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Wise Dental Co. OFFICE HOURS: 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays 9 to 1 P. M. Phone: A 2029; Main 2029. **Falling Bldg., Third and Washington, Portland**

Fixing Carpet Rug. When a hole is worn in your carpet rug whip over the edges of the hole with yarn, matching the colors in the rug; then, also with yarn, fill in the hole with very tight crocheted stitches, using a plain stitch; then cover this work little loops of yarn that will correspond to the loops in the weave of the carpet.

His Position. "What are your views on the great public problems?" "I haven't any views on public problems," replied the man whose interests are under investigation. "I'm one of them myself."

After a Bad Dinner. Tommy—"Papa, what is it that the Bible says is here today and gone tomorrow?" Papa—"Probably the cook, my son."

Daily Thought. As the yellow gold is tried in the fire, so the faith of friendship must be seen in adversity.—Ovid.

A READY MADE HOUSE \$400

All ready-for occupancy. All you have to do is drive a few nails and move in. Plans and instructions accompany material. House built so as to be just what our climatic conditions require. We have been in the Mill Material business for twenty-seven years and our ability and integrity are unquestioned. We absolutely guarantee satisfaction.

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MEAT AND RICE COMBINATION

Excellent Method of Putting Daily "Leftovers" to Good Use Is a Typical Italian Dish.

In ever the poorest of Italian homes the brown casseroles are in evidence. Failing one, however, any deep earthen or granite ware dish will answer. Wash thoroughly in two or three waters one cup rice. Drain, then throw into a kettle of boiling water with a teaspoonful salt. Boil rapidly for 15 or 20 minutes, until the rice is tender, drain and set back on the range or in the oven for the rice to swell and dry. Take one-third of the cooked rice and set aside and with the remainder line sides and bottom of the buttered casserole. To one pint cold minced meat—any sort preferred—add two well beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls dried bread crumbs, a tablespoonful chopped parsley, a teaspoonful onion juice, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and salt, pepper and sweet herbs to season. Mix thoroughly, add gravy or stock to make rather moist, pack into the center of the casserole, cover the top with the reserved rice and cook for an hour. Serve with tomato sauce.

When Your Eyes Need Care
Try **Murine Eye Remedy**. No Stinging—Feels pure—Acts Quickly. Try It for Red, Watery, Itchy Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. **Murine** is recommended by our oculists and a "Patient Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practices for many years. Non-toxic to the Public and sold by druggists at 25c and 50c per Bottle. **Murine Eye Remedy** is Ankytic, Cures, 25c and 50c. **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

Books for the Children
Care must be taken in the stories we give to growing children that evil is always overcome. Book friends are very real to boys and girls and influence their character. There should be effort and conflict in their stories and daring endurance and steadfast purpose. Stories in which the child hero acts rightly are particularly valuable, because what a boy or girl has done appeals more directly to the child's own power. He feels though he may not express it even to himself that what other children have done he can do.

Directing Children Aright.
The young need to be taught that although there is sometimes a pleasure of the senses in committing sin, it is inevitably followed by remorse and punishment. Crime, remorse, punishment form an inseparable trio. On the other hand, while it is often hard to do right, the sense of satisfaction, self-respect and self-control that follows right action is worth all the effort made.

Butcher Shop for Cats.
There is a butcher shop in New York city that is unique in one way at least. It has been there more than 30 years. From the very beginning its proprietor, in addition to his regular business, has made a specialty of furnishing appetizing meals for cats. Every morning there is set forth on a long counter about 100 trays of cats' meat.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"
That is **LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE**. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day, Cures Grip in Two Days. 25c.

New Plates.
A wholly unexpected use has sprung up for the new cut glass plates which have been introduced this season for dessert services. These are now being used in conjunction with glass candlesticks as ornaments. Nothing looks better on a rosewood piano than a pair of glass candlesticks and a couple of handsome cut glass plates, which are thrown into high relief by a dull toned wall paper.

First Public School.
Brooklyn had the first free public school in the United States. With the coming of Adam Roselandsen in 1833, the first school tax ever levied in America was imposed on each householders and inhabitant.

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace
By B. Fletcher Robinson

Co-Author with A. Conan Doyle of "The Hound of the Baskervilles," etc.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAUSEWAY

It was on Thursday, May 18, 1899, that young Sir Andrew Cheyne was found dead of a gunshot wound in the grounds of Atrile Hall, his house in Surrey.

I was myself especially interested in the case, as I was staying at a cottage within three miles of the Hall at the time. All the gossip came to us first hand. By breakfast we learned of the death. An hour later came the rumor of the murder, and the fact that an arrest had been made. A man had been caught running from the spot where the body lay.

My host was a bachelor and a brother artist. His little place was bound by no conventions. Go or come, but don't trouble to explain—such was the custom. He was busy that morning, as I knew, so I appropriated his bicycle and set off through the lanes to visit the scene of the tragedy.

Atrile Hall lay some two hundred yards back from the main road. The drive, framed in wide stretches of turf, and flanked by a triple avenue of chestnuts, ran in a straight line from the great porch to the entrance gates of twisted iron. Peering through the bars were a dozen villagers. Within, his hand upon the lock, stood a policeman, massive, red-faced, pompous with his present importance.

"May I come in?" I asked politely.

"You may not," he said quite briefly.

I put my hand in my pocket, hesitated, and drew it out empty. It was too public a place for corruption. If Addington Peace had only been with me, I thought—and, so thinking, came by an idea. Even a rural policeman would know the famous detective's name.

"My friend, Inspector Peace—" I began.

"Inspector who?" he interrupted.

"Addington Peace of the Criminal Investigation Department. I hoped he would be here."

His manner changed with a celerity which was the greatest compliment he could have paid to the little detective.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said.

"The inspector drove up from the station not ten minutes ago. If you will inquire at the hall, you will be sure to find him."

The servant who answered my modest ring led me through a dark passage of paneled oak and out upon the terrace that lay on the farther side of the house. Below it a sloping lawn ran down to a broad lake fringed with reeds. Beyond the lake a park stretched away dotted with single oaks now struggling into foliage. It was a lovely view, unmolesied by the centuries. As it was so it had been three hundred years before, when some courtier of Elizabeth, in tightly fitting hose and immaculate ruffles, chose it as the outlook from the windows of his dining-room.

In the middle of the terrace, Addington Peace stood, smoking a cigarette and talking to a tall and stately person in a black coat, who looked every

inch the man he was—the butler of a British country house.

"A fine morning, Mr. Phillips," he said. "I did not know you were staying in the neighborhood."

"I cycled over after hearing the news. Your name opened the gates, Inspector."

"Well, I am pleased to see you, anyhow. Mr. Roberts here was giving me his view of this unfortunate affair. You may continue, Mr. Roberts."

The little inspector turned, as he heard my footsteps on the gravel, and nodded a benevolent welcome.

The butler had been staring at me with great suspicion; but apparently he concluded that, as a friend of a detective, I was a respectable person.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, in a soft, oily voice, as from confirmed overeating, "my mind is, so to speak, a blank. But what I know I will say without fear or favor. Sir Andrew had not previously honored us with his presence, he having remained abroad from the death of Sir William, which was his uncle, some six months ago. Yesterday—that is, Thursday morning—he wired from London for a carriage to meet the 12:32 train. We were all in a flutter of excitement, as you can well imagine. But when he arrived it was, he said, with no intention of staying the night. During the afternoon he saw his agent on business, and afterwards went for a walk, returning about six. He dined at eight, and had his coffee served in the small library."

"The last train to London was at 10:25, and we had our orders for a carriage to be ready for him at five minutes to the hour. At ten o'clock precisely I took the liberty of entering the small library to inform Sir Andrew that the carriage was waiting, and that there was only just time to catch the train. He was not there, and the windows on to the terrace, and I walked through to see if he was sitting outside, the evening being salubrious for the time of the

year. It was while I was there that I heard the footsteps of some one running on the gravel, and, first thing I knew, who should appear but Jake Warner, the keeper. 'Hello, Mr. Warner,' says I, 'and where may you be going in such a hurry? Is it poaching?' I says, 'No,' says he, in a sad taking, 'but Sir Andrew's been shot—shot dead, Mr. Roberts, on the causeway to the island.' 'Heaven defend us,' I says; 'but do—'

"Quite so, Mr. Roberts," said Peace.

"We understand you were much upset. So you have no idea when it was that Sir Andrew left the little library?"

"No, sir, save that it was between nine and ten."

"Thank you. And now, Mr. Phillips, I think we will go down and have a look at the causeway walk."

At the end of terrace we found a policeman waiting. He touched his helmet to the inspector, and, after a few words with him, led the way down some moss-grown steps and over a sloping lawn towards the lake. We skirted the right hand edge for perhaps two hundred yards, until we came to where a short causeway of stone had been built out into the water, joining the lawns to a shrub-

blamed auction he hears of, since his palsy got so bad. You see, he sits there and bobs his poor old head and them sharp auctioneers knock down to him everything they can't sell to anybody else, claiming he bid on it. And it kind o' flatters the old man to think he is back in the hooraw of business life again, and so they make it stick."

When Doves Disagree.
"What's the latest among suffragists?"
"Mrs. Wallaby called Mrs. Wombat a deliberate and unqualified fibber."
"Dear me, have women come to that? What happened next?"
"Then they both cried, kissed and made up, and we all went to a bargain matinee."

His Thought.
She—Don't you think this dress is very becoming to me?
He—I'm thinking of the bill which will be coming to me.

NO PLACE FOR AGED MAN
Uncle Ranny Ramsey, Who is Paleled, Must Be Kept Away From All Auctions.

"In the morning of our existence," philosophically remarked the Erratic Thinker, "when life stretches away and away ahead of us, and we scamper on supple, care-free legs through flowery dells, and all that, how little we reckon that the first thing we know we will be in the midst of golden noon when the shadows fall neither to the right nor to the left. And oftentimes, with weary, stiffened limbs and defective hearing, we'll set out to promenade on the railroad track three minutes before train time. Then, let us be considerate of the aged and not let them know how much smarter we are than they were at our age, and—but you have no idea how much engineering it takes on my part to keep my old Uncle Ranny Ramsey from attending every

blamed auction he hears of, since his palsy got so bad. You see, he sits there and bobs his poor old head and them sharp auctioneers knock down to him everything they can't sell to anybody else, claiming he bid on it. And it kind o' flatters the old man to think he is back in the hooraw of business life again, and so they make it stick."

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grown island. The roof of a gabled cottage peeped out from the heart of its yews and laurels. The causeway, paved with great slabs of slate, was never more than five feet broad. On either side of it was a dense growth of feathery reeds, hiding the lake behind their rustling walls.

"What cottage is that?" asked Peace, pointing a finger.

"When he was a young man, Sir William, that was Sir Andrew's uncle, used to give lunches and teas there in the summer months," said the policeman. "But the place has been shut up for a long time now, sir. No one goes to the island barring the ducks, and they nest there by the hundred."

"Where did you catch the prisoner?"

"About this very place, sir. It was about half-past nine, and I was walking down the public path, which passes the east corner of the lake, when I heard the shot. It seemed a strange time of the year for night poaching, but there are rascals in the village who wouldn't hesitate about the seasons so long as they had a duck for dinner."

"Off I raced as hard as I could put legs to the ground. When I came to the causeway head I pulled up and looked about me. There was a slip of a moon over the island and a plenty of stars, so that the night was fairly bright. No one was in sight, but presently I heard the thump, thump, of a man running over the turf, and who should come panting down the slope but Jake Warner, the keeper. He was in such a hurry that he was nigh as close as I am to you, sir, before he saw me."

"Good Lord!" he cried, jumping back; "and what are you doing here?"

"Didn't you hear a shot fired?" I asked.

"Not a sound of it," he said, with a sulky face on him.

"It surprised me more than a bit. Indeed, I had begun to wonder if I could have been mistaken, when there came a clatter on the slabs of the causeway, and a man rushed out from

the reeds like a mad thing. He gave a little cry like a frightened rabbit when he caught sight of us, and tried to twist away, but his feet slipped from under him, and down he fell. Before he could recover I was sitting on his chest.

"I had no hand in it," he shouted.

"I swear to you it was not me. I was to meet him on the island. He was dead when I came to him."

"Dead—who is dead?" asked Jake, very anxious.

"Sir Andrew Cheyne," said the man, with a shiver.

"I was that taken aback that if he had made a run for it he might have done so for all I could have stopped him. As for Jake, he gave a yelp and disappeared down the causeway, like a rat into a hole."

"Sir Andrew is in France," I said, for so Mr. Roberts had told me not a week before. "You're crazy, man."

"Shut your mouth, you fool!—those were his very last words, sir—I tell you Cheyne is dead. Go and look for yourself."

"I must trouble you to come with me, then," said I, taking him by the collar.

"We walked down the causeway between the reeds, he in front and me behind with my hand in his neck. About half-way down we came upon Jake, who was kneeling by the body, which lay flat on its back. I had never seen Sir Andrew and no more had Jake, so we had to take the stranger's word for it. When we found there was no sign of life left in him, I sent Jake to get assistance. He came back with Mr. Roberts and two of the men, who carried away the body up to the house, while I arrested my prisoner and walked him off to the lock-up. We found a loaded revolver upon him. He refused to say who he was or to make any explanation."

"And afterwards?" asked Addington Peace.

"I searched the causeway as soon as it was light. There was nothing to be found. But the evidence against the prisoner seems clear enough, saving the fact that the shotgun he used has disappeared. He must have thrown it into the water. They will drag the lake for it this afternoon. We've got the real murderer all right, don't you think, sir?"

"Did you search the island before you left last night?"

"No, sir."

"Might not another man have been concealed there?"

The policeman did not reply, save by coloring a deeper red and staring hard at his boots.

CARE OF SETTING HEN
Nothing Will Dislodge Perfectly Hard-Working Matron.

Box or Barrel Laid on Side, Painted Inside With Carbolineum or Some Other Good Luce Paint, Is Suitable Nest.

By PROF. JOHN WILLARD BOLTE.)
A setting hen is a perfectly respectable hard working matron, suffering from an acute attack of spring fever. She will not work, she refuses to lay or even talk about it, and she develops a very crabbed disposition in a remarkably short length of time. Seeking out some chosen nest she takes possession, by force, if necessary, and proceeds to occupy it for about 23 hours and 25 minutes every day. She leaves it secretly and in silence, only when food is necessary. Having satisfied her wants, she suddenly remembers that unguarded nest, and makes for it with great speed and confusion.

It matters not whether the nest contains eggs or a doorknob, it is dear to her, and nothing will dislodge her. There she will hold the fort until her motherly longing is satisfied in a brood of little downy peepers. The writer once hatched three successive broods of chicks under the same hen, the hen setting for 75 consecutive days, and coming off the nest reluctantly and in good health at the end of that time.

The best way to detect a broody hen is to look through the nests after dark and see whether there are any hens on them. If so, they should either be brought up or placed on some worthless eggs in the hatching quarters, as they do harm in the regular laying pens by partially incubating eggs and fighting with all the other hens.

Almost any concave nest, well lined with hay, will do for setting a hen. Take a box, or barrel laid on its side, paint it inside with carbolineum or some other good luce paint, and form the nest out of earth with two inches of hay covering it.

Be sure to get the corners filled so that the eggs cannot roll into them. Have the edge of the box not over three inches higher than the eggs, so that the hen will not jump on them. Dust the hen with insect powder, place her on the nest on some dummy eggs, and cover her with another, ventilated box. Let her off in 24 hours, and if she goes back again, it will be safe to put good eggs under her.

Use an odd number of eggs, depending upon the size of the hen and the season. Thirteen in cold weather and 15 in warm, is about right for a Plymouth Rock hen.

Keep whole corn and pure water at hand and let the hen take care of herself. The chicks usually begin to hatch on the twenty-first day. Let them alone until the night of the twenty-second day. Then move her and the chicks to a warm, dry coop and do not feed the chicks until the twenty-fourth day.

It is a good plan to set two hens at the same time and give all of the chicks to one hen after they are hatched.

SHEEP HELP ON MANY FARMS
Besides Being Money-Makers, They Will Destroy Many Noxious Weeds—Range Bred Best.

(By W. A. LINKLATER, Oklahoma Experiment Station.)
It would add to the revenue of many farms if a flock of sheep were kept. Besides being profitable they are great weed eaters. They will eat five out of six of our known weeds, where a cow or horse will eat only one out of every six.

Range bred sheep are the right kind for the average farmer to buy. Such sheep will be grade Merinos and if they carry a cross of Shropshire, Lincoln or other mutton blood, so much the better. It would not be advisable to buy Mexican sheep or low grade sheep of any other kind.

The ewes purchased for the foundation flock should be good, large animals from one to four years old, and

weighing more than one hundred pounds. Where possible it would seldom be practical to start with less than 50 ewes, and a larger number would be better still. A flock of a dozen would require almost as much care as 50 or 100. These range bred grade Merinos should be bred to a Dorset ram if possible.

The reason we recommend buying range bred grade Merino ewes is that thousands of these are available, while Dorsets are not to be had in large numbers.

These fall or early winter lambs, by good feeding and care can be made to weigh 90 to 100 pounds by May 1, when they will find a ready market and will always be in demand. Such lambs should bring from five dollars upward

Excellent Type.

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