

DRESS-MAKERS



The nervous strain through which dressmakers have to pass at certain seasons of the year seems almost beyond endurance, and frequently brings on nervous prostration, fainting spells, dizziness, sleeplessness and a general breaking down of the feminine system, until life seems altogether miserable.

For all overworked women there is one tried and true remedy.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

restores the feminine system to a strong, healthy, normal condition.

Mrs. Ella Griffin, of Park St., Canton, N. Y., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was troubled for three years with female weakness, backache, pains in my side, and headaches. I was most miserable and discouraged, for doctors gave me no relief. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought back my health and made me feel better than ever before."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

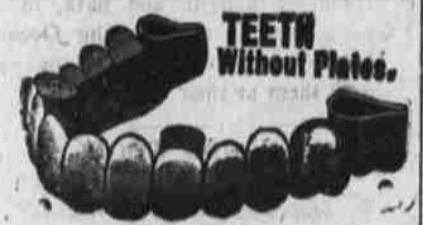
For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup is best for women and children. Its mild action and pleasant taste makes it preferable to violent purgatives, such as pills, tablets, etc. Get the booklet and a sample of Orino at T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

Disturbed the Congregation.

The person who disturbed the congregation last Sunday by a continually coughing is requested to buy a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.



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Cor. Commercial and Eleventh Sts. ASTORIA, ORE. Phone 3901 Headquarters PORTLAND, ORE.

Are equipped to do all kinds of Dental work at very lowest prices. Nervous people and those afflicted with heart weakness may have no fear of the dental chair.

- 22 K. crown.....\$5.00
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- Best rubber plate.....\$8.00
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These offices are modern throughout. We are able to do all work absolutely painless. Our success is due to uniform high grade work by gentlemanly operators having 10 to 15 years' experience. Vegetable Vapor, patented and used only by us for painless extraction of teeth, 50c. A binding guarantee given with all work for 10 years. Examination and consultation FREE. Lady in attendance. Eighteen offices in the United States.

Cor. Commercial and Eleventh Sts., over Danziger store.

Little Watts

By Frank H. Sweet.

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No matter how cold or stormy it was Little Watts was always waiting for his papers in front of the Daily Leader office at half past 4 in the morning. It was often stormy and always cold at that hour in the thriving and populous Rocky mountain mining town in which the Leader was published, and Little Watts lived a mile from the office in a poor wooden house near one of the great mines.

I met him one morning hurrying down the stony, deserted, unlighted street. The wind was blowing keen and cold, the air was filled with fine, sleety snowflakes, and I thought when I saw Little Watts that the fates had not been kind to the boy or he would have been warm and snug in bed at home at that hour.

But the Leader was published every morning, and Little Watts had regular customers at whose doors he left his papers before he hurried away to the early morning trains.

He was only twelve years old and small for his years, and he would never be much larger or stronger. A great hump between his narrow shoulders told a sorrowful story of a fall down a long flight of tenement house stairs when he was only two years old.

It was often my duty to count out to the boys the papers as they came from the press. That is how I happened to know Little Watts.

His name was Clarence, but I never heard him called by any other name than Little Watts.

I remember when I saw the boy and heard his name for the first time. It was the first morning I gave the papers out to the boys. The Leader that morning contained one of the matters of important news that always increase the demand for the papers, and the moment the office door was opened the newsboys came pushing and scrambling in, each eager to be first.

Suddenly the largest of the boys, a low browed, thick lipped, stocky fellow, began to beat the other boys back.

"Git back, fellers!" he shouted. "Git back, I tell ye! Ye're scrougin' the life out o' Little Watts! Ye know he allus gits his papers fust. Git back, now!"

The other boys fell back, and out from among them came Little Watts, bearing evidence of having been pretty severely "scrouged."

His hat had fallen off, and he limped as he struggled forward. The rough boy who had befriended him in a way so surprising to me found his hat and put it on the boy's head, while he said: "Ain't hurt, are ye, Wattsy? No? Well, that's good. Git yer papers now and light out, for they'll go like hot cakes this mornin'."

There stood next to the house in which I boarded a small house containing two or three rooms, which had not been occupied for several weeks.

One evening as I went home I saw cheap paper shades at the windows of this little tenement. Smoke was rising from the chimney, and on the step of the open door sat Little Watts playing on a harmonicon.

The door was within three feet of the street, and I stopped to say: "How do you do, Little Watts? Are you going to live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we shall be neighbors. I live next door."

"I'm glad of it, sir," said Little Watts politely.

"You must come in and see me some time," I said. "I have a good many books, and you may use any that you like to read."

A small, thin faced woman came to the door and looked inquiringly from me to Little Watts.

He rose and said: "Mother, this is Mr. Hart of the Leader. You've heard me speak about him."

"So I have," said Mrs. Watts quickly. "The Leader folks are real good to my boy, sir. He tells me about it, and I'm very much obliged."

The window of my room looked out upon the house which the Watts family occupied. A day or two after their

arrival I was sitting in my open window. The windows of the other house were also open, and through them came the sound of some one singing in

a wonderfully clear and sweet voice. I laid down my book to listen. The words came distinct and beautiful:

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes—
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise."

Could it be Little Watts singing in such a voice? While I looked and listened I saw Little Watts coming from a well at the back of the house with a pail of water.

I could not restrain my curiosity. As he came near my window I asked, "Who is that singing?"

"My sister Elsie," he answered eagerly, his face beaming.

"She has a wonderful voice," I said.

"Hasn't she, though?" exclaimed Little Watts, with more enthusiasm than I had ever before seen in him.

"Did you ever hear any of those big singers?" he went on.

"Yes."

"Can they sing any better than she can?"

"Well, they are much older than your sister, and of course they are highly trained. How old is your sister?"

"Sixteen."

Before many days I and others in our neighborhood sat in the scantily

furnished living room of Mrs. Watts' house and heard Elsie sing.

Mrs. Watts was a widow, and Elsie and Clarence were her only children. A small pension partly supported their wants, and Mrs. Watts and Elsie took in plain sewing when they could get it, but Little Watts' earnings from the sale of his papers were their chief source of income.

It seemed to me that they might live a little more comfortably, but one day Little Watts confided a secret to me.

"We're saving for Elsie," he said. "She's going to be a big singer some day after she's gone away and studied and had a chance. I'm saving up for that."

This was the reason why Little Watts wore such shabby clothes, and this was why their home was so poor and bare and their table so scantily supplied. This was why Little Watts walked the streets in all kinds of weather, crying his papers at an hour when other boys slept.

One, two years passed. I was still in the Leader office. Little Watts still came before daylight for his papers and was called Little Watts still, for he was not noticeably larger or stronger than when I saw him first. He still lived next door to my own home, and Elsie was going away.

She had been singing in church choirs and at concerts, and some ladies who had become interested in her, but who were unable to lend her money for her study, had given her a benefit concert, which the Leader had widely advertised without charge on account of Little Watts.

But most of the money that was to pay for Elsie's two years of study in the east had been or would be earned by Little Watts.

"But when I come back he shall work no more," Elsie said to me, with the tears in her eyes. "I shall earn it then, and he shall go to New York to study drawing and engraving. He's so eager to learn it, you know, but he won't say much about it or even think about it until I begin to earn money."

Quite a little company of us went to the station to see Elsie off. Of course Little Watts was there. His large eyes were shining through their tears, and his white face was wreathed in smiles, though I knew his heart ached with sorrow at the thought of two years without her.

But the boy cried his papers just as loudly and cheerily as ever next day—the Leader in the morning, when day was breaking, and the Times at night, when the day was gone.

I met him hurrying around the corners of almost deserted streets or paying a last visit to the hotels, where he hoped to sell another paper at an hour when all other newsboys had gone home.

Every paper he sold counted, not for himself, but for Elsie. He and his mother lived upon the pension and her sewing.

Every month a draft to the amount of all of Little Watts' earnings went to New York to Elsie, and every week she wrote encouraging letters of what her teachers said about her voice and of

her hopes for the future.

"I knew they'd have to say her voice wasn't anything common," Little Watts said proudly to me when the first of her letters came. "I knew she'd astonish 'em!"

Twice the mountains changed from green to white and from white to green. They were changing to white again when Elsie wrote the letter that told when she would start for home.

Little Watts brought me the letter to read.

"I shall reach home about the last day of October," she wrote. "You need not send me any more money. I am afraid you have sent me too much now. It is time for me to begin paying it back to you. You must be here next year and I at home working and earning money for you. If I'm not too tired, I shall sing for you and mother the very night I come. I'm so anxious to show you how well your money has been spent!"

She was delayed a little and came on the third day of November. It was on the afternoon of the first day of that month that the man whose duty it now was to give out the papers said to me:

"Little Watts didn't show up for his papers this morning. It's the first morning he's failed to come since I've been here. I wonder if he's sick?"

"Not that I know of," I replied. "It was a terribly stormy morning, you know."

The weather has never made any difference with him before. He's been on hand the first one many a morning worse than this. Poor little chap! How he's escaped pneumonia as long as he has is a wonder to me."

The sun had not shone for three days. First rain and then snow had fallen nearly all the time. A fierce cold wind had swept down from the mountains. The barren town had never seemed so gloomy and cheerless and desolate to me as it did now.

At noon I went to see Little Watts. His mother came to the door and said briefly and in a low tone, for Little Watts was in the next room and the door was open:

"He's real sick. The doctor is afraid it's going to be pneumonia. I've tried to keep him in the last three days, but he would go out. You see why."

Her eyes were full of tears as she pointed toward the corner of the room. There stood a shining upright piano, with a stool of crimson velvet before it.

"He made the first payment on them yesterday," Mrs. Watts said. "He was so anxious to have them here for Elsie."

"Well, he's a perfect little hero, Mrs. Watts," I said under my breath, but heartily. "I believe he will be able to fight off even the pneumonia for the sake of Elsie."

He was worse the next day.

"He'll never be any better," said the doctor in the afternoon when I met him coming out of the shabby little house.

In the evening Little Watts said in a whisper:

"She'll be here in the morning, won't she?"

"At 8 o'clock," I said.

"Then I'll hear her sing again," he answered.

The wind died away in the night. The skies cleared. All of the distant ranges, the nearer hills and the streets

of the town were white with snow when the sun came out the next morning.

Elsie came at 8 o'clock. Little Watts pulled himself up on his pillows to meet her and welcome her.

There was no sign in his eyes or face of sorrow in his heart at this ending of all his own hopes and plans for the future. He met Elsie with a smile and with tearless eyes. For a moment she thought it must all have been a mistake about his being so ill.

"Now go and sing for me," he said after a few minutes.

They rolled his bed to the door that he might see her at the new piano. Elsie sat before it with streaming eyes and sang the little ballads and the old songs he had loved so well.

"There was one," he whispered, "about 'the shining shore' and 'my Father hath many mansions.' Won't you sing that, Elsie?"

She sang it with trembling voice, and while she was singing Little Watts looked up with wide open eyes as if he were gazing at something wonderful that he could not see and then sank back, his eyes closed forever.

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invested in a bottle of these wonderful, harmless fat reducing tablets and in 30 days you will be a normal, well-formed person again. Don't carry around your ugly bulk, your ungainly superfluous flesh. It makes you miserable, ridiculous and what is more important, it subjects you to fatal consequences. Sudden death from fatty Degeneration, Heart Disease, Kidney Trouble, Apoplexy and Muscular Rheumatism—all come from OVER-FATNESS.



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"ANTI-CORPUS" is absolutely the greatest discovery in medicine for reducing FAT. It is made in the form of a little tablet out of VEGETABLE matter and is easy and pleasant to take. It is endorsed by every reputable Physician and College of Medicine. Ask your doctor.

"ANTI-CORPUS" is absolutely harmless. The formula used in making this preparation is on file in the Bureau of Chemistry in Washington, which is proof that it is PURE and HARMLESS.

"ANTI-CORPUS" reduces FAT from 3 to 5 pounds a week. It reduces Double chin, Fat hips and flabby cheeks. No wrinkles result from this reduction, for it makes the skin close fitting and smooth.

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Price \$1.00 per bottle. Money back if it don't do all we claim. If your druggist does not keep it, show him this advertisement and make him get it for you, or you can send for it DIRECT to us. We pay postage and send in plain wrapper.

FREE 30 DAYS' TREATMENT IN EVERY BOTTLE. We will send you a sample of this wonderful fat reducing remedy on receipt of 10 cents to pay for postage and packing.

The sample itself may be sufficient to reduce the desired weight. Mention this paper. Desk 22, ESTHETIC CHEMICAL CO., 31 West 125th Street, New York, N. Y.

Camel Races. Camel races are held regularly in the south of Algeria, where valuable prizes are offered for the encouragement of the breed of racers, and as much interest is taken in their preparation and performance as in that of race horses in this country. The racing camels are the result of very careful breeding through many generations, and in size, temper and appearance they are so different from the ordinary beast of burden that they might almost be considered a different race of animals.

Perhaps the most conspicuous characteristic of the ordinary camel is its extreme slowness. Nothing on earth will ever induce it to hurry. A twenty dollar note will buy a very fair specimen, but for a mehari, or racing camel, five or ten times that sum is required to effect a purchase.

The racer, however, can be depended on for five or ten miles an hour kept up for sixteen or seventeen hours almost without a stop. The pace in a camel race is generally fast and furious at the beginning, when all the animals are together and seem to realize that a contest is in progress.

The Famous Basilisk. According to the ancient writers, the basilisk—sometimes called cockatrice—was a monster to be greatly dreaded. Its breath filled the air with a deadly poison and burned up vegetation, and the glance of its eye was fatal to both man and beast. The only creature that could face it and live, they said, was the cock, and travelers were advised to take loud crowing cocks with them as a protection against the monster. So much for superstition. As a matter of fact the basilisk is a harmless lizard, living a quiet life in the woods and feeding on insects. Its appearance, however, is formidable, and it is this perhaps that gave it a bad name. It grows to a length of from twenty-five

to thirty inches, including its tail, which is much longer than its body. Rising from its head and inclining backward is a broad, winglike expansion, which gives it some resemblance to the flying lizard. The crest of this expansion is formed somewhat like a crown, and that gave the basilisk its name, which is from the Greek word meaning "king."

A Long Background. First Nurse (at hospital)—That ballet dancer in the ward with delirium tremens must be frightfully old.

Second Nurse—Why? First Nurse—She sees nothing but prehistoric animals.—Harper's Weekly.

High Stakes. Stella—An exciting bridge game! Bella—Very; we played for each other's cooks.—Harper's Bazar.

Blessings of the Blind. The calamity of the blind is immense, irreparable. But it does not take away our share of the things that count—service, friendship, humor, imagination, wisdom. It is the secret inner will that controls one's fate. We are capable of willing to be good, of loving and being loved, of thinking to the end that we may be wiser. We possess these spirit born forces equally with all God's children. Therefore we, too, see the lightning and hear the thunders of Sinai. We, too, march through the wilderness and the solitary place that shall be glad for us, and as we pass God maketh the desert to blossom like the rose. We, too, go in unto the promised land to possess the treasures of the spirit, the unseen permanence of life and nature.—Helen Keller in Century.

SIREN DEVELOP THE BUST

SHE'S A QUEEN SHE'S A SIREN

is an expression that is always heard at sight of a well developed woman. If you are flat chested, with BUST undeveloped, a scrawny neck, thin, lean arms—the above remark will never be applied to you. "SIREN" wafers will make you beautiful, bewitching. They DEVELOP THE BUST in a few weeks from 3 to 6 inches and produce a fine firm, voluptuous bosom. They fill out the hollow places. Make the arms handsome and well modeled and the neck and shoulders shapely and of perfect contour.

Send for a bottle today and you'll be pleased and grateful. "SIREN" wafers are absolutely harmless, pleasant to take and convenient to carry around. They are sold under guarantee to do all claim or MONEY back. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Inquire at good drug stores or send DIRECT to us.

FREE During the next 30 days only—we will send you a sample bottle of these beautifying wafers on receipt of 10 cents to pay cost of packing and postage if you will mention that you saw the Advertisement in this paper. The sample alone may be sufficient if defects are trivial.

Desk 22 ESTHETIC CHEMICAL CO., 31 West 125th St. New York.