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Radio activity treatments are real nerve vitalizers—they thrill the brain and body with real strength and vitality, making old folks young again. They renew ambition and courage when life just drags along, and clear up dull, muddled brains and body. When your thoughts come hard, your muscles and nerves go weak, and you feel as if you were "losing your grip." Radio treatments renew your nerve force and bring back your vigor and vim.

The joy of perfect digestion, perfect circulation, perfect health. Every nerve and every fiber of your whole body awakens through this wonderful Radio Therapy. Feel the exhilirating thrill of youth—make every muscle and function in your body fairly teem and tingle with new Force and Energy. Trembling, nervous prostration and that tired feeling vanish after a treatment of Radio Therapy.

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"Because one billion people in this world say that a thing is a lie, and but one person claims it is the truth, it does not follow that the billion are right."

Hundreds of years ago Galileo claimed that the world was round and revolved. A billion called him a maniac. Near the middle of the last century Morse said that it would be possible to send messages over a wire by means of electricity. A billion called him a fraud. Bell, in our own time said that soon the sound of the human voice could be transmitted from New York to San Francisco, and Bell was branded a dreamer. Marconi's prediction that a telegraphic message could be flashed over the trackless miles of sea separating Japan from San Francisco without wires was hailed as the joke of the century. Those who talked years ago of automobiles and cable roads and electric tractions were smiled at.

Who was right and sane, the billion or the one man?

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"THE VALIANTS OF VIRGINIA"

BY HALLIE ERMINE RIVES.
Copyright, 1912, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
(Continued from last week.)

"You closed it yourself," she answered quickly.

"Maybe. But for whatever reason, it closed. And you call this dull—dull? Why, my life seems never to have had real interest before!"

"I'm so glad you think that! You are so utterly different from what I imagined you!"

"I could never have imagined you," he said, "never."

"I must be a terrible outre."

"You are so many women in one. When I listened to your harp playing I could scarcely believe it was the same you I saw galloping across the fields that morning. Now you are a different woman from both of those."

As she looked at him her lips curled corner-wise, her foot slipped on the sheer edge of the turf. She swayed toward him and he caught her, feeling for a sharp instant the adorable nearness of her body. It ridged all his skin with a creeping delight. She recovered her footing with an exclamation, and turned back somewhat abruptly to the porch where she seated herself on the step, drawing her filmy skirt aside to make a place for him. There was a moment of silence which he broke.

"That exquisite serenade you were playing! You know the words, of course,"

"They are more lovely, if possible, than the score. Do you care for poetry?"

"I've always loved it," he said. 'I've been reading some lately—a little old-fashioned book I found at Damory Court. It's 'Lucile.' Do you know it?"

"Yes. It's my mother's favorite."

He drew it from his pocket. "So I've got it here. It's marked, too."

He opened it, to close it instantly—not, however, before she had put out her had and laid it, palm down, on the page. "That rose! Oh, let me have it!"

"Never!" he protested. "Look here. When I put it between the leaves, I did so at random. I didn't see till now that I had opened it at a marked passage."

"Let us read it."

He leaned and held the leaf to the light from the doorway and the two heads bent together over the text.

A sound fell behind them and both turned. A slight figure, in a soft gray gown with old lace at the throat, stood in the doorway behind them. John Valiant sprang to his feet.

"Ah, Shirley, I thought I heard voices. Is that you, Chilly?"

"It's not Mr. Lusk, mother," said Shirley. "It's our new neighbor, Mr Valiant."

As he bent over the frail hand murmuring the conventional words that presentations are believed to require, Mrs Dandridge sank into a deep cushioned chair. "Won't you sit down?" she said. He noticed that she did not look directly at him, and that her face was as pallid as her hair.

"Thank you," said John Valiant, and resumed his place on the lower step.

Shirley, who had again seated herself, suddenly laughed, and pointed to the book, which lay between them. "Imagine what we were doing, dearest! We were reading 'Lucile' together."

She saw the other winch, and the deep, dark eyes lifted, as if under compulsion, from the book-cover to Valiant's face. He was startled by Shirley's cry and the suden limp unconscious settling back into the cushions of the fragile form.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
Night.

A quicker breeze was stirring as John Valiant went back along the Red Road. It brushed the fraying clouds from the sky, leaving it a pale gray-blue, sprinkled with wan stars. He had waited in the garden at Rosewood till Shirley, aided by Emmaline and with Ranston's anxious face hovering in the background, having performed those gentle office which a woman's fainting spell requires, had come to reassure him and to say good night.

The road seemed no longer dark; it swam before him now in a soft winged mistiness with here and there an occasional cedar thrusting grotesquely above huddled cobble-wall and black-lined rail-fence. As he went, her form swam before him. The texture of each shadowy bush seemed that gauzy drapery, sprayed with lillies-of-the-valley, and the leaves syllabled her name in cautious whispers. That brief touch of her, when he had caught her in his arms, lingered, as the memory of the harp music on his iner ear, pricking his senses like fine musk, a thing of soft new pulses flashing over him like spurts of vapor.

As he threw off his coat in the bedroom he had chosen for his own, he felt the hard corner of "Lucile" in the pocket, and drawing it out, laid it on the table by the bedside. He seemed to feel again the tingle of his cheek where a curing strand of her coppery hair had sprung against it when her head had bent beside his own to read the marked lines. By now, perhaps, that riotous crown was all unbound and falling redly about her shoulders, those shoulders no longer peeping from a weave of lillies but draped in virginal white. Perhaps she knelt now by her silk-covered bed, warming the coverlid with her breast, her down-bent face above her locked palms. What did she pray for, he wondered. As a child, his own prayers had been comprehensive ones. Even the savages who lived at Wishing-House and their innumerable offspring had been regularly included in those petitions.

When he had undressed he sat an hour in the candle-blaze, a dressing gown thrown over his shoulders, striving vainly to recreate that evening call, to remember her every word and look and movement. For a breath her face would flush suddenly before him, like a living thing; then it would mysteriously fade and elude him, though he clenched his hands on the arms of his chair in the fierce mental effort to recall it. Only the intense blue of her eyes, the tawny sweep of her hair—these and the touch of her, the consciousness of her warm and vivid fragrance, remained to wrap all his senses in a mist woven of gold and fire.

Shirley, meanwhile, had sat some time beside her mother's bed, leaning from a white chintz-covered chair, her anxiety only partially allayed by reassurances, now and then stooping to lay her young cheek against the delicate arm in its lacy sleeve or to pass her hand lovingly up and down its outline, noting with a recurrent passion of tenderness the transparency of the skin with its violet veining and the shadows beneath thec losed eyes. Emmaline, moving on soft-shod feet about the dim room, at length had wispered:

"You go tuh baid, honey. I stay wid Mis' Judith till she go tuh sleep."

"Yes, go, Shirley," said her mother. "Haven't I any privileges at alll? Ca'nt I even faint when I feel like it, without calling out the fire-brigade? You'll pamper me to death and heaven knows I don't need it."

"You won't let me telephone for Doctor Southall?"

"Certainly not!"

"And you are sure it is nothing but the roses?"

"Why, what else should it be?" said her mother almost pevishly "I must really have the arbors thinned out. On heavy nights it's positively overpowering. Go along now, and we'll talk about it tomorrow. I can ring if I want anything."

In her own room Shirley undressed thoughtfully. There was between her and her mother a fine tenuous bond of sympathy and feeling as rare, perhaps as it was lovely. She cvould not remember when the other had not been a semi-invalid, and her earliest childhood recollections were punctuated with the tap of the little cane. To-night's sudden indisposition had shocked and disturbed her; to faint at a rush of perfume seemed to suggest a growing weakness that was alarming. Tomorrow, she told herself, she would send Ranston with a wagon load of the roses to the hospital at Charlottesville.

She slipped on a pink shell-shaped dressing-gown of slinky silk with a riot of azaleas scattered in the weave, and then, dragging a chair before the open window, drew aside the curtain and began to brush her hair. She parted the lustrous mass with long sweeps of her white arm, forward first over one shoulder, then over the other. The silver brush smoothed the lighter ashen ripples that netted and fretted into a fine amber lace, till they lay, a rich warm mahogany like red earth. The coppery whorls eddied and merged themselves, showing underglints of russet and dun-gold, curling and clasping in flame-tinted furrows like a living field of gold under a silver harow. Outside the window the stars lay on the lapis-lazuli sky like white flower petals on still deep water, and in the pasture across the hedges she could see the form of Selim, her chustnut hunter, standing ghostly, like an equine sentinel.

When that shimmering glory lay in two thick braids against her shoulders, Shirley rose with a sigh and went to her writing-desk, where lay her diary. But she was in no mood to write, and she turned from it, frowning a little, with the reflection that she had not written in it since the night of the cape jessamines.

All at once her gaze fell upon the floor, and she shrank backward from a twisting-thread-like thing whose bright saffron-yellow glowed sharply against the dark carpet. She saw in an instant, however, that it was nothing more dangerous than a fragment of love-vine from the garden, which had clung to her skirt She picked up the tiny mass of tendrils and with a slow smile tosed it over her right shoulder throught the window. "If it takes root," she said aloud "my sweetheart loves me." She leaned from the sill to peer down into the misty garden, but could not follow its fall.

Long ago her visitor would have reached Damory Court. She had a vision of him wandering. candle in hand, through the empty, echoing rooms, looking at the voiceless portraits on the walls, thinking, perhaps, of his father, of the fatal duel of which he had neyer known. She liked the way he had spoken of his father!

Or, maybe he was sitting in the lonely library, with some volume from its shelves on his knees. She pictured Uncle Jefferson fetching his pipe and jar of tobacco and striking the match on his broad foot to light it. She remembered one of the old darky's sayings: "Er man ain' nachally no angel, but 'thouten terbacker, Ah reck'n he be pizen-ugly ernuf ter giv de Ban Man de toof-ache!" In that instant her when her cheek had touched his rough tweed jacket, she had been sensible of that woodsy pipy fragrance.

A vivid flush swept up her face and with a sudden gesture she caught her open palms to her cheek. With what a daring softness his eyes had hazed as they looked down at her under his crisp waying hair. Why was the memory of that look so sharply sweet?

As she leaned, out of the stillness there came to her a mellow sound. It was the bell of the courthouse in the village. She counted the strokes falling clearly or faintly as the sluggish breeze ebbed or swelled. It was eleven. She drew back, dropped the curtain to shut out the wan glimmer, and in the darkness crept into the soft bed as if into a hiding-place.

(To be continued.)

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POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER

The Biggest and Best Paper in Polk County

NEW METHOD OF CURING PILES

And Fistula as Used by Dr. Toel, the Chicago Specialist, Now in Dallas.

The routine treatment for piles as used by most physicians and surgeons is either to tie them off with a string, or an elastic ligature, and let them drop off by mortification of the portion tied. This method causes intense pain and often is the cause of blood poisoning, the products of the mortification being absorbed by the system; or the piles are cut away with the knife and the wound sewed up over it. This method has often the disadvantage of considerable loss of blood from enlarged veins, and the danger of blood poisoning from a sewed up wound in the rectum which is very hard to make aseptic, the faeces passing constantly over it, and even when sewed up, tearing a small space apart and infecting the fresh wound. The method of injecting piles with carbolated oil and other similar substances has, in a number of cases, caused sudden death, the oil gobules getting into the circulation and clogging up the blood vessels in the lungs. Injecting substances that coagulate the blood into blood vessels is always dangerous.

Dr. Toel has for 30 years used a method by means of electricity, which avoids all these dangers.

The pile tumors are removed in a few minutes without the loss of a drop of blood. As there are no open blood vessels and lymphatic vessels left to become infected, there is no danger of blood poisoning; the patient is not weakened by the loss of blood as in a knife operation; there is very seldom any pain after the operation, while the operation itself extremely seldom requires chlorform or ether, which he uses only if the pile tumors are extremely large and there are very many of them.

The routine treatment for bleeding piles and flat pile growths as used by most physicians and surgeons is to apply nitric acid in the fuming state to the growths. Anybody can imagine how intense and long continued the pain would be from such a procedure. Aside from this, it is hard to limit the effects of a fluid caustic which often destroys far more than necessary.

Dr. Toel uses three different methods as they may seem best suited to each case. In the first he uses the same method as in pile tumors, destroying the piles instantly. This is the best suited to cases where there are only a few well-localized pile growths. In the second method where the pile growths are all around the circumference of the bowel, Dr. Toel destroys them by an electric current of low voltage, or brings them to absorption by a current of very high voltage. Both these methods are practically painless and are free from danger of blood poisoning, while of course there is not the slightest loss of blood.

The routine treatment for fistula as used by most physicians and surgeons is either to cut them with a knife or scissors, or to string an elastic ligature through them and tie this, thus severing the outside of the fistulous canal by mortification. The cutting method has the danger of all such operations of loss of blood and blood poisoning, also requiring chloroform or ether. The elastic ligature method has the danger of blood poisoning and the intense pain from the slowly contracting ligature. Aside from this, both methods that fork off from the main canal of the fistula; but how of the many branches, blind canals that fork off fro mthe main canal and of which Dr. Toel once found 37 in a case of fistula?

When using cutting instruments the flow of blood obscures them, they cannot be found and in a short time form a new fistula. In using the elastic ligature they cannot even be seen. In both methods the lining of the fistula is not destroyed and usually forms a new fistula in a short time.

The electric method as used by Dr. Toel for 30 years, causes no loss of blood, there is no danger of blood poisoning, as the blood vessels are all sealed up during the process of the operation; the pus-forming lining of the fistula is entirely destroyed and as there is no blood to obscure the openings of the many branches forking off from the main canal, these can be found and destroyed one after the other. There is no pain after the operation, and only in the most severe cases where there are many branches is it necessary to use chloroform or ether.

If you have not seen the Dallas Itemizer of April 9th, 16th and 23rd, get it, and read about Dr. Toel's cure of cancers and bloodless electrical operations performed by him in Dallas.

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Patients from out of the city wishing to consult him must inform him before hand by letter or telephone of the time of arrival of their trains to make sure that they can be seen the same day. adv

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Polk.

Mary L. Simonton, George Lafayette Baskett, Edith F. Reynolds, Eithel E. Headrick, J. P. Frizzell, Curtis P. Cross and Veda M. Cross, plaintiffs, vs. George T. Boothby, William W. Boothby, Jane C McFarland, Mary E. Gwin, Permelia A. Bradley, Reason T. Boothby, Mary C. Ream, Caroline C. Edwards, Fannie E. Hill, T. Edgar Dennis, Margaret F. Boone, Max Haley, Arthur J. Haley, Adrio C. Haley, Eldon M. Haley, Mrs. S. J. Donaldson, Frank Haley, Nettie Louisa Jasper-McGuire, Maud Lois Jasper-Jones, Thomas H. Jasper, George C. Jasper, Harry W. Boothby and Guy Boothby, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest n the real estate described in the complaint herein, defendants.

To Mary C Ream, Caroline C. Edwards, Fannie E. Hill, T. Edgar Dennis, Margaret F. Boone, Max Haley, Mrs. S. J. Donaldson, Nettie Louisa Jasper-McGuire, Maud Lois Jasper-Jones, Thomas H. Jasper and George C. Jasper, Harry W. Boothby and Guy Boothby and all above named defendants:

In the name of the Sate of Oregon, you and each of you are required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer the said complaint, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, to-wit: for a decree against you and each of you, that you have no interest or estate in, of or to the following described premises, to-wit: The Wst half of the Southeast quarter of the Northeast quarter of Section ten (10) in Township seven (7) South of Range four (4) West of the Willamette Meridian, and containing 20 acres, more or less, all situated in Polk County, Oregon; that the plaintiffs are the owners in fee simple, as tenants in common of such premises, and their title be forever quieted; that each of you be forever perpetually barred and enjoined from hereafter asserting any claim, interest or estate in, of or to said premises or any part thereof adverse to the said estate of the plaintiffs; and you will also take notice that this summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Polk County Itemizer, a weekly newspaper published at Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, for six weeks, pursuant to an order of the Hon. J. B. Teal, County Judge of Polk County, Oregon, made at Chambers, at Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, on the 30th day of July, 1914; and that the date of the first publication of this summons is the 6th day of August 1914, and the date of the last publication thereof will be on the 17th day of September, 1914.

JOHN BAYNE,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

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