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We want all kinds of farm produce, turkeys, flocks, geese, potatoes, apples, carrots, rutabagas, turnips, every kind of garden truck.  
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"Fighting the Beef Trust"  
PORTLAND, OREGON

The confidence felt by farmers and gardeners in Ferry's Seeds to-day would have been impossible to feel in any seeds two score of years ago. We have made a science of seed growing.  
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D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

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There are work bags made of turtles. Would anything be odder? And yet they are not unattractive, queer as they sound. The shell of the turtle is lined with some gay silk, and the tail is pulled over and inserted in the mouth, then used as a handle. They make nice sewing baskets, and will undoubtedly appeal to the lovers of the eccentric.  
TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY  
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. One is as good as ten if it fails to cure. It is W. D. FERRY'S signature on each box. 25c.

Hurts Mrs. Newlywed.  
It pains a girl terribly after she is married to discover that her husband really prefers corned beef and cabbage to those delightful little chafing dish things.

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Thorough, practical and unlimited course. We assist students to secure positions as chauffeurs, repairmen, etc. Write  
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COFFEE, TEA, SPICES, BAKING POWDER, EXTRACTS, JUST RIGHT  
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**I Can Sell it QUICK for CASH!**  
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Noble, Frustrated, Cured, Only authentic Keeley in Palestine Methods and cost, perfected office equipment sent on time and your money.  
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**ALL THIS WORK IS GUARANTEED.**  
Don't throw your money away. A dollar saved is two dollars earned. Our original reliable Modern Painless Methods and our perfected office equipment sent on time and your money.  
**BOSTON DENTISTS, 5th & Morrison, Portland**  
Opposite 221st Main, opposite Forester and Union Sts.  
Established in Portland 10 years. Open evenings until 9 and Sundays until 12:30 for people who work.

## SERIAL STORY

### An Heir to Millions

By Frederick Reddall  
Author of "The Other Man" etc.  
Illustrations by Ray Walters

(Copyright by J. B. Lippincott Co.)  
SYNOPSIS.

Andy Melece, aged millionaire miner, is dying and orders a will drawn up leaving all his property to the son of a sister, of whom he has heard nothing for years, and whose married name he does not know. Melece was married years before, but left his wife after a quarrel, in which she and their daughter were dead. The scene shifts to New York, introducing Wilfrid Stennis, who is telling his fiancée, Eunice Trevecca, what he would do if he were the possessor of wealth. In the law office of Carbo, Passavant & Carbo, attorneys for the estate of Melece, Roger Hews reports the result of his search for heirs of Melece. He conveys the fact that he has discovered that Melece's daughter is living. Wilfrid Stennis replies to an advertisement for information concerning his dead mother, Martha Melece, and is told that he is the heir to Andy Melece's millions.

#### CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"You see you were right, after all, dearest," said Wilfrid to Eunice after imparting to her in detail his wonderful news: "It was uncle Andrew!"

He had gone to her at once, feeling that he must confide in somebody or his brain would burst. And who so willing a listener as the girl of his heart?

The winter twilight was shutting in; old Trevecca was not yet come home; the lamp was still unlighted, and they twain had the shabby parlor to themselves.

Eunice ignored the passing tribute to her superior insight. Her woman's vision was leaping far ahead, and although the affianced couple sat hand in hand, and Wilfrid was the same dear, unaffected fellow as of yore, tenderly affectionate and lover-like, Eunice felt the intangible and impending shadow of a new element in their relations. But she could not as yet define it or put her thoughts into words. She must thresh it out by herself. For neither had there as yet been sufficient time to fully adjust themselves to the novel situation.

"I'm so glad, for your sake, Wilfrid," she answered; "it is what you have always wished. Do you remember our talk in this very room a little while ago, and the wonderful air-castles you planned?" Wilfrid chuckled boyishly. "Now you can go ahead and build them all!"

"Rather say that we'll build them together!" he exclaimed loyally. "What's mine is yours, you know." He meant every word he said, but Eunice shook her head.

"What does that mean?" inquired Wilfrid, drawing her to him so that her head nestled on his shoulder. "Do you imagine that any amount of money can make any difference in my love for you? Why, my Eunice is worth a dozen fortunes!"

The girl suffered his caresses, and it was inexpressibly sweet to hear him talk in that strain, but there was an ominous tugging at her heartstrings. However, she would not play the part of a kill-joy at such a time.

"Thank you, Wilfrid," she said simply. "I know you mean it, and it is very dear and lovely of you to come to me first of all with the good news. I want you always to remember this, Wilfrid—that whatever happens my love for you can never, never change!"

"Nothing's going to come between us, anyway!" affirmed Wilfrid confidently, sealing his words with a kiss, and stifling her negative. Before Eunice could make any further reply John Trevecca came in, and the wonderful tale had to be gone over again for his especial benefit.

"Oh, lad, but it's a wort o' money! Whatever will 'ee do w' it?" Wilfrid laughed gayly. "Why, Eunice and I are going to build castles with some of it."

"And which one will 'ee live in?" queried the old man, taking him literally.

"Let me tell you one thing," said the impulsive Wilfrid; "wherever we are, you are going to be with us and share our good fortune."

"Nay, nay, lad. It's kindly meant, and I thank ye; but a million a year! I couldn't live up to it at my age! I'll just bide here."

It was characteristic of the simple nature of young Stennis that he went to his desk downtown the next morning as though nothing had happened overnight. In fact, on waking he found it almost impossible to realize his changed position. To his boarding-house the news had not yet penetrated, but when he arrived at the store he found the tidings ahead of him. Most of the morning dalles had more or less lengthy accounts, for Horatio Passavant had sent for the reporters, apparently creating the impression that the newly-fledged mil-

lionaire was under his protecting wing. The head of Stennis' firm came to his desk at the instant he was opening the big ledger as usual. "We certainly did not expect to see you here this morning, Mr. Stennis. Let me congratulate you most heartily! Of course, you'll be leaving us soon?"

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Wilfrid, blushing and embarrassed. "But you see, sir, I haven't had time to get used to the thing yet, and if you don't mind I should like to hang on here for awhile, anyhow."

"Certainly—just as you please." The elder man could appreciate the lad's feelings. Not so his fellow employes, who all that day and for the few days that Wilfrid did remain at his old post seemed lost in amazement that any fellow with a million dollars a year coming in should want to work at all.

But, naturally, the hour came around when Wilfrid Stennis balanced his final column of figures, and hung up his threadbare office-coat for the last time. Gradually his mind adjusted itself to the new state of affairs, but the circumstance that helped most to bring him to his bearings was the announcement by Mr. Carbo that there stood to his credit in the Chemical bank a deposit of half a million dollars "just for present needs," the lawyer at the same time handing him a bank-book and a check-book. Then, and then only, Wilfrid Stennis felt that he had really come into his kingdom.

At once he did something for which he always thanked his good angel in after years. He rode uptown to Tiffany's, and selecting for Eunice a marquis ring composed of opals and diamonds, drew his first check to pay for it—a check that ran into four fat figures.

"It's the first of the money I've touched, dearest," he said as he placed the ring on her finger above the little engagement token she already wore. All tears and happy smiles, the girl threw her arms about his neck, exclaiming:

"Nothing you could have done would have pleased me more, you dear, thoughtful fellow! It is far too handsome for me, but I shall always love it and wear it."

In the ensuing early days Wilfrid was more than a little perplexed as to what changes he should make in his mode of life. He soon discovered what was evidently expected of him through an avalanche of circulars from house-agents, tailors, haberdashers, florists, cigar and wine merchants, picture-dealers, horse-marts, and carriage manufacturers, all bespeaking his custom and patronage, to say nothing of begging letters by the gross. Even a so-called College of Heraldry offered to furnish a crest and a coat of arms—for a stiff consideration in cash.

His boarding-house became simply unendurable on this account and because of the notoriety he had already gained. So by Eunice's advice he went to a good hotel, "until he could settle himself in a suitable suite of bachelor apartments," she added.

"But what do I want with a bachelor apartment?" he asked in wonder. "What I would like to do is to get married at once, and then we can look about for a proper home."

To this proposition she demurred resolutely, nor could he dislodge her. The utmost concession he found it possible to extort was that she would marry him in a year from that time—if he asked her. Pressed for a reason, she at first sheltered herself behind the feminine "because," but, driven into a corner at last, said that she wished him to enjoy his freedom under the new conditions; that he must go into gay society and see the world;—and much more to the same effect.

Finding the girl immovable, and, moreover, tactfully confirmed in her decision by wise old John Trevecca, Wilfrid rather ruefully took her counsel as to the bachelor suite. In the selection of this and many other necessary adjuncts to his new environment he found Mr. Passavant's advice of great assistance. Phineas Carbo, having returned to San Francisco.

"Everything depends upon the manner in which you start out, my dear boy," said his portly mentor with a return to the paternal manner. "In your position you cannot afford to ally yourself with anything but the very best, from your shoemaker to your valet. You must have a man, of course, and a secretary; send the applicants to me; I will sift them for you. You should have at least two equipages for town use—a harness and a brougham, with suitable horses for saddle and harness. Do you ride or drive, Mr. Stennis?"

No, Mr. Stennis neither rode nor drove; in fact, he knew or cared very little about horses.

"Ah, then, there my daughter can be of service; she is accounted a very fine horsewoman and one of the best judges of horseflesh in the city. But you young people can talk that over together. You will naturally take an interest in all gentlemanly sports—every man of means and leisure does; but it will do no harm if you are positively identified with some particular pastime, even to the extent of making it a fad. May I inquire what is your favorite diversion?"

"Yachting, by all means," said Wilfrid.

"Excellent! Could not be better!" exclaimed Mr. Passavant. "None but a man of large resources can—ah—indulge in yachting to any extent."

"I am thinking of building a boat," said Wilfrid diffidently. "What would you advise?"

"The very thing, my boy; engage the most expensive designer and the most famous builder, and your reputation is made. An excellent notion—ah!"

"Really, my dear," said the lawyer in narrating this little Chesterfieldian episode to Clara, "I begin to have hopes of young Stennis; he is most tractable and receptive to—ah—sensible ideas."

So it came about that the rather blasé Clara anticipated with no little interest her first meeting with the new man.

Stennis had never before owned a visiting-card or donned a dresscoat, but when he stepped forward to greet her, in response to her father's introduction, as he entered the drawing room, she decided in one sweeping glance that he was irreproachable at least in costume and manners, even if the latter were a trifle nervous.

At the proper moment he offered his arm to take her in to dinner. Inwardly he was greatly perturbed, for he realized that he was on view; but Clara Passavant excelled in social tact, and, taking a liking to him from the start, before the soup was removed he was chatting with her completely at his ease. The dinner passed off quite successfully on the whole, for by dint of keeping a careful watch on what the others did he was able to avoid any glaring blunders, albeit rather bewildered at the multiplicity of glasses, and wondering at the possible correct uses of the different styles and sizes of knives and forks and spoons. But he committed no solecisms; he took wine sparingly; his little errors might even have been ascribed to a somewhat different geographical environment by those not cognizant of his social pedigree.

"He will do!" thought Clara Passavant, and put forth all her mature powers to fascinate and dazzle her father's guest—in which aim she completely succeeded, for there is nothing more dangerous to a young man's peace of mind than a beautiful, well-gowned, and well-mannered woman of the world in full evening attire. And Clara was all of these things. Moreover, she could be engagingly gracious when she chose—and from this night on she did choose.

She found Wilfrid quickly and even cleverly responsive to the touch-and-go topics of current conversation and remarkably well-informed as to general knowledge. In truth, he was a better-educated man than her father, so far as wide and desultory reading was concerned; he had been nicknamed "the walking encyclopedia" in the old days of office and boarding-house life. Yet his mental bill-of-fare was like a "picked-up" dinner—it contained a little of everything. But if he had only known it in those early days as he came to know it later, so early this was rather in his favor than otherwise. Society, with a capital prefix, prefers to be amused rather than instructed, and barely tolerates the man who knows enough to see its blunders and not enough to keep still about them.

#### HE'S HIS OWN GRANDFATHER

**Man Whose Father Married His Stepdaughter Is Brother to His Own Son.**

Lebanon, O.—Asserting he is his own grandfather and a brother to his own son, Richard Connell arrived here to spend several weeks with friends. He was formerly a Warren county resident and is well known by older residents.

"I will tell you how it is," said Connell, in explaining his strange relationships. "You see, I met a young widow in Iowa by the name of Sarah Minor, and we were married. She had a stepdaughter. Then my father met our stepdaughter and married her. That made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law and made my stepdaughter my stepmother and my father became my stepson."

"Then my stepmother, the stepdaughter of my wife, had a son. That boy was my brother, of course, because he was my father's son, but he was also my son and my wife's stepdaughter and therefore her grandson. That made me grandfather of my step-  
brother."

"Then my wife had a son. My mother-in-law, the stepmother of my son, is also his grandmother, because he is her stepson's child. My father is the brother-in-law of my child, because my son's stepmother is my father's wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the child of my grandmother. I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, my son is my father's nephew, and I'm my own grandfather. So there you are."

#### BALD HEADS ARE IN FAVOR

**Women Seem to Prefer Men Who Appear Thoughtful and Kind by Loss of Hair.**

London.—There is hope and comfort for the bald-headed man. His baldness is not a disfigurement, but a positive charm, to a pretty woman's eye. That at least is the theory of a well-known doctor, who has had ample opportunities of studying human nature. Just when he is beginning to note with anxiety the ever increasing patch of baldness on his head, that is the time he is entering upon the happiest period of his life.

"It is difficult to give an exact reason why the bald-headed man is so well liked by women," he says, "but in my experience the fact is indisputable. It may be because he appears to be: Thoughtful and kind. Trustworthy, sedate and confiding. Past the follies and frivolities of youth. Usually successful. A man of property."

"A doctor welcomes baldness when it comes to him, as a sign of sedateness and dignified learning, which invariably increases his practice."

#### Women Hid Tobacco in Bustles.

Ebensburg, Pa.—When Warden Kincaid of the county jail instituted a search through the women's department to learn where the tobacco and cigars were coming from, he made a startling discovery. A number of women wore bustles filled with fake tobacco, cigarette paper and matches. Still others had cloth "rats" in their hair, and they, too, were found full of "the makings."

#### KILL THE CATERPILLAR

**NOTED OCULIST SAYS THEY ARE VERY DANGEROUS.**

**They Shed Poisonous Hairs, Which Getting into the Eyes, Will Eventually Cause Blindness if Not Immediately Removed.**

New York.—After something like twenty-five years' study of the eye-  
affection known as ophthalmia nodosa, a celebrated oculist has discovered that it is caused by the presence of caterpillar-hairs in the eye. On these hairs are microscopic thorns and brushes which set up inflammation, attended by great swelling of the lid. As the presence of this foreign matter causes a copious flow of tears, the source of the trouble is very difficult of detection. If these hairs are not immediately removed they gradually become embedded in the inner part of the eye by the friction of the lid, and form small knots under the conjunctiva. From here they work their way into the rainbow skin and the lower layers in the apple of the eye, when the inflammation becomes so acute that it may even entirely destroy the apple of the eye itself. These dangerous caterpillars are known by the sufficiently formidable names of Bombyx and Cnethocampa processionea. It is also said that the poisonous matter contained in the hair of these insects is dangerous to the skin if permitted to come into contact with it, causing inflammation that may even lead to nettle-rash. Hence it may be gathered that the antipathy of the people living in the country to handle these creatures is founded on something more than mere superstition. Their observation has evidently preceded science; and, since these insects may be even more dangerous to human beings than they are to plants those who have anything to do with them cannot be too careful. As the poisonous hairs are sometimes shed by the caterpillars and float in the air, it is advisable that drastic measures should be adopted for their destruction immediately they make their appearance in garden shrubbery.

#### TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

For Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve, in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

#### A Budding Merchant.

The jeweler had left his new boy in charge of the store while he went home to his dinner, but not until he cautioned the youth that all the goods were marked and that he must not let anyone take goods with him unless they were paid for.

"Well, Sam," he asked upon his return, "did you have any customers?" "You bet!" said Sam, gleefully. "And I got his money, too! I sold one man all those brass rings you had that were marked 18c on the inside, and here's the money—a dollar and ninety-eight cents!"—Judge.

#### To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot Powder, cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet, urea corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Mumford, Le Roy, N. Y.

#### The Milk Tyranny.

As an article of diet milk is over-estimated. Man is the only animal who when grown to be adult drinks milk. The cow herself will not drink it except in rare instances. Many horses refuse it. In the wild, if the grown lion or elephant or fox were disposed to dispute with the youngsters for possession of the udder he could prevail and rob the sucklings till the race perished.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate, stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

#### A Nest for Baby.

A large choice basket lined and filled with a many-times folded blanket or large cushion makes a cozy nest for a baby, and in this the little one has room to lie and stretch his little limbs about. It makes a change from the cot, and the babe is more out of drafts in the basket than when lying on a hearthrug in front of the fire.

#### "FILL YOUR OWN TEETH"

If you have aching teeth or cavities and are too nervous for the dentist ordeal, try "Fill-O" the home dentist. At druggists or sent by mail for 50c. **FILL-O MFG. CO.,** SEATTLE, WASH. 51 Denver Bldg.

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\$5 per acre. 100-acre farms. We are just opening for sale at first cost 30,000-acre colony in the delta of Sonora River, Mexico, close to Gulf sea, and 29 hours' ride in a Pullman from Los Angeles. True Delta garden soil, unsurpassed for early oranges, lemons, peaches, wheat, corn, beans, cotton, broom corn and winter vegetables. FREE IRRIGATION. Good rainfall. Adjoining corn and bean fields. Personally inspected and approved by C. M. Wooster, who has bought 100 acres. Buy 100 acres and join a colony of select people in the best climate and richest land on earth. Send 2500 cash. Last and only chance to get such land. Title perfect. Write at once. C. M. WOOSTER CO., 705 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

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Duration: \$850 and on, including all necessary expenses aboard and ashore.  
Optional Tours of 7 DAYS IN INDIA, 14 DAYS IN JAPAN.  
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