

Great Star Coming.

According to astronomers, the star of Bethlehem, which conducted the wise men to the birthplace of Jesus, will appear once more in 1910 or 1911. Josephus, the Hebrew historian, speaks of this star, which is now known as Halley's comet, and since his time it has appeared on twenty-three occasions.

Look Up.

Some men never see anything but mud while they are traveling through life, although the sky is lovely overhead.—Somerville Journal.

Just Before the Scrap.

Wife—I wonder how they make those parlor matches?
Husband—The process is very simple. I once made one.

Wife—Indeed! How did you manage it?

Husband—By first making a fool of myself in your mother's parlor during our courtship.—Chicago News.

Inevitable Cigarette.

"I can give you two seats in the front row of the parquet," said the man in the box office.

"Let's see," said the man, "the play's a melodrama with the usual polished villain, isn't it?"

"Yes."
"Better give me something back in the parquet circle. My wife can't stand cigarette smoke."—Chicago Press.

One of Many.

Mifkins—How does your friend Hooker spend his time since he retired from active business?

Bifkins—Oh, he fishes all summer and lies about it all winter.

A Position of Trust.

"You say your son has risen to a position of great trust in the community?"

"That's what he has," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "The folks say they've made him custodian of their most precious treasures. He drives an ice wagon in summer and a coal cart in winter."—Washington Star.

Picture Hats in Theaters.

It is announced that further attempts are to be made to cope with the hat nuisance at matinees by providing cloak rooms free of charge. Something also might be done by improving the quality of the plays presented. There is a good deal in the retort of the lady with the picture hat, who, on being told that those behind her could not see, said that they were not missing much.—London Punch.

Perrin's Pile Specific

The INTERNAL REMEDY
No Case Exists It Will Not Cure

OREGON PORTLAND
St. Helen's Hall
Home and day school for girls. Ideal location. Spacious building. Modern equipment. Academic, College Preparation and special courses. Music, Education, Art in charge of specialists. Illustrated catalogue. Easter term opens February 1, 1904.
ELEANOR TEBBETTS, Principal.

FERRY'S SEEDS

MEET ALL NEEDS
Experience has established it as a fact. Sold by all dealers. You sow—they grow. 1904 Seed Annual postpaid free to all applicants.
D. M. FERRY & CO.
DETROIT, MICH.

Liver Pills

That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness, and regulate your bowels. You need Ayer's Pills. Vegetable; gently laxative.
J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NABRUVA, N. H.

NORTH-SOUTH-EAST-WEST

YOU WILL FIND
TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING EVERYWHERE.
The best materials, skilled workmen and sixty-seven years experience have made TOWER'S Oileds, Coats and Hats famous the world over. They are made in black or yellow for all kinds of wet work, and every garment bearing the SIGN OF THE FISH is guaranteed to give satisfaction. All reliable dealers sell them.
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

FETTERED BY FATE

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON
"Jolette's Fate," "Little Sweetheart," "Lottie, the Sewing Girl," "Goldmaker of Lisbon," "Wedded to Win," "Diana Thorpe," "Nora's Legacy," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

All at once the hounds took up a new cry, and no longer gave vent to the long-drawn bay, but this had been supplanted by short, eager barks of fierce satisfaction.

Jack's face turned a trifle pale, and he shut his teeth hard together, but his eyes flashed, and his frame seemed to become firm as rock.

Either the hounds had been suffered to go free, or else they had slipped the leash; at any rate they were untrammelled by masters, and were racing along after the fugitives, rapidly coming up with them.

He had had much experience with bloodhounds in the South, and knew there was but one remedy for it. Perhaps after all it would be for the best, for the hounds once out of the way, their pursuers would have no means of finding out where they had gone, not being skilled in following a trail, yet it was far from a pleasant task the young man had before him.

Nora speedily comprehended the truth, for she saw that something had occurred to give her lover a start, and soon recognized the difference in the sounds back of them.

Nearer and nearer came the dread sounds, and it was evident that the hounds, knowing they were fast overtaking the fugitives, were anxious for the carnival of blood.

At last the ferocious hounds were so near that their sharp barks seemed to fill the wood full of echoes, and Jack could even hear them dashing through the undergrowth.

The time for action had come. Quickly he put Nora among the lower branches of a tree, and took up his station beside it. Not a second too soon was this done, for out from the bushes sprang an enormous dun-colored hound.

The beast crouched at sight of him, and uttered a low, terribly fierce growl. Even in the moonlight it could be seen that the hound was a ferocious brute, black about the muzzle, and with two rows of suggestive white teeth showing behind as he curled his lips.

His blazing eyes were fastened upon Jack, and it was evident that, like a panther, he was crouching in order to make a fatal leap. Knowing the nature of the brutes so well, the young man was well aware of the fact that the time for action had come, and that if he delayed now all night indeed be lost.

Taking a keen aim, he fired. There was a sharp yelp, and as the little cloud of white smoke was swept away by the wind, the hound was seen writhing in the agonies of death.

The bullet had done its work. Again the hammer was raised, and just in time, for once more the bushes were parted, and the form of another dog sprang into view.

Like the first one, at sight of the foe he came to a sudden halt, and, crouching for a spring, gnashed his teeth in fury.

That pause, short though it was, proved fatal to the terrible hound.

Again Jack's weapon sounded. His nerves were of steel, and nothing could have exceeded his coolness, for he realized all there was at stake.

When a few seconds later this little cloud of smoke was blown aside it revealed the second hound lying across the body of the first, and yet a third terrible animal in the act of flying through the bushes.

Once more the bloody tragedy had to be repeated, but this time, for some cause or other, he failed to deal out a death shot, and, wounded as the brute was, it made the leap.

Even while the animal was passing through midair the young man fired again, and when the animal struck it was with-in two feet of him, so that he actually poured his third charge down the animal's red throat as it distended its jaws ready to seize upon him.

That was enough. Flesh and blood could stand no more, and the terrible looking animal sank back even at his feet, dead.

Leaving the dead hounds where they lay, the two once more hastened on, Jack with his arm thrown protectively around his companion. His love for her was of that deep, chivalrous nature that worships its object.

Once they heard a chorus of savage cries, and knew that their pursuers had discovered the dead hounds, but after that all was wrapped in the most impenetrable silence. They were safe.

There still remained the mission to which both Jack and she were ready to devote their lives, and after this terrible experience at the hands of Doctor Grim it may be readily imagined that they were even more earnest in their work than ever before.

Jack and Nora Warner finally reached the house they had been aiming for. Here he had formed his arrangements before going to the asylum, and his gold had made staunch friends of the cottager and his old crone of a wife.

They were warmly welcomed, as soon as the old pair could get up and dress, and Nora was given an extra room which she had to have, while Jack, having reloaded the empty chambers of his revolver, laid down in the main room.

When morning came they partook of a hearty breakfast and then bade adieu to the old couple. Their hearts were now fired with a desire for vengeance, and Jack wished to see the fury of an outraged heaven descend upon the man who stood between him and happiness—a veritable dog in the manger, as it were—the husband of Nora Warner.

CHAPTER XXIII.

When Roger Darrel tore himself away

from the presence of the girl in whom his whole life was wrapped up, he did so in the most wretched state of mind imaginable for one who had even so lately looked forward to happiness.

When he had gone some little distance Roger came to a pause. His thoughts were in a perfect whirl, and he knew full well that unless he restored order out of this chaos he was in danger of going insane; so he shut his teeth hard together and gradually collected his thoughts.

She in whom his whole being was wrapped up, and against whom he would never have believed the slightest whisper of reproach—this girl had accused him of the most terrible crimes in the calendar, and in a manner that told all too plainly that she had allowed her mind to dwell upon and believe them, instead of coming to him with the story in the beginning.

"And that woman's love," he said to himself, bitterly, "the love that poets rave about, the love that will endure all things? Out upon it for something unreal, something that does not exist. As for me, give me the love of a good man, as strong and steadfast as a rock, and as lasting as the hills. He must be daring, indeed, who would venture to impeach the honor or integrity of the woman whom he loves. Compare her love and mine. At the bare mention of suspicion, which I could have strangled with the greatest ease had she but come to me frankly with them, this girl finds her soul filled with horror; love flies from her heart, leaving it a graveyard, and to my face she tells me that she has found me out, that I am a wretch who has imprisoned his wife in a mad house, and no longer worthy of her love."

The love of this man was something for the common herd to emulate. In his heart the great powers, pride and love, battled with a force sufficient to wreck a common nature, but with him the battle was long and almost without any definite result, although pride to a certain degree had triumphed on and throttled love.

After a time he became calm, so calm, in fact, that it was easy to see he had worn himself out, and that this new state of affairs was but the natural reaction of the tempest that had well nigh overwhelmed him but a short time before.

It was while he was in this mood that he suddenly started, and then became as immovable as the tree against which he had been leaning, his eyes glued upon the figure of a man.

This was Captain Grant. He was coming from the direction of the spot where Roger had left Carol—coming with a plain look of triumph upon his face that made a cold chill run through the other's frame to look upon.

What did it mean? Had he been more successful with his wooing this time? Roger gritted his teeth with anger, and yet remained motionless. Much cause as he had to hate Captain Grant, if he was to be Carol's accepted lover he would not lay a hand on him for the world.

Had the soldier but turned his head, he could not have failed to see him standing there, with that look of pain upon his face, but he was evidently too much engrossed in his thoughts, and gave no heed to surrounding objects.

When Captain Grant was in front of him, and not over twenty feet away, Roger gave a sudden start, as though an arrow had pierced his heart, a strange look flashed over his face, and his eyes were glued upon the soldier with a new interest.

He had noticed a striking peculiarity in the walk of the other, a strange little limp which might not attract the attention of one in a hundred, and which on most occasions the Captain managed to conceal.

At the present time, however, his thoughts being far from the subject in hand, he unconsciously allowed himself to fall into the old habit, and this betrayed him.

Roger had only come face to face with the Captain on one or two occasions, and then he had been heated by anger and indignation, so that he failed to recognize anything familiar in the cool gleam of the soldier's eyes, or the malicious look that shot from them.

Had he been in his right mind he would have had his suspicions excited at the start, which would have resulted in unmasking the scheming villain, but Providence, which had allowed things to go on from bad to worse, had now decided to draw in the net, let who would be caught in the meshes.

That little halt in his walk betrayed the Captain, just as trifles have many a time betrayed the most profound secrets. Like a bolt of lightning there flashed through the mind of the young man who this impostor, this plotter, this arch-fiend was, and, at the bare thought of Carol marrying him, he shuddered.

Then anger came into his heart, the anger of an upright man who has been shamefully imposed upon himself, and has also seen one whom he loves deceived.

All this while Captain Grant had been walking slowly along, and had now reached a point almost directly in front of where Roger stood, still he did not see the motionless form that leaned against the tree.

He was wrapped up in his own thoughts, and, believing himself to be quite alone, he uttered his varying ideas aloud, chuckling the while in a manner that would have well become the arch villain in a drama.

"There is no other way of looking at it; you are in luck, my boy. The fates favor you, bless them. She has quarreled with Roger and sent him from her, believing that he is a villain of the deep-

est dye, with half a dozen wives in the mad house, and one in every country where he has traveled, while I come in for the spoils. Oh, it is most glorious, most glorious," and, coming to a halt, the Captain gave vent to his suppressed emotions by kicking thoughtfully at some object on the ground.

"Well, let me see," he went on. "What was I thinking about before? The first thing to do is to get Carol back to her father, which I think will be an easy matter now that she has quarreled with that meddler. Once there I do not fear for the result, as my power over the old man will always keep him my subject slave. The fates are with me, and, come what will, I have sworn that Carol Richmond shall be my bride, and all the powers of earth shall not prevent this."

"Liar!" Captain Grant turned as if shot—turned with a startled face—turned to see Roger Darrel standing there, his eyes blazing, his face white with the fury that made his whole frame tremble.

"Ah! is it you? Well, what do you intend to do about it?" he asked, coolly.

"Do!" thundered the other, advancing and facing him; "I mean to expose you, villain. Where have my eyes been that I knew you not? The game is up. Cast off your disguise, scoundrel, and face the man you have wronged. You would put your iniquities upon me, but I denounce them. You are my cousin, Roger Darrel!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

"You are my cousin, Roger Darrel!" As those words fell from the lips of the young man, the one who had so long been known as Captain Grant started back, both amazed and alarmed.

Feeling safe in the disguise he had assumed, he had been ready to defy Roger in his teeth, but the very fact that his identity had in some marvelous manner been discovered was a bad omen, and presaged disaster.

It was indeed a dramatic sight to see the positions of those two men, Roger with his body advanced, one hand raised threateningly, and his face full of the fires of indignation and anger, while the Captain had started back, holding out his hands as though involuntarily warding off the other's attack, and his face full of consternation. The Captain found his tongue first.

"Well," said he, grating the words out between his teeth, "you have said enough. It would be foolish to deny the truth to you, for your eyes have read well. I am your cousin Roger Darrel, the man you hate with heart and soul. Come, what will you do about it?"

"Just as I said before—expose, denounce you for the villain that you are. A light has been dawning upon me of late, and I see the clear sky once more. To you I owe all the suffering of my life. Not content with the past, whereby you separated me so long from my father, you must needs come back and finish the work; but I have found you out. Oh, would that I had the means of punishing you mentally, here, as I might bodily, if I chose. Would I not wring tears of blood from you?—not for your action in the past, but because of your persecution of the woman I love. Foul wretch! you who have ruined many an innocent life, the vengeance of an outraged heaven shall soon fall upon and crush you. Oh, that I could open heaven's floodgates of wrath, and pour upon your sinful head at once all the judgments laid up in store for you. They would sink you deeper than if a millstone were hanged about your neck. Villain, you are unmasked; henceforward you are powerless to harm any one, and, sooner than you suspect, the iron hands of the law will close upon your throat with a death grip and choke your accursed life out, even as I could do now."

In his excitement Roger took a step forward, as though about to carry his words into execution, his eyes blazing, his hands extended, and the other started back with a cry, his face almost growing black.

"Back! back! or your death be upon your own head. I am always prepared for such madmen as you."

A pistol flashed in the sunlight, and Roger, deeming discretion the better part of valor, and besides, having no real intention of doing the other bodily injury, came to a pause.

"I see you are always ready for foes, and I cannot blame you, seeing the number of enemies you have made. Go your way, but remember, we shall meet again, and when that time comes I shall be gels will rejoice in your fall, and the downfall is near at hand, wretch. Angels will rejoice in your fall, and the spirits of your poor victims exult."

"Cease, or you will goad me to desperation," cried the other, his hand trembling, and his face changing to a marble whiteness as the intensity of his emotions drove the blood back to his heart. "I hate you as man never hated man before. You have stood in my way all my life in everything I desired. What is to keep my finger from pressing the trigger now, and sending you to your long account? Are you prepared to die, Roger Darrel?"

He meant every word he uttered, but the other only laughed carelessly.

"Put up your pistol, man; you would not dare to use it. Shall I tell you why? Because your hand trembles, and you would fail to accomplish your end. Then I would spring upon you, and with these hands rend you in pieces. You realize that I speak the truth; your arm falls at your side. You have met your master. Now fire if you dare, sir."

The Captain could not have done so, try as he would. It seemed as though his arms were shackled with bands of iron, and, try as he might, he was unable to break loose from them. As Roger had truly said, he was in the presence of his master.

(To be continued.)

Entertaining.

"Was it an entertaining affair?"
"Very. First a man got up and sang, 'Are There Any More at Home Like You?' and then a lady arose and recited 'We Are Seven.'"

Hair Splits

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for thirty years. It is elegant for a hair dressing and for keeping the hair from splitting at the ends."—J. A. Gruenfelder, Grantfork, Ill.

Hair-splitting splits friendships. If the hair-splitting is done on your own head, it loses friends for you, for every hair of your head is a friend.

Ayer's Hair Vigor in advance will prevent the splitting. If the splitting has begun, it will stop it.
\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

His Knowledge of Eggs.

"Some physicians declare," remarked the statistician, "that there is as much strength in a couple of eggs as in a pound of beef."

"Huh!" snorted the actor, "are you sure they mentioned beef or Limburger cheese?"—Philadelphia Press.

PORTLAND SEED CO.
TRUE SEEDS
PORTLAND ORE.
BIG CROPS! PAYING CROPS!
Are always reported when Portland Seed Co.'s "Diamond Brand" seeds are planted. Why? Because we sell you the kind that grow the best on this coast. Our 100 page Seed Book No. 106 tells all. Sent free.
PORTLAND SEED CO., Portland, Oregon
Headquarters for Bee and Poultry Supplies

SALZER'S SEEDS

Mr. Farmer
If Mr. Salzer, whose lifetime has been spent in improving and increasing the yields of farm crops, can prove to you entire satisfaction, that where you now grow 40 bu. of Oats, Salzer's sorts will give you 100; where you take off 50 bu. of Corn, Salzer's sorts will make 120; and on Barley doubles, on Wheat triples your yield, and on Potatoes gives 750 bu. per acre, as found below, would you then try Salzer's Seeds? Well, Sir, we can prove and convince you positively if you will read Salzer's catalog.

Salzer's New National Oats.
Greatest Oats of the century. Salzer's Oats has the endorsement of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture as the very best out of over 400 sorts tried by them. Every other sort must take the back seat.

187 Bu. per Acre.
R. Myde, Ashland Co., O., says: "Your National Oats yielded for me at the rate of 187 bu. per acre."

231 Bu. per Acre.
L. Schiestel, Osceola Co., Mich., says: "I never saw anything like Salzer's National Oats. It yielded for me 231 bu. per acre."

255 Bu. per Acre.
H. E. Nye, St. Louis Co., Mo., says: "Your National Oats was a sight worth seeing. It is a solid stiff mass, not a stem lodged, yielded over 255 bu. per acre for me!"

310 Bu. per Acre.
M. E. Urner, Ransom Co., N. D., says: "Salzer's National Oats is great. It made the astonishing yield of 310 bu. per acre!"

Now Mr. Farmer
Your land is just as good, and you are as sure as I am, as a farmer, will you not beat this Oat record in 1904?

Speltz or Emmer,
80 Bu. per Acre.
Wonderful Speltz, marvelous Speltz, profitable Speltz, the farmer's firm friend, flourishes everywhere and yielding 80 bu. of grain and 4 tons of splendid straw hay per acre besides.

Home Builder Corn.
Was named because 50 acres in 1902 produced so bountifully that it built and paid for a beautiful home. See Salzer's catalog. It is the biggest earred early and heaviest yielding Yellow Dent Corn we know.

Billion Dollar Grass and Teosinte.
A noble pasture. Billion Dollar Grass, the most talked of grass on earth, makes 14 tons of fine hay per acre, while Teosinte astonishes and satisfies you with 80 tons of green food per acre, rich in sugar and milk and food values.

Potatoes—736 Bu. per Acre.
The Editor of the Rural New Yorker proclaims to the world that Salzer's Early Wisconsin Potato yielded for him 736 bu. per acre, and we have several sorts that will beat that record.

Farmer, Attention! Fall of 1904 Potatoes may be worth 600 a bu., then 10 acres at 736 bu. per acre would mean \$4,416.00 and you can pocket that money, if you plant Salzer's Potatoes.

For 10 cents in Stamps
and the name of this paper, we will send you a lot of farm seed samples, including some of the above, fully worth \$10.00 to get a start, together with our mammoth 140 page illustrated catalog, worth \$10.00 to each and every wide awake gardener and farmer. All this we send for but 10c in postage stamps.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LACROSSE, WIS.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup. Use in all ages.
CONSUMPTION