

That Tired Feeling

That comes to you every spring is a sign that your blood is wanting in vitality, just as pimples and other eruptions are signs that it is impure. Do not delay treatment, but begin at once to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which accomplishes its wonderful results, not simply because it contains sarsaparilla, but because it combines the great curative principles of many roots, barks, herbs and other valuable ingredients. There is no real substitute; insist on having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Medicine that makes people feel better, look, eat and sleep better; the remedy for stomach, kidney and liver affections, rheumatism, catarrh, scrofula, skin diseases, boils, debility, and other ills arising from impure or impoverished blood.

"I felt tired all the time and could not sleep nights. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a little while I could sleep well and the tired feeling had gone. This great medicine has also cured me of scrofula." Mrs. C. M. Root, Box 23, Gilead, Conn.

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Kansas Solomon.

King Solomon had nothing on a Centralia Justice of the Peace before whom a colored man and brother was being tried for stealing a chicken. The prosecuting witness thought it was his fowl, but was not willing to swear. It being sundown the local Solomon let the hen loose and watched her going home to roost. Result, the negro was fined \$50.—Kansas City Journal.

Cured of Enthusiasm.

A.—"You don't seem to have any life in you. Is there nothing or nobody over which you can enthuse?" B.—"Nothing at all. I once became enthusiastic over somebody, and a short time afterwards she became my wife. That was a sad warning to me to avoid enthusiasm."

What Joy.

Legitimate actors may sneer, but the actor who acts to the "movies" has one privilege worth more than gold or precious stone—he can see himself act.

Slobber in Horses.

Cabbage will sometimes cure slobber in horses, caused by eating white clover; but it is better to keep the clover away from the horses.

New York City Crowded.

In the densest parts of Bombay there are 740 persons to the acre. New York has 1,000 in the same area.

In Boston?

You can always recognize a stranger in town by the way he keeps one hand in his pocketbook and the other on his watch.—Boston Transcript.

Pleasantry of Astronomy.

One thing at least baseball has done for the country. It has settled the question of the time when spring comes.—New York Evening Mail.

Old-Fashioned Storm.

What's become of the old-fashioned, harmless storm that merely cleared the atmosphere.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

FOR SICK HEADACHE

SOUR STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, POOR APPETITE, CONSTIPATION, LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUSNESS

ROMAN EYE BALSAM

FOR SCALDING SENSATION IN EYES AND ALL FORMS OF INFLAMMATION OF EYES OR EYELIDS

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. Fletcher Robinson

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

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman)

THE TRAGEDY OF THOMAS HEARNE

(Continued.)

Matters moved quickly with us. I hired a stout horse and a two-wheeled cart for a month from the landlord to whom I talked the neolithic man of an evening, impressing him with a learning acquired from the reports of that worthy society the Devonshire association. I preferred to drive myself, declining the boy offered for that purpose. There were no other preparations to make; and so, on the day following, that earnest student, Mr. Abel Kingsley, might have been seen smoking his pipe on the cairn hill in a white mackintosh, for was there not a threat of rain in the air? There Mr. Thomas Hearne lay hid amongst the stones watching the effect of the signal through his pocket telescope. He reported all well; Julius Craig had undoubtedly noticed the white waterproof, and understood that we were waiting for him.

I could talk to you for an hour of our doings in the next three weeks. We lived on the edge of a powder barrel in which we had set the fuse. Never a morning but we were up with the sun, starting to windward for signs of the weather. Would it be today, tomorrow—not at all! A nervous man would not have stood that strain; but we were not a neurotic couple, the old chap and I. As hard and keen and clever as a lad of 21 was Thomas Hearne. It was he who spent the day in Plymouth, returning with a wig and long overcoat that might temporarily conceal the convict's identity until he could change his yellow prison uniform for the clothes I had already bought; it was he who gathered to himself all the weather lore of the village until he had become a better prophet than the wisest veteran of the moors. Two fogs we had, but during the first the convicts were kept within the walls; while before the other caught them the warders had time to rush the gangs back to their cells. Yet Hearne never lost temper at these delays, cheering me back into patience with the strength of his own certainty.

"Don't you worry, Kingsley," he would say; "what is fated to happen cannot be prevented, and Providence will see to it that Julius Craig comes to us soon."

Read Story of Her Death.

When a blacksmith, named Lyon, declared that the body of a drowned woman, recently drowned at Creil, France, was that of his wife Juliette, who deserted him two years ago, a death certificate was made out in her name. Juliette, however, was very much alive, and, after reading the story in the Petit Parisien, she wrote an indignant letter to the authorities, demanding to be "officially resuscitated."

Clearing the Throat.

Hoarseness caused by irritation of the throat may be cured by gargling with cold salt and water. For severe hoarseness inhale the steam of hot milk in which figs have been boiled. Singers and public speakers should eat baked apples for clearing the throat; it is also said that swallowing the yolk of an uncooked egg is good.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Dose: one or two if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Practical Flower Holder.

A simple and practical flower holder is made of green rubberized silk, the shade of natural leaves, and is outlined with a green wire. When worn, it effectually prevents the penetration of any moisture to the gown. The wire edge permits of shaping the holder to the bouquet proper, and the latter is then attached to the corsage or whatever else desired.

No Excitement.

A young man was compelled by his father to turn farmer against his will. Not liking the profession, he went and hanged himself, leaving this written statement: "Farming is a most senseless pursuit; a mere laboring in a circle. You saw that you may reap, and then you sow that you may sow! Nothing ever comes of it."—Life.

Beef of 1889 Still Fresh.

R. Whympy, writing in Knowledge, mentioned that a piece of beefsteak which his uncle, the late Edward Whympy, the Alpinist, sealed up in a vacuum in 1889, is still in a remarkably good state of preservation.

Cynic.

Many a girl would go through fire and water for a man, or even through his bank account.

veil of clouds. Only a quarter mile of the main road was visible, and up it the first wave of the misty inundation was marching like a lofty wall. I ran toward the stable, cursing myself in my mad disappointment.

I galloped for 200 yards, and then the fog gathered me to itself, and I had just enough sense to pull the horse to a slow trot.

I could still see the road for a dozen paces, but all sense of proportion and distance had gone from me. The fog was not stationary, but curled in broad confusing wreaths, or poured sideways upon me in avalanches of denser mist. Sometimes the car was on the road, sometimes off it. Twice I nearly capsized. In the end I climbed down and went to the horse's head, leading it forward at the run. I made better progress after that.

Yet I was not more than half way to the cairn hill when from the whirling shadows to my left there came a sound that set my heart leaping in my breast. It was the muffled thud of a rifle.

I stopped, listening and staring into the mist. A second shot followed. And then, as if raised by these echoes, there clanged a distant bell, a deep voice of loud alarm from the prison tower, telling the moor that a convict had escaped, that Julius Craig was free and that I—I, miserable fool that I was, had fallen in the trust which had been placed upon me.

I tried not to think, but ran stubbornly on beside the horse with that infernal bell ringing in my ears. My life on the moors had put me in sound condition, and I never slackened my pace till I had trotted up the rise to where the track to the ruined farm began. I checked the horse and walked slowly forward studying the edge of the moor beside the high-way for the mark of the grass-grown ruts I knew so well.

I heard the footsteps long before I saw him, a quick patter upon the hard surface behind me. As he came out of the fog he shouted, bringing his rifle to his hip with an easy swing. He was a stoutly built man in the neat dark uniform that marks the prison warder.

"Be careful with that gun," I said;—for he still had me covered.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he panted; "but we were close to him and—"

"Close to whom?"

"There's a convict escaped," he explained. "You haven't seen him?"

"No, nor likely to in this weather." He had got his breath by this time and stood leaning on his rifle, looking vaguely about him.

"You are right, sir. We stand a far better chance of losing ourselves than of finding him in a fog like this. But one thing is equally certain—he can't get far, either."

It was while he spoke that I heard it—the clink of a boot striking a stone, and that not a score of yards away.

"I'm afraid you are only wasting time," I said, as carelessly as I was able. "A needle in a haystack is easy compared to a convict in a fog."

"I think I must take your advice, sir," he laughed.

We wished each other good afternoon, and he melted away as a man might slide behind a curtain. His footsteps died out down the road by which he had come as I moved forward.

"That was a near thing, Kingsley," said a voice in the shadows, and I humbly thanked my luck that Hearne stepped out upon the road.

"I've no excuse," I began. "It was all my fault, and—"

"Hush! keep quiet." He stood for a moment listening like a dog at a door.

"If that fool of a warder had gone back we were done," he whispered. "The guards chased us right into the ruins. While they searched them we slipped down the track. Come along, Craig, all's well."

The convict rose from the heather, where he had lain, and stumbled toward us. He was shaking like a man with the ague, and the sweat was running off his forehead and down his cheeks in narrow streaks.

"Am I safe?" he stammered, grabbing my arm. "I've money, man, money. You shall have it, I swear you shall have it all! But I won't go back there—not alive!"

"Come, pull yourself together," said Hearne, with a hand on his shoulder. "We have no time to waste, remember."

We wrapped the long coat over his yellow clothes, stuck the wig over his cropped head, and helped him to the front seat. I took my place beside him, and Hearne clambered up behind, and our journey began.

The horse was of the old moor breed. He could have bowled us along at a good ten miles an hour if the fog had allowed it; but as it was we rarely exceeded half that speed. It was a miserable time. Craig sat huddled by my side, now cursing me for the delay, now peering back along the road, while he implored us to tell him if it were galloping hoofs that he heard. He was an ill-tempered, petulant man, and I did not waste either politeness or sympathy upon him. It was not until we had passed over some miles of rolling uplands and dropped down a steep descent to a moss-grown bridge, that the fog showed signs of breaking. As we strained up the opposite hill it began to tear away in flying wisps like the smoke of great guns, giving us glimpses of a narrow slope of turf ending in a cliff, at the foot of which an unseen river moaned and chuckled.

"I helped you loyally—you have no complaint against me?" asked old Hearne, tapping me suddenly on the shoulder.

"I could never wish a better comrade," I told him.

"That is how I hope you will all ways think of me."

He was not a kind of man to talk sentiment, and I glanced back in surprise. There was an expression of peace upon him, such as I have never seen in a human countenance, either before or since. He smiled, and, reaching over, gave my hand a squeeze.

"You have the making of a good fellow in you," he said. "May the fates forget your follies."

We drove on in silence for awhile, and then the old man rose, kneeling upon the cushions of the back seat.

"Here comes the sun, Julius Craig," he said. "The mists are scattering, and the world comes peeping through to welcome you back to freedom. Women and wine and cards—does the old spirit stir within you?"

"And who the devil may you be?" asked the convict, turning upon him.

"Have five years changed me so much? Perhaps my beard is whiter than it was the night you fled with her to the yacht in Cadiz bay."

The convict gave a mingled cry, like a beast in pain, shrinking back, with his face one gray mask of fear.

"Not Mortimer!" he whispered. "It can't be Mortimer. He died."

"You are quite mistaken," said Hearne politely.

It all happened very swiftly—in one long breath or so, it seemed to me. Craig sprang from his seat and ran wildly down the slope; but the old man was not five yards behind him. I believe that the convict had the pace of him, but the cliff turned Craig to the right, and the next moment they had closed, and hung, away upon the edge.

The flicker of a knife, a shrill, piping cry, and they were gone.

I was alone in the great silence, save for the faint murmurs of the stream as it fought the rocks below.

It took me ten minutes and more to reach them, for I had to skirt the cliff until a slide of granite boulders gave me a path to the bottom. Craig was dead, the knife had done its work; but the old man was alive, though his grave blue eyes were glazing fast. He recognized me, and smiled very faintly. I raised his head upon my arm and wiped his wrinkled face with my handkerchief.

"Is he dead?"

"Yes," I told him.

"I was—manager of a mine—in Spain," he whispered. "My daughter—he took her to his yacht—scoundrel was married already—she died in London."

There was no vengeance in his face now; he faltered on as simply as a little child.

"Long search—found he was in prison—came to kill him. I met you—to help him escape seemed a better way. Then he would know why he had to die—if I had shot him over hedge he would—never have understood—sorry for you—had to do my duty—by him."

His head fell back with a long sigh, so that I thought all was over; but presently he rallied again, in the last blind effort at life which even a man with a broken back will make.

"Not a sin, Mary dear," he called. "How can they tell you it was murder when they know—"

He finished his explanation in another world.

That is about all I need tell you. I found the horse grazing by the roadside and drove to Ashburton with no great care whether they caught me or not. Yet I was back in London before they found the bodies.

So ended the story of John Henderson as Inspector Peace told it to me.

"And you?" I asked.

"I suspected that Kingsley had helped in the escape, but I never identified him with Jack Henderson. Who Thomas Hearne might be or why he killed the convict I could never find out. So I failed, but I don't know that I am ashamed of it, all things considered."

"Did Henderson die in the hospital?"

"No; they pulled him round. Some old friends found him a place in some racing stables. He is there now."

"He had broken several sorts of laws," I suggested. "When he recovered didn't you—"

"No, I didn't," said the inspector, firmly. "I let him go free—and without straining my conscience, either." (CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

ERADICATE HOG LOUSE

Vigorous and Patient Treatment Is Required.

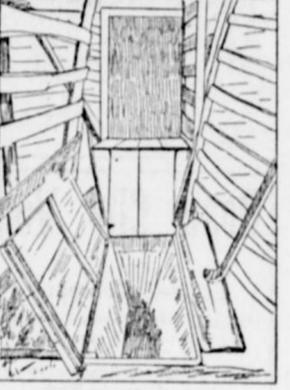
Blood-Sucking Parasites Cause Much Irritation of Skin—in Dipping Creoline is Better Than Lime and Sulphur.

(By N. B. MAYO.)

The hog louse is a common parasitic pest on swine and one that requires vigorous and patient treatment to eradicate. The hog louse is one of the largest of the lice that attacks domestic animals. They are readily seen traveling about on the bristles, usually on the neck, back of the ears, moving with a peculiar sliding motion. The eggs or "nits" are small, white, oval bodies attached to the bristles. Hog lice may be found on almost any part of the animal's body, but are most common about the neck, ears and back of the elbow.

These are blood-sucking parasites and, by biting the hog and abstracting blood, they cause a good deal of irritation of the skin. The animal rubs on posts and other objects and the coat looks rough and harsh. The parasite and eggs are easily found upon examination. The parasites are transmitted from one animal to another by contact, or by contact with infected bedding or quarters.

Dipping the animals three or four times at intervals of ten days will usually free them from these parasites.



Vat for Dipping Hogs.

provided the sleeping quarters are thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. In dipping to kill lice, the coal-tar dips of the creoline type are better than lime and sulphur. If the hog wallows are kept well filled with water, to which some of the creoline dips are added every ten days, the swine will usually free themselves from the lice. Another good way of combating the parasites is to tie gunnysacks or other coarse cloths around rubbing posts and keep these cloths saturated with crude petroleum.

There are many coal-tar "dips" on the market. They are made from the products of the distillation of coal tar and have a variety of trade names. Creoline is one of these preparations. They are all dark-colored liquids with a strong coal-tar odor and when mixed with water form a milky white or slightly brownish emulsion. We have tried several kinds with excellent results. Practically all drug-gists have these dips, but we would advise using a dip made by a well-known and reliable firm. These dips should be used at the strength of one part of the dip to forty or fifty parts of water. If rain water is obtainable it is preferred to "hard" water. These dips should be used warm.

There should be a dipping vat on every hog farm. They may be made of wood, galvanized iron or cement. They are set in the ground at a convenient place so that there is good surface drainage away from the vat. A good size for a large vat is ten feet long on top, eight feet long on the bottom, and two feet wide on top. The end where the hogs enter should be perpendicular and the other end inclined, with cleats, so that the hogs can emerge after swimming through. The entrance should be by a slide. Such a tank is very useful wherever hogs are kept in numbers, as frequent dipping tends to keep the hogs healthy and free from parasites.

Incubator No Miracle Worker. Do not expect your incubator, no matter of what make or of what cost, to perform impossibilities. Then see that your eggs to fill are fresh and have been well handled. Eggs should be from stock that is strong and vigorous, and free from disease. One cannot expect good hatches from eggs laid by hens that have been weakened by roup or kindred troubles.

Charcoal From Cobs. Charcoal is a health promoter for the fowls. If you will put some ears of corn in a hot oven and let them burn quite black and feed when the grain gets cold enough you will perhaps be astonished to see how greedily the poultry will partake of the charred corn. Give such a feed every two weeks.

Seeds From Alaska. Alaska will some day provide farmers in lower altitudes with grain seeds superior to what they grow at home.

Wheat Map of World. The wheat map of the world is an exact map of the highest civilization of the world.

TRULY TIMES HAVE CHANGED

Philosopher in Puck Moralizes Over the Advancements Which the World Has Seen.

The time was when you could get a woman to do all your housework and tend to the garden and milk nine cows night and morning, and do it for two dollars a week and be glad to get the money. Where have they gone?

Time was when you could get a man to cut wood for 75 cents a cord, and when a dollar a day wasn't paid to anybody except in harvest time. Look at things now!

Time was when a day's work meant to be up-by candle-light doing chores and eating supper by candle-light after the evening chores was finished. And I'm talking about summer—not winter.

Time was when you could go to the county and get a boy to work for you for his keep. He was bound out to you till he was eighteen, and if he ran away you could bring him back and lick the nonsense out'n him. If you want a boy, these days them people will ask you as many questions as if you was selling a horse.

Sometimes when I look at this here country that I've give my whole life to—so to speak—I wonder if it's really an' truly paid. I tell you I dunno.—Puck.