

QUICK RESULTS Moderate Rates



We treat and cure quickly the following ailments, often getting good results after others fail:

RHEUMATISM, EPILEPSY, APPENDICITIS, ASTHMA, INSOMNIA, PNEUMONIA, NEURALGIA, HYSTERIA, ANAEMIA, CATARRH

and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and all Female Weaknesses. Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat troubles are quickly reached by our new methods and over 1100 satisfied patients testify to the permanent relief obtained from our treatment which may be taken at our sanitarium or office. For full particulars address or call on

DR. H. W. FREEZE,
308 Merchants Trust Bldg. PORTLAND, ORE.

DR. COOPERS COMPOUND DANDELION PILLS

are the safest and most reliable cathartic and system cleanser. The best remedy for Torpid Liver, Biliousness and Sick Headache.

At Druggists' or by Mail, 25 Cents

HOYT CHEMICAL CO., PORTLAND, OREGON

Mills College

NEAR OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

With the beginning of this year Mills College does only college work. There are no longer any Seminary courses.

The only Woman's College on the Pacific Coast. Chartered 1885, liberal climate, language and graduation requirements equivalent to those of Stanford and University of California. Well equipped laboratories. Grounds comprise one hundred and fifty acres. Special care for health and character. Pres. Lucia Clay Carson, A. M., LL. D., LL. D. For catalogue address Secretary, Mills College P. O., Calif.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY AND COLLEGE

For Girls. Conducted by the SISTERS OF THE HOLY NAMES OF JESUS AND MARY. Grades, Academic and Commercial. Music, Art, Elocution and Commercial. Dances, Resident and Day Students. Retired Moral and Intellectual Training. Write for Announcement. Address SISTER SUPERIOR, St. Mary's Academy, Portland.

St. Helens Hall

Resident and Day School for Girls in charge of Sisters of St. John Baptist (Episcopal). Collegiate, Academic and Elementary Departments. Music, Art, Elocution, Gymnastics. For catalogue address THE SISTER SUPERIOR, Office 35, St. Helens Hall.

FREE TO YOU.

A sample of Clover Leaf Catarrh Remedy, the best remedy ever offered for the treatment and relief of nasal catarrh and cold in the head. Ask your druggist for a free sample and if he has not it send to us with the name of your druggist and we will send it free. Sold by all druggists; price 50 cents. Prepared by Clover Leaf Pharmacy, Cloverdale, Cal.

DR. W. M. PFUNDERS CELEBRATED OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER

A Tonic, Alternative and Resolvent. The best remedy for Kidneys, Liver and Bowels. Eradicates Eruptions, Eruptions and Disorders of the Skin. Purifies the Blood and gives Tone, Strength and Vigor to the entire system.

Keeley ALCOHOL Cure

OPIMUM—TOBACCO Habits Positively Cured. Only authorized Keeley Institute in Oregon. Write for illustrated circular. KEELEY INSTITUTE, 71 E. 11th N.

BELMONT AUTO SCHOOL

You get the most thorough instruction in driving and practical auto work that can be produced, all at reasonable cost. Day, week, and term courses. Fully equipped machine shop and school room. Terms \$100 per week. BELMONT AUTO SCHOOL & GARAGE, East 23d and Harrison, Portland, Or.

BOYNTON FURNACES

Most economical and effective for house and school heating.
J. C. BAYER FURNACE CO.
Front and Market Sts. Portland, Or.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

PACIFIC COLLEGE OF CHIROPRACTIC

409 Commonwealth Bldg., Portland, Or.

Prospective students write for information. Open and private Clinic, morning, afternoon and evening. Invalids and others desiring skilled attendance should write for rooms to the College or

Greiner's Chiropractic Health Home

MATILDA M. GREINER, D. C., Superintendent.
775 1/2 Williams Avenue, Portland, Oregon

Trained nurses, skilled operators and the best Chiropractic advice in consultation in every case.

GOLDEN WEST

COFFEE, TEA, SPICES, BAKING POWDER, EXTRACTS, JUST RIGHT. (FRESHLY PREPARED) CLOSING & DRYERS. PORTLAND, ORE.

The Northern Sky

By Susanne Glenn

Jessie Jackson shivered and shrank into the corner of her seat. There was no other place in the crowded car.

A sharp wind bringing smoke and cinders, blew through the open window ahead of her. A dull sky outside was darkening over the raw spring day.

Warned by her chilled condition, the girl leaned toward the flord, austere individual before her.

"Will you not kindly close the window?" she asked in a soft voice of indescribable charm. "The wind is most uncomfortable."

The austere lady turned and looked with merciless scrutiny over the girl's neat, inexpensive attire.

"I cannot breathe in this oppressive atmosphere," she said, conclusively, and settled herself again in her place.

Tears came to the sad eyes, and the girl's heart yearned for the sunny skies and the joyous freedom of her old southern home. How could she endure this depressing northern sky that looked down so sullenly, these rushing, hurried, northern people who regarded her so indifferently? The smoldering fire under the gentle exterior of her nature flamed suddenly in a bitter hatred.

She felt drawn to her father's grave—the pathetic grave of a southern soldier under an alien sky—there to settle a question that was tormenting her heart.

As the train approached a station, the girl rose, resolved to obtain another seat if any were vacated. A sudden jerk of the car lurched her half across the aisle, and she would have fallen heavily had not a young man, coming in from the smoker at the rear, sprung to her assistance.

"Jessie!" he cried in wonderment, steadying her with his strong arm. And Jessie found herself looking reluctantly into the kindling eyes of Herbert Campbell.

"You are going up to Milford? So

Laden with the fragrant beauties, she made her way sadly to the humble corner where her father had been laid for his last, long rest. Already flags were fluttering in the crisp wind over the graves of the soldiers whose memory would be honored later in the day.

At sight of the spot, the girl's precious, costly burden dropped unheeded to the ground. The corner was sweet with delicate spring blossoms that crowded the place for room—the dear, old-fashioned things that used to bloom in the old Virginia garden. With a sob she dropped to her knees and buried her face among the tender leaves.

What if they were only humble lilies-of-the-valley, and tulips and hyacinths? A love and thoughtfulness and labor that no money could buy had planted them there for her sake. With their fragrance, she seemed to draw in a great, understanding lesson that healed her heart.

When she saw the solitary, tall figure across the quiet place, she knew she had expected him.

"Herbert," she said, holding out her hands.

He took them in silence, looking at her radiant face.

"I did not understand, dear," she smiled bravely. "I did not have faith enough to see beyond the material things, to see that you would love me for what I tried to do for you, not for what I succeeded in doing."

"My dear, my dear!" he whispered, holding her close.

She clung to him happily.

"I must not let you make a mistake—do anything you will regret, dear girl!"

"I am not afraid any more, Herbert. Wherever we are together is home, whether under cloud or sunshine!"

From the village came the sound of drum and life calling the pathetic remnant of veterans together.

"Father will be glad to know," she whispered, smiling tenderly, "that I dared to—"

"Face the music," finished the young man, happily.

A Monument Fund.

The meaneast man in town, having died and been duly buried, a bunch of his late acquaintances and neighbors were discussing the kind of party he was.

"We ought to raise a fund to build him a monument," one man suggested.

"Rats!" chorused the crowd in protest. "Who'd give anything to build him a monument?"

"Everybody would," insisted the first speaker. "We'd raise it by un-popular subscription."—Lippincott's.

Familiar.

But when, in token of his great love, he would have smothered her with kisses, she drew back.

"Sir," quoth she, coldly, "no familiarities!"

Yet even in that trying moment his presence of mind did not desert him. "If they are indeed familiarities to you, certainly not!" he retorted, and bowed ironically, after which, assuming an easy air, he betook himself off.—Puck.

Only a Part of It.

"You say she is a woman with a past. And does she deny it?"

"Only about two years of it."—Judge.

ately, "It is not you that I doubt, it is myself. I lack the courage!"

"You are afraid to—marry me?"

"Not afraid of you, dear boy, but afraid of the poverty, and of my inability to cope with it! We are so different. I do not know how to be a poor man's wife; it would be harder for you than for me! I do not know how to work or to manage; the other girls in our office live well with what keeps me poorly. It isn't that I do not try; it simply isn't possible to me. I would be willing to starve with you, or for you, Herbert, but I am not willing to keep you starving the rest of your life!"

Her voice had ceased to tremble. "But if I should prefer starving for you, to affluence without you?" he asked, quietly.

She drew back into the depth of the great coat, sobbing softly.

"It would be madness," she said at last. "I am going to end it all. I am going back south."

"You cannot go back there, to work!" he cried. "You have not considered."

"No, not to work," she murmured. "You mean," he hesitated, "there is another man?"

"Yes," very faintly.

"With money?"

"Yes."

The fingers he crushed in his own were ice. He withdrew his hand slowly, and there was a long silence.

"You will let me take you to my aunt?" he asked, as they neared the little station that was their destination.

"Oh, no!" She shivered in the warm coat.

"Then at least you must let me see you safely to the hotel."

The rush of chill air as they left the car, the dark, mean little street, the damp, dusty parlor were an unhappy dream to her. The clasp of his hands and his quiet, kindly good-bye left her dizzy and weak.

All night she lay upon her hard bed in miserable consciousness.

And though the grudging morning brought neither warmth nor sunlight, there came a big box of expensive flowers to her humble little room with the card of the man with money.

"Oh, I ought to be glad for them," she thought contritely, conscious of her indifference. "I must learn to accept the pleasures that come along my path."

Laden with the fragrant beauties, she made her way sadly to the humble corner where her father had been laid for his last, long rest. Already flags were fluttering in the crisp wind over the graves of the soldiers whose memory would be honored later in the day.

At sight of the spot, the girl's precious, costly burden dropped unheeded to the ground. The corner was sweet with delicate spring blossoms that crowded the place for room—the dear, old-fashioned things that used to bloom in the old Virginia garden. With a sob she dropped to her knees and buried her face among the tender leaves.

What if they were only humble lilies-of-the-valley, and tulips and hyacinths? A love and thoughtfulness and labor that no money could buy had planted them there for her sake. With their fragrance, she seemed to draw in a great, understanding lesson that healed her heart.

When she saw the solitary, tall figure across the quiet place, she knew she had expected him.

"Herbert," she said, holding out her hands.

He took them in silence, looking at her radiant face.

"I did not understand, dear," she smiled bravely. "I did not have faith enough to see beyond the material things, to see that you would love me for what I tried to do for you, not for what I succeeded in doing."

"My dear, my dear!" he whispered, holding her close.

She clung to him happily.

"I must not let you make a mistake—do anything you will regret, dear girl!"

"I am not afraid any more, Herbert. Wherever we are together is home, whether under cloud or sunshine!"

From the village came the sound of drum and life calling the pathetic remnant of veterans together.

"Father will be glad to know," she whispered, smiling tenderly, "that I dared to—"

"Face the music," finished the young man, happily.

A Monument Fund.

The meaneast man in town, having died and been duly buried, a bunch of his late acquaintances and neighbors were discussing the kind of party he was.

"We ought to raise a fund to build him a monument," one man suggested.

"Rats!" chorused the crowd in protest. "Who'd give anything to build him a monument?"

"Everybody would," insisted the first speaker. "We'd raise it by un-popular subscription."—Lippincott's.

Familiar.

But when, in token of his great love, he would have smothered her with kisses, she drew back.

"Sir," quoth she, coldly, "no familiarities!"

Yet even in that trying moment his presence of mind did not desert him. "If they are indeed familiarities to you, certainly not!" he retorted, and bowed ironically, after which, assuming an easy air, he betook himself off.—Puck.

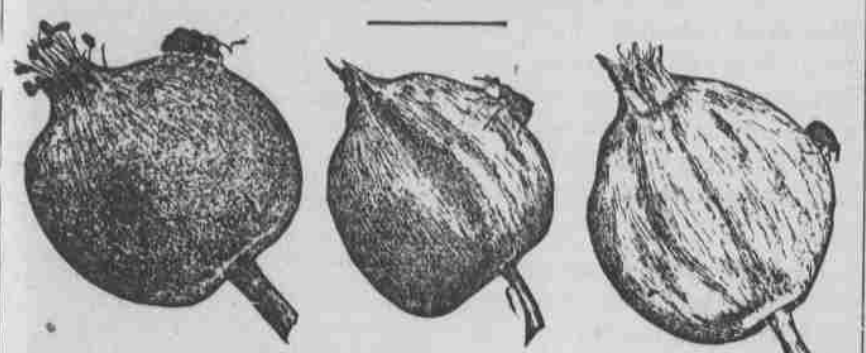
Only a Part of It.

"You say she is a woman with a past. And does she deny it?"

"Only about two years of it."—Judge.

DESTRUCTIVE PLUM CURCULIO ATTACKS CULTIVATED FRUITS

Insect Is Distributed Over Practically All of United States East of Rocky Mountains and Has Been Fully Designated as Most Injurious of All Insect Enemies of Orchardists in Every Section.



Plum Curculio. Apple Curculio. Apple Weevil.

(By FRED E. BROOKS, West Virginia University Agricultural Experiment Station.)

The plum curculio is a snout beetle about one-fifth of an inch long. Its color is a mixture of black, brown and white, with the darker shades greatly predominating. On the back are several prominent humps which give the insect a roughened appearance and make it difficult to distinguish while on the tree from the bark or from a dry bud. It is armed with a curved snout one-third as long as the body.

The insect is a native of this country and is distributed over practically all the United States east of the Rocky mountains. Before orchards were planted within its range it undoubtedly fed and bred on wild plums, crab apples and hawthorns, but with the settlement of the country it turned its attention more to cultivated fruits, although it continues to breed on the wild, native varieties. It attacks plums, peaches, nectarines, apricots, cherries, apples, crab apples, pears, quinces and hawthorns, and has even been reported as breeding on persimmons. On account of the usual abundance of the insect and the great variety of valuable fruits which it attacks, there is little doubt but that it has been rightfully designated as the most destructive of all the insect enemies of the orchardist in this section of the country.

It injures the fruit by puncturing holes through the skin with its snout both for the purpose of feeding and egg-laying. The feeding punctures may be made in apples at almost any time during the summer, but the egg punctures are made mostly while the apples are small. These wounds, and the subsequent feeding of the larvae which hatch from the eggs, cause the fruit to become dwarfed in size, lozoid, knotty and otherwise misshapen.

The injuries done by the plum curculio are not so easily prevented as are those of some other insects, and yet there are a number of methods that can be used against them with a very satisfactory measure of success. In dealing with the insect on apples by far the most effective means of preventing loss is spraying with one of the arsenical poisons, such as paris green, or, preferably, arsenate of lead. Even where spraying is practiced, however, it is a good plan to use in connection with the operation some of the other measures suggested here, if the best possible results are to be obtained.

The apple curculio has been confused often with the plum curculio, but in reality it is quite distinct from that species in both appearance and habits. The apple curculio is more reddish-brown in color, the form is more robust and on the back are four prominent humps, the front two of which are much larger than any of the humps on the back of the plum curculio. The snout of the apple curculio is almost as long as the rest of the body, or three times the length of that of the other species. The snout is carried projecting forward. Instead of hanging down like an elephant's trunk, as is the case with the plum curculio.

In attacking the fruit the apple curculio bores through the skin, in a manner similar to that of the other species, but after the puncture is completed and the egg laid, only an indistinct speck is left on the surface to mark the place of injury, whereas the plum curculio makes the conspicuous crescent-shaped mark. A glance at the insects or at their work is sufficient to enable anyone, who is at all well acquainted with the species, to distinguish between the two.

Where the apple curculio becomes troublesome care should be taken that no thickets of wild crab or hawthorn

are allowed to remain as breeding places near the orchards. Such thickets may produce thousands of the beetles and when the wild fruit becomes insufficient for the great number of beetles they may seek places to feed and oviposit in cultivated orchards.

The jarring method, as recommended for the plum curculio, is effective when used against this species. Spraying with poisons is likely to be beneficial, but it is probable that not as many of the beetles will be killed by the operation, as in the case of the plum curculio, for the reason that in feeding they consume little of the exposed surface to which the poison is applied.

(By C. E. BROWN.)

The most common method of feeding throughout the poultry world to-day is to give a wet mash of some sort to the fowls once a day; whole grain being fed in the morning and evening. Some people prefer to feed the mash warm, and some cold, and some feed it in the morning, some in the middle of the day and others give it for the evening meal. Our preference is to feed it at noon for the reason that we want to make the hens scratch in the early morning for the whole grain in the litter to keep themselves warm and when in the middle of the day it is warmer and the hens naturally want a rest, we give them the mash. The chief objection to the evening mash is that a full crop of it will not last them during the long winter nights so well as whole grain, as it is so often composed of such a bulky mixture. Care should be exercised in not over-feeding on the wet mash. The hens should not have more than they will eat up clean in ten minutes.

A good mash for the farmer is as follows:

Equal parts of finely-ground corn, oats, bran or shorts, mixed with about ten per cent. of cooked meat, green cut bone of beef scraps. These foods are mixed up dry and then thoroughly mixed with about one-third their bulk of steeped clover leaves or finely cut clover which has previously been scalded by pouring hot water on it and covering it with a sack. The clover should be steeped about twelve hours before using. Another method and one of the best we have tried is to take a mixture of 200 pounds bran, 100 pounds shorts, 100 pounds ground corn, 100 pounds ground oats, 100 pounds beef scraps and ten pounds of charcoal. Slightly moisten this with water when feeding to the fowls, but never make it sloppy.

Milk-Fed Chickens.

Milk-fed chicken, which is the finest meat in the poultry line, is allowed no exercise whatever. It is kept in a close coop, where it has barely room to turn around, and is never allowed to leave it except when it goes to the guillotine.

Incubator Chicks.

It has been pretty well proven that an incubator chick, if it has been properly incubated and gets the right kind of food and treatment afterward, is just as thrifty as his forty-second cousin who was hatched and raised by a hen.

Incubator Chicks.

It has been pretty well proven that an incubator chick, if it has been properly incubated and gets the right kind of food and treatment afterward, is just as thrifty as his forty-second cousin who was hatched and raised by a hen.

Incubator Chicks.

It has been pretty well proven that an incubator chick, if it has been properly incubated and gets the right kind of food and treatment afterward, is just as thrifty as his forty-second cousin who was hatched and raised by a hen.

Incubator Chicks.

It has been pretty well proven that an incubator chick, if it has been properly incubated and gets the right kind of food and treatment afterward, is just as thrifty as his forty-second cousin who was hatched and raised by a hen.

Incubator Chicks.

It has been pretty well proven that an incubator chick, if it has been properly incubated and gets the right kind of food and treatment afterward, is just as thrifty as his forty-second cousin who was hatched and raised by a hen.

Incubator Chicks.

It has been pretty well proven that an incubator chick, if it has been properly incubated and gets the right kind of food and treatment afterward, is just as thrifty as his forty-second cousin who was hatched and raised by a hen.

Incubator Chicks.

It has been pretty well proven that an incubator chick, if it has been properly incubated and gets the right kind of food and treatment afterward, is just as thrifty as his forty-second cousin who was hatched and raised by a hen.

Incubator Chicks.

It has been pretty well proven that an incubator chick, if it has been properly incubated and gets the right kind of food and treatment afterward, is just as thrifty as his forty-second cousin who was hatched and raised by a hen.

Incubator Chicks.

It has been pretty well proven that an incubator chick, if it has been properly incubated and gets the right kind of food and treatment afterward, is just as thrifty as his forty-second cousin who was hatched and raised by a hen.

Incubator Chicks.

It has been pretty well proven that an incubator chick, if it has been properly incubated and gets the right kind of food and treatment afterward, is just as thrifty as his forty-second cousin who was hatched and raised by a hen.

Incubator Chicks.

It has been pretty well proven that an incubator chick, if it has been properly incubated and gets the right kind of food and treatment afterward, is just as thrifty as his forty-second cousin who was hatched and raised by a hen.

Incubator Chicks.

It has been pretty well proven that an incubator chick, if it has been properly incubated and gets the right kind of food and treatment afterward, is just as thrifty as his forty-second cousin who was hatched and raised by a hen.

A POOR APPETITE

QUICKLY
REGULATED

Loss of Appetite always means—Stomach weakness—and this requires

HOSTETTER'S
STOMACH BITTERS

immediately. It tones, strengthens and invigorates the entire digestive system. Try it and see for yourself.

YOU'LL FIND IT EXCELLENT

Most Powerful Poison.

From the microbe which gives rise in human beings to the disease known as tetanus, or lockjaw, a poison called tetanine is obtained which is over 100 times more powerful than strychnine. A fragment of tetanine so small as to be invisible to the naked eye would kill almost instantaneously the strongest man. One fifteen-thousandth part of a grain of it has caused the death of a horse 1,600,000,000 times its own weight.

Most Powerful Poison.

From the microbe which gives rise in human beings to the disease known as tetanus, or lockjaw, a poison called tetanine is obtained which is over 100 times more powerful than strychnine. A fragment of tetanine so small as to be invisible to the naked eye would kill almost instantaneously the strongest man. One fifteen-thousandth part of a grain of it has caused the death of a horse 1,600,000,000 times its own weight.

Most Powerful Poison.

From the microbe which gives rise in human beings to the disease known as tetanus, or lockjaw, a poison called tetanine is obtained which is over 100 times more powerful than strychnine. A fragment of tetanine so small as to be invisible to the naked eye would kill almost instantaneously the strongest man. One fifteen-thousandth part of a grain of it has caused the death of a horse 1,600,000,000 times its own weight.

Most Powerful Poison.

From the microbe which gives rise in human beings to the disease known as tetanus, or lockjaw, a poison called tetanine is obtained which is over 100 times more powerful than strychnine. A fragment of tetanine so small as to be invisible to the naked eye would kill almost instantaneously the strongest man. One fifteen-thousandth part of a grain of it has caused the death of a horse 1,600,000,000 times its own weight.

Most Powerful Poison.

From the microbe which gives rise in human beings to the disease known as tetanus, or lockjaw, a poison called tetanine is obtained which is over 100 times more powerful than strychnine. A fragment of tetanine so small as to be invisible to the naked eye would kill almost instantaneously the strongest man. One fifteen-thousandth part of a grain of it has