

(To be continued.)

### LYONS MAIL STORY REVIVED.

Descendant of Lesurques Petitions Government for Annuity.

Mme. Behagne, an impoverished widow past middle age, who earns a slender living by manual labor, has, by a somewhat naive petition to the French government, reinvested the old story of "The Lyons Mail" with an interest something like that of actuality, the Berlin correspondent of the New York Times says.

The most popular compendiums of history relate how a man named Joseph Lesurques was guillotined in 1795 as one of the several highway-men who killed the post courier traveling between Lyons and Paris and robbed him of letters and packages containing some millions of francs. It was afterward proved, at least in popular estimation, that Lesurques was innocent. This fact was made the basis of one of the most successful melodramas ever played.

Mme. Behagne, who claims to be a lineal descendant of Lesurques, declares that a perpetual pension was established about 1863 by Napoleon III. for each successive eldest female member of the Lesurques' family, and that it now ought rightfully to come to her. She says it is only \$50 a year, and was last received by her great-aunt, who died in an almshouse.

Yet she also asserts that it was granted as consolation to the descendants of Lesurques for the confiscation of property said to have yielded an income of \$2,400 a year by the French government in 1797.

Apparently Mme. Behagne believes her own story, but officers of the government whose duty it is to investigate have stated that there is not the slightest documentary proof of any act pension ever being granted.

No one knows the exact spot in the cemetery at Pere la Chaise where Lesurques, the victim of errant justice in the Courier de Lyons affair, was buried after his decapitation, but a monument was erected to his memory in the cemetery by his widow and children on a site acquired by them in perpetuity.

Besides its permanent inscriptions, the monument has borne from time to time many bitter anathemas against human justice. The government, feeling itself outraged at these legends, has repeatedly caused their removal. The revival of interest in the story of Lesurques, since the publication of the claim of his great-grandchild, has led to a renewal of the pilgrimages to the monument which were popular in the early part of the last century.

### Why Not?

"My constituents want some reading matter. Claim to be tired of the patent office reports I've been sending out."

"Well, prepare a speech incorporating some good, popular novel and leave to print."—Louisville Courier-Journal

### Work.

Boggs—I was surprised to hear that Smith had failed. He always seemed to be very busy in his office?

Woggs—Yes; he spent more time tacking up those inspiring wall mottoes than any other man I ever saw.—Puck.

Do not accustom yourself to consider debt as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity.—Johnson

### GOT HINT FROM THE DOG

Valuable Pointer That New York Business Man Acquired by Accident.

There is a man of large wealth who has a generous suite of offices in one of the most modern of the downtown buildings, says a New York exchange. His main apartments there are furnished handsomely, even luxuriously, with soft leather-upholstered lounges and armchairs, but his private office would pass for a cell in a monastery. It contains nothing but his desk, his chair, and an extra chair, very plain, with a hard seat.

"I hit on this after years of sad experience in time wasted for me by my friends," he said. "When I kept my private office luxuriously furnished, friends who were on intimate enough terms with me to drop in without a knock scarcely would come in, sprawl themselves out in an easy chair, light a cigar, and make themselves as comfortable as though in their club. Like as not, one of them would start in spinning an interminable yarn. Of course I couldn't order them out; so I had to stand it and lose countless hours of valuable time."

Last month, when I was down on a farm for the children's vacation, I noticed an old dog that always lay on a piece of carpet right in the way of the farmer's wife. One day she stumbled over him; then she took up the carpet and placed it out on the back porch. The dog went out and contentedly reposed himself there.

"I'll just move my carpet out in my front office," I said to myself. When I returned I did so. It worked like a charm. My friends dropped into my office, gazed around with a startled look—and dropped out again, never to return in there during business hours. And now I can work in the peaceful assurance that nobody whose business isn't of sufficient importance to make that hard-bottomed chair feel comfortable will unduly linger around me when I'm busy."

### Curiosity of Man.

Weather threatening, crowd scurrying, congestion of humans in Broadway, near Fulton street; hour, 12:30 p. m. "What is it?" inquired excitedly a big blonde man in a shaggy alpaca. "Anyone hurt?" "Naw!" responded a seedy individual; "a guy's lost sumpin' 'tween a subway gratin' an' he's fishin' for it." A passer-by caught his way through a struggling mass of men and women, and found the "guy" leaning over a subway grating industriously fishing with a long pole (on the end of which was presumably some sticky substance) for a bright and acintillating object. "What did he lose?" he asked. "O diamond ring, I guess," answered one in an awed whisper. "Ah, he's got it! No, it's slipped off! He's got it again! Steady, now, and you'll fetch it Good! He's got it! Let's see it!" The last request was shouted by a man near the outer edge of the mob. "Aw, you mugs make me sick," remarked the fisherman. "Can't a guy pick up a cent he's dropped without a crowd collectin'?" And, amid derisive cries of "Cheap skate!" he held up a bright Lincoln penny. That's how little it takes to collect a crowd in busy New York.—New York Tribune.

### At Last, the Blue Rose.

The long sought-for novelty, the blue rose, has been developed at last, and to the intense interest of the gardeners and flower lovers who visited the spring flower show of the Pennsylvania Horticultural society and the National Association of Gardeners at Horticultural hall recently. Three plants have been put on display. The color obtained is the best blue that has ever been produced. It is on the violet shade and the rose is a Rambler type. The tiny buds in heavy clusters are of bright red hue and show the blue only on blooming.—Philadelphia Record.

### An Exploded Theory.

"Children," said the Sunday school teacher, "there is one thing that I wish to especially impress upon your minds. Always be kind to your parents. Make it as pleasant for them as you can. Remember that none of you can ever have another mother after the one you possess is gone. You can never—"

"Oh, yes, we can," interrupted a little boy who had lost most of his buttons. "I lost mine last week, and pa brought me a new one home the same day he got back from the court house."

### A Grateful Defendant.

"Why didn't you protest when they charged you with violating the speed regulations?"

"I was too thankful to kick," replied Mr. Chuggins. "I've been trying to sell that automobile, and it takes a good deal of strain off my conscience to have somebody testify that she can go faster than a mile in ten minutes."—Washington Star.

### Stupid People.

Traveler—Haven't you a time table?

Station Agent—We used to have one until the people began to think the trains were supposed to keep to it.—Ellegende Blatter.

### Ultimate Consumers.

"Rubber is going up."

"Yes, and I've got to buy over-shoes."

"Overshoes? Shucks! I've got to buy tires."—Louisville Courier-Journal

### MAN ALWAYS GIVING

Is Effectually Squelched by Tom Hobo in Most Characteristic Manner.

The man who is always giving vice sauntered up the street and the tattered hobo sitting on the curb said: "My good man," began the man like this? Don't you know the law owes you a living?"

"That so?" responded the man nonchalantly. "Well, I guess I can call up a collection agency and dem to collect it for me."

"But this is serious, my man. I deserve something in this world." "Sure, boss, the last judge I met against said I deserved six months. You could rise up in the world and wear broadcloth."

"Thanks, but I am wearing now, boss. His suit is so big for me."

"Well, what in the dickens are you sitting on the curb for, anyway?"

"To curb my temper, boss. You see, when such a man as you ask for a living."

Mother will find Mrs. Winslow's Baby Syrup the best remedy to use for colic during the teething period.

Taking the Usual Course.  
"I see your next door neighbor sprinkling his lawn during the hours. Are you going to do so, too, to stop him?"

"Yes, I'm going to write a significant protest and have it printed one of the papers."

### PRACTICE ILLEGALLY

Itinerant Opticians Work Practise Without State License.

The Oregon State Board of Examiners in Optometry will pay a reward of \$25 to anyone causing the arrest and conviction of any person or persons testing eyes and selling glasses without a certificate issued to them by the Board of Examiners. It is alone necessary for them to pass their certificate, but it must be countersigned by and countersigned by the Clerk of the court, in each case where the holder practices. The board is hereby warned not to recognize anyone not holding such certificate, as in the strict letter of the law they are accessory to the illegal practice and will at least be called upon to go into court and testify as witnesses against the persons violating the law. For further particulars address W. Barnes, Sec., State Board of Examiners, Salem, Ore.

**Tents, Awnings, Sails**  
Cats, Hammocks, Canvas and Tarpaulins  
PACIFIC TINI AND AWNING CO.  
27 N. First St., Portland, Ore.

**USE DR. PLUMMER'S COUGH SYRUP**  
It is a sure stopper, promptly cures Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, and especially the harsh, hacking coughs, also useful for lung diseases. For sale by all dealers; 25c a bottle.

**HILL MILITARY ACADEMY**  
PORTLAND, OREGON  
Send your boy where he will have good, strong training. Fall term opens September 16th 1911. Write for catalogue.

**Neth & Co. COLLECTORS**  
We Buy and Collect Notes, Mortgages, etc. Estate Contracts. No Collections Forfeited. Worcester Bldg., Portland, Ore.

**Drink "The Neal" Habit Cured Me**  
No Hypodermic Injections  
You can take this treatment at the home or your home, and your money will be refunded if a perfect cure is not effected. Send for this, it will only take a few moments to fill out for information. Personal and confidential reference on application. For full details, phone, write or call 1-111.  
**NEAL INSTITUTE**  
Phone, Marshall 2400  
354 Hall St. PORTLAND, ORE.

**The Better Way.**  
Maude—Formerly when I was a Screecher was asked to sing the song "Oh, I can't."  
Clara—But she doesn't do that. Maude—No; she lets the song find it out for themselves.

**Where is Your Hair?**  
In your comb? Why so? not the head a much better place for it? Better keep what hair you have where it belongs! Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, quickly stops falling hair. There is not a particle of dandruff about it. We speak very positively about this, for we have tested it. Does not change the color of the hair.  
**Ayer's**  
Indeed, the one great leading hair preparation our new Hair Vigor may well be called this. It stops falling hair. It goes one step further—it aids in restoring the hair and scalp to the condition. Ask for "the new hair condition." J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.