

PUBLIC SALE

Having sold my ranch in Combs Canyon, 8 miles southwest of Pendleton, I will offer for sale the following personal property, on

THURSDAY, DEC. 7th

- 1 Bay Team, Mares, with foal, age 6 and 7, weight 1350.
- 1 Brown Horse, age 8, weight 1400.
- 1 Sorrel Horse, age 7, weight 1800.
- 1 Bay Horse, age 10, weight 1600.
- 1 Bay Mare, age 4, with foal.
- 1 Brown Colt, age 3.
- 2 Black Colts, age 2.
- 1 Driving Team.
- 1 Saddle Pony.
- 1 Black Horse, weight 1600.
- 1 Holstein Bull.
- 9 Head of Milch Cows, part Jersey, some will be fresh this month.
- 7 Head of Shoats.
- 1 3 1/4-in. Wagon and one Democrat Wagon.
- 3 Sets Work Harness.
- 1 Buggy Harness.
- 1 Wheat Rick.
- 1 McCormick Header.
- 3 Header Boxes.
- 1 McCormick Binder.
- 1 Mower and Hay Rake.
- 1 Fuller & Johnson Gas Engine on trucks, and feed grinder and wood saw.
- 1 two-bottom Oliver plow.
- 1 two-bottom Dearing Plow.
- 1 five-section Harrow.
- 1 12-foot Weeder Blade.
- 1 Fanning Mill.
- 1 Grind Stone.
- 1 14-inch Walking Plow.
- 1 12-ft. Galvanized Watering Trough, new.
- 7 Cords Wood.
- 1 Sharples Cream Separator.
- 1 cider mill.
- 1 Orchard Spraying Barrel and Pump and 16 foot of Hose.
- 6 Dozen Chickens.
- 3 Barrels Vinegar.
- 1 Incubator and Brooder.
- 300 Sacks Winter Apples.
- 100 Black Pine Poles.
- 10 tons of rye hay cut with binder.

Sale Starts 10 a. m. Free Lunch at Noon

TERMS—All sums under fifty dollars cash, all sums over fifty dollars, time will be given until Oct. 1, 1917, on approved notes at 8 per cent. 2 per cent will be given off for cash on sums over fifty dollars.

O. P. Roberts, Owner

COL. YOHNKA, Auctioneer.

E. L. SMITH, Clerk.

The CRIMSON STAIN MYSTERY

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Novelized by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE from the Consolidated Motion Picture Triumph

How It All Began.

HAROLD STANLEY, son of a New York publisher, is in love with Florence Montrose, daughter of Dr. Montrose, who has spent his life perfecting a machine to rejuvenate humanity. Stanley is hunting the slayer of fourteen wealthy New Yorkers. Because Florence catches sight of the murderer when Stanley's father is made the fifteenth Crimson Stain victim in her home Pierre La Rue, the slayer, hypnotizes her. She is revived, and when the sixteenth victim is slain in the apartment of Vanya Tosca she finds Vanya hypnotized and photographs La Rue's image in her eyes. But Layton Parrish, a mysterious detective, "accidentally" drops and breaks the photographic plate. Stanley pieces the plate together and photographs it. Later Mrs. Clayton gives a mask ball and Stanley goes disguised as La Rue. He is given a \$50,000 necklace stolen from Mrs. Clayton by one of La Rue's henchmen as the man is escaping.

CHAPTER VIII. "In the Shadow of Death."

DR. MONTROSE advanced at once to the bed where lay his daughter. If he noticed Harold Stanley's strange appearance and make-up—if he saw the glimmer of the necklace in Harold's hand or heard the young man's words—he gave no sign. Harold, covertly removing the rest of his disguise, went out of the room, leaving them alone together. Directly after lunch, next day, he called at the Montrose house. Felix ushered him into the library and went in search of Florence. Presently the girl entered the library. "Tell me all about it!" she demanded at once. "When I phoned you this morning you promised to tell me. I don't understand any of it."

He put up a hand in laughing protest, as if trying to ward off her volley of eager excitement. Then his face grew grave, and he replied: "I found a cipher note that told of a Crimson Stain plot to get hold of Mrs. Clayton's necklace at the ball last night. I don't know which of 'two people' he called at my office dropped the note."

"But who dropped the note in your office?" "I think," replied Harold, reluctantly, "I think it was Vanya Tosca. And I think we can learn more from her, if we don't rouse her suspicions. I've just asked Bob Clayton to phone her to come to his studio at 3 o'clock this afternoon to pose for him."

"But what's the plan?" asked Florence. "You said you and Bob—" "Wait till we've tried it," he evaded. "Then if it succeeds I'll tell you all about it. I believe I am on the right trail at last."

The curtain that covered the doorway just behind the couch on which they were sitting moved ever so slightly. Neither of them noticed it. From an inner pocket he drew something that flashed and glittered and flashed from a thousand points as he held it up in the sunlight. Florence gave a little cry of wondering admiration.

"Mrs. Clayton's necklace!" she exclaimed. "You have never returned it to her, then?" "No," he made answer. "And I have the best reasons in the world for keeping it in my own possession a little longer. What the Crimson Stain gang really gets at is the necklace."

He was about to drop the treasure back into his pocket when a hand shot out through the curtains behind him. With lightning swiftness the hand snatched the necklace from him and darted back through the curtain folds.

But, out of the corner of his eye, Stanley had noted the darting motion. Instinctively, with his free hand, he snatched at the vanishing thief's wrist. His strong fingers closed about the thief's wrist.

With a wrench, he sought to drag the intruder through the enveloping curtain folds and into the library. The other resisted with desperate force; but, under Harold's grasp, the thief's fingers opened, and the necklace fell to the floor.

"Pick it up, please!" he bade Florence; at the same time flinging himself forward and maintaining his grip of iron on his unseen opponent's wrist.

His opponent was tall and strongly built. His head and face were enveloped in a mask-hood, through whose narrow slits his eyes glittered as evilly as a snake's.

Out into the hallway reeled the two fiercely struggling men. Harold for an instant released his iron grip on the other's wrist, and grasping a handful of the mask-hood, tore it away from his enemy's head.

To his amazement, he did not thus reveal a face, but merely a second and inner hood-mask, adjusted more closely than the first.

In the moment of dazed astonishment while Harold stood marveling at this phenomenon the masked man took advantage of the brief respite to wheel about and dash at full speed up the stairs. Harold, recovering himself, followed.

ring lock resisted his best efforts. She pounded from within. Some one was crossing the laboratory toward the door. Stanley moved back a few feet and stood ready to strike, should his foe venture forth.

The laboratory door swung open. Dr. Montrose stood on the threshold. He was yawning. His hair was disheveled and his eyes were blinking sleepily.

"A burglar!" repeated Dr. Montrose, in astonishment, his eyes straying in futile dread toward the secret panel at the far end of the room. "Impossible. I have been in here ever since luncheon. I'm sure I should have heard—"

"That window over on the corner is open," stammered the doctor. "If anyone ran in here he undoubtedly got out that way and dropped to the cool roof below. He's gone too far by now to be caught."

Harold leaned out of the window. No sign could be gleaned of the masked fugitive. When Florence and Harold at last quitted the laboratory Dr. Montrose shut the door behind them and stood for a minute with drooping head and furrowed brow.

An hour later Vanya Tosca, in the living room of her apartment was entertaining no less notable a visitor than Pierre La Rue himself.

The Crimson Stain was glowing luridly in Pierre's eyes. He was in a diabolically bad humor at the world in general, for his henchmen's failure on the previous night to steal the necklace. He was the angrier—in his abnormal criminal vanity—that Stanley should have ventured to impersonate so illustrious a personage as himself.

He had been giving Vanya instructions for her conduct during the approaching visit to Clayton's studio; and he had interpersed these with fierce denunciations of his followers' stupidity.

"The Montrose girl knows where Stanley has the necklace hidden," he said at last, as he rose to go. "And she's coming to the studio this afternoon. We'll find a way to make her speak up and tell where we can find the necklace."

With no word of good-bye, he swung open the door and was gone. Vanya began to make ready for her visit to the studio. Presently a ringing of the electric bell brought her to the front door of her flat. Robert Clayton stepped in. Hiding her surprise at his visit, she welcomed him pleasantly; and he followed her into her living-room.

"I came to ask if you would do me a great favor," returned Clayton. "Will you?"

"I don't think there are many favors you could ask that I would not gladly grant," she answered softly, her hand resting in appealing pressure on his. "What is it?"

"I want to patch up our differences," said Robert, "and have come to ask you to pose for me again. I am so discouraged about my 'Delilah' picture. I can't possibly finish it with any other model. Won't you do it? It means so much to me."

"Why, of course, I will," she laughed. "I'd do anything for you. I'll be at your studio at 3 this afternoon."

Without warning, she swayed forward, and would have fallen. If Clayton had not caught her. Almost instantly, she broke free from his supporting arm and stood back.

"I'm so sorry," she said, smiling in deprecation. "It's silly of me to feel over like that. Wait a minute. I'm going to take some aromatic spirits of ammonia."

She left the room; presumably in quest of the medicine she had spoken of. Instead, she went swiftly into the next room, and there drew out from the flowing sleeve of her blouse—the revolver she had so deftly abstracted during the brief instant she had reeled against him.

"Breaking" the revolver, she extracted its six cartridges. Then, from a box she took six "blanks" and put them into the cylinders in place of the bullets.

Returning to the living-room, she chatted for a minute or two longer with Clayton. As he turned to go, she exclaimed: "Hold on, Mr. Clayton. What in the world have you been leaning against? There's a line of white powder or motor dust across your shoulders. Stand still!"

Before he could guess her intent, she caught up a little silver-handled whisk broom and vigorously brushed his shoulders and back.

"There!" she said, eluding his efforts to prevent her from doing him this valued service. "Now it's all gone. Good-by!"

And Robert Clayton left the flat, blissfully unaware that his pistol had been stolen, rendered harmless, and put back in his pocket again by his fascinating hostess.

Clayton went directly to Stanley's home, where he found Harold awaiting him. There, in pursuance of the plan they had hit upon that morning, Harold proceeded to "make up" the artist as nearly as possible to resemble Pierre La Rue. He himself was content with such disguise as a pair of face-hiding goggles and a chauffeur livery afforded him.

Thence, descending to Harold's waiting motor car, the disguised Clayton got into the tonneau. Harold climbed to the front seat, settled himself at the steering wheel, and with a glance at his watch, started the car toward Clayton's studio.

The studio at that very moment chanced to be occupied. Pierre La Rue and Vanya Tosca, by means

of a duplicate key, had just entered it. "It's all right," he was saying. "I've got one of the men posted on the roof across the court. If worst comes to worst, we can make a getaway there. The others ought to be here in a few minutes—Stanley and Clayton and the girl. It's one minute of 2."

He strode to the window and, concealing himself behind the filmy curtains, looked down into the street below. Vanya joined him at his post of vantage.

"There's a car turning in at the curb," she said, presently. "Perhaps—"

She broke off with a gasp of genuine amazement. Even the iron-nerved super-criminal at her side could not repress a violent start of surprise. Both of them stared in dumb incredulity down into the street. The motor-car to which Vanya had called her companion's attention had drawn up at the curb. Its smartly liveried and goggled chauffeur had jumped down and opened one of the tonneau doors.

Out stepped—Pierre La Rue! Or at least out stepped a man who at that distance was the living image of Pierre La Rue. The crisp black beard, the tumbled hair under the unconventional hat—the pose of the head, the general outlines of the face—all were Pierre La Rue, to the life.

"It's—it's—oh, who is it?" whispered Vanya, in awe, as she looked up wonderingly at La Rue himself.

But Pierre, after that first brief start of surprise, was himself again, and he had already formed his own idea of the situation. But his face was livid with fury and the Crimson Stain flared hotly in his eyes.

"It's that meddling idiot, Harold Stanley," he told Vanya, "and he is coming up here. Don't you see what's happened? He expects you, just as I thought. He has made Clayton ask you to come here. Then, while Clayton keeps out of the way, Stanley makes up as Pierre La Rue and meets you. He thinks you'll mistake him for me and babble to him the fool! Except at a distance of behind an eye-mask (like last night) we're no more alike than chalk and cheese. The turkey tries to look like the eagle. And here is where the eagle strikes back!"

Steps were coming along the top floor hallway toward the studio. Pierre slipped behind the hangings of an alcove. Vanya stepped over to an easel and began to study a half-finished sketch.

The door behind her opened in stealthy silence as some one outside unlocked it and turned the knob. Soft footsteps crossed the studio to where the woman was standing.

Vanya turned, as if noticing a draft from the open door. And thus she confronted the man who had "stared" at her was really a very creditable imitation of Pierre La Rue, as far as his general aspect went.

The woman stared at him, as if hypnotized. She did not shift her gaze from his. Yet, subconsciously she knew that Pierre La Rue had crept noiselessly forth from his hiding place and had picked up a heavy antique cabaret that stood near the wall.

The supposed Pierre La Rue opened his lips as if to speak. But the words were never spoken. Down came the teakwood cabaret with murderous force on the back of the newcomer's head. The man fell crashing to the studio floor like a polished ox.

"Quick!" ordered La Rue, pointing at the cowering and senseless body on the floor.

He and Vanya lifted the inert form to the nearest chair, and there they deftly bound the hands and legs of their victim to the legs and arms of the big chair.

"He's coming to his senses!" cried La Rue. "He must be like a stone wall. Get out of sight—where, Vanya. He mustn't see you here with me."

Presently the stricken man opened his eyes, blinked dazedly and stared about him. Then his wandering gaze focused on Pierre La Rue, who stood with folded arms and a sneering smile, looking calmly down upon him.

"Mr. Stanley," said La Rue, with ironic courtesy, "the game is up. Here is where you drop out of the Crimson Stain pursuit, very definitely and permanently."

"You presumptuous fool!" he snarled fiercely. "Up to yesterday I should have been content to give you a simple death, with the 'finger-necklace' today I am not. You are going to die by torture. The most acute torture I can inflict. Do you know why?"

He paused as if for an answer. The bound man in the chair merely gaped at him in fascinated horror.

"Mr. Stanley," resumed Pierre, "it is not on the free list to try to imitate me. This you did last night. This you have done again today. The turkey cock has strutted in the eagle's plumage. And to punish that you shall be tortured."

As he spoke he reached forward with a gesture of anger and tore away his prisoner's false hair and beard. And once more the chilled steel nerves sustained distinct shock as the tied man revealed the face of Robert Clayton instead of the supposed Stanley.

"I went hunting for a fox," commented La Rue, his nerve steady again. "And it seems I have caught only a rabbit. But a rabbit that masquerades as a lion cannot expect to live to boast about it."

He leaned forward, his long, lean fingers slowly encircling the helpless Clayton's throat.

Florence Montrose, true to her resolution, had come down from Riverside to the studio building; arranging to be there by 3 o'clock so that she might induce Clayton and Stanley to let her help them in this mys-

terious "plan" of theirs, which Harold had refused to explain to her.

She was a little late, so she hurried into the building and started rapidly upstairs, without noticing the car at the curb, or the goggled and liveried chauffeur who stood beside it.

Harold Stanley—waiting for a pre-arranged signal to join Clayton—was starting up at the studio windows. He did not see Florence go in until she had passed into the building and was starting upstairs.

Thus it dawned on him that her presence would be a most decided detriment to Clayton, and that, on seeing Bob, she would assuredly mistake him for La Rue. So, leaving the car, Harold ran upstairs to catch up with Florence, if possible, before she should reach the studio and to persuade her not to go in there.

He was not able to overtake her until just as she had reached the top floor. Then, out of breath from his long upstairs run, he caught her by the arm, pantingly calling her name as he did so.

Whirling around at the touch, Florence saw beside her a man who she did not at all recognize in such a disguise. Crying out in fear, she wrenched herself free and ran down the hall to the studio door.

Without stopping to knock for admittance, she flung open the door and burst into the studio.

With another scream on beholding La Rue, she shrank back into the doorway again and all but collided with Harold Stanley, who sprang past her into the studio.

Stanley waited not the fraction of an instant. Taking in the whole situation as his eye swept the room, he launched himself at La Rue.

But his mad haste marred his judgment. La Rue, with a snarl, sprang forward to the battle line a cornered rat.

Stanley's fist whizzed past Pierre's head, and La Rue, before Harold could recover his balance, had leaped across the threshold and out into the hallway.

Climbing the ladder as nimbly as a scared cat, La Rue shoved open the scuttle, wriggled through—barely eluding Stanley's grasp at his legs—and slammed the scuttle in his pursuer's face.

Harold paused only to draw his revolver (so that La Rue might not attack him at an advantage from above), then threw open the scuttle and bounded to the roof.

The moment's delay had given Pierre the time he so sorely needed. His man on the roof across the narrow court was alertly on the lookout. At a signal from the escaping Pierre he tossed him a rope-end.

La Rue swiftly and securely tied the end to a jutting iron bar in the parapet's masonry. Tamer had already fastened the rope's other end to a chimney of the house across the court.

As Stanley reached the parapet La Rue was already crossing the taut rope, hand over hand, to the opposite roof.

Harold leveled his pistol, took deliberate aim at La Rue—who was not six feet away from him—and fired. The shot took no effect. Again Stanley fired, and again and again; more quickly now, but with deadly accuracy at aim.

There was no chance, apparently, of missing, at such ridiculously short range. Yet Pierre continued his leisurely hand-over-hand process along the rope toward the opposite roof.

Not one of the six heavy-caliber shots hit him. He turned and grinned amusedly back over his shoulder at the marksman.

A thrill of something like superstitious terror tingled through Stanley as he saw his failure to hit the easy target.

"The man is a devil!" he muttered bewildered to himself. "Bullets can't hurt him!"

A wholesome indignation surged into his brain, dispelling the momentary awe. He sprang to the iron bar and tugged at the knot La Rue had tied.

But La Rue had fastened it too cunningly, for all his haste, to permit Harold to untie it soon enough for the purpose he had in mind. Stanley whipped out his pocket-knife and drove its keen edge into the rope-strands.

"If that red can't kill him we'll try cold!" he growled feverishly at the rope.

La Rue was barely half way across the chameleon court. If Harold could sever the rope before Pierre should reach the safety of the farther roof, the man must be hurled against the side wall of the opposite room. And such an impact would certainly cause him to lose his precarious hold on the roof and tumble to the flagstones a hundred feet below.

La Rue saw his own danger. And he redoubled his cautious speed to get across before the rope should part. With one last effort, Harold saved through one of the two remaining strands.

BIG EATERS GET KIDNEY TROUBLE

TAKE SALTS AT FIRST SIGN OF BLADDER IRRITATION OR BACKACHE.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out; they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

TO DARKEN HAIR APPLY SAGE TEA

LOOK YOUNG! BRING BACK ITS NATURAL COLOR, GLOSS AND ATTRACTIVENESS.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, streaked or gray. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get a 50-cent bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur at any drug store all ready for use. This is the old time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and after another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and lustrous.

This preparation is a delightful toilet requisite and is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.



INCREASE IN SWING OFFERINGS

PORTLAND, Dec. 4.—Only in the swine division was there an increase in offerings at North Portland for the week; all other lines showing a decrease. Nevertheless considerable strength was shown all through the week in the hog trade and values held well with the movement outward on a good scale.

With every indication of decreased holdings of hogs in the country, packers are inclined to take hold of all offerings without disturbing values.

General hog market: \$9.70@9.80 Prime light weights . . . 9.55@9.65 Good light weights . . . 9.40@9.50 Medium weights . . . 9.25@9.35 Rough heavy . . . 8.90@9.20

Cattle Market Firmer. In the cattle division there was a firmer tone shown at North Portland for the week. Receipts were smaller than during the preceding week, while demand was better. There was little real good stuff and top prices were not given a test at any time during the period.

Regarding the feeder market the stockyards reports as follows: Feeder trading on country account has been rather light all week. Best feeding steers are selling at \$5.50 to \$5.75; while well bred stuff in a few cases brought \$6.00. Valley feeding stuff was mostly on the ordinary and common variety sold from \$4.00 to \$5.00. Good heifer calves sold from \$5.00 to \$6.00 with yearling heifers at \$5.25 to \$5.50. There was a fairly good outfit for all arrivals, especially stuff with good breeding.

General cattle market range: Prime heavy steers . . . \$7.25@7.35 Prime light steers . . . 7.00@7.15 Good steers . . . 6.50@6.75 Medium steers . . . 5.75@6.25 Ordinary steers . . . 5.00@5.50 Common steers . . . 4.25@4.75 Prime cows . . . 6.00@6.25 Prime heifers . . . 6.25@6.50

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Cure was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarrh Cure is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O., All Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Call for bids. Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the undersigned up to 5 o'clock p. m. December 6th, 1916, for the purchase of improvement bonds aggregating \$734.05, dated December 1st, 1916, being improvement bonds series 4 of the City of Pendleton, Oregon. Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for \$100, payable to the order of the Mayor of said City, the same to be forfeited to the City if the bid be accepted and the bidder fails to take and pay for the bonds, but to be returned to the bidder if he be unsuccessful. No bid will be considered for less than par and accrued interest, and The City of Pendleton reserves the right to reject any and all bids at its pleasure. Dated this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1916.

THOS. FITZ GERALD, City Recorder.

Good cows . . . 4.75@5.25 Ordinary cows . . . 4.00@4.25 Common cows . . . 3.00@3.25 Prime heavy bulls . . . 4.25@4.50 Good bulls . . . 4.00@4.25 Ordinary bulls . . . 3.00@3.25 Best light calves . . . 7.00 Ordinary calves . . . 6.00@6.50 Poor calves . . . 5.00@5.75

Mutton Market Strong. To say that the mutton market was strong at North Portland during the week is to put the matter very mildly. There was a decreased run in this division of the local market for the week as compared with the previous week, although totals were fractionally greater than for this same week a year ago.

There was no tippy stuff available in the market during the week. Sales of ordinary quality were made at the same prices recently paid for toppers, therefore it is easy to presume that the better stuff would have brought forth an advance.

General mutton and lamb market: Select spring lambs . . . \$9.00@9.25 Ordinary lambs . . . 8.75@8.95 Best yearlings . . . 7.75@8.00 Good to common wethers . . . 7.25@7.50 Best ewes . . . 6.00@6.25 Heavy to common ewes . . . 4.00@4.50

Cough Medicine for Children. Mrs. Hugh Cook, Scottville, N. Y., says: "About five years ago when we were living in Garbutt, N. Y., I doctored two of my children suffering from colds with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and found it just as represented in every way. It promptly checked their coughing and cured their colds quicker than anything I ever used." Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.

When the food forestallers find that a human being can live on 40 cents a day they are likely to raise prices again, their slogan being "All that the traffic will bear."

IRISH SPUD 'RISES TO ARTISTIC GLORY IN BAREFOOT DANCE.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—The Irish spud has risen to artistic heights, along with the rose, the magnolia and the violet. The potato heretofore dedicated to coarser usages, took its aesthetic degree last night before an erudite audience of University of Chicago authorities and students.

Yathel Lindsay, a poet, read his masterpiece, entitled "The Potato's Dance," and Miss Eleanor Daugherty, attired in an imitation potato jacket, interpreted the poem's troches and fetters into a classic dance. Miss Dougherty's dance is described as symbolic, rather than material or spiritual.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT EASES PAIN Sloan's Liniment is first thought of mothers for bumps, bruises and sprains that are continually happening to children. It quickly penetrates and soothes without rubbing. Clearer and more effective than musky plasters or ointments. For rheumatic aches, neuralgia pain and that grippy soreness after colds, Sloan's Liniment gives prompt relief. Have a bottle handy for bruises, strains, sprains and all external pain. For the thousands whose work calls them outdoors, the pains and aches following exposure are relieved by Sloan's Liniment. At all druggists, 25c.—Adv.