

## 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 doctor 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 Midnight Sun.

The midnight sun is not visible south of the polar circle. It is above the horizon throughout the twenty-four hours at Bodo from June 3 to July 7, at Tromso from the 19th of May to the 22d of July and at the North Cape from the 12th of May to the 29th of July. There are corresponding periods during December, January and November when the sun is not seen, but the darkness of the winter is by no means so great as might be imagined. The whiteness of the snow and the glimmer of the northern lights make a sort of perpetual twilight.

### A Heavyweight.

"And then," she said, in telling of the romantic episode, "she sprang to his arms."

"She did?"

"Of course. Do you doubt it?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "but after seeing her I can't help thinking that it must have jarred him quite a bit."—Chicago Post.

### Overdid It.

Trusty Henchman—Here is the statement, Senator, of your necessary campaign expenses.

Senator Lotsmun (looking it over)—It's more than that, I see. It's a statement of my entire expenses. We—er—negotiated, you will remember, at least a dozen more votes than were actually necessary.—Chicago Tribune.

### So It Seemed.

Rankin—There's one thing that hasn't gone up in price, anyway. I can still (puff) buy a 5-cent cigar for a nickel.

Fyle—I see you can. Phew!


Brass may be given a color resembling pewter by boiling it in a cream of tartar solution containing a small amount of chloride of tin.



Drives away Flies, Mosquitoes and Gnats. It protects horses and cattle from attacks of insects, enabling them to feed and sleep in peace. It prevents loss of weight and strength from worry caused by attacks of insects, and from the irritation of their bites and stings. There is a satisfaction in the relief it affords domestic animals from the scourge of maddening parasites and flies, besides the profit in returns. Horses do more work on less feed and cows yield more and better milk when relieved from the frenzy incited by constantly fighting a swarm of voracious, insatiable insects.

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# The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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## CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"Your name?" asked Morris. "Benoni," answered the black. "Just Benoni."

"American?" asked Larry.

"I've lived there," volunteered Benoni. "Where are we going now?"

"Anywhere to get away from them," replied Johnny.

"Then don't go so far to the right. Turn at the next crossing—there—now turn to your left again—see? Beyond those hills we'll find a snug den!" Here we are!"

The motor wheezed and grunted and turned awkwardly into the debouchment of the mountain side.

"How'd you come to get in such a scrape?" asked Larry. "Ever see that woman before? Do you know her at all? What was her animus?"

Benoni nodded. "Yes, I gave her passage money to go back to Maine to her family once, and she gambled it away. Then she came to me again, and wanted some more money and I refused to give it to her, and she's hated me ever since, I guess. I hadn't seen her for years."

"Like a woman," commented Johnny.

Larry smoked in silence, till Benoni asked: "Exploring? Or just touring?"

"How long since you've been in the States?" asked Johnny.

"Just came from there a week ago," replied Benoni.

"Then you heard of the Wayne murder mystery, of course? Well, we're hunting for the abducted Miss Lancey. We think she's in Africa here."

Benoni raised his woolly eyebrows. "You're a nice hunt," he observed. "Have you any trace of where she might be? Africa is very large, larger even than your vaunted State of Texas."

"I know," responded Larry, curtly. "But if a man's heart's in the hunt he doesn't stop to reckon the length of the chase."

Benoni smiled. "You are related to Miss Lancey?"

"Not yet," said Johnny. "He's just hoping that way."

Benoni sprang out of the car. He paced by its side nervously for a few seconds, and then stopped beside Larry.

"I am black, as you see," spoke Benoni, "but I own the blood of kings and my mind has been subjected to a thorough course of education in European universities. I am in Africa now on an errand similar to yours. I am seeking my wife, Meta. Unlike you, I have an inkling as to where I may find her. Perhaps the woman you are hunting for is not far away from Meta. Will you join forces with me? I am single handed, and I may need foreign aid—men I can trust!"

Larry and Johnson grasped at the straw. It was something tangible anyway, in this great wanton waste of sun and sky, desert and barbarians. And far more likely of result than the neatly red-taped government assistance that had been proffered them.

So they made a compact with Benoni. It was taking a long chance with a stranger, but the boys had learned that long shots frequently won when the short arc failed altogether. The three were to meet at the defile on the morrow—early—before the sun waxed unbearably hot. Benoni told them to leave behind all luggage; that he would attend to all of that, and to take with them but a nominal sum of money, if any at all.

"You can both ride?" he questioned.

"Well, I'm not much at it," confessed Johnny.

The black surveyed the small red-headed man half contemptuously.

"I know what you're thinking," blurted out the American. "You're thinking that barring the color of the skin and head that you've got me beat on being a man. Perhaps you have. Anyway, I don't grudge you anything, and you needn't me!"

They rumbled into town as the false dawn broke. Benoni left them at the corner of an obscure street, and Larry and Johnson took Sulveler back his auto. Sulveler was not yet home, so they went to the cafe, where they had left him early in the evening, and found him there drowsing.

"What a shame," groaned Johnny.

"How can a man with a mind do such things as this?"

"You never did," said Larry, quietly.

"Here, let's take him home. Come, Sulveler, come on, we've got something to tell you."

## CHAPTER XIV.

Benoni was waiting at the defile. With him was a small Arabian servant. Benoni himself was astride a magnificent black horse, and smaller mounts were saddled for the two Americans. The little Arab rode a wizened but sturdy beast and led the pack horse by a short tether.

The black was still more of the physically perfect by daylight than he had been under the lamplight and the

later gleam of the moon. He was even yet more taciturn. Larry and Johnson jogged along side by side. Benoni paced them, at times making far excursions ahead, returning with foaming horse and flushed face.

At noon they stopped beside a scant little creek for rest. The sun was unendurable and despite their visored and veiled helmets, Johnny and Larry were suffering terribly from sunburn and their hands were blistered from the reins.

The little Arab spread their luncheon for them and went over to rest with the horses, staked a few rods distant. Benoni produced healing salve and showed his two companions how to relieve the worst of their distress. The tropical nooning sped in heat, silence and half-slumber. At 5 o'clock Benoni roused the little caravan, and after a hasty supper, told them to make ready for a long, hard ride. All night they journeyed. Through desert wastes and over rocky fastnesses, up steep mountains and across half-stagnant, shallow rivers. And even when the dawn came there was no resting.

The horses, jaded and covered with a coating of dust and sweat, stuck their feet wearily into the sand or clung listlessly to the hilly slopes. Larry was weak as a woman, and Johnny too worn to talk. The sun centered the sky when Benoni let them halt. They were just past a strip of desert waste, and near a tiny oasis of parched grass and scrawny palms. A murky pool of water mocked them with resemblances of Apollinaris, seltzers, ice-flushed lemonades and carbonated beverages to be quaffed in the blessed land at home.

Johnny, exhausted, had dropped from his horse and was trying to drag himself towards the muddy pool.

Benoni was as unshaken as the palm tree standing motionless in the desert calm. He pulled Johnny up, bolstered him along with a draught from his flask, and set him to rights generally.

"How are you, Morris?" he asked.

"Oh, fair," replied Larry. This gaunt American found it hard to admit physical inferiority to the black.

"We can rest but an hour or two," volunteered Benoni, curtly. "Then we must go on."

"But where?" asked Larry. "I confess I wanted to go into darkest Africa, but this affair is growing too shadowy for me. I don't care about being handled like a packinghouse cow!"

Benoni turned a reproachful eye upon him. "I have promised to help you find the girl you seek, can you not rely upon me? I know my Africa, I am trusting you, and trying to repay you for aiding me to escape from that cafe mob—that corral filled with worse than the beasts of the jungle—drunken, infuriated swine that once were men."

"Hello, what's this?" asked Johnny.

"I'm always finding things—now ain't it? Look at this, and in the desert, too!" He held up to view a plump pigeon. Apparently it had been hurt in a fight with some heavier denizen of the air. For it was quite dead, and its head was severed almost from its body. Benoni reached out his hand for the bird.

"Doves like that nest in but one place in all this continent," he remarked, and his face became ashen gray as he noted the odd markings of purple and brown on its snowy breast. "Only one place," he repeated.

Johnny had been turning the bird over and over, rumpuling up the helpless wings. Something caught his eye, and he held the dead dove out with upraised wing for the others to see. Scratched on its wing in rude letters they read:

"Betty Lancey, Africa!"

"Betty!" cried Larry. Then he seized Benoni by the wrist. "If doves like that nest in but one place on this continent, take us there, take us at once. What place is it? Where? Would she be safe? Or in the hands of savages?"

"That is where we have been traveling to, my friend," answered Benoni. "I had suspected, but I had not certainly known. We will not even rest for the hour, if you wish."

"I must," answered Johnny. "Safety razors! I'm beat out. I'm not a camel in the less, if I can go without a drink for six months!"

"Tell me, tell me something," pleaded Larry.

But the sands were not more silent. Benoni made but one reply. "I dare not. It might destroy all hope!"

Day after day, clinked off this arduous travel. Once they met a caravan and Benoni bargained for fresh horses. The erstwhile novelty was succeeded by a feverish unrest. Both Americans were dead with fatigue, the little Arab stood the journey well, and Benoni was in the pink of condition. Ten days later they found a second pigeon.

This one was alive and fluttered to their very luncheon table. Larry covered it with his hat, and bent its wings back fiercely to find a bitter disappointment, for there was no message traced upon the wing.

Two days later they reached a native village, hanging tassel-like upon the borders of an immense jungle. Benoni hired beaters to break the way for them, and for a week they journeyed in a setting of tropic grass and dusky skins. One morning Larry awoke to find the camp deserted of all but Benoni and Johnny. The horses were gone and even the little Arab had disappeared.

"What! are we lost in this jungle? Betrayed and deserted?" questioned Larry.

"No, indeed, I sent them away. We cannot leave here till nightfall, so sleep again or lounge till I return," replied Benoni. "I will be back in a few hours."

Divesting himself of his garments, Benoni swathed his loins with a girdle of flexible grass, and strode away into the fastnesses of the thicket.

Larry roused the sleeping Johnny rudely. "Firehead, get up, and tell me what you think of it," he commanded. Johnny, roughly disturbed from dreams of home, kicked viciously in Larry's grasp.

"Can't you let a fellow sleep when he's having a pleasant dream?" he demanded. "You're worse than an alarm clock!"

"Look around and go dream again," growled Larry.

Johnny sat up. "Safety razors!" he cried. "What's become of them?"

"What's going to become of us?" grunted Larry. "Benoni said he'd be back."

"Then I think he will," allowed Johnny. "Did he leave us anything to eat?"

"There's some dates, that confounded meal cake they make in this country and some figs," itemized Larry, "and, say, Johnny, these look like hen's eggs!"

"Well, you can sample them, I won't!" declared Johnny, with visions of the stomachic illness that had beset him early on the route, thanks to an overly curious appetite. "I'll stick to the vands that have come the least near to killing me during our African peregrination. Were we fools to come, Larry, or not?"

"Oh, I don't know, quit your kicking," said Larry. "I suppose if Benoni don't come back we might stay here all night."

"I reckon we will," added Johnny, grimly.

For the want of a better occupation, their meal finished, they fell to playing mumble-peg in the clearing where camp had been struck. Mumble-peg falling as a time-killer, they tried rolling marbles out of the soft clay, and had put up a very passable game of "Mibs" when they heard a rustling and crackling in the brush and foliage around them.

"Bets on a lion," said Johnny.

"Oh, make it a cannibal king or a boa constrictor," suggested Larry.

"Something novel!"

Benoni appeared at the edge of the clearing.

"Larry wins," was Johnny's greeting.

"I bet on a lion—he said 'twas a cannibal king approaching."

"I'm neither," answered Benoni. "I want to sleep. I worked all night while you fellows rested. Will you keep watch for me? Wake me at the slightest sound. And if I'm not up by starlight, call me then. Don't forget."

Long before that hour, though, the great black was up and ready. All of their luggage he stacked in a great heap and set fire to it. They waited till the pile gave signs of thorough ignition, then led by Benoni the trio set out through the jungle.

The walk was a fight for breath. There were briars that pricked, gnats that stung, knotted vines that trapped unwary feet. Sometimes the foot stepped upon a sodden snake, causing the reptile to coil around the ankle in a horrifying snarl. But Benoni paused for nothing. With one arm plunged forward, with the other he grasped hold of Larry and bade him pull Johnny in their wake. This nightmare struggle lasted not longer than a quarter of an hour, but when they had come out of the jungle Larry was shaking like a leaf in the wind and Johnny was too far gone for words.

A tramp over an arid plain brought them to a loathsome, turgid stream. From a small cove in the bank Benoni punted out a flat-bottomed scow with small sail. He leaped into it and bade the others follow. Then began a pull to which the struggle through the jungle was as child's play. The days and the nights had all the furies' tortures far outdone. And through it all they lived! This was the wonder that came to Larry afterward. For they fought hand to hand battles with snakes and hideous water reptiles, fat crocodiles leered at them and more than once sent them scurrying high on the bank. Once the punt overturned and Benoni stood breast high in water, a black, slimy ooze that reached to Harry's chin and almost overflowed into his mouth. Poor Johnny, the shortest of the three, was carried off his feet and almost drowned, but they got ashore somehow, but all their food except two tins of biscuits in waterproof canisters were soaked. This happened their third day on the river, and they had yet another day's travel ahead of them. The next day the rains commenced and the river teemed with the floods. Benoni moored the punt at the mouth of a cave that yawned from a little hillock on what had once been the river's bank.

(To be continued.)

In Self-Defense.

"You didn't really need a wig."

"I was driven to it. Now the barber won't try to sell me any tonics or hair restorer."—Louisville Courier Journal.

## SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The internal revenue tax on liquor in this country in 1909 netted \$57,456,411.

Since 1873 there have been 19,121 cremations in Germany. In the United States in the last year alone there were 34,500.

The benefit reported to be derived by farmers from their co-operative societies in continental countries, especially Denmark, has stimulated the formation of like societies in the United Kingdom.

It is now held that the area of merchantable forests in Canada has been very much overestimated. A recent Ontario estimate was that the timber used at the present rate will last the province only thirty years.

Pipeline connections, says the American Machinist, have been completed by which it is possible to pipe oil from the Oklahoma wells to New York harbor. Oil has been started on the long journey of 1,500 miles. This is the longest pipeline in the world.

There are many small savings banks in Germany which accept deposits of 10 pfennigs (2½ cents). Thirty per cent of the people of Prussia have savings accounts. Travelers are struck by the absence of beggars. The government permits no person to solicit alms.

American engineers have begun to excavate the ancient city of Sardis, about five hours distant by rail from Smyrna. The work will last two to five years, and it is the intention to lay the entire city bare. Two hundred men will be employed eight months each year.

A scheme for the construction of an elevated electric railway in Tokio is at present under consideration. It is proposed that there shall be two lines, one running from the east to the west of the city, and the other from the north to the south. The cost of construction of the projected lines is estimated at \$12,000,000.

Signore d'Annunzio, the famous Italian novelist and poet, has been exulting in the extent of his vocabulary. "Many people," he tells an interviewer, "find 800 words sufficient for all the purposes of writing and speaking. In my works you will find at least 15,000 different words. How many words fallen into disuse have I brought back to life! How many other words have I endowed with an entirely new meaning!"

A new system of treating eggs so as to prevent them from growing stale when in cold storage has been discovered in Rochester. This consists in subjecting the eggs to an electrical current. The theory is that eggs when placed in storage are alive and are gradually frozen to death, whereas if the life is destroyed before they are placed in storage they do not taste stale, even when kept on ice for a long period.

One of the strangest clocks ever made was that constructed by a man in Milan. This clock was constructed of bread. The maker, being a poor man, set apart every day for some time a portion of his daily bread, which, by a process of which he would not divulge the secret, he was able to make as hard as metal. From these fragments of bread he thus constructed his clock, which is said to be an excellent one, keeping perfect time.

Hotels, according to an article in the Hotel World, should be provided with portable dog kennels, to be rented to the guests who insist on taking their dogs to rooms. Such a kennel should be about four feet long and of a width that would allow it to go through the door of a room. It should be constructed of wood, lined part way up with zinc or sheet metal. The upper part should be covered with open wire work, and the bottom should be provided with broad-tread casters.—Popular Mechanics.

Lord Byron had decided views on diet. His fear of fatness rather than its suitability to his work dictated the starvation to which he subjected himself. In 1813 he lived upon tea and six biscuits a day, and in 1816 his diet consisted of a thin slice of bread for breakfast and a vegetable dinner. He chewed mastic and tobacco to keep down his hunger in between. While at Athens he drank vinegar and water, and seldom ate more than a little rice, and "Don Juan." It is said, was written mainly on gin and water. And yet Trelawney has recorded that no man had brighter eyes or a clearer voice.

In these days of scarcity of provender and high cost of living it's a slight crumb of comfort to hear of one commodity that is plentiful. It's crab meat. The Baltimore papers report that on the opening of the crab packing season a day or two ago in the various tidewater counties on the eastern shore of Maryland the size and quality of the crabs caught were all that could be desired. The crab packing business has in the last decade grown to large proportions, and, with the exception of the oyster business, is the most profitable industry in which watermen are engaged on the eastern shore.