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Vegetable Compound Peoria, Ill.-'I wish to let every one

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dies have done for me. For two years I suffered. The doc-tors said I had tu-mors, and the only remedy was the sur-geon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a healthy wo For months man.

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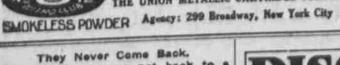


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BLACK POWDER



Cast Ruthlessly Upon His Own Resources.



SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attracyoung woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a wom an's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maltland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields, to get his family jewels.

CHAPTER II .- Continued.

An errant cabby, cruising aimlessly but hopefully, sighted Maitland's tall figure and white shirt from a distance, and bore down upon him with a gallant clatter of hoofs.

"Kebsir?" he demanded, breathlessly, pulling in at the corner.

Maitland came out of his reverie and looked up slowly. "Why, yes, thank you," he assented, amiably, "Where to, sir?"

Maitland paused on the forward deck of the craft and faced about, looking the cabby trustfully in the eye. "I leave it to you," he replied, politely. 'Just as you please."

The driver gasped.

"You see," Maitland continued with a courteous smile, "I have two engagements one at Sherry's, the other with the 10:20 train from Long Island City. What would you, as man to man, advise me to do, cabby?"

"Well, sir, seein' as you put it, to me straight," returned the cabby with engaging candor, "I'd go home, sir, if was you, afore I got any worse."

"Thank you," gravely. "Long Island City depot, then, cabby,"

Maitland extended himself languidly upon the cushions. "Surely," he told the night, "the driver knows best -he and Bannerman."

The cab started off jogging so sedately up Madison avenue that Maitland glanced at his watch and elevated his brows dublously; then with his stick poked open the trap in the roof. "If you really think it best for me

to go home, cabby, you'll have to drive like hell," he suggested, mildly. "Yessir!"

A whip-lash cracked loudly over the horse's back, and the hansom, lurching into Thirty-fourth street on one wheel, was presently jouncing eastward over rough cobbles, at a regardless pace which roused the gongs of the surface cars to a clangor of hysterical expostulation. In a trice the "L" extension was roaring overhead; and a little later the ferry gates were yawning before them. Again Maitland consuited his watch, commenting briefly: "In time."

Yet he reckoned without the ferry, one of whose employes deliberately and implacably swung to the gates in the very face of the astonished cab horse, which promptly rose upon its hind legs and pawed the air with gestures of pardonable exasperation. To no avail, however; the gates remained closed, the cabby (with language) and Maitland, lighting a cigarette, composed himself to simulate patience. gible air of self-confidence and re-

A circumstance which he had occasion to recall ere long.

aboard the boat, with nice considera- mind and body. tion selecting the choicest stand of a motor car slid in, humming, on the right of the hansom.

Maitland sat forward, resting his forearms on the apron, and jerked his cigarette out over the gates: the glowing stub described a flery arc and took the water with a hiss. Warm whiffs fanned his face gratefully, and he became aware that there was a moon. His gaze roving at will, he nodded an even-tempered approbation of the night's splendor-in the city a thing unsuspected.

Never, he thought, had he known moonlight so pure, so silvery and strong. Shadows of gates and posts lay upon the forward deck like stencils of lampblack upon white marble. Beyond the boat's bluntly rounded nose the East river stretched its restless. dark reaches, glossy black, woven with gorgeous ribbons of reflected light streaming from pler head lamps on the further shore. Overhead, the sky, a pallid and luminous blue around the low-swung moon, was shaded to profound depths of bluish-black toward the horizon. Above Brooklyn rested a tenuous haze. A revenue cutter, a slim, pale shape, cut across the bows like a hunted ghost. Farther out a homeward-bound excursion steamer. tier upon tier of glittering lights, drifted slowly toward its pier beneath the new bridge, the blare of its band. swelling and dying upon the night breeze, mercifully tempered by distance.

Presently Maitland's attention was distracted and drawn, by the abrupt cessation of its motor's pulsing, to the Mr. Dan Anisty, cracksman, accomautomobile on his right. He lifted his chin sharply, narrowing his eyes, whistled low; and thereafter had eyes

for nothing else. The car, he saw with the experienced eye of a connoisseur, was a recent model of one of the most expensive and popular foreign makes; built on lines that promised a deal in the way of speed, and furnished with engines that were pregnant with multiplied horse power. All in all not the controlled by a solitary woman, especially after ten of a summer's night.

that in her bearing, an indefinable something-whether it lay in the carriage of her head, which impressed reined his steed back a yard or two, one as both spirited and independent, laid the responsibility for this most or in an equally certain but less tan- fatiguing errand.

Hance—to set Mad Maitland's pulses "Greenfields!"—was ringing u less indeed he labored gravely under a misapprehension, he was observing nick of time. The train, her for the second time within the past few hours.

Could he be mistaken, or was this in truth the same woman who had (as he believed) made herself free of his

rooms that evening?

In confirmation of such suspicion he remarked her costume, which was altogether worked out in soft shades of gray. Gray was the misty vell, drawn ness the inanimate and lighten n in and daintily knotted beneath her in and daintily another head and face eral store and postoffice its told such thorough protection against prying glances; of gray suede were the light gauntlets that hid all save the found and impenetrable. Not me slenderness of her small hands; and the wrap that, cut upon full and flowing lines, cloaked her figure beyond that the local livery service had do suggestion, was gray. Yet even its ample drapery could not dissemble the fact that she was quite small, girlishly slight, like the woman in the doorway; nor did aught temper her impersonal and detached composure, which had also been an attribute of the woman in the doorway. And again she was alone, unchaperoned, unpro-

Yes? Or no? And, If yes, what to do? Was he to alight and accost her, accuse her of forcing an entrance to his rooms for the sole purpose (as far as ascertainable) of presenting him with the outline of her hand in the dust of his desk's top? . . . Oh. hardly! It was all very well to be taringly eccentric and careless of the world's censure; but one scarcely cared to lay one's self open either to an unknown girl's derision or to a sound pummeling at the hands of fellow passengers enraged by the insult offered to an unescorted woman.

The young man was still pondering ways and means when a dull bump aprised him that the ferry boat was enering the Long Island City slip. "The evil!" he exclaimed in mingled disust and dismay, realizing that his straction had been so thorough as to influence of that still and love to ermit the voyage to take place almost without his realizing it. So that now worse luck!-It was too late to take more leisurely. After all, there any one of the hundred fantastic steps e had contemplated half seriously. In another two minutes his charming mystery, so bewitchingly incarnated, would have slipped out of his life, finally and beyond recall. And he could to naught to hinder such a finale to he adventure.

Sulkily he resigned himself to the inevitable, waiting and watching, while the boat slid and blundered clumsily, paddle wheels churning the filthy waters over side, to the floating oridge; while the winches rattled, and the woman, sitting up briskly in the driver's seat of the motor car, bent forward and advanced the spark; while he chain fell clanking and the car hot out, over the bridge, through the gates, and away, at a very considerable, even if lawful, rate of speed.

Whereupon, writing finis to the final so, in which a number of vehicles chapter of Romance, voting the world joined company with the cab; the pas- a dull place and life a treadmill, ansenger was vaguely aware of the jar- athematizing in no uncertain terms his ring purr of a motor car, like that of lack of resource and address, Maitland some huge cat, in the immediate rear, paid off his cabby, alighted, and to that worthy's boundless wonder. walked into the walting room of the In the course of time the gates were railway terminus without deviating a again opened. The bridge cleared of hair's breadth from the straight and incoming traffic. As the cabby drove circumscribed path of the sober in

The 10:20 had departed by a bare all, well out upon the forward deck, two minutes. The next and last train for Greenfields was to leave at 10:59. Maitland with assumed nonchalance composed himself upon a bench in the waiting room to endure the 37-minute interval. Five minutes later an ablebodied washerwoman with six children in quarter sizes descended upon the of the river's sweet and salty breath same bench; and the young man in desperation allowed himself to be dispossessed. The news stand next attracting him, he garnered a fugitive amusement and two dozen copper cents by the simple process of purchasing six "night extras," which he did not want, and paying for each with a five-cent piece. Comprehending, at length, that he had irritated the news dealer, he meandered off, jingling his copper fortune in one hand, lugging his newspapers in the other, and made a determined onslaught upon a slot machine. The latter having reluctantly disgorged 24 assorted samples of chewing gum and stale sweetmeats, Maitland returned to the washerwoman, and sowed dissension in her brood by presenting the treasure horde to the eldest girl with instructions to share it with her brothers and sisters. It is difficult to imagine what folly

might next have been recorded against him had not, at that moment, a ferocious and inarticulate howl from the train starter announced the fact that the 10:59 was in waiting.

Boarding the train in a thankful spirit, Maitland settled himself as comfortably as he might in the smoker and endeavored to find surcease of ennui in his collection of extras. In vain; even a two-column portrait of panied by a vivacious catalogue of that notoriety's achievements in the field of polite burglary, hardly stirred his interest. An elusive resemblance which he traced in the features of Mr. Anisty, as presented by the sketch-artist-onthe spot, to some one whom he, Maltland, had known in the dark backwards and abysm of time, merely drew from him the comment: "Homely brute!" And he laid the papers aside, cradling his chin in the palm of one style of car one would expect to find hand and staring for a weary while out of the car window at a reeling and moonsmitten landscape. He yawned Nevertheless the lone occupant of exhaustively, his thoughts astray bethis car was a woman. And there was tween a girl garbed all in gray, Bannerman's earnest and thoughtful face, and the pernicious activities of Mr. Daniel Anisty, at whose door Maitland

The brakeman's wolf-like yalp-

ears when he awoke and st down aisle and car steps lan h round a curve cloaked by a be somber pines, left him quite ales the world, cast ruthlessly upon

An hour had elapsed; it was midnight; the moon rode high as white disk against a background sapphire velvet, its pellucid rare vealing with disheartoning disp side hamlet called Greenfields; has hotel, its straggling line of dilage. habitations, all wrapped in silese dog howled; not a belated villager in sight; and it was a moral corn down for the night.

Nevertheless, Maltland, with desperation bred of the prosper five-mile tramp, spent some ten unble minutes hammering upon door of the house infested by the prietor of the livery stable. Ber ceeded only in waking the dog, inasmuch as he was not on fre terms with that animal, pres withdrew at discretion and set hir h northwards upon the open road It stretched before him innin

enough, a ribbon winding silver w between dark patches of pine scrub-oak or fields lush with rade corn and wheat. And, having or come his primary disgust, as the the began to circulate more briskly is veins, Maltland became aware that was actually enjoying the enforced ercise. It could have been have otherwise, with a night so sweet ar airs so bland and fragrant of the wa and fresh-turned earth, with so de

He stepped out briskly at fr swinging his stick and watching shadow, a squat, incredibly agus silhouette in the golden dag i gradually and insensibly the pay tempered his heart's impatience; he found himself walking at a p no hurry; he was unwearied, and he land Manor lay less than five mi

Thirty minutes passed; he had a covered a third of the way, retr mained content. By well-rement landmarks, he knew he must be m ing the little stream called, by coun Mayannis river; and, in due come stepped out upon the long wooden str ture that spans that water. He close upon the farther end when upon a hapchance impulse-he glin over the nearest guard rail, down the bed of the creek. And stopped

continently, gaping. Stationary in the middle of the pression, hub-deep in the shallow ters, was a motor car; and it, bey dispute, was identical with that sti had occupied his thoughts on the fet boat. Less wonderful, perhaps, but him amazing enough, it was to cover upon the driver's seat the \$

in gray. His brain benumbed beyond furt capacity for astonishment, he same without demur this latest and not tounding of the chain of amazing incidences which had thus far ed ened the night's earlier hours;) stood rapt in silent contemp sensible that the girl had been aware of his approach, dealered his footsteps must have been by blanket of dust that carpeted b

road and bridge deep and thick On her part she sat motionies, dently lost in reverie, and non tarily, at least, unconscious of the barrassing predicament which hers. So complete, indeed, seemed abstraction that Maitland caught in self questioning the reality of

. . And well might she seemed to him a pale little walfi the night, the shimmer of gray t she made against the shimmer of le on the water-a shape almost to parent, slight, and unsubstant seeming to contemplate, and as a as any mouse.

Looking more attentively, it be evident that her veil was now is This was the first time that le seen her so. But her countenance mained so deeply shadowed by visor of a mannish motoring cap the most searching scrutiny gainst more than a dim and scanfily sat tory impression of alluring lovelle

Maitland turned noiselessly, it elbows on the rail, and, su framed a theory to account for position, if not for her patience. On either hand the road, dirig

struck off at a tangent, down banks and into the river bed. It credible to presume that the girl lost control of the machine temper its teeth, had swung gayly down incline to its bath. Why she lingered there, how

was less patent. The water, at been indicated, was some inches be the tonneau; it did not seem to able to assume that it should have terfered with either running god At this point in Maitland's m

tions the gray girl appeared to arrived at a decision. She str. ened up suddenly, with a little lute nod of her head, lifting one foot to her knee, and fumbled eth laces of her shoe.

Maitland grasped her intents abandon the machine, with her mination to wade! Clearly this seem to demonstrate that they been a breakdown, irreparable s frail feminine hands were con One shoe removed, its fellow

follow, and then. . chivalry, the involuntary witness moved to earnest protest. "Don't!" he cried, hastily.

don't wade!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)