

Knees Became Stiff

Five Years of Severe Rheumatism
The cure of Henry J. Goldstein, 14 Barton Street, Boston, Mass., is another victory by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine has succeeded in many cases where others have utterly failed. Mr. Goldstein says: "I suffered from rheumatism five years, it kept me from business and caused excruciating pain. My knees would become as stiff as steel. I tried many medicines without relief, then took Hood's Sarsaparilla, soon felt much better, and now consider myself entirely cured. I recommend Hood's." Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

Strange Hobby.

William James, probate court deputy, tells of a post extraordinary that comes about that office. She is a woman, a middle-aged, heavy-jowled person, who comes around shortly after she has read in the paper of the death of a prominent man. And she comes because she wants to read the dead man's will as soon as it is probated. She has no hopes of receiving a bequest in any of the wills. She just likes to look them over. Reading wills is her hobby.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Better Look Outside.

If you want to make the best of your life, don't spend much time in looking within and wondering if your feelings are all right. Look outside instead, and see what you are doing for others, what you are saying about other people, how you are behaving to those around you. If you are behaving kindly and truly to your neighbor you will not go far wrong.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, itching, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Drugstores and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Ometzel, Le Roy, N. Y.

Doing Well.

"How's your boy getting along in the big city?" asked a neighbor. "Fine," replied the farmer. "He gets his name in the papers almost every day now. He's one of them joy riders you read so much about."

Pettit's Eye Salve for Over 100 Years has been used for congested and inflamed eyes, removes film or scum over the eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Equality of the Sexes.

Traveling in the country, I observe with indignation that the scarecrow in every field is represented as a man! The flapping of a woman's skirt, the waving of her feathers, would assuredly be as effective for the purpose as is the dangling of a coat! We will eventually displace man in every field.—London Truth.

Honor Trees and Plants.

The Siamese always offer libations to trees before cutting them down. The natives of Sumatra pay special honor to certain trees supposed to embody the wood spirits, while the inhabitants of the Society Islands pay similar respect to some plants.

HOOD RIVER ORCHARD LAND for sale by owner; choice ten acres 9,000 miles from city, elevation about 1,600 feet, almost level, red soil, two acres six-year-old trees; balance raw state. Price \$1,700, easy terms. To reliable party will give work clearing and caring for adjoining ten acres, amount to apply on purchase price. Address P. O. Box 131, Portland, or phone A 5374.

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The Real Injury.
"You know the fate of the pitcher that goes to the well too often." "Going to the well never hurt a pitcher yet. It's going to the corner saloon that sends him back to the bush leagues."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Our New Hair Vigor

Ayer's Hair Vigor was good, the best that was made. But Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is better. It is the one great specific for falling hair. A new preparation in every way. New bottle. New contents. Ask your druggist to show it to you, "the new kind."
Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle show it to your druggist. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

As we now make our new Hair Vigor it does not have the slightest effect upon the color of the hair. You may use it freely and for any length of time without fear of changing the color. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff.

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

THE QUICKENING

—BY—
FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

It was Ludlow, hammering clamorously for silence on the shell of the big crane ladle, who acted as spokesman when the uproar was quelled.

"You're all right, Tom Gordon—you and your daddy. But you've hit us plum 'twixt dinner and supper. If you two was the company—"

"We are the company. While Mr. Farley is away we're the bosses; what we say, goes."

"All right," Ludlow went on. "That's a little better. But we've got a kick or two comin'. Is this half-pay goin' to be in orders on the company's store?"

"I said cash," said Tom, briefly. "Good enough. But I s'pose we'd have to spend it at the company's store, jest the same, 'r get fired."

"No!"—emphatically. "I'm not even sure that we should reopen the store. We shall not reopen it unless you men want it. If you do want it, we'll make it strictly co-operative, dividing the profits with every employe according to his purchases."

"Well, that's white, anyway," commented one of the coke burners. "Be a mighty cool day in July when old man Farley'd talk as straight as that."

"Ag'in," said Ludlow, "what's this half-pay to be figured on—the regular scale?"

"Of course."

"And what security do we have that t'other half 'll be paid, some time?"

"My father's word, and mine."

Ludlow turned to the miners. "What d'ye say, boys? Fish or cut bait? Hands up!"

There was a good showing of hands among the white miners and the coke burners, but the negro foundrymen did not vote. Patty, the mulatto foreman who was Helgerson's second, explained the reason.

"You ain't said untill 'bout de foundry, Boss Tom. W-w-w-we-all boys been wukkin' short t-t-t-time, and m-m-makin' pig ain't gwine give we-all n-n-nuttin' ter do." Patty had a painful impediment in his speech, and the strain of the public occasion doubled it.

"We are going to run the foundry, too, Patty, and on full time. There will be work for all of you on the terms I have named."

Caleb Gordon closed his eyes and put his face in his hands. For weeks before the shut-down the foundry had been run on short time, because there was no market for its miscellaneous output. Surely Tom must be losing his mind!

But the negro foundrymen were taking his word for it, as the miners had. "Pup-pup-put up yo' hands, boys!" said Patty, and again the eyes had it.

Tom looked vastly relieved. "Well, that was a short horse soon curried," he said, brusquely. The power goes on to-morrow morning, and we'll blow in as soon as the furnaces are relined. Ludlow, you come to the office at 5 o'clock and I'll list the shifts with you. Patty, you report to Mr. Helgerson, and you and the pattern-maker show up at half-past 5. I want to talk over some new work with you. Anybody else got anything to say? If not, we'll adjourn."

Caleb followed his son out and across the yard to the old log homestead which served as the superintendent's office and laboratory. When the door was shut he dropped heavily into a chair.

"Son," he said, brokenly, "you're—you're crazy—plum' crazy. Don't you know you can't be the first one of these things you've been promisin'?"

Tom was already busy at the desk, emptying the pigeonholes one after another and rapidly scanning their contents.

"If I believed that, I'd be taking to the high grass and the tall timber. But don't you worry, pappy; we're going to do them—all of them."

"But, Buddy, you can't sell a found of foundry product! We may be able to make pig cheaper than some others, but when it comes to the foundry floor, South Tredegar can choke us off in less'n a week."

"Wait," said Tom, still rummaging. "There is one thing we can make—and sell."

"I'd like tolerable well to know what it is," was the hopeless rejoinder.

"You ought to know, better than any one else. It's cast-iron pipe—water-pipe. Where are the plans of that invention of yours that Farley wouldn't let you install?"

Caleb found the blue-prints, and his hands were trembling. The invention, a pit machine process for molding and casting water- and gas-pipe at a cost that would put all other makers of the commodity out of the field, had been wrought out and perfected in Tom's second Boston year. It was Caleb's one ewe lamb, and he had nursed it by hand through a long preparatory period.

Tom took the blue-prints and spread them on the desk, absorbing the details as his father leaned over him and pointed them out. He saw clearly that the invention would revolutionize pipe-making. The accepted method was to cast each piece separately in a floor flask made in two parts, rammed by hand, once for the drag and again for the cope, with reversings, crane-handlings and all the manipulations necessary for the molding of any heavy casting. But the new process substituted machinery. A cisterna-like pit; a circular table pivoted over it, with a hundred or more iron flasks suspended upright from its edges; a huge crane carrying a mechanical ram, these were the main points of the machine which, with a small gang of men, would do the work of an entire foundry floor.

"It's great!" said Tom, enthusiastically. "I got your idea pretty well from your letters, but you've improved

on it since then. I wonder Farley didn't snap at it."

"He was willin' to," said Caleb, grimly. "Only he wanted me to transfer the patents to the company; in other words, to make him a present of the controlling interest. I bucked at that, and we come near havin' a fall-out. If there was any market for pipe now

"There is a market," said Tom, hopefully. "I got a pointer on that before I left Boston. Did I tell you I had a little talk with Mr. Clarkson the day I came away?"

"No."

"Well, I did. I told him the conditions and asked his advice. Among other things, I spoke of this pipe pit of yours, and he said at once, 'There is your chance. Cast-iron water-pipe is like bread, or sugar, or butcher's meat—it's a necessity, in good times or bad. If that machine is practicable, you can make pipe for less than half the present cost.' Then we talked ways and means. Money is tighter than a shut fist—up East as well as everywhere else."

But men with money to invest will still bet on a sure thing. Mr. Clarkson advised me to try our own banks first. Failing with them, he authorized me to call on him. Now you know where I'm diggin' my sand."

The old iron-master sat back in his chair with his hands locked over one knee, once more taking the measure of this new creation calling itself Tom Gordon and purporting to be his son.

"Say, Buddy," he said at length, "are there many more like you out yonder in the big road?—young fellows that can walk right out of school and tell their daddies how to run things?"

Tom's laugh was boyishly hearty. "Plenty of 'em, pappy; lots of 'em! The old world is moving right along; it would be a pity if it didn't, don't you think? But about this pipe business: I want you to make over these patents to me."

"They're yours now, Tom; everything I've got will be yours in a little while," said the father; but his voice betrayed the depth of that trust. Was the new Tom beginning so soon to grasp and reach out avariciously for the fruit of the old tree?

"You ought to know that I don't mean it that way," said Tom, frowning a little. "But here is the way it sizes up. There is money in this pipe-making; some money now, and big money later on. Farley has refused to go into it unless you make it a company proposition; as president and a controlling stockholder you can't very well go into it unless you make it a company proposition; as president and a controlling stockholder you can't very well go into it without making it some sort of a company proposition. But you can transfer the patents to me, and I can contract with Chiawasse Consolidated to make pipe for me."

"That would certainly be givin' Colonel Dabbury a dose of his own medicine; but I don't like it, Tom. It looks as if we were taking advantage of him."

"No. I'd make the proposition to him, personally, if he were here, and the boss; and he'd be a fool if he didn't just jump at it," said Tom, earnestly. "But there is more to it than that. If we make a go of this, and don't protect ourselves, the two Farleys will come back and put the whole thing in their pockets. I won't go in on any such terms. When they do come back, I'm going to have money to fight them with, and this is our one little ghost of a chance. Ring up Judge Bates and get him to come over here and make a legal transfer of these patents to me."

The experiences of the summer were all hardening. He plunged into the world of business, into a panic-time competition which was in grim reality a fight for life, and there seemed to be little to choose between tramping or being trampled. By early autumn the iron industries of the country were gasping, and the stacks of pig in the Chiawasse yards, kept down a little during the summer by a few meager orders, grew and spread until they covered acres. As long as money could be had, the iron was bonded as fast as it was made, and the proceeds were turned into wages to make more. But when money was no longer obtainable from this source, the pipe venture was the only hope.

With the entire foundry force at the Chiawasse making pipe, Tom had gone into the market with his low-priced product. But the commercial side of the struggle was free-new to him, and he found himself matched against men who knew buying and selling as he knew smelting and casting. They routed him, easily at first, with increasing difficulty as he learned the new trade, but always with certainty. It was Norman, the correspondence man, transferred now into a sales agent, who gave him his first hint of the inwardness.

"We're too straight, Mr. Gordon; that's at the bottom of it," he said to Tom, over a grill-room luncheon at the Marlboro one day. "It takes money to make money. Four times out of five we have to sell to a municipal committee, and the other time we have to monkey with the purchasing agent of a corporation. In either case it takes money—other money besides the difference in price."

Tom was in town that day for the purpose of taking a train to Louisville, where he was to meet the officials of an Indiana city forced, despite the hard times, to relay many miles of worn-out water-mains. He made a pencil computation on the back of an envelope. The contract was a large one, and his bid, which he was confident was lower than any competitor could make, would still stand a cut and leave a margin of profit. Before he took the train he went to the bank, and, when

he reached the Kentucky metropolis his first care was to assure the "wheel-horse" member of the municipal purchasing board that he was ready to talk business on a modern business basis.

Notwithstanding, he lost the contract. Other people were growing desperate, too, it appeared, and his bribe was not great enough. One member of the committee stood by him and gave him the facts. A check had been passed, and it was a bigger check than Tom could draw without trenching on the balance left in the Iron City National to meet the month's pay-roll at Gordonia.

"You sent a boy to mill," said the loyal one. "And now it's all over I don't mind telling you that you sent him to the wrong mill, at that. Bullinger's a hog."

"I'd like to do him up," said Tom, vindictively.

"Well, that might be done, too. But it would cost you something."

Tom did not take the hint; he was not buying vengeance. But on the way home he grew bitter with every subsequent mile. He could meet one more pay-day, and possibly another; and then the end would come. This one contract would have saved the day, and it was lost.

The homing train, rushing around the boundary hills of Paradise, set him down at Gordonia late in the afternoon. There was no one at the station to meet him, but there was bad news in the air which needed no herald to proclaim it. Though it still wanted half an hour of quitting time, the big plant was silent and deserted. Tom walked out the pike and found his father on the Woodlawn porch.

"You needn't say it, son," was his low greeting, when Tom had flung himself into a chair. "It was in the South Tredegar papers this morning."

"What was in the papers?"

"About our losin' the Indiana contract. I reckon it was what did the business for us, though there were a plenty of black looks and a storm brewin' when we missed the pay-day yesterday."

"Missed the pay-day? Why, I left money in bank for it when I went to Louisville!"

"Yes, I know you did. When Dyckman didn't come out with the pay-rolls yesterday evening I telephoned him. He said Vint Farley, as treasurer of the company, had made a draft on him and taken it all."

"And the men?"

"The miners went out at 10 o'clock this morning. The blacks would have stood by us, but Ludlow's men drove 'em out—made 'em quit. We're done, Buddy."

Tom dashed his hat on the floor and the Gordon rage, slow to fire and fierce to scorch and burn when once it was aflame, made for a moment a yelling maniac of him. In the midst of it he turned, and the tempest of imprecation spent itself in a gasp of dismay. His mother was standing in the doorway, thin, frail, with the sorrow in her eyes that had been there since the long night of chastenings three years ago.

As he looked he saw the growing pallor in her face, the growing speechless horror in her gaze. Then she put out her hands as one groping in darkness and fell before he could reach her.

It was her stalwart son who carried Martha Gordon to her room and laid her gently on the bed, with the husband to follow helplessly behind. Also, it was Tom, tender and loving now as a woman, who sat upon the edge of the bed, chafing the bloodless hands and striving as he could to revive her.

"I'm afraid you've killed her for sure, this time, son!" groaned the man.

But Tom saw the pale lips move and bent low to catch their whisperings. What he heard was only the echo of the despairing cry of the broken heart: "Would God I had died for thee, O Ab-salom, my son!"

(To be continued.)

An Ambitious Correspondent.

"I lunched with Winston Churchill at the Ritz in London," said a New York journalist, "during his remarkable campaign. This brilliant young cabinet minister, with his American blood through his mother and his dual blood through his father, praised American journalists. He gave me an example of our perseverance. No less than 47 American correspondents called on him at the Board of Trade offices for an interview one week on the American tariff, and as none of them had sufficiently good credentials, he refused to see them. Finally a correspondent came with a letter from Mr. Lloyd-George and him Mr. Churchill saw gladly.

"Do you know," he said to the young man, "that I have refused to see 47 of your compatriots on this very subject?"

"I ought to know it," the correspondent answered, "for I'm the whole 47."

Mangling the Words.

Mark Twain will find an example of English as she is spoke, or written, when he visits a certain city in Italy where the authorities of a charitable institution have posed a notice printed in all languages. The information for English people reads as follows: "The little fathers of the poor of St. Francis harbor all kinds of disease, and have no respect for religion."

Reversing the Process.

Rankin—How did you manage to get the ill will of Scraggles?
Fyle—You know he's been borrowing small sums of me from time to time for the last ten years? Well, a few weeks ago I shut down on lending to him and began borrowing from him.

Philosophy in Rags.

"I know," remarked the hobo philosopher, "that the wise man says the laughter of a fool is like the crackling of thorns under a pot, but even that sounds good, begosh, when you're fairly starvin' for a smile!"

And more married men would make fools of themselves if their wives would let them.

Every man has a ready-made excuse when his yellow streak shows up.

Too many cooks are apt to spoil the digestion of the policeman.

THEOSOPHIC SOCIETY HEAD BROUGHT INTO LIMELIGHT



Mrs. Katherine Tingley, high priestess of the Theosophic society at Point Loma, Cal., has been brought into the limelight by the suit of George L. Patterson of Newcastle, Pa., to recover a million dollars which he alleges Mrs. Tingley acquired from

his mother by undue influence. Mrs. Tingley denies that she exercised undue influence, and it remains for the plaintiff to produce his proofs.

Mr. Patterson is vice-president of the National bank of Lawrence county. The suit has been brought at Los Angeles. The Patterson family is one of the oldest and wealthiest in Lawrence county. The family fortune was founded by William Patterson, banker and iron merchant, who died five years ago. Several members of the family still reside there and move in exclusive society circles. William Patterson established the National Bank of Lawrence county. He amassed a fortune of \$3,000,000.

When he died he left a stated amount to his widow. The sum was less than Mrs. Patterson was entitled to under the law, and she contested the will and got a third of the estate. With \$1,000,000 in her own right Mrs. Patterson went to Los Angeles. There she became acquainted with members of the Theosophic society.

Relatives and friends were shocked about fifteen months ago when they learned that the white-haired woman of sixty-eight years was to marry Clark Thurston, formerly of New York and Philadelphia, head of the society. Mrs. Thurston settled \$200 a month on Thurston. Her family became thoroughly estranged from her. In the latter part of July, George L. Patterson received a telegram stating that his mother had died in the home of Katherine Tingley in Newburyport, Mass.

No member of the family had had any word that Mrs. Thurston was ill. Mr. Patterson hastened east and as soon as he reached Newburyport the body was cremated. The cause of her death is a mystery. When her will was opened it was found that \$150,000 had been willed to Mrs. Tingley. A month later Mr. Patterson and Attorney J. V. Cunningham went to Los Angeles to investigate the estate and Mrs. Thurston's connection with the society. They discovered there remained only \$150,000 over the amount willed to Mrs. Tingley.

No trace could be found of the \$700,000, the difference between the value of the estate at the time of Mrs. Thurston's death and the amount she had when she went west.

William Patterson, the founder of the estate, was twice married.

The woman who has just died left three children, a married daughter, and William and George L. Patterson, a son of the first William Patterson, the former wife, is the wealthiest of the family, being worth \$10,000,000. The family say they will spend dollar for dollar in an effort to recover the lost fortune.

FAMOUS CONTROVERSIALIST WHO WORSTED INGERSOLL

Rev. Dr. Louis A. Lambert of the Catholic diocese of Rochester, N. Y., is in a sanatorium at Newfoundland, N. J., suffering from hardening of the arteries, and is not expected to survive. Doctor Lambert has been editor of the Freeman's Journal since 1894, but long prior to that time became widely known by his powerful defense of the cardinal tenets of religion against the assaults of agnosticism and atheism.

Doctor Lambert was born seventy-five years ago in Allenport, Pa. He studied at St. Vincent's college, near Latrobe, Pa., and at the Diocesan seminary in St. Louis. He was ordained in 1859 at Alton, Ill. During the Civil war he was chaplain of the Eighteenth regiment of Illinois Infantry. After the war he became professor of normal theology and philosophy at the Paulist Novitiate. In the early eighties he made his famous replies to Bob Ingersoll, which were published under the title "Notes on Ingersoll." Ingersoll was at that time contributing a series of articles to the North American Review in which he attacked Christianity.

Two years later a disciple of Ingersoll made a formal reply, and Doctor Lambert followed with his "Tactics of Infidelity," which was disseminated by the Y. M. C. A. About this time he became involved in a long and bitter discussion with the late Bishop McQuaid of Rochester. The bishop refused to assign him to parochial duty in that diocese. Father Lambert appealed to Rome and the papal decision was in his favor. Bishop McQuaid then assigned him to a village church at Scottsville, Monroe county, where he has resided for nearly twenty years. He became editor of the Freeman's Journal in 1894. Recently Protestant and Catholic clergymen joined with him in celebrating the golden jubilee of his ministry.

Proper Fumigation.

To fumigate a room after sickness paste strips of newspapers over cracks of windows and doors. Remove all living things. Loosen the bedding and carpets. Burn two or three formaldehyde candles (obtained at drug stores) according to directions on the box. Leave room closed six or eight hours. Open and air.

Mothers Will Find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the Best Remedy to Use for their Children Suffering the Teething Period.

"Mabel, I don't prove—"

"Well, George, I've noticed that daddy says you'd better propose for long or there will be doin'."

"When you interrupted me, Mabel, I was about to say that I do not propose to wait any longer to see whether you do or do not return a love."

"Oh, George! This is so sudden!"

Hubston Post.

Sand Grains Travel Fast.

The travels of grains of sand are long been a matter of established record. Years ago it was established that particles picked up on the coast of Pas de Calais had their origin in the rocks of Brittany, from 180 to 180 miles distant. Another established fact is the discovery on the coast of Denmark of chalk dust which is undoubtedly came from the cliffs of Normandy.

Watch Your Temper.

A kind-hearted person's rays are cool when he looks into the reflecting eyes of a child or a dog, and sees what wonder, what fear, what protest, his storm has awakened. It sees the injustice of his display of feeling. Each one can discover a recipe for anger-cooling and each should quickly discover and apply it.

The Flash of Genius.

A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within more than the luster of the firmament of bards and seers. Yet he should without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius he recognizes our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty.—Emerson.

It Would Be So.

The subjoined item appeared in a French newspaper: "There was a soldier cut to pieces and carried in a sack. The circumstances were such to preclude any suspicion of suicide."

For the Ambitious

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