

### Wear This Stylish Suit!

The man who is admired is the well-dressed man whose clothes are fresh, clean, and are in the latest styles. You will be that man in your neighborhood. Wear this suit—this suit is the most stylish, and most comfortable suit ever created—and better your appearance in this suit than in any other. It is the most stylish, and most comfortable suit ever created—and better your appearance in this suit than in any other. It is the most stylish, and most comfortable suit ever created—and better your appearance in this suit than in any other.

**WHO IS TO BLAME.** Women as well as men are made miserable by kidney and bladder trouble. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, promptly relieves. At drug stores, in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free. Also pamphlet telling all about it. Address: Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

**Friend (sarcastically):** "Which one of your many bad habits do you think you could manage to give up?" **Easy One (nettled):** "That of lending my friends money."—American.

**Only One "BROMO QUININE"** That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used for the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

**Thoughtfulness.** Thoughtfulness is always doing little kindnesses; thoughtfulness has an instinct for seeing the little things that need to be done, and then for doing them.—Probits.

**A Caring Good Smoke MONUMENTAL FULL 54 WORTH CIGAR**  
Write for Prices and Sample  
**Sig. Sichel & Co. PORTLAND, ORE.**  
Wholesale Agents

**INSIST UPON WESTERN MANTLES**  
L. A. KILM & CO., Inc., Distributors  
28 Front Street, Portland, Ore.

**Skylights Tanks Gutters Down Spouts Steel Ceiling**  
**J. C. BAYER**  
204 Market, Portland, Oregon

**Homesteads and Timber Lands Located**  
If your Farm or Property is for Sale I Can Sell it QUICK for CASH  
Send Description and Price. Address: **C. A. BENTSON**  
909 Hawthorne Bldg. PORTLAND, ORE.

**GOLDEN WEST COFFEE TEA SPICES BAKING POWDER EXTRACTS JUST RIGHT**  
CLOSET & DEVER'S PORTLAND, ORE.

**C. Gee Wo The Chinese Doctor**  
This wonderful man has made a life study of the properties of roots, herbs and barks, and is giving the world the benefit of his services.  
No Mercury, Poisons or Drugs Used. No Operations or Cutting.  
Guarantees to cure Catarrh, Asthma, Lung, Stomach and Kidney troubles, and all Private Diseases of Men and Women.  
**A SURE CANCER CURE**  
Just received from Pekin, China—safe, sure and reliable. U. S. falling in its works.  
If you cannot call, write for symptoms blank and circular. Inclose 4 cents in stamps.  
CO. CONSULTATION FREE  
**The C. Gee Wo Medicine Co.**  
162 1/2 First St., cor. Morrison, Portland, Or.

**The Right Way**  
In All cases of DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, INFLUENZA, COLDS, ETC., Of All Horses, Brood Mares, Colts, Stallions, is to **"SPOHN THEM"**  
On their tongues or in the feed put Spohn's Liquid Compound. Give the remedy to all of them. It acts on the food and glands. It puts the disease by expelling the disease germs. It warms up the trouble, no matter how they are "exposed." Absolutely free from anything injurious. A child can safely take it. 50 cents and \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$10.00 the dozen. Sold by druggists, harness dealers, or sent express paid by the manufacturers.  
**Special Agents Wanted SPOHN MEDICAL CO. Chemists and Bacteriologists GOSHEN, IND. U. S. A.**

### IN THE HOME OF PELICANS

Studying the Hugs, Ungainly Birds at Close Range and Observing Their Method of Feeding Their Young.

The first time I ever saw a motley crowd of half-grown pelicans I thought nature had surely done her best to make something ugly and ridiculous. It was a warm day, and the birds stood around with their mouths open, panting like a lot of dogs after a chase, their pouches shaking at every breath. When I went near the youngsters went tottering off on their big webbed feet with wings dragging on this side and that, as if they were poorly handled crutches. The youngsters huddled together by hundreds in a small place. Those on the outside pushed and climbed to get near the center, till it looked worse than any football scrimmage I ever saw.

In this wide area of low islands and water it was necessary, since we wanted to study the pelicans at close range, to adopt some method of hiding. We took a large wagon umbrella covered with a piece of green canvas, that hung down around the sides. This we planted among the tules at the edge of a large colony, and covered the top well with reeds. The whole thing soon passed as part of the environment, while from the inside the camera man could point his camera out through a narrow slit in the canvas, take pictures and make observations at will.

One might wonder how such a huge billed bird as a pelican could feed a helpless chick just out of the egg. It was done with apparent ease. The old bird regurgitated a fishy soup into the front end of the pouch, and the baby pelican pitched right in and helped himself out of this family dish. As the young bird grew older, and larger, at each meal he kept reaching farther into the big pouch of his parent until finally, when he was half grown, it was a most remarkable sight. The mother opened her mouth, and the whole head and neck of her nestling disappeared down her capacious maw while he hunted for his dinner in the internal regions.—Collier's Monthly.

**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.

**Yield of One Pennsylvania Oak.** The largest oak tree in Huntington township, Adams county, was cut last week on the farm of John R. Sadler. The tree was five feet across the stump and took the men several hours to place it prostrate. Eleven hundred and three large wagon spokes were taken from the trunk and twelve cords of wood were cut from the top and branches.—Philadelphia Record.

**Sore throat is no trifling ailment.** It will sometimes carry infection to the entire system through the food you eat. Hamlin's Wizard Oil cures Sore Throat.

**Saintliness unpopular.** That state of mind, which let us call the ignominy of the virtuous, is not entirely confined to boys of nine years. I have seen grown men and women, being accused of saintliness, over whose faces passed an expression of mortification. They would accept with more complacency the tribute that they were getting to be devils in their old age.—Max Eastman, in the Atlantic.

**Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.**

**Takes the right view.** Don't go through life looking for trouble, for faults, for failures, for the crooked, the ugly and the deformed; don't see the distorted man—see the man that God made. Just make up your mind firmly at the very outset in life that you will not criticize or condemn others or find fault with their mistakes and shortcomings.—Orison Swift Merrill.

**Painless Dentistry**  
is our pride—our hobby—our study for years and now our success, and cure is the best, painless work to be found anywhere, no matter how much you pay. Compare our Prices.  
We finish plate and brace work for self-borne patients in one day if desired. Painless extraction from which plates or bridges work is ordered. Consultation free.  
Molar Crowns \$5.00  
22k Bridge Teeth 4.00  
Gold Fillings 1.00  
Enamel Fillings 1.00  
Silver Fillings .50  
Gold Rubber Plates 5.00  
Best Red Rubber Plates 7.50  
DR. W. A. WILE, President of the Oregon Dental Association  
72 YEARS ESTABLISHED IN PORTLAND  
All work fully guaranteed for fifteen years.  
**Wise Dental Co., Inc.**  
Painless Dentists  
Falling Building, Third and Washington PORTLAND, ORE.  
Office Hours: 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays, 9 to 1.

### 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 Meelen, 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. Meelen was married years before, but left his wife after a quarrel in which he struck her. He learned later that she and their daughter were dead. The son 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 Carboy, Passavant & Co., attorneys for the estate of Meelen, Roger Hews reports the result of his search for heirs of Meelen. He conceals the fact that he has discovered that Meelen's daughter is living. Wilfrid Stennis replies to an advertisement for information concerning his dead mother, Maria Meelen, and is told that he is the heir to Andy Meelen's millions. He wants to marry Eunice at once, but she resolutely declines. He meets Clara Passavant, Meelen's daughter, who is starting on a trip abroad, the Passavants being included in the party. Roger Hews, having discovered that Eunice Trevecca is the daughter of Andy Meelen, plans to use the information to his own advantage. He proposes to Eunice and is rejected. Later, after two years of galley in Europe, Wilfrid returns and immediately calls on Eunice. His attempts to renew his former relations with her meet with no encouragement. Roger Hews becomes Wilfrid's secretary. The engagement of Clara Passavant and Wilfrid is announced.

### CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The judicious Hews permitted a full day to intervene before following up the news with a call in Macdougall street. Now, if ever, he thought, the girl might be ready to listen to reason; he counted not a little upon Eunice's womanly pique and pride, which might tempt her to show the recalcitrant Wilfrid that two could play the same game, and that she was not the one to wear the willow for another woman's fiancé. Women—and men likewise—have been known to marry for spite and repent at leisure.

It was Roger's cue, as usual, to pretend to be wholly ignorant of the little tragedy going on behind the scenes. Eunice was totally unaware of the fact that he was in the employ of her old lover, and she thought she had sufficiently masked her own feelings.

When Hews came in that evening Eunice was alone, and intuitively felt that a crisis was impending. For millennial ages women have been pitting subtle wit against brute strength, developing a sixth sense which detects immediately and indubitably the benign or the malign designs of the opposite sex.

Tonight, however, she detected a tenderness of latent purpose in Roger Hews which doubtless he flattered himself was wholly hidden, and which certainly his first words did not reveal, for his talk was all about the great railroad strike then raging.

As the evening wore on, and John Trevecca failed to make his usual nine o'clock appearance, Hews inquired: "Where is your father tonight?" "I think he has gone upstairs," said Eunice, who had been hoping this question would not be asked. "In fact," she went on hurriedly, "I am quite worried about him; he has taken a heavy cold, and his asthma is always worse at such times."

"I do not wish to alarm you," said Hews with a well-simulated note of sympathy in his voice; "but I have noticed that he is aging rapidly; he is not the man he was a year ago."

"Oh, do you really think that?" exclaimed Eunice regretfully, and quick to take alarm. "He is perhaps not as vigorous as he used to be, but I hope he will be spared to me for many, many years! He is my only relative in the world; if I should lose him—and the ready tears came into her eyes for the sole parent she had ever known."

"It is nothing serious, I guess," said Roger with off-hand, soothing conviction; "but your father ought to be enjoying a leisurely old age; at his time of life he should not have to work."

Eunice nodded her head in quick assent. "So I have told him, Mr. Hews, again and again. But he persists in saying that he must toil on at the shops in order that he may keep adding to the little pile of savings which is to save me from want when he is dead and gone."

"That is a noble object," said Hews with real sincerity, "but you have it in your power to render all that labor unnecessary, and to make your father comfortable for the rest of his life."

"I don't see," began Eunice, when, with a wave of color flooding face and forehead, she suddenly did see. How silly and blind to give him such a good opening, she thought. Roger Hews was quick to seize his chance—in fact, he had cleverly led up to this very point.

"At the risk of offending you, Miss Eunice," he struck in, "I must recur to the proposal I made you once before. Marry me, and your father need not worry about his future or your own. They will both be my care then."

"You promised—" said the girl reproachfully, but he took the words out of her mouth in his surcharge of feeling. "I promised—I know it—never to recur to the theme so near to my heart without your permission. I have broken the promise because I can keep silence no longer. Eunice, I love you, dearly, madly, devotedly, with all the strength of a man who has never loved before. I cannot live without you, and I will not. Be my wife, Eunice, be my wife!"

His agitation was almost pitiable to see. The self-contained and calculating nature of the man seemed suddenly thawed and melted as the cold steel leg of his voice trembled, by the hot breath of the retort. In the intensity of his passion his voice trembled, his eyes blazed, his pale face assumed a brickish-red tinge; he left his seat and came to her side, putting one hand on her shoulder, and striving to take her unwilling fingers with the other.

All a-quiver and unstrung he waited for her answer. With bent head and averted gaze Eunice almost turned her back on him. A wave of repulsion and disgust swept over her, for the vehement force with which she was unable to account. Not to save her father from a hundred deaths could she marry the half-dazed wooer! Never had Roger Hews been so insistent; never had she felt less like granting what he demanded.

With an effort, evading his grasp, Eunice rose and stood facing him, the chair between them. "I am sorry," she said, in tones full of womanly sympathy, "that you have spoken of this again, Mr. Hews. What my answer was six months ago must be my answer still. I do not love you, and I never could love you as a woman should love the man she marries. I am loath to give you pain, but I am telling you the simple truth. I must seem cruel to be kind."

The words were uttered with such quiet sincerity as to carry to the wretched man who heard them the conviction that the fortress of her heart was unassailable and would never be won by him. Roger Hews realized that he had failed utterly, and he threw discretion to the four winds.

"You mean you are telling me only part of the truth?" he shouted savagely, his real nature coming to the surface under the rebuff, now that there was nothing to be gained by further disguise. "Why not make a clean breast of it, and confess that you are still infatuated with that upstart ass, Wilfrid Stennis! Where's all your maidenly pride? Don't you know that he belongs to another woman now?"

The girl winced at the cruel stab, at which evidence of the truth of his pitiful accusation Hews became even more frantic. His mask of quiet respectability was ruthlessly cast aside. "He values you and your love about as much as one of his old shoes!" he sputtered coarsely. "He threw you away once before, and now he's done it again! He's nothing but a dirty impostor, anyway, and I'll show him up!"

Speech failed him, and he stood before her panting, choking, impotent. Eunice Trevecca moved towards the door, and from the vantage of its opening looked him up and down in contemptuous scorn. "I thank you, Mr. Hews," she said with cutting emphasis; "I have had a narrow escape, it seems!" and with these words she left the room.

**CHAPTER IX.**  
The preparations for the Stennis-Passavant wedding went on apace. There was to be only a six-weeks' engagement, for Lent had just come in when the fateful words were spoken which in a measure set the crown of success upon the maneuvers of Mistress Clara.

Did she love Wilfrid? In the light of events it seems extremely doubtful; that she liked and admired him we have seen; in her eyes marriage was more a matter of creature comfort than of love pure and undefiled—but little better than a social compact, in fact; so much beauty, so much refinement, so much good birth and position in exchange for so many millions of dollars.

If the possessor of the millions happened to be a very passable and presentable sort of a fellow, why, all the better. In common with nearly every other woman, Clara Passavant shone at her best during these glamorous weeks, and Wilfrid was happy—or told himself that he ought to be.

But in reality what he regarded as happiness was only a dreamy sort of nepenthe—he guessed he had done the right thing—the thing that was expected of him by Clara and all her friends. The rest didn't matter. In fact, he told himself, nothing mattered very much now that Eunice had taken herself out of his career.

The penitential season was more than half over, and there lacked but two short weeks of the wedding day, when Roger Hews fired his mine. Patient as a ferret, he bided his time; he had scored one failure; in this second attempt to use his power there must be no mishap or miscarriage. According to custom, he waited upon Stennis immediately after breakfast to open the mail and receive his instructions for the day.

The usual routine was gone through, and Wilfrid was about to start for his morning gallop with his fiancée in the park when the secretary spoke: "Can you give me your attention for a few minutes, Mr. Stennis?" "Anything important?" quoth Wilfrid. "Can't you let it lie over? I have an appointment at 11."

"It is most important, and it can't lie over!" said Hews truculently. Stennis eyed the man curiously; the tone verging upon the insolent, his first thought was that the immaculate Roger had been imbibing too freely. But a second glance showed that he was apparently perfectly sober.

"Well, well, man, get at it then—I am in a hurry!" exclaimed Wilfrid testily. "Better sit down," said Hews with easy familiarity. "With your permission I'll order the horse back to the stable; I don't think you'll want to ride to-day."

So saying, he stepped to the phone and coolly gave the necessary instructions. Stennis, with one glove on, stood, riding-whip in hand, in dumb amazement at the consummate impudence of the man. It was a novel and not very agreeable experience. Hews, in return, scrutinized his employer with a provokingly cool stare, an unpleasant leer on his thin lips.

"Your manners are confoundingly unpleasant this morning, Mr. Hews," said Wilfrid, fingering the stock of his whip nervously. There was something covertly venomous in the attitude assumed by his secretary which made him itch to lay the heavy lash about his shoulders, as one would chastise an unruly dog.

"If yer think so?" said the other, in the most offensive tone he could muster. "I guess you'll find what I've got to say still less to yer liking." "That's impossible to decide as long as you sit there gibbering!" retorted Wilfrid, who was fast losing patience. Hews snorted.

"You've had a pretty good time these three years past, haven't you?" he queried. Stennis made no reply. "Yes, you've had things altogether y'r own way, spending money right and left and livin' on the fat of the land."

Still no answer. "And now yer going to get spliced, and live in a fine house, after jitting the poor girl y' once promised to marry!" "That's an infernal lie, whoever told you so!" Wilfrid whipped out, stung at last into angry speech. "Is it? Well, this what I'm going to tell y' is no lie—y' hear me? Y've got no more right to Andrew Meelen's millions than I have!"

Stennis started as though he had been bitten in the heel by an adder, but he controlled his voice admirably. "Oblige me by saying that over again," he answered quietly. "I tell yer that y've been spending money that doesn't belong to yer—not a single solitary red cent of it. Y're no more the rightful heir of Andy Meelen than I am! Is that plain enough?"

Wilfrid stepped to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. "If you are sane and sober, you'll understand that you cannot leave this room until you have proved every word—or taken the consequences," Stennis, shaking the heavy riding-whip suggestively.

"Oh, I know what I'm talking about," rejoined Hews airily; "my facts are all O. K." "Let me have the facts then—not mere windy assertions," retorted the other. "I am not to be frightened or blackmailed, Mr. Hews." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Usurer in High Society.** Frank Marshall White contributes to Harper's Weekly an account of the methods of money lenders on both sides of the Atlantic. The loan sharks who exploit the poor in America are represented in England, says the author, by usurers who prey upon post-obits and delayed inheritances. Of such a type was the celebrated Sam Lewis, who actually forced his way into good society by virtue of his hold over the aristocracy. "Everybody in London knew Lewis. Was there a charity bazaar, for instance, where ladies of title were selling bouillonieres and ices, or beautiful actresses mixing drinks? There was Lewis paying the highest price for everything in sight. Was royalty laying the corner stone of a hospital or asylum, to which ceremony the subscribers to the erection fund had been invited? Lewis stepped to the crimson carpet across the sidewalk from the tallest landau, with the biggest horses and the most stately coachman."

**Has Good Appetite.** A baby walrus of six months will eat about 50 pounds of codfish in the course of a day.

**Cost of Crime in Britain.** Crime in the United Kingdom costs the state about \$30,000,000 a year.

### CAP and BELLS



### HIS ENUNCIATION WAS POOR

Postmaster Had No Letter for Farmer's Cow When Asked for Mail for Mike Howe.

The burly farmer strode anxiously into the postoffice. "Have you got any letter for Mike Howe?" he asked. "The new postmaster looked him up and down." "For who?" he snapped. "Mike Howe!" repeated the farmer. The postmaster turned aside. "I don't understand," he returned, stiffly.

"Don't understand!" roared the applicant. "Can't you understand plain English? I asked if you've got any letter for Mike Howe!" "Well, I haven't!" snorted the postmaster. "Neither have I a letter for anybody else's cow!"

**Amenities.** A letter who had been asked out to dinner and was delicately "pumped" for legal information by his host sent in a bill for "advice."

To this the host responded with a demand for payment for the dinner eaten by the solicitor. Equal to the occasion, however, the latter promptly threatened a prosecution for selling wine without a license, thus effectually silencing the layman.—Tit-Bits.

**Had a Tough Foot.** A bare-footed negro wandered into a blacksmith shop in a little southern town. While watching the smith pound the iron into shape he unconsciously stepped on a red hot coal. After several minutes had passed he sniffed his nose once or twice and remarked in an incidental way: "Pears to me, sah, dat I smells rubbah burnin'."—National Monthly.

**His Share.** "I wish you would tear a little piece off the corner of one of those bills in your pay envelope," she said, as her husband passed over his wages to her. "Why, dear?" he asked with some surprise. "Because I don't want you to be able to say that I got all your money!"

**An Interference.** "How many ducks did you shoot, Pat?" "The devil a wan!" "Weren't there any there?" "Sure! The lake was full av thim. But iv'ry time I'd point me gun at wan, d'ye mind, another wan w'd get betwixt me an' him an' spoli me a'm!"

**SHE KNEW.**



Two young ladies who had been brought up in the city, while visiting at a farm in Ohio last summer, were much interested in the milking of the cows. "Which is the cow that gives the buttermilk?" innocently asked one of the girls as she inspected the herd with a critical eye. "Don't make yourself ridiculous," replied her cousin, who had boasted that she had given in the country before. "Goats give buttermilk."

**In Primitive Districts.** "How'd that candidate come to get beat after he hired the best brass band in the county?" "The other fellow got closer to the people. He'd come right into the parlor an' play us a tune on our own melodeon."

**Etymology.** "Pa, why do people say that something 'easy is a pipe'?" "I don't know, my son, unless the idea is vaguely associated with the money plumbers gr."