

## GOOD? SURE IT IS

It's Good when the stomach is bad.  
It's Good when the bowels are clogged.  
It's Good when the liver is inactive.  
It's Good in any malarial disorder.

### HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

AVOID SUBSTITUTES.  
TRY A BOTTLE TODAY.

**Duck's Immunity to Snake Poison.**  
Experiments by MM. Billard and Maublant, recorded in the "Comptes Rendus" of the Biological Society of Paris, shows that the common duck exhibits a remarkable indifference to the venom of the viper. They also find that the owl is similarly immune. Two of these, badly bitten on the feet, did not seem much worse. M. Billard also finds that the domestic cat has almost complete immunity as regards the viper.

**Not So Bad as He Seemed.**  
A curious incident occurred at a children's matinee in a Moscow theater lately. The actor who played the villain of the piece was so distressed by the horror with which the little spectators viewed him that, notwithstanding the protests of the manager, he pulled off his wig and false beard, and begged the audience to believe that he was only pretending to be wicked.

## FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN

Women suffering from any form of illness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken.



Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

**Whistling Kettle.**  
A new whistling kettle has a long, narrow neck at the top, by which it is both filled and emptied. This is covered by a cap the length of the neck, and at the top of this is a whistle which acts directly the kettle boils by reason of the steam passing through it.

## Our New Hair Vigor

Ayer's Hair Vigor was good, the best that was made. But Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is better. It is the one great specific for falling hair. A new preparation in every way. New bottle. New contents. Ask your druggist to show it to you, "the new kind."

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

### Ayer's

As we now make our new Hair Vigor it does not have the slightest effect upon the color of the hair. You may use it freely and for any length of time without fear of changing the color. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

## A BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

By Martha McCulloch Williams  
(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"I think," Margaret began tentatively, frowning the least bit, "that is—it seems to me—we can't very well do anything else."  
"Can't—eh? Why not?" Aunt Elisabeth sniffed.  
Margaret looked carefully over her head, as she answered, "are you willing to have me accept a gratuity from—the man I have refused to marry?"  
"The more fool you for refusing!" Aunt Elisabeth exploded. "Don't talk to me of gratuities—I hate your long words same as I do your high-strung notions. Thomas Allen has no more real right to this place than you have—it is just his luck in having a saving mother, while you had a spendthrift father—"

"Leave him out—please," Margaret said, her voice hard but tremulous.  
Aunt Elisabeth ran on: "Your great-uncle, who made the money, certainly wanted it to keep up the dignity of the family—"  
"I know it," Margaret interrupted. "That is partly why—oh, Aunt Elisabeth, can't you see, don't you understand, I can't marry Thomas, knowing I am not his free choice?"  
"You mean he asked you because he thought he ought to?" Aunt Elisabeth cried, sitting straighter. "Of all foolishness! The will never said a word of such a thing! And Thomas isn't the man to be tied up by any dead man. He wants you—because he wants you. Patience knows why—I don't!"

Margaret began to dimple. When she provoked Aunt Elisabeth to the point of sarcasm she knew the end was near. Tears always flowed.  
After the shower Aunt Elisabeth made a practice of forgiving her niece all the unkind things she had said to her. Now she was on the verge of weeping, yet struggled to add:  
"I certainly—don't see why! Jenny Ware is much prettier, and a lot



She Looked Through Dimming Eyes.

more amiable—then, then she'll have—money of her own—one of those joys."  
"Please say that to Thomas—he's coming this evening" Margaret entreated, her eyes beginning to twinkle.  
Aunt Elisabeth had her handkerchief out—she put it back in her pocket, eying Margaret sharply.  
"How do you know?" she demanded.

Margaret dimpled more than ever. "I asked him—and he said: 'Yes—with pleasure,'" she returned airily, then her face suddenly grave: "I had to do it, aunty—it was the only way to make him understand."  
"You are the most provoking creature! Will you please tell me what you mean?" Aunt Elisabeth blustered, the handkerchief again in play.  
Margaret answered steadily: "Why—that is we—can't go on living on his money. Not through ingratitude—I love him for wanting to take care of us, in spite of everything. It is because—because—I want to marry—marry somebody else—and live as debts the Allen name. We can do it so long as he insists upon giving me half his income."  
"I hate to say it of my sister's only child—but you are an idiot! Yes, an idiot!" Aunt Elisabeth said over her shoulder, marching toward the door.  
Margaret sighed with relief as it shut behind her elder, got up, walked to the window, and looked through dimming eyes at the gay autumn world without. A good glad world, the only one she knew—yet she must quit it, go among strangers and make her place. She had no fear—nothing is so truly invincible as ignorance. Moreover, she had read, and credited fully, popular fairy tales of young women who had found independence, even competence and trips abroad, by exercise of such talents as cake-making, embroidery, even fine sewing, and the knack of raising squabs or broilers. She had made up her mind, after explaining fully to Thomas, to ask the loan of a thousand dollars—enough to start a chicken farm. She knew she would get it for the asking—she thought she knew further he would be glad to live it outright. He had a conscience—had Thomas. She wished it

were not quite so lively. Then, maybe, she might have let herself believe that it was love not the compellings of family pride, which had made him propose.  
Aunt Elisabeth was the stumbling block. All her life she had lived in easy comfort, with her sister, pampered and deferred to, by the father she had just characterized as a spendthrift, yet fully persuaded all the while, that she was eager to make herself independent—that it was only the imperative need of her in the household—which withheld her from a career. Her presence had seemed almost providential, when Margaret was suddenly left alone, within one little week. Then had come the crash—the revelation that naught remained of Great-Uncle Allen's legacy—it had not been willfully wasted, but had vanished partly through bad investments, partly through the heritor's generous inclinations.  
And then his nephew had come to the rescue—now for two years he had divided royally with Margaret. Margaret did not dream it, but, except for the dividing, he would have courted her within a month of his uncle's death. They had not been brought up to know each other well—rather with the distant intimacy of kinsfolk known through letters. Margaret had written to Thomas upon his birthdays, and after Christmases. He had always sent her Christmas gifts of his mother's choosing, therefore ugly but substantial. She had returned birthday presents largely of her own making. Even his mother had had to admit that her niece could sew—though she had scoffed over the things sewn. Shirt cases, and collar bags, and monogrammed wash cloths were all to her mind a sad waste of stitcheery.  
Liberal Thomas was in a sort, the reaction from his mother's prudence. She had died a little earlier than her brother—thus the son had been unhampered. He had taken the family name to please her—it was the last thing she had asked of him. Since there was only himself and Margaret of the blood, he had been glad to do it. It hurt him sorely that Miss Margaret was setting herself against his plan for a further centrization of the family.  
She had never so appealed to him, as in the shaded light that evening. There was something shy, even wistful about her—she spoke with a soft, hesitant intonation, unlike her usual crisp utterance.  
By time she brought herself around to her plans for the future before she could even begin to think of shipping her asking for help, he was quite beside himself. So far beside himself, indeed, he forgot to remember their relative situations—forgot everything, indeed, but that he was a man, and five-and-twenty, in the presence of the woman he wanted most in all the world.  
Therefore he was a new person to Margaret—one speaking almost gruffly, breaking into her neat platitudes with something incisive, if irrelevant. She looked at him in wonder. After Aunt Elisabeth had taken herself away, she moved a little apart from Thomas, and tried to begin steadily:  
"Please, please, do understand, I am not an ingrate—"  
"I can't understand any such thing," Thomas said with the strange new note, not waiting for her to finish. "All I can see," he went on, his eyes smouldering a little, "is that you dislike me so much you can't be reasonable."  
"You are wrong—all wrong," Margaret sighed, tremulously.  
Thomas stared at her—he had expected her to flash out at his injustice. She went on brokenly: "You—you are—the best, the kindest, the most kind—in the world—I love you—for—being so good—too much to take advantage of—the situation—"  
"That's where we differ," Thomas said stiffly, a sudden comprehension flooding his mind. "I love you too much not to take advantage of the situation. In proof—this—and this—and this!" raining a shower of kisses upon her startled eyelids.  
Margaret gasped—then let herself be against his breast for an instant. Suddenly she pushed him away, freed herself, and said in a high voice:  
"I did mean to ask help of you—now it is quite impossible—"  
"Also wholly unnecessary," Thomas retorted. "I am going to set you up in business—whether or not!"  
"Oh! indeed! What sort of business?" Margaret asked demurely.  
He looked at her steadily, then said, shaking his head: "The business of making a good wife, out of a very spoiled young woman! It is the best opening I see for you."  
"I have only myself to invest—what returns can you promise?" Margaret asked plaintively.  
"Thomas caught both her hands. "A lifetime of love and happiness," he said—and Margaret smiled, content.

**There Was a Reason.**  
"It's all very well for you to preach economy," said his wife; "but I notice whenever I cut down expenses that you smoke better cigars and spend more money for your own pleasure than at any other time."  
"Well, confound it! What do you suppose I want you to economize for, anyway?"

**Not Annoyed.**  
"Does my steam whistle annoy you?" inquired the man who had opened a new factory. "I suppose you have noticed the noise."  
"Why, yes, I have noticed the noise," responded his neighbor. "But I'm a trifle deaf and I supposed it was the early robins."

## SO SADIE CAME BACK

STORY OF THE FAMILY HORSE,  
ONCE DISCARDED.

**Battered, Lame and Starving, the Old Pet Was Recovered From the Peddler for the Pitying Children.**  
"It's Sadie!" shrieked the children. "Oh, papa, it's Sadie!"  
Attached to a heavy wagon, scarred and battered, and with high bones projecting about the hips, a yellowish horse, blind in one eye, a swelling on one pastern, and a pronounced limp in a forefoot, wearily plodding along the street, and on the rusty wagon a man in a dirty sweater yelled something that might have been the word "coal," since the wagon was loaded with fuel.  
"Oh, papa, it's Sadie!"  
The man took one look and saw that it was so. Sadie, once the pet of the children and sold because of growing infirmities and increasing age, had seemingly not improved.  
"Oh, papa!" There was that in the three young voices that made the father think swiftly. He remembered how the children had wept when Sadie had gone and how he had hardened his heart because the old horse was so utterly worthless and such an eyesore.  
"Don't she look dead?" the little boy asked in an awed tone. The two little girls broke into muffled sobs. The father could stand no more. He signaled to the driver, who pulled up the old mare at the curb.  
"Coal?" he asked, sneeringly, taking stock of the man before him.  
"What value do you place on that horse?" the father asked briefly. The driver stared at him and winked openly.  
"She's worth a hundred dollars to me," he said. "My wife's that attached to her." The father turned away, the children followed silently in view of the look on his face. He had sold Sadie for \$15, and had been glad to get it. The driver, alarmed, called after him.  
"Say, mister!" he shouted, "maybe we can trade. What'll you give me for her?" The father turned.  
"I owned that horse once," he said in a tone that made the driver gasp, he had looked so mild. "I sold her for \$15, and she was worth ten. I'll give you \$25 for her, spot cash. Take it or leave it."

"Lemme drive my wagon to the yard?" the man asked, shrewdly.  
"Pull it yourself," said the father sharply, noting a raw spot on the old mare's neck.  
"That goes," said the driver, clambering down. "Lemme see your money." Then he signed a receipt the father scribbled on a leaf of his notebook, threw the patched harness into the wagon, and disappeared, dragging it after him.  
"Oh, papa! Oh, papa!" said the children.  
And hearing, the father figured that this alone was worth the difference of \$10.—Dallas News.

**Seven Follies of Science.**  
The history of science has seven problems that men in all ages more or less have tried to solve, but which have finally been given up by all. Today they are called follies. The usual list comprises the following: First, squaring the circle; second, duplication of the cube; third, trisection of an angle; fourth, perpetual motion; fifth, transmutation of metals; sixth, fixation of mercury; seventh, elixir of life. Some lists put the philosopher's stone for the last three and then add astrology and magic to make the seventh. To the unlearned it would seem possible to draw a square which shall be exactly equal in area to a given circle, which is the first problem in the list, but we are told by the highest authorities that it is impossible. Since the discovery of radium it is claimed that the change of one metal into another has been accomplished, but it is yet too early to dogmatize about the matter.

**The Texas Armadillo.**  
During the last three years Drs. Newman and Patterson of the school of zoology at the University of Texas have been much interested in working out certain points concerning the biology of the armadillo, probably the most unique animal in Texas. This little creature represents a migrating species which has in large numbers crossed the frontier of Texas from Mexico and now inhabits the greater portion of the southern half of the state.  
The point of special interest in the biology of the armadillo lies in its peculiar method of development. Drs. Newman and Patterson have found out that the Texas armadillo normally gives birth to four young and that the individuals of any given litter are invariably of the same sex; that is, they are either all males or all females, never mixed.

**In the Business World.**  
Mrs. Growells—Have you any more sugar like I got here last week?  
Grocer—Plenty of it, ma'am. How much do you want?  
Mrs. Growells—I merely want to know when it is all gone, then perhaps I may order some.

**Anxious Heirs.**  
"Is there anything wrong with your right foot, Uncle Toby?"  
"Not that I know of, Robert. Why do you ask?"  
"Pa said he didn't believe you ever would kick the bucket."

## REAL BOON TO ALL HUMANITY

Mrs. Hawgood Cannot Understand Why One Should Not Listen to Talk of Other People.

"I met a man today," said Harrison Hawgood, "who is working on a great invention—an invention that will be a real boon to humanity if he succeeds in perfecting it."  
"What is it?" asked Mrs. Hawgood.  
"A contrivance to put in one's ears so that one may ride in an elevated trolley car or in any other kind of a public conveyance and not have to listen to the conversation of people who sit next to one. It is so constructed—or will be when he gets it perfected—that it cannot possibly be seen, yet it will make it possible for the wearer to get along without hearing a word that is spoken over by people who sit beside him or in seats directly back or in front of him."  
"Well, but why shouldn't one wish to hear the conversation of other people?"  
"One of the Superior Young Minister of the Episcopal Church—No, dear lady, frankly, I cannot persuade myself that it would be safe to let women vote."  
"And what, may I ask, is your reason for opposing it?"  
"Well, dear lady, I cannot but think that if women were to vote it would make them, let us say—a little or—er—masculine."  
"Oh, I don't know. It has never had that effect upon the clergy—"  
Life.

**A CHOICE OF TERMS.**  
The great amateur detective and his friend were sitting in the private office of Billington T. Bullman, the financier, waiting for him to return from lunch.  
"This man has a homely stenographer, for whom he has no affection," said Holmes.  
"But I thought you told me you didn't know him?"  
"I don't. Haven't you noticed that he keeps a picture of his middle-aged wife on his desk?"  
"No place for him."  
"Call in our lawyer," said the president of the corporation.  
"Yes, sir," replied the vice-president. "Has anything of importance happened?"  
"No, I merely want to find out just how far we can go without being in danger of becoming liable to arrest."  
"But it seems to me, if I may say so, we are going about as far as our conscience should let us."  
"Conscience? Oh! Say, you'd better quit big business and go run a Sunday school somewhere."

**On Ice.**  
"Yes," said Alkali Ike, "a couple o' cow punchers indulged in a very pretty scientific scrap down at Bad Buck's yesterday."  
"It's wonderful how cool those fellows were under the circumstances," remarked the eastern tourist.  
"Yes, they certainly have to be kept cool, stranger. I believe, for some reason or other, their funerals ain't to be for a couple o' days yet."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Pointer for Housewives.**  
Suburb—Well, I've just engaged two girls at the Intelligence office.  
Urbano—Going to keep two maids now?  
Suburb—Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices."

**A Hair-Raising Accident.**  
"What was the commotion at the theater the other night when the crowd gathered in the lobby?"  
"A lady coming out had a head-on collision with an obtruding gas jet, and her elaborate coiffure was a perfect wreck."  
"What was the cause of it?"  
"I think, a misplaced switch."

**The Straight of It.**  
"Is my hat on straight?"  
"I can't tell."  
"Can't tell when a woman's hat is on straight?"  
"Well, it is hanging just above your left ear."  
"Then it's on straight. Good-by."

## BAD FOR THE BOYS

During a spring thunderstorm in Orange county, N. Y., a flock of crows numbering 83 sought the same tree for shelter. It was struck by lightning and 79 of the birds killed. There are not more than a dozen crows left in the county, and what the boys are going to throw stones at this summer is a puzzle. They'll have to coax the crows in from some other county or give up the fun of pecking.

**Important Question.**  
It is idle to frame such a query as "Can the cook be a lady?" The real question is now and ever will be: "Can the lady cook?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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