

AN EIGHT-YEAR NAP

Blow on Head Causes Man to Forget That He Was Married.

By H. M. EGBERT.

John Drumfield yawned and stretched himself; then he looked across the room at his watch and sprang out of bed in astonishment. It was nearly ten minutes to ten! This was his wedding morning and he had nearly forgotten! There was just time to be at the church in Brooklyn by half past eleven.

It was to be a quiet wedding. Lucy and he had loved each other for years, despite the objections of her father, one of the leaders of the bar, who wanted her to make a brilliant marriage. But he had become reconciled at last, and with his backing, Drumfield's own law practice had improved sufficiently to warrant his taking out the wedding license.

Drumfield paused in irresolution, for his mind was as hazy as though he had overslept for five years instead of one night. These were not his rooms; this was a hotel. A placard, announcing that one ring would bring the bell-boy and two the chambermaid stood over the faucet. Above the mantel was a notification that smoking was not permitted and that the management would not be responsible for valuables unless left in the safe. Drumfield's head was aching badly. As he passed the mirror he caught sight of his face. He had gone to bed a young man and now his hair was turning gray, and there were lines in his face that had not been there when he retired to bed.

Thoroughly alarmed, he dressed himself and hastened down. At the hotel desk a young clerk looked up and smiled. "Hurt your head?" he asked. Drumfield put up his hand and found that his scalp was gashed. It must have bled freely during the night, to judge from the evidences. Drumfield muttered something and walked away. At the stand he bought a newspaper. The next moment he was clutching at space and starting in terror at the date on it. He had gone to sleep in his rooms in August, 1905; and he had awakened in a cheap hotel in February, 1913. He had slept eight years!

He then hurriedly took the subway to Brooklyn. It seemed to him that the subway had not run to Brooklyn when he was last awake, but this was only a minor problem now. He got out at the Borough Hall and stood looking round him uncertainly. "Want a cab?" asked a taxi driver. Drumfield put his hand into his pocket mechanically and found a pocket-book containing a five-dollar bill and two of the value of a dollar each. He nodded and leaped in. Then, glancing into the side glass, he saw that his head was swollen and that a mass of blood had matted his hair.

Five minutes later the cab stopped opposite a deep excavation and the cabman descended and opened the door.

"Here's the church you asked for, Boss," he said, pointing to the hole in the ground.

Drumfield jumped out. "What do you mean?" he shouted in bewilderment.

"You said the DeKalb Avenue church," answered the driver with a grin. "It was pulled down two months ago. I can't help it if you've overslept yourself, Mister. Two dollars, please."

Drumfield fung him the two bills and strode away, while the driver looked after him uncertainly. The guy seemed crazy; perhaps he had escaped from a sanitarium. Should he go after him? His attention was attracted, however, by a fare, and reluctantly he sacrificed a possibility to a probability. By this time Drumfield was lost in the crowd.

His mind was whirling. He knew that Lucy would not have waited seven years for him—besides, he could not remember her address, or her father's. Who was he? Was he a rising young lawyer with a happy marriage before him, or a crazy man? He must go cautiously. He must not betray himself. In his pocket he found a key and the pocket-book, and inside the latter a printed card bearing the name Henry Patterson. The name seemed to awaken vague remembrances in his mind and gave him his clue. The address was Nassau street. He would go to Patterson. But who was Patterson?

Then the probable solution burst upon him. He must be Patterson. He had heard of cases of double personality, in which the afflicted subject assumed another name and carried on his business without recollection of his previous life, until he awakened to resume that where he had left it off.

He reached the building and was shot up in the elevator for eleven stories. Upon the door of a room at the end of the passage he saw his name. He opened it and entered. A woman and a girl sat at two desks and as he approached they looked up at him curiously. The woman's face was hard and devoid of any expression. Drumfield moved toward the inner door, and suddenly the woman sprang to her feet.

"Mr. Patterson!" she exclaimed. "I knew you from your face at once. Are you going into your office?"

"I always show up when I'm wanted," muttered Drumfield, entering as the woman unlocked the door. Inside was a bare desk and an office chair.

"They've seized the books, but I've got the papers in duplicate here," said the woman with a chuckle, and, turning up the carpet, she lifted a board in the floor and pulled out a mass of documents.

"O, we'll make them smart," she said maliciously. "We got one of 'em last night—Drumfield!"

"What!" shouted Drumfield. The woman stared at him. "I thought our fellows would have told you," she said. "Slugged him with a sandbag on Twenty-fifth street, they said, and served him right, the prying knave."

He was entirely at sea. If he was Patterson, who was Drumfield? And where was Lucy? The thought of her sent a shiver of apprehension through him. He must have been conducting some criminal business, then; the police were after him! He turned to the papers with feverish energy. Only a few minutes showed him the nature of his occupation. He was conducting a loan business, and he was the shark. No doubt the police were engaged on one of their periodical crusades against such people.

Into the half ream of documents had been compressed the pitiful tragedies of many lives. School teachers, small clerks, city officials—all were in his net. He, Henry Patterson, sat there like a spider and sucked the blood out of those fellow-creatures who had written down their obligations on these pages. There were legal and illegal bonds and undertakings, salary assignments; there was a special fund for tracking down absconding debtors. Within an hour Drumfield's trained legal mind had shown him the exact status of his enterprise.

"Mr. Ebenezer Jones is outside, sir," said the woman, putting her hand face in at the door. She ran her fingers over the documents and pulled one out. "That's him," she said, snickering. "Borrowed \$50 three years ago; has paid back \$195 to date, and still owes us \$122.50. There's a dollar fine for being ten minutes late with the last payment." She whispered: "The sucker will stand a lot of blood-sucking yet. I told him we might renew the loan for a consideration. Shall I show him in?"

"Yes, and stay with us," said Drumfield, quickly. "I'm not quite familiar with the details of the business here."

The woman snickered again and called the man inside. He came in humbly, hat in hand. He was an old, rheumatic, farmer-looking man, and the moment he was within the door he fell upon his knees at Drumfield's feet.

"For God's sake, give me a chance," he pleaded. "My wife died yesterday, and I've got to keep her out of a pauper's grave. Let me renew, and I'll work my fingers to the bone for you."

"That's how you all talk," said the loan shark clerk, contemptuously. "I will go in!" he shouted a voice outside. "You shall not keep me back. I'm going to see Mr. Patterson himself. I—"

The woman clerk swung around and filled the doorway with her burly body. Outside a young woman pressed impotently against the closing door.

"Let her come in!" called Drumfield, and, reluctantly, the clerk let her pass.

"Another of them down-and-outs," she shrieked. "Case No. 247. School-teacher. Borrowed \$40 to pay for her sister's illness, and owes us \$125, and says she's too poor to settle. Ugh! I'd settle her."

Slowly John Drumfield drew out the two papers. He tore them into fragments and let the pieces flutter out of the open window.

"Your debts are paid," he said to the old man and the girl. And while the woman stared in horror and amazement he quickly ripped the rest of the documents to pieces. "That ends this business," he said.

Outside there came a hammering at the door. The woman turned quickly. "I thought you was mad," she whimpered. "Now I know what you are, you dog. You're one of the government men. Oh, God! I've queered the business. Seventy-five thousand dollars gone up in the air!"

With a crash the outside door yielded and two burly men came in at a run, followed by an elderly gentleman. They made straight for Drumfield.

"Got you, Patterson," they chuckled. "Come along now. I guess he's a nifty fellow, to come here, with seven indictments pending, eh?" He snapped the handcuffs on Drumfield's wrists.

Suddenly the elderly gentleman behind them uttered a cry.

For the LITTLE ONES

NEW GAME FOR JOLLY TIME

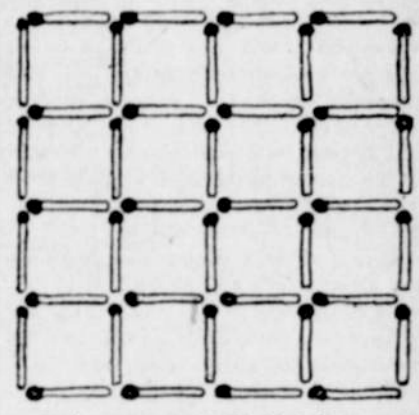
Enjoyed by Children of Larger Growth as Well as by Little Folks—How It is Played.

Fruit basket is a game which is enjoyed by the "children of larger growth" almost as well as by the little folks. It is so mirth-provoking that no one can take part without having a jolly time. The players seat themselves in a circle, with a leader in the center, who gives to every one the name of a fruit, also a number and immediately counts also a number. He then calls out a number and immediately counts 10 very rapidly. The person who has the number must answer with his fruit name before the leader stops counting. If he does not do this he has to give up his seat to the leader and take his place, otherwise the leader continues with other numbers until he catches some one. Every little while the leader shouts "fruit basket," which means all are to change seats. The one who is left standing takes the floor.

PUZZLE WITH FEW MATCHES

Trick is to Find How Many Rectangles May Be Made By Removing Little Bits of Wood.

Remembering that a square is always a rectangle, but that a rectangle is not always a square, how many dif-

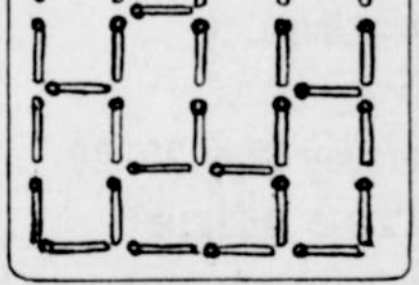


Arrangement of Matches.

ferent rectangles can you find in this arrangement of forty matches?

One hundred rectangles of which thirty were perfect squares could be found in the diagram of forty matches.

Another interesting puzzle consists in discovering the least number of matches that may be removed from



Solution of Puzzle.

the diagram so as to break up all squares—that is, leave as many matches as possible, but have no absolute perfect squares in the arrangement. The accompanying diagram shows how the removal of nine matches breaks up all squares.

MUST KEEP STRAIGHT FACE

Indoor Pastime in Which No One is Allowed to Smile or Laugh During Progress of Game.

This is a game in which no one is allowed to smile and laugh. All the players, except one, sit in a row or half-circle, one goes out of the room and returns with a stick or poker in his hand, and a grave and solemn face. He is supposed to have just returned from a visit to Buff.

The first player asks him: "Where do you come from?"

"From Buff."

The next asks: "Did he say anything to you?"

"To which the reply is: 'Buff said 'Buff.'"

And gave me this staff, Telling me neither to smile or to laugh.

Buff says 'Buff' to you all his men And I say 'Buff' to you again. And he neither laughs nor smiles, In spite of all your cunning wiles, But carries his face with a very good grace, And passes his staff to the very next place."

If he can repeat all this without laughing he delivers up his staff to some one else, and takes his seat; but if he laughs, or even smiles, he pays a forfeit before giving it up.

Naughty! "What is the matter, dearest?" asked the mother of a small girl who had been discovered crying in the hall.

"Somefing awful's happened, moth-er."

"Well, what is it, sweetheart?"

"My d-doll-baby got away from me and broke a plate in the pantry."—Lippincott's.

SECURING PROFIT IN SHEEP

If Pure-Bred and Well Cared for They Pay Handsomely—need Shelter in Severe Weather.

My sheep are pure American Merinos, all registered. Two of this kind I can keep in summer or winter with the same care and feed with which one of most any other breed can be kept, says a writer in an exchange. My sheep barn is a closed building with a broad door so that the sheep can go in and out without crowding each other. The feeding racks in one room are on the outside; the other room has a double rack through the middle. I give my sheep a large run in the fall so they go into winter quarters in good condition and never leave them out in heavy rains through the season.

The breeding ewes are let out every morning in winter to eat their grain, which is oats, and to give them exercise. I feed them hay three times a day. Some only feed twice. I only give them a little at noon time, also give their pens a litter of oat straw two or three times a week. I try to have my sheep shorn before they drop their lambs so the little fellows have no trouble to find their first meal. The ewe that is in good condition has a good supply of milk and almost always owns her lamb. I never keep salt by them, but feed it to them once a week. I have water by them all the time. I never allow the ram to run with the ewes. The rams that are to be used are fed three-quarters oats and one-quarter wheat mixed. The young lambs in the fall and winter are fed twice daily a grain ration of oats and sometimes wheat bran half mixed.

When Your Eyes Need Care

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Preachers With Odd Names.

At Canterbury a Partridge preached, at Peterborough a Pheasant, at Ripon a Swann, at St. Asaph a Gosling, while at Lincoln a Bullock was listened to, no doubt with great attention and profit. At least a few of the present members of the Anglican episcopate can not assert that they are "neither fish, flesh nor fowl," for we find among our bishops in various parts of the world a Henn, a Partridge, a Peacock, a Woodcock, a Pollock and a Roach.—Church Family Newspaper.

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

Didn't Look Good to Her.

My five-year old niece went to a restaurant with me one day. I ordered some hash for both of us. When the waitress set it on the table my little niece kept looking at it. I asked her why she didn't eat and she replied, "Auntie, I don't eat anything that looks like a puzzle to me."—Chicago Tribune.

He Couldn't Deny It.

"Sir!" she exclaimed when he kissed her; "you forget yourself." "Possibly," he replied calmly; "but I can think of myself any old time. Just now you are occupying my undivided attention."—Boston Transcript.

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Manufacturing Chemist, Spokane, Wash.

Dear Sir: Having suffered with stomach trouble for a number of years, and tried a great many doctors and a great many proprietary preparations but obtained no permanent relief until I took your stomach remedy, and am pleased to say that I have secured further stomach trouble and can eat anything I desire and suffer no bad results. I am a professional nurse, having served for 20 years, some of the time for Dr. Holt of New York City, the greatest specialist on children's diseases, and also had charge of Warner Hospital at Warner, Idaho, for two years. Since learning by my own experience the great benefit from the use of Powell's Stomach Remedy, I have recommended it to a great many for children and adults, and in each case it has been remarkable for the good it has done. I cheerfully recommend it to anyone suffering with any kind of stomach trouble, as I am anxious to aid anyone suffering from sickness of any kind, and I have never known of medicine to compare with Powell's Stomach Remedy for all kinds of stomach trouble. Yours truly,

ELSIE STEINER, 222 Boone Ave.

Daily Thought.

At whatever value a man set on himself, at that value he should be estimated by his friends.—Cicero.

"I am an old man—and many of my troubles never happened."—ELBERT HUBBARD

THE white hair and wrinkled faces of our busy men and women tell of doubt, fear and anxiety—more than disease or age. Worry plays havoc with the nervous system—so that digestion is ruined and sleep banished. What oil is to the friction of the delicate parts of an engine—

DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery

is to the delicate organs of the body. It's a tonic and body builder—because it stimulates the liver to vigorous action, assists the stomach to assimilate food—thus enriching the blood, and the nerves and heart in turn are fed on pure rich blood. Neuralgia "is the cry of starved nerves for food." For forty years "Golden Medical Discovery" in liquid form has given great satisfaction as a tonic and blood maker.

Now it can be obtained in tablet form—from dealers in medicine or send 50 one-cent stamps for trial box. Write R. V. Pierce, Buffalo.

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If W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from the factory and save the middleman's profit. Shoes for every member of the family. Parcel Post postage free. Write for Illustrated Catalog. It will show you how to order by mail, and why you can save money on your footwear.

W. L. DOUGLAS - Brockton, Mass.

Helping the Little Fellow

The United Shoe Machinery Company is the only real obstacle to the formation of a shoe trust. We help the small manufacturer to start in business and keep going. He could not afford to buy and care for his machines, but he can afford to lease them on the terms we give him based on the number of shoes he makes—an average of less than 2-3 cents a pair—and let us keep them up to date. That is a fair arrangement. Some of the big fellows don't like our system, because they think we ought to give them special rates. But the little fellows stand with us because they know we treat all manufacturers alike no matter how many machines they use. If it were not for our methods of doing business there would be no small factories anywhere and no prosperous factories in small towns.

The United Shoe Machinery Co., Boston, Mass.—Adv.

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good value blue.

Raising Race Winners.

Before declining to patronize any particular stallion though his blood lines may be pleasing, the small breeder who is desirous of raising race winners should learn whether the horse has sired race winning speed or not. He should also learn whether the ancestors of the stallion on both sides have been successful either as race winners themselves or as sires or producers of uniform race winning speed. The horse all of whose ancestors for several generations have been the most successful in this respect, other things being equal, is the most likely to transmit race winning speed.

Man's Personality His Own.

"A man's personality," writes J. W. Scott of the University of Glasgow, "is a thing which needs to be made. He does not bring it full-edged into the world with him. Strange as it may seem, personality is a thing which a man absorbs from his environment as a plant absorbs air and light. We are all plagiarists. In the last resort everything we have or know is borrowed."

Hot Corn Bags.

An excellent substitute for expensive hot water bottle of rubber is made by heating common field corn, shelled, in a pan in the oven. When thoroughly warmed, pour it into cloth bags, such as salt and sugar are packed in. These filled bags are light and pliable, and satisfactorily answer every purpose of the hot water bottle.—McCall's Magazine.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Hard Work Called For.

One of the popular song demonstrators was making more racket than usual the other day in one of the big stores, his voice reaching far beyond its usual limits. A sales woman in another department, seeing one of her customers wince at the terrible vocal noise, explained: "You see he got hrs a little late this morning and has to sing loud to catch up."

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Tiny sugar-coated granules.

Trespassing.

A street car and an automobile had had an altercation which ended with the latter, in a more or less battered condition, lodged on the fender of the former. A little boy and his mother happened along just at it was over, and when the youngster saw them he cried out in glee: "Oh, look, there's an auto standing on that street car's mustache!"

No Use Trying.

Come to think of it, the man doesn't exist who can blow out an electric light.

Orator Slightly Mixed.
A former senator of the United States was addressing a meeting in his home town to celebrate the appropriation by the legislature of funds for the erection of a new state capitol. "My fellow citizens," said he, "we will build here the greatest orator under God's green footstool."

Mealtime Is Near

Are you smiling? Looking forward with pleasure and a keen appetite—or is your stomach so bad you "just don't care"? Then you should try

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

It assists digestion and makes you "forget" all about stomach ills.

Shoeing the Colt.

The first shoeing of a colt is the most important, not only in the fit of the shoes, but also in seeing that the colt is not badly scared by the forge, the unusual handling and new sounds. Horses mean to shoe are generally the result of improper handling at early shoeings.

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