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Three Babes Walked Fifteen Miles.

Three children—Ida Farrow, eight years old, Willie Farrow, five, and Linda Benton, six, of Petersburg—walked 15 1/2 miles to Whaplope Drove one recent Sunday to see their grandmother. The children, who undertook the journey unknown to their parents, arrived exhausted, and after being fed and rested were driven home again.—London Mail.

The Home Sentinel.

It is each woman's duty to understand the preparation of food so that it may be fit for human consumption. It may not be necessary for her to attend to the actual work, but she should be the sentinel, always on guard.

Put Watch Under Tumbler.

Placing a watch under a tumbler near the bed of a sick person will give him relief from the ticking, which is frequently very trying to highly sensitive nerves.

GOOD DIGESTION IS THE BEST SAFEGUARD AGAINST ALL BODILY DISORDERS.

THE BEST SAFEGUARD FOR A GOOD DIGESTION IS



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The Fly with spongy feet collects the invisible germs of disease—spreads them over our food and poisons us with typhoid.

The Mosquito with its bill injects into our veins MALARIA.

WE ARE all exposed to such dangers—our only armor is good red blood! Let your stomach be of good digestion, your liver active and your lungs full of good pure air and you don't surrender to any of the disease-bearing germs. The best known tonic and alternative, that corrects a torpid liver, and helps digestion so that good blood is manufactured and the system nourished, is

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This famous medicine has been sold by medicine dealers in its liquid form for over forty years, giving great satisfaction. If you prefer you can now obtain Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery tablets of your druggist at \$1.00, also in 50c size or by mail—send 50 one-cent stamps, R.V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N.Y., for trial box. Questions of Life are fully and properly answered in the People's Medical Adviser by Dr. Pierce, M. D. All the knowledge a young man or woman, wife or daughter should have, is contained in this big Home Doctor Book containing 1008 pages with engravings bound in cloth, sent free to anyone sending 21 one-cent stamps to prepay cost of wrapping and postage.

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 TRAGEDY OF THOMAS HEARNE

"Does not that sad underworld of crime in which you move sometimes drive you into a cynical disbelief in all mankind?" I suggested.

It was a bitter night, and the inspector and I were blowing our tobacco from seats confronting before a roaring fire. The wind rattling at the hump of the window added the luxury of a reminder that it must be extremely unpleasant in the sleet-sweet streets outside.

"Not how bad men are; it is how good they are that is surprising," quoted Peace, with a nod of his head.

We sat in silence for a while before he spoke again.

"I have let a breaker of the law go free in my time—perhaps more than once," he continued. "The law can't take cognizance of all the tricks that Fate plays on man."

I smiled a tale, and remained silent. Peace laughed.

"You think you have driven me into story-telling?" he said.

"I am at your mercy; but I hope so," I told him.

He leaned forward, tapping the ashes from his pipe against the brass of the fender. Then he began—

"About a year ago I received a message from Guy's hospital that there was a patient lying very ill who wished to see me. I recognized him the moment I set foot in the ward—a gentleman born and bred who had slipped down the ladder from running his own horses to dodging the police as a bookmaker's tout. He was a half-and-half man—too lazily clever to be quite honest, and too honest to be quite a criminal. Poor Jack Henderson! A good man gone wrong—let that be his epitaph when it comes to setting up his headstone."

"Well, Henderson," I said, "what's the trouble?"

"I'm done, Peace," he whispered. "They've no more use for me this side of the black river; but I wanted to see you before I answered the call."

"You mustn't talk like that," I said, though he was looking pretty bad. "They'll put you on your legs again in a month. You can bet on that, my lad."

"It don't matter much either way," he smiled, in a quiet way he had—so let us get to business. You had your share of trouble, I understand, in the matter of Julius Craig last spring."

"I nodded.

"I was in that job," he said; "and after what happened I should like to tell you the truth about it. I may have been a pretty bad lot in my time, Inspector; but I had my limits, and murder was one of them."

"I won't try to give you his exact words, for the poor fellow spoke very slowly, with big pauses in between. But this is close upon the story as he told it to me."

I expect you know the Blue Shield in Percher street. Take them one with another, the customers are about the worst crowd in all London. One Saturday night, towards the end of March—last year—I had joined the gang there, hoping to meet some friend with the price of a drink upon him, for I was broke to the wide, wide world. Bill Redman, who was afterwards lagged for bank note forgeries in Manchester, had just ordered me a whisky, and I was sitting on a stool watching the barman reach down the special Scotch, when in walked a moon-faced fellow, very fat and prosperous, with a dark blue overcoat and a diamond in his necktie. He looked about him, screwing up his eyes as a near-sighted man will do, and then came over to where I was sitting.

"Mr. Henderson, I believe?" he said.

"That's my name," I told him, wondering who he might be.

"I have been recommended to you by a—by a mutual friend," he said; "but I cannot discuss my business here. My carriage is waiting, if you will give me your company for ten minutes."

I hesitated a moment, until Redman, who seemed to know him, leant across, whispering that I should be a fool to refuse. The stranger pushed me into a brougham that was standing by the pavement opposite the door and we started off at a smart pace. Once in Regent's park, however, the driver pulled his horse to a walk, and my companion began to do his talking.

"Five hundred sovereigns would be

useful to you these days—eh, Mr. Henderson?"

There was a smile all over his fat face as he said the words, and he chuckled softly to himself with a sound like water coming out of a bottle. It seemed an offer of life to me—a promise of everything the lack of which makes each day a torment to the man who has known clean comfort.

"Is it murder?" I asked him.

"Oh, my dear sir, you surprise me!" he cried, lifting his flabby hands. "What a horrible suggestion! Allow me to explain at once. Have you ever heard of Julius Craig?"

"The company promoter, who organized the Spanish mine swindle? Of course I have."

"Did you know him by sight?"

"He used to come racing. A tall, thin, melancholy-looking fellow with a black beard—wasn't he?"

"Yes, that is Julius Craig. He is now in Princetown prison with six more years to run. The climate of Dartmoor is not suited to his health. He is anxious to change his residence; nor do I blame him, Mr. Henderson, for it is the most desolate spot in all England. I am in a position to offer you the sum I have mentioned if you will arrange his escape. Do you agree?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Ah, that is most satisfactory. Tomorrow I will send you half the money with some little suggestions of my own as to your plan of campaign. The second half you will receive when Mr. Craig is free. By the way, there are some curious relics of the stone age on the moors. Perhaps you might read up the subject and appear at Princetown as a student; yes, Mr. Henderson, that will suit you well—a student of prehistoric man."

He chuckled until the carriage shook. It was like driving with a good-tempered blanc mange.

"I shall be glad of any advice you can give me," I said.

He pulled a cord, and when the carriage stopped I got out and stood waiting.

"Good night and good luck to you," he said, his great white face shining upon me from the window as he shook my hand. "I have your address. Drive on, Williams."

I might have been an old and trusted friend, from the warmth of his manner. Yet as the carriage rolled away I noticed that he raised the little flap at the back to see that I didn't try to follow him.

The packet arrived next morning. The notes I stowed away in an inside pocket. The typewritten instructions were unsigned and undated.

According to them Craig was a member of gang "D," employed on a convict farm, in drafting and inclosing a portion of moor by a stream known as the Black brook. Above the stream rose a small hill on which was an ancient cairn and stone circle that in my character as a student would offer an excuse for my presence.

Though communication with Craig could not be regularly established, he knew that an attempt was in preparation. The sight of a man in a white waterproof loitering on the cairn hill would be his signal that all was ready.



Sudden fogs were frequent upon the moor, and when they came while the convicts were at work in the fields, the chance of escape was excellent; for the authorities did not chain their men, and the warders rarely used their rifles. They trusted to the huge moors upon which men who escaped were easily retaken, half dead from fatigue and starvation.

Craig would make a rush for the cairn hill. From thence it was my duty to convey him to Torquay, thirty miles away on the coast. Once there he would know where to go, and my responsibility ended. A letter to the Torquay post office, under the name of W. Slade, would be forwarded to the writer if I required further assistance or had any questions of real importance.

That was all; but it was enough for me. Here was a scheme into which I could put my heart. There was no low-down swindling, no dirty work about it. I felt as gay as a schoolboy off for a holiday.

And so in three days' time that ragged rascal Jack Henderson disappeared from London, and the well-dressed Mr. Abel Kingsley, vaguely described in the visitors' book of the

Princetown Arms as of Memphis University, U. S. A., was sitting on the cairn hill above the prison that held Julius Craig.

To the far horizon there stretched the melancholy moors, deserted washes of rush marshes and stunted heather, broken here and there by outcrops of granite, that crowned the rolling ground like the ruins of a hundred feudal castles. For Dartmoor is a huge granite tableland, and on its barren surface no corn will grow nor tree flourish.

Beneath the rampart of its containing hills lies the garden of Devon, a land of orchards and pleasant woods, of cornfields and pasture farms; but the moors have defied the farmer and remain the same sad wilderness that prehistoric man inhabited four thousand years ago. You can see where he built his hut circles, and set up his great stone avenues to the honor of dead chieftains.

It was an uncanny sort of place altogether, and I shivered as I sat in that lonely cemetery of the forgotten dead.

The huge prison was built on the opposite slope of the shallow valley, and the farm which the convicts had won field by field stretched down from its walls to a brook at the foot of the cairn hill where I was. On the further edge of the brook a gang was at work inclosing some new ground, and through my glasses I soon made out the man I was after. The last time I had seen him was on his own coach at Ascot, with the girls buzzing round him like wasps after sugar, and there he was digging trenches with a spade. It's a funny world!

About twenty men were in the gang. On the outer side a couple of warders strolled up and down with rifles under their arms. There was nothing but a low hedge to stop the convicts if they knocked down the guards, with their spades and made a run for it. But when I looked back across the wastes of the moor I understood. In a city a man may vanish in a crowd, but on Dartmoor he must tramp a dozen miles before he can find even a bush to hide him. In clear weather the mounted warders of the pursuit would ride him down in half an hour.

The Princetown Arms, a gray, weather-beaten square of granite, was a pleasant country inn standing near the center of the village. It was too early in the year for tourists. Indeed, as I discovered, there was only one man beside myself staying in the house, a Mr. Thomas Hearne, whose address in the visitors' book was briefly London. When I came down to dinner that night I found him already seated at a little table with my knife and fork laid opposite. I wasn't anxious to make new acquaintances, but I couldn't very well ask them to lay another table for my benefit. So I took my chair, and wished him good evening as politely as possible.

He was a small, gray-bearded man of over sixty, as I reckoned, and he seemed as disinclined for conversation as ever I was. For that I thanked my luck, and worked through the dinner with my brain busy with one plan after another. It was just as coffee was served that he asked the question which startled me.

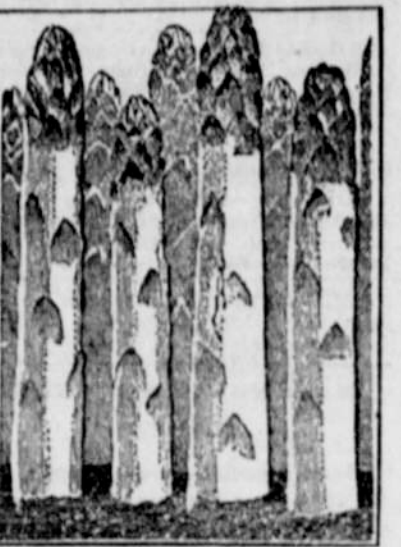
ASPARAGUS IS HARDY

Select Spot Where Plant Can Remain Permanently.

Land Should Be Deep, Rich, Fertile, Moist and Cool, With Warm Exposure—Plant in Rows the Same as Corn, Etc.

One of the best and easiest grown of our garden perennials is the asparagus plant, says Green's Fruit Grower. It can be started either from seed or from plants. If one wishes to raise plants to sell, plant the seed, but if asparagus is wanted for home or market use it is better to set out yearling seedlings.

It is important in laying out the asparagus plantation to select a place where it can remain permanently for if taken proper care of the plantation will last for twenty years. The old idea was the asparagus "bed." The new is to plant in rows the same as corn, etc., so that for the market garden the cultivation can be done by horse. The land selected should be a deep, rich, fertile, moist and cool soil, having a warm exposure, a gradual southern slope being preferred. If the land is originally hard and coarse,



One of the Best Bunches.

It should be worked a year or two in advance by the raising of some thoroughly tilled crop, using as much manure as possible in the process. Late, deep, fall plowing is preferable, turning under a thick covering of well-rotted manure. In the spring, when the frost is out of the ground, plow furrows from six to ten inches deep and four feet apart. If the soil is not of the best quality two or three inches of well-rotted manure should be placed in the bottom of each trench and on this add a couple of inches of loose soil. Then place the plants in the trench three or four feet apart. Cover with three inches of earth, it not being well to cover deeper, as it takes too long for the young shoots to push their way through. As the shoots grow the rest of the earth can be filled in around them by after cultivation. When filled in, the crowns of the plants should be about six inches below the surface of the ground, for if planted much less the roots will push up to the surface and interfere with the cultivation.

TWO ROOT SYSTEMS OF CORN

Deep Cultivation Prunes Feeding Branches and Lessens Ability to Take Up Plant Food.

A knowledge of the root systems of corn points out the kind of cultivation to be practiced. There are two systems, the primary and the secondary, says the Breeders' Gazette. The primary roots are the fine, fibrous roots, which almost completely fill the top two feet of soil, crossing each other in the rows after the crop is half grown. Deep cultivation prunes all these feeding roots, lessens the ability of the plant to take up plant food and moisture and results in the loss of considerable water from the soil through evaporation. Deep preparation of the soil before planting and shallow cultivation afterward is highly desirable. The day of "plowing" the corn crop is gone.

The secondary roots are the tough, fibrous roots usually extending from one of the lower nodes on the stalk into the soil. The sole purpose of these seems to be to act as braces for the plant to have hold it upright.

Wheat, Rye and Barley.

Wheat and rye have about the same composition, although wheat is somewhat richer in protein. Rye is in general tougher and harder to grind. Both are quite digestible, but less so than corn, on account of the larger percentage of hull. When they can be had at about the price of corn they may profitably form a part of some rations. They are fed more satisfactorily when ground than when whole. Barley seems to rank between wheat and oats. It is not used very extensively as a stock food in the east, except when the quality is too poor to permit its use for malting purposes.

Avoid Kicking.

Don't go behind a horse or cow without speaking. Neglect to do this may cause fright and the most docile animal cannot be blamed for kicking under such circumstances.

Comfortable Coops.

The coop for hens and chicks should be well ventilated, easy to clean, and of sufficient proportions to insure comfort.

Unable to Appreciate It. To some men popularity is always suspicious. Enjoying none themselves, they are prone to suspect the validity of those attainments which command it.—George Henry Lewes.