

TWO FRIENDS AND TWO COATS

Not alone were Maurice and Paul friends from childhood, not alone had they followed the same studies in the same colleges, not alone had they married two cousins in the same year, but they also possessed a brown overcoat each of the very same make and very same shade.

On a certain morning as Maurice, after an affectionate goodbye to Marthe, went alone to business a messenger boy, who evidently had been watching for him, slipped a note securely and quickly into his hand.

Quite mystified, Maurice opened it. Written in rather bad handwriting were the lines:

My Dear Old Friend—Come and dine with me tomorrow evening. You know the address.

"Fif, Fif!" He could not recall the name.

Then suddenly light broke on him. He remembered now—an actress who had a big share of his boyish devotion. But of what could she be thinking to imagine he, a sensible married man, with the most charming wife in Paris, would accept such an invitation? With a gesture of contempt he stuffed the billet into his coat pocket and took the envelope into little pieces as he threw it to the wind. Shrugging his shoulders, he continued his journey.

When he arrived at his office, Paul was already there. But so busy were the two friends that, except the moment taken to arrange to make a party for the theater that evening, there was no opportunity of speaking all day. Paul left first in the evening, and as Maurice was finishing up business for the day he began to think of his billet.

After all, what harm would it be if he went to see an old friend? He could easily, he was sure, learn through her of the destinies of youthful friends whom he had not seen for years, perhaps meet them at her home. He could easily make a pretext of business to Marthe. Surely he would love his wife none the less because he had a few hearty laughs with old friends about old times.

And, standing up, he reached for his coat and hat. When putting on the coat, he felt the sleeves a trifle narrow.

"Paul," thought he, "has taken mine. We'll exchange this evening at the theater."

Some hours later the young couple were in a box at the Vaudeville. The piece was well acted and was of captivating interest. Seated behind Marthe, who had never looked prettier, Maurice forgot all about the adventure of the morning.

Seated in the carriage which was to take them home, the door had hardly closed when Marthe turned to her husband.

"Look at that! 'Fif, Fif!'" exclaimed she, with indignation, holding out with a trembling hand the billet of Fif.

"Atrocious!" answered he energetically and sincerely.

There was a moment of silence.

"Poor Valentine!" sighed Marthe.

"Valentine! Why, Valentine!"

"Oh, that is a man all over! Her husband invited to dinner with Mrs. Fif, and I'm asked, 'Why, Valentine?'"

"Yes, Paul, your bosom friend. It was during the last entr'acte we made the discovery. Valentine had scratched her finger fixing her brooch, and not liking to soil her handkerchief, she asked me to get her Paul's from his pocket. Instead I pulled out this note. Do my best, I could not get an exclamation of surprise."

"Valentine came over hastily. 'What is it? What is the matter?' and she read the billet too. It was horrible, was it not, for the poor creature? In an instant it struck me there was only one way of helping her. But—tell me you'll forgive me—I told her a lie. I remembered that you and Paul had the same sort of coat, so I said: 'This is Maurice's coat.'"

"And then?"

"Then, most extraordinary, she believed it at once. Women are such fools. Each thinks every one can be deceived but herself."

Maurice tried to suppress a smile, while Marthe said in the most tender of voices:

"Tell me you are not angry with me for telling the lie?"

"Not at all, my darling. You acted splendidly. Besides, it was a very little deception."

"That wretched Paul! Do you think he'll go?"

"No, my dear child. You need not make yourself uneasy. I can swear to you Paul will not go."

"Then all for the best. Faith alone can save, and it is sometimes a good thing to have a hand over the eyes. Poor Valentine! After all, if she knew the truth?"

"But she would pardon him, perhaps?"

Marthe gave a spring.

"Pardon him, Oh, no!"

"Then, if instead of your friend, let us suppose it was you. You would not forgive it?"

"Never!" replied she, with such earnestness that the young man became pale.

"But," continued she, with her most winning air, "such a thing could not have happened to me. I were to see it even with my eyes, as did Valentine, I would not have believed it."

Maurice kissed the pretty, earnest face so close to him and thought what a rascal he was.

A little later, as Marthe was undoing her hair before her boudoir glass:

"Well, Maurice," said she, with a laugh, "wasn't it very lucky that you and Paul had the same colored coats?"

"Oh, yes—very lucky indeed," replied the young husband in a voice which came from the heart.—Chicago Times-Herald.

TOO MUCH ZEAL.

BY BARRY FAIR.

The two tramps reclined on the hay that they had pulled out of the new made stack and spread in the shade. Roused from somnolence by the slipping of his clay pipe from his mouth, the younger man sat up. He tightened his leather belt, rolled his pipe and supposed that he must be off. He was a strong, gypsy looking man.

"What for?" asked his companion.

"Because I want to get took on for tomorrow, and if I don't go now it will be too late."

"Ah!" said the old man. "Hard graft, middling pay and now 'twipes—and that's harkening. You wouldn't catch me running after it. That's no proper work for a man."

"Well," said the old man, "the last job I had was a good'un."

"Checked it?"

"Booze?"

"No, zeal; doing too much."

"The younger man said that he thought that was a hot one. His companion said that he would tell him how it was, and it might be a lesson to him.

"It were a big place down in Kent and of the nature of a chemical works. It were owned by a limited company. There was several buildings in the factory, and one of them was extra special. Not a soul was let to go into it without a red ticket, what were got from the manager. Trade secrets maybe or perhaps explosives. I never worried about it. My job was to set in a sort of sentry box and take them tickets and keep anybody out what hadn't got one. It were the manager's secretary took me on, and it were work that suited me. Well, the very first day I was there on walked the manager, though I didn't know it was him, never having seen him.

"Show your ticket, please," I says.

"That's all right," he says, "I'm the manager."

"I told him that wouldn't do for me. It was my duty to see his ticket, and he wouldn't pass until I had it. My idea was that if it were brought under his own for wanting to get in, and if he'd offered me half a crown instead of a ticket it wouldn't have staggered me. But he just pulled out a pack of those tickets from his pocket and showed me he really was the manager. Then, of course, I was all for begging his pardon. But he wouldn't hear of it. He said that I'd acted right, and he shouldn't forget it. I'd showed I could be depended upon. I felt rather pleased with myself about that. I thought that would be good enough to do twice if I got the chance.

"One day I seed a fierce looking gent in the yard talking as if he'd bought the world. I asked somebody who that was, and I were told it were Sir George Gunn, one of the directors. I thought to myself that if it were brought under his notice what a hot job I was on strict duty and such that might do me a bit of all right. As luck would have it he went sailing past my box to get into that particular building. I were after him like a knife. I caught him by the coat tails and swung him round.

"Come out of it!" I says. "You don't go in there without a ticket."

"What are you doing?" he said. "I'm a director."

"Director be hanged!" I says. "Ticket or outside. That's all I've got to think about."

"I won't have such language here," he said.

"Very sorry, Sir George," I said, losing my head. And then, of course, I saw I'd given the whole thing away, and so did he. He wanted to know how it was that I knew his name if I didn't know he was a director. I said what I could, but it didn't satisfy. In one short half hour I was turned off and told not to show my face there again. That's what comes of zeal that's what comes of doing one's strict duty. I've been told that a railway porter once kept the Prince of Wales off the platform that had been specially reserved for him and was made head gardener or something at Sandringham for his pains, but you can't depend on it. I was thrown out of my employment for doing too much, and since then I've had to make my living how I could. Just you think about that. Don't you overdo it."

The young tramp said that he had been engaged as a harkmaker for some years, and he had never been told yet that he was doing too much. He had been told that he was not doing enough at times.

"Ah!" said the old man, "Well, I don't defend laziness." He drew the battered felt over his eyes and composed himself to sleep again.

"I say, mate," said the younger man after a pause. "Here's a old chap has spotted us and is coming down the field."

"Any dog?"

"Yess."

The victim of his own zeal pulled himself to his feet. "It's likely," he said, "he might not care about what we've done to his stack. And I hate dogs."

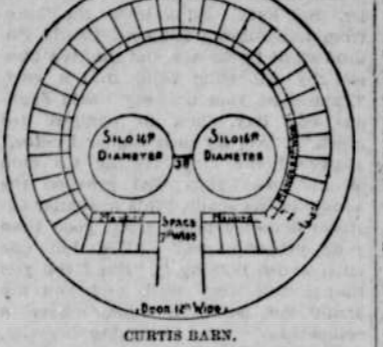
He went off at a slouching trot.—Black and White.

ROUND BARN.

Advantages Claimed For a Round Barn Inclosing Round Silos.

Drawing some comparisons between the round and the square barn, Colonel F. D. Curtis of Wisconsin writes to The National Stockman and Farmer as follows: A neighbor is building one of the square order 30 by 60 feet, stone basement, stalls for 36 cattle, frame about 20 feet high to roof, requiring 7,000 feet of lumber for frame. It is 180 feet around it and has an area of 1,800 feet. A round barn 60 feet in diameter may have a stone basement and same height above, more or less. It will not take half as much lumber for its frame nor half as much labor to frame and put it up and be vastly stronger when completed. The area or space it incloses is 2,700 feet—half as much again as the square one compared with, and the area of the walls will be the same. It will give space for 40 to 45 cattle stalls instead of 36 in the square barn, room for two round silos 16 feet each in diameter, if properly filled holding not less than 300 tons, located as near as possible in the center of the circle of the stock to consume the silage, saving more than half of the labor of feeding silage when stored outside the stable.

The plan of basement here proposed is designed to make 30 to 36 cattle comfortable in winter. The outside circle represents the wall of the barn. Preferably I would have a circular row of stalls around the outside, but this is broken in upon to give room to drive in a horse and cart—drive around and out the same door to clean out the stable. The stall partitions are to be hung to a 2 by 10 piece of studding in the manger and the back end is to be



held in place by a sort of stud button, a 2 by 4 with one bolt to confine it to the partition, the ends of the stud to slide into slots in the floor above and below, confining the cow in the stall by a chain behind her.

Preferably I would grade into a bank 30 feet high above the basement, which would give space for a room between the stable and the floor above. It will be well if we can get an eight foot bank to drive in over the basement, better if we can get 10 feet and still better if we can get 24 feet to the gable. If a ridge roof with a third pitch, it would give us about 20 feet to the ridge of the roof where we would have a hay carrier. Our silos going into the earth ten feet below the stable could stop at the top floor or could go some ten feet more to the support of the purline, "high enough to weight itself."

A silo located as here recommended is scarcely more than 20 feet from any of the stock.

Sowing Timothy.

In my opinion there is no better way of getting a good stand of timothy than to put the ground in good order and sow the seed about the last week in September or first of October, one bushel to six acres. I have sown in corn the last time worked the corn and got the best kind of a stand of timothy and clover, remarks a correspondent in National Stockman.

Official Crop Returns.

The August report of the government statistician shows the following averages of condition upon Aug. 1: Corn, 57.5; spring wheat, 54.4; oats, 85; barley, 71.6; spring rye, 76; buckwheat, 87.9; potatoes, 88.2; timothy hay, 70.9.

The average condition of corn declined two points during July, and on Aug. 1 it was 2.4 points lower than at the corresponding date last year, but .5 point higher than on Aug. 1, 1908, and 1.3 points above the mean of August averages for the last ten years. The conditions in the principal states are as follows: Ohio, 10; Indiana, 9; Kansas, 7; and Nebraska, 83. During July there was an improvement of 8 points in Ohio, 9 in Indiana, 4 in Illinois and 3 in Iowa. On the other hand, there was a decline of 2 points in Missouri, 8 in Nebraska and 22 in Kansas.

The average condition of spring wheat improved 1.2 points during July, but on Aug. 1 it was 27.2 points lower than at the corresponding date last year, 40.1 points lower than on Aug. 1, 1908, and 27.8 points below the mean of the August average for the last ten years. The conditions in the principal states are as follows: Minnesota, 38; North Dakota, 25; South Dakota, 10; Nebraska, 64; Iowa, 91. During July there was an improvement of 10 points in Minnesota, 5 points in South Dakota and 1 point in Iowa. On the other hand, there was a decline of 5 points in North Dakota and of 2 points in Nebraska.

The average condition of oats declined .5 point during July, and on Aug. 1 it was 5.8 points lower than at the corresponding date last year, but 8 point higher than on Aug. 1, 1908, and 2.7 points above the mean of the August averages for the last ten years. The conditions in the principal states are as follows: New York, 84; Pennsylvania, 82; Ohio, 60; Michigan, 101; Indiana, 94; Illinois, 97; Wisconsin, 77; Minnesota, 57; Iowa, 90; Missouri, 100; Kansas, 87, and Nebraska, 78.

A Lincoln Story.

The Rev. Mr. Alcott of Elgin, Ill., one of Abraham Lincoln's Springfield acquaintances, tells of seeing him coming away from church unusually early one Sunday morning. "The sermon could not have been more than half way through," says Mr. Alcott. "His son, ' Tad,' was slung across his left arm like a pair of saddlebags, and Lincoln was striding along with long and deliberate steps toward home.

"On one of the street corners he encountered a group of his fellow towns-

men. Lincoln anticipated the question which was about to be put by the group, and, taking his figure of speech from practices with which they were so familiar, said, 'Gentlemen, I entered this coat, but he kicked around so I had to withdraw him.'

HAS A VARIED CLIMATE.

Curious Meteorological Conditions of the Island of Saghalien.

Saghalien, off the eastern coast of Siberia, presents a very curious anomaly of climate. The island is bathed by two cold ocean currents, and in winter nothing protects it against the icy northwinds coming from Siberia. At the sea level the snow falls continually and stays on the ground till the end of May, and the seashore is very cold. Farther inland, however, especially as we go higher up, the climate is modified—just the opposite to what is observed elsewhere. It has often been observed in Siberia and in central Europe that in winter the cold is greater in the plains and the valleys and that the highlands have a sensibly milder temperature; it is as if the denser cold air accumulated in the lowlands.

The cold air accumulates in the low regions of the island, and on the coast the higher regions have a more elevated temperature. So it happens that the lower parts have an arctic vegetation, while the intermediate altitudes have the vegetation of a temperate zone, sometimes subtropical. The birch, the pine, the fir, abound in the low regions and form often impenetrable forests, but toward the center of the island appear bamboo, hydrangea, azalia and other plants that one is greatly surprised to meet, and whose presence can be explained only by the altogether abnormal climate (English Chronicle).

The End of the World in 1914.

A famous scientist predicts that the world will come to an end in 1914, basing his calculations on the revelations of the bible. If this is so, it is well to get ready to leave. We can out of the few years that remain for us to live. One of the surest ways to enjoy life is the possession of good health and a well regulated stomach. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will enable anyone to obtain this. It is a great medicine for the cure of all that arise from a bad stomach. It cures dyspepsia, constipation, fever and ague, malaria, rheumatism and indigestion. No other medicine can show a record equal to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the standard medicine of the American people for over 50 years.

His Shortcomings.

"How does your new bookkeeper suit you?"

"As a bookkeeper he's great, but as a human being I don't take to him."—Chicago Record.

A Case In Point.

Mr. Grouch: "You women think too much of your clothes."

Mrs. Grouch: "I don't think much of these—indignifying dresses."

Boasting School French.

"What sort of French does Cousin Barbara speak?" was asked.

"Frenchless French," was the reply.—Detroit Free Press.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS & COPYRIGHTS &c.

Having secured a sketch and description may usually ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications should be confidential. Handle on Patents, Inventors, and all other matters. Patent Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation in any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year in advance. Single copies 10 cents. Send for our free catalog of books and pamphlets. Patent Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Summons.

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon for Polk county.

Vida T. Morton, plaintiff,

vs.

Wm. G. Morton, Jr., defendant.

Whereas, the above named defendant, in violation of the laws of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the 29th day of November, A. D. 1909, and if you fail to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will take a decree against you as prayed for in her complaint in the above entitled suit, to the effect that the same of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and the defendant herein is dissolved and that plaintiff be declared a single woman, and that she be allowed her share of the community property and disbursements herein and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem most equitable.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable J. E. Silvey, judge of the county court of the state of Oregon for Polk county, duly made and entered on the 9th day of October, 1909. The date of the first publication of this summons is October 12, A. D. 1909, and of the last publication is November 23, A. D. 1909.

J. H. THOMPSON, Attorney for plaintiff.

Executor's Sale.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT by virtue and in pursuance of an order of the county court of the county of Polk, state of Oregon, made and entered on the 5th day of March, 1909, in the matter of the estate of Chas. A. Sawtelle, deceased, the undersigned will, on the

10th Day of November, 1909,

At the hour of twelve, p. m., of said day, sell of public auction at the front door of the county court house in Dallas, in said county of Polk, to the highest bidder for cash in full, the following described real property belonging to said estate or to such thereof as may be necessary for the purpose of raising funds with which to pay off the indebtedness of said estate and the charges and expenses of administration, to-wit: Lots 1 and 2 of section 17, township 8 south, range 6 west, of the Willamette meridian in Polk county, Oregon, containing 37.09 acres. Also the northwest 1/4 of the southwest 1/4, the west 1/2 of northwest one-quarter and the northwest one-quarter of northwest one-quarter of section 16, in township 8 south, range 7 west, of Willamette meridian in Polk county, Oregon, containing 97.50 acres. For information apply to Dr. W. H. Parrish at Monmouth, Polk county, Oregon, administrator with will annexed of said estate.

Dated at Dallas, Oregon, this 6th day of October, 1909.

W. H. PARRISH, Administrator with will annexed of estate of Chas. A. Sawtelle, deceased.

CATARRH: FORERUNNER OF CONSUMPTION.

Free realize what a deep-seated, obstinate disease Catarrh is, regarding it as a simple inflammation of the nose and throat, little or no attention is given it. But, however insignificant it may seem at first, it is serious and far-reaching in its results.

The foul secretions entering the circulation poison the entire system. The stomach, kidneys—in fact all the organs—feel the effect of this catarrhal poison, and when the lungs are reached its progress is rapid and destructive, and finally ends in consumption.

It frequently happens that the senses of hearing and smell are in part or entirely lost, the soft bones of the nose are often destroyed, causing intense suffering and greatly disfiguring the face. While sprays, washes and salves may give temporary relief, no permanent benefit can be expected from such treatment.

CATARRH IS A CONSTITUTIONAL OR BLOOD DISEASE,

and far beyond the reach of mere local remedies. Those who rely upon them for a cure lose valuable time, meet with disappointment and allow the disease to take firmer hold. Only a real blood remedy can reach this troublesome and dangerous disease.

S. S. S. cures Catarrh because it first cleanses and builds up the blood, purifies it, makes it rich and healthy, stimulates and puts new life into the sluggish worn-out organs, and thus relieves the system of all poisonous accumulations.

Mr. Joseph Pollak, of Due West, S. C., writes: "I had Catarrh, which became so deep-seated that I was entirely deaf in one ear, and all inside of my nose, including part of the bone, was touched off. When the physician gave me up as incurable, I determined to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and began to improve at once. It seemed to get to the cause of the disease, and after a few weeks treatment I was entirely cured, and for more than seven years have had no sign of the disease."

S. S. S. is made of roots, herbs and barks of wonderful tonic and purifying properties. It is the only vegetable blood purifier known, and a certain and safe cure for all blood troubles. Send for our book on Blood and Skin Diseases, and at the same time write our physicians about your case. They will cheerfully give you any information or advice wanted. We make no charge for this.

From the national apple shippers' recent convention comes the estimate that the apple crop this year will be the largest in the history of the United States, exceeding that of 1899, when 60,000,000 barrels were gathered.

South and East

—VIA—

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

SHASTA ROUTE

Trains leave Dallas for Portland and way stations at 10:00 a. m. except Sundays.

Leave Portland 8:30 a. m., 7:15 p. m.
Leave Salem 11 a. m., 9:30 p. m.
Arrive Ashland 12:35 a. m., 11:30 a. m.
Arrive Medford 1:35 a. m., 12:30 a. m.
Arrive San Francisco 7:40 p. m., 8:35 a. m.

Arrive Oreg. 5:45 a. m., 11:15 a. m.
Arrive Vancouver 10:00 a. m.
Arrive Astoria 6:30 a. m., 2:30 a. m.
Arrive Clatsop 7:45 a. m., 9:30 a. m.

Arrive Los Angeles 1:30 p. m., 7:00 a. m.
Arrive Portland 6:30 a. m., 6:00 p. m.
Arrive City of Mex. 9:55 a. m., 9:55 a. m.
Arrive Houston 4 a. m., 9:45 a. m.
Arrive New Orleans 5 p. m., 10:35 p. m.
Arrive Washington 6:45 a. m., 6:45 a. m.
Arrive New York 12:45 p. m., 12:45 p. m.

Portland and Toronto cars on both tri-weekly runs Sacramento to Oreg. and El Paso, a daily train to Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington.

Connecting at San Francisco with regular steamship lines for Honolulu, Japan, China, Philippines, India and South Africa.

For Over Fifty Years.

An old and well tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. It is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind.

In proportion to population, North Berwick is said to be the wealthiest town in Scotland. It has an annual value of real property per inhabitant of about \$50.

Japanese swords have the high temper of the famous Damascus blades without their wonderful flexibility.

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and find it to be a great medicine," says Mr. E. S. Phillips, of Boston, Arkansas. "I could not do a day's work, I cannot speak to highly of it." The remedy always wins the good opinion of its best users, which is a great testimonial. For sale by A. K. Wilson.

CORVALLIS MAIL DAILY

(Except Sunday)

9 A. M. Lv.	Portland	Ar. 5:50 P. M.
10:30 A. M. Lv.	Corvallis	Ar. 1:14 P. M.
1:30 P. M. Lv.	Corvallis	Ar. 12:30 P. M.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Great Central and Eastern railroads.

DALLAS PASSENGER.

Daily, Except Sunday.

10 P. M. Lv.	Portland	Ar. 9:30 A. M.
9 P. M. Lv.	Dallas	Ar. 6:40 A. M.

YAMHILL DIVISION.

Passenger service, four times a week.

AIR MAIL—THU-WED-FRI.

Leave 8:35 a. m.	Portland	Arrive 2:00 p. m.
Leave 5:30 p. m.	Dallas	Arrive 8:25 a. m.
Leave 5:30 p. m.	Albion	Leave 7:30 a. m.

See L. N. Woods, agent at Dallas station or address C. H. MERRIAM, G. P. O., Portland, Oreg.

Their Business.

Gas Man—Hello, Tom, what are you doing these days?

Pork Packer—I'm in the meat business. What are you doing?

Gas Man—I go you one degree better. I'm in the meter business.—Detroit Free Press.

Speech and Blow.

That is what you can do when you have a star in the head. The way to cure this disease is to purify the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine cures and heals the inflamed surface, rebuilds the delicate tissues and permanently cures Catarrh by expelling from the blood the poisonous toxins upon which it depends. Be sure to get Hood's.

The non-irritating ointment—Hood's Pills.

Mr. Bryan Free From Bitterness.

Mr. Bryan's campaign utterances have so far been distinguished by strength, moderation and thoughtfulness. He is devoid of bitterness, and while keen to expose the weak points of his opponents, he is careful to do so simply as a thinker and a debater, with none of the offensiveness that has characterized the speeches of one of the Republican campaign star performers.

BAD COLDS.

Quinine is ten years behind. Colicoid now has to be replaced, besides Dynamite Tablets (called dynamite in the U. S. A.), which is the only remedy in 12 hours, and about the best of colds ever night.

"It was the worst case of grip I ever had. A half dozen friends had one cure. Still I hung on. Heard of the Dynamite Tablets. In my amazement I set myself to work and cold the first night. I ordered and recommended them to the doctor. Dr. J. J. Haines, ex-member congress and attorney, 341 Sansome street, San Francisco, only 1909.

"Winter colds have always been serious things to me. They are hard and stay for months. But the last was stopped suddenly by Dynamite Tablets. Both cough and cold disappeared in a couple of days. Nothing else has done this for me since. Mrs. Emma L. Hall, 14 Main street, San Francisco, August 16, 1909.

"I live across the street from a fine Medical Dispensary and saw the ads. For a few I tried them. They stood with me until, well, I took a dose. Next day I was all right and the next night I was home. I'll never forget it. I'll send you a testimonial. —H. L. Van Winkle, capitalist, 207 Washington street, San Francisco, August 16, 1909.

Send postpaid for 50 cents in stamps by INLAND PAY CO., 204 Washington street, San Francisco. Also on sale by our local agents, A. W. Wilson.

RIPAN'S TABULES

Doctors find

A Good Prescription

For mankind

Ten for five cents at Drugists, Grocers, Restaurants, Saloons, News-Stands, General Stores and Barbers Shops. They break pain, induce sleep and relieve suffering. Give relief! No matter what the matter, we will relieve you. The sample and one thousand tablets sent by mail to any address on receipt of city.

Prepared by the Ripian Chemical Co., 10 Spruce St., New York City.

Notice of Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT J. E. COOPER and N. M. COOPER, the surviving co-trustees of the late and testament of SASKIA COOPER, deceased, have filed their final account as such trustees in the county court of Polk county, Oregon, and that they have, by the 23rd day of December, 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, by a court order, sold every cent of said estate, to-wit: the real estate, to-wit: J. E. Silvey, judge of said court, so the time and place for the hearing of objections hereto, final account and the settlement thereof.

J. E. COOPER, N. M. COOPER, Trustees.

Executors of the last will and testament of SASKIA COOPER, deceased.

J. E. COOPER, attorney for said estate. Dated October 23rd, 1909.

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Arrive Washington 6:45 a. m., 6:45 a. m.
Arrive New York 12:45 p. m., 12:45 p. m.

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