

# Not a drop of Alcohol

Doctors prescribe very little, if any, alcohol these days. They prefer strong tonics and alteratives. This is all in keeping with modern medical science. It explains why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is now made entirely free from alcohol. Ask your doctor. Follow his advice.

We publish our formulas  
We banish alcohol  
from our medicines  
We urge you to  
consult your  
doctor

## Ayer's

Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia. We wish you would ask your doctor about correcting your constipation by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills.

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

**In All Reason.**  
Bingley—Going East, are you? How far?  
Dingley—Well, I want to go to Pittsburg, but I've got only money enough to take me as far as Wheeling.  
Bingley—Well, that's as close as I'd want to get.

**Trust Troubles.**  
Oil Trust—Isn't it a shame they are hounding us so? It makes me burn with indignation.  
Ice Trust—It certainly is a frost for me.

**Sugar Trust**—And talking about sending me to jail and I so used to refining influences!—Baltimore American.

**Shifted.**  
"Say, I've got a new one on Smith."  
"What is it?"  
"Why, the other day—" (etc., etc., etc.)  
"Yes, that's a new story—on Smith. But the last time you told it, it was on Peters."—Cleveland Leader.

## DEEP SEATED COUGH

CURED IN 5 HOURS.  
New Home-Made Syrup.

From Boston Press.  
Progress in medical compounds never ceases, and now it is stated by a prominent medical man that any deep-seated cough or cold in the lungs can be actually cured in five hours by the clock. Opium and morphine have been resorted to in the past, as relief measures. But now it is learned that the system must be treated to rid it of inflammation and congestion. A tonic laxative cough syrup does the work so quickly and thoroughly as to be almost magical. What heretofore has taken weeks to cure can be accomplished in hours. Get this formula filled or mix it at home and always keep it on hand: One-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence cardiol and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Shake the bottle and take twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then take one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times a day until the system is purified and toned up. Give children less according to age. One filling will usually cure a whole family, as the dose is small.

**Hypothetical Questions.**  
"What will your mother say to you when you get home?" said one boy.  
"She'll start in by asking me some hypothetical questions," answered precocious Willie.  
"What are they?"  
"Questions that she thinks she knows the answers to before she starts to talk."—Washington Star.

**Improvement.**  
"Don't you think you could make some improvement in that orchestra? They could hardly hear my song, last night, for the drum," said the sourette.  
"Well," replied the manager with a smile, "I might add another drum."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Fine Mind.**  
"Everybody says that Jones has the finest mind, insight, and sagacity he ever ran across. How did Jones get such a reputation?"  
"Easy. Whenever you make a statement he says, 'By Jove, that's so! Why didn't I ever think of that before?'"—Cleveland Leader.

**Not Exempt.**  
An evangelist was exhorting his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. "I warn you," he thundered, "that there will be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!"  
At this moment an old woman in the gallery stood up. "Sir," she shouted, "I have no teeth."  
"Madam," returned the evangelist, severely, "teeth will be provided."—Success Magazine.

# Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually; Dispels colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine, manufactured by the

## CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

## The Main Chance

BY  
Meredith Nicholson  
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CHAPTER XX.  
Wheaton sat in his room the next evening, clutching a copy of a Gazette extra in which a few sentences under about the mysterious disappearance of Grant Porter. Within a fortnight he had received several warnings from his brother marking his itinerary eastward. Snyder was evidently moving with a fixed purpose; and as Wheaton had received brief notes from him couched in phrases of amiable irony, postmarked Denver, and then, within a few days, Kansas City, he surmised that his brother was traveling on fast trains and therefore with money in his purse.

He had that morning received a postal card, signed "W. W.," which bore a few taunting sentences in a handwriting which Wheaton readily recognized. He did not for an instant question that William Wheaton, alias Snyder, had abducted Grant Porter, nor did he belittle the situation thus created as it affected him. He faced it coldly, as was his way. It ought not to have refused Snyder's appeals, he confessed to himself; the debt he owed his brother for bearing the whole burden of their common youthful crime had never been discharged. The bribes and subterfuges which Wheaton had employed to keep him away from Clarkson had never been prompted by brotherly gratitude or generosity, but always by his fear of having so odious a connection made public. He was face to face with the crucial moment where concealment involved complicity in a crime. His duty lay clear before him—his duty to his friends, the Porters—to the woman whom he knew he loved. Was he equal to it? If Snyder were caught he would be sure to take revenge on him; and Wheaton knew that no matter how guiltless he might show himself in the eyes of the world, his career would be at an end; he could not live in Clarkson; Evelyn Porter would never see him again.

The Gazette stated that a district telegraph messenger had left at Mr. Porter's door a note which named the terms on which Grant could be ransomed. The amount was large—more money than James Wheaton possessed; it was not a great deal for William Porter to pay. It had already occurred to Wheaton that he might pay the ransom himself and carry the boy home, thus establishing forever a claim upon the Porters. He quickly dismissed this; the risks of exposure were too great. He turned all these matters over in his mind. Clearly the best thing to do was to let the climax come. His brother was a criminal with a record, who would not find it easy to drag him into the mire. His own career and position in Clarkson were unassailable. Very likely the boy would be found quickly and the incident would close with Snyder's sentence to a long imprisonment. He would face it out no matter what happened; and the more he thought of it the likelier it seemed that Snyder had overleaped himself and would soon be where he could no longer be a menace.

He went down to dinner late, in the clothes that he had worn at the bank all day and thus brought upon himself the banter of Caldwell, the Transcontinental agent, who sang out as he entered the dining-room door:  
"What's the matter, Wheaton? Sold or pawned your other clothes? Come on now and give us the real truth about the kidnapping," said Caldwell with cheerful interest. "You'll better watch the bank or the same gang may carry it off next."  
"I guess the bank's safe enough," Wheaton answered. "And I don't know anything except what I read in the papers." He hoped the others would not think him indifferent; but they were busy discussing various rumors and theories as to the route taken by the kidnapers and the amount of ransom. He threw in his own comment and speculations from time to time.

"Raridan's out chasing them," said Caldwell. "I passed him and Saxton driving like mad out Merriam street at noon." The mention of Raridan and Saxton did not comfort Wheaton. He reflected that they had undoubtedly been to the Porter house since the alarm had been sounded, and he wondered whether his own remissness in this regard had been remarked at the Hill. His fingers were cold as he stirred his coffee; and when he had finished he hurriedly left the room.

He felt easier when he got out into the cool night air. His day at the bank had been one long horror; but the clang of the cars, the lights in the streets, gave him contact with life again. He must hasten to offer his services to the Porters, though he knew that every means of assistance had been employed, and that there was nothing to do but to make inquiries. He grew uneasy as his car neared the house, and he climbed the slope of the hill like one who bears a burden. He had traversed this walk many times in the past year, in the varying moods of a lover, who one day walks the heights and is the next plunged into the depths; and latterly, since his affair with Margrave, he had known moods of conscience, too, and these returned upon him with forebodings now. If Porter had not been ill, there would never have been that interview with Margrave at the bank; and Grant would not have been at home to be kidnaped. It seemed to him that the troubles of other people rather than his own errors were bearing down the balance against his happiness.

Evelyn came into the parlor with eyes red from weeping. "Oh, have you no news?" she cried to him. He had kept on his overcoat and held his hat in his hand. Her grief stung him; a great wave

of tenderness swept over him, but it was followed by a wave of terror. Evelyn wept as she tried to tell her story.

"It is dreadful, horrible!" he forced himself to say. "But certainly no harm can come to the boy. No doubt in a few hours—"

"But he isn't strong and father is still weak—"

She threw herself in a chair and her tears broke forth afresh. Wheaton stood impotently watching her anguish. It is a new and strange sensation which a man experiences, when for the first time he sees tears in the eyes of the woman he loves. Evelyn sprang up suddenly.

"Have you seen Warry?" she asked—"has he come back yet?"

"Nothing had been heard from them when I came up town." He still stood, watching her piteously. "I hope you understand how sorry I am—how dreadful I feel about it." He walked over to her and she thought he meant to go. She had not heard what he said, but she thought he had been offering help.

"Oh, thank you! Everything is being done, I know. They will find him to-night, won't they? They surely must," she pleaded. Her father called her in his wakened voice to know who was there and she hurried away to him.

Wheaton's eyes followed her as she went weeping from the room, and he watched her, feeling that he might never see her again. He felt the poignancy of this hour's history—of his having brought upon this house a hideous wrong. The French clock on the mantel struck seven and then tinkled the three quarters lingeringly. There were roses in a vase on the mantel; he had sent them to her the day before. He stood as one dazed for a minute after she had vanished. He could hear Porter back in the house somewhere, and Evelyn's voice reassuring him. The musical stroke of the bell, the scent of the roses, the familiar surroundings of the room, wrought upon him like a pain. He stared stupidly about, as if amid a ruin that he had brought upon the place; and then he went out of the house and down the slope into the street, like a man in a dream.

While Wheaton swayed between fear and hope, the community was athrill with excitement. Rewards for the boy's return were telegraphed in every direction. The only clue was the slight testimony of Mrs. Whipple. She had told and re-told her story to detectives and reporters. There was only too little to tell. Grant had walked with her to the car. She had seen only one of the men that had driven up to the curb—the one that had inquired about the entrance to Mr. Porter's grounds. She remembered that he had moved his head curiously to one side as he spoke, and there was something unusual about his eyes which she could not describe. Perhaps he had only one eye; she did not know.

Raridan and Saxton, acting independently of the authorities in the confusion and excitement, followed a slight clue that led them far countryward. They lost the trail completely at a village fifteen miles away, and after alarming the country drove back to town. Meanwhile another message had been sent to the father of the boy stating that the ransom money could be taken by a single messenger to a certain spot in the country, at midnight, and that within forty-eight hours thereafter the boy would be returned. He was safe from pursuit, the note stated, and an ominous hint was dropped that it would be wise to abandon the idea of procuring the captive's return unharmed without paying the sum asked. Mr. Porter told the detectives that he would pay the money; but the proposed meeting was set for the third night after the abduction; the captors were in no hurry, they wrote. The crime was clearly the work of daring men, and had been carefully planned with a view to quickening the anxiety of the family of the stolen boy. And so twenty-four hours passed.

"This is a queer game," said Raridan, on the second evening, as he and John discussed the subject again in John's room at the club. "I don't just make it out. If the money was all these fellows wanted, they could make a quick touch of it. Mr. Porter's crazy to pay any sum. But they seem to want to prolong the agony."

"That looks queer," said Saxton. "There may be something back of it; but Porter hasn't any enemies who would try this kind of thing. There are business men here who would like to do him up in a trade, but this is a little out of the usual channels." Saxton got up and walked the floor.

"Look here, Warry, did you ever know a one-eyed man? It has just occurred to me that I have seen such a man since I came to this part of the country; but the circumstances were peculiar. This thing is queerer than ever as I think of it."  
"Well?"  
"It was back at the Poindexter place when I first went there. A fellow named Snyder was in charge. He had made a rat's nest of the house, and resented the idea of doing any work. He seemed to think he was there to stay. Wheaton had given him the job before I came. I remember that I asked Wheaton if it made any difference to him what I did with the fellow. He didn't seem to care and I bounced him. That was two years ago and I haven't heard of him since."  
"Who's at the Poindexter place now?"  
"Nobody; I haven't been there myself for a year or more."

"Is it likely that fellow is at the bottom of this, and that he has made a break for the ranch house? That must be a good lonesome place out there."

"Well, it won't take long to find out. The thing to do is to go ourselves without saying a word to any one. Let's make a still hunt of it. The detectives are busy on what may be real clues and this is only a guess."

"I can't imagine that fellow Snyder doing anything so dashing as carrying off a millionaire's son. He didn't look to me as if he had the nerve."  
"It's only a chance, but it's worth trying."

In the lower hall they met Wheaton, who was pacing up and down. He was afraid of John Saxton; Saxton, he felt, probably knew the part he had played in the street railway matter. It seemed to him that Saxton must have told others; probably Saxton had Evelyn's certificate put away for use when William Porter should be restored to health. This went through his mind as John and Warry stood talking to him.

"Wheaton," said Saxton, "do you remember that fellow Snyder who was in

charge of the Poindexter place when I came here?"

"What—oh yes!" His hand rose quickly to his carefully tied four-in-hand and he fingered it nervously.

"You may not remember it, but he had only one eye."  
"Yes, that's so," said Wheaton, as if recalling the fact with difficulty.

"And Mrs. Whipple says there was something wrong about one of the eyes of the man who accosted her and Grant at Mr. Porter's gate. What became of that fellow after he left the ranch—have you any idea?" Raridan had walked away to talk to a group of men in the reading room, leaving Saxton and Wheaton alone.

"He went West the last I knew of him," Wheaton answered, steadily.

"It has struck me that he might be in this thing. It's only a guess, but Raridan and I thought we'd run out to the Poindexter ranch and see if it could possibly be the rendezvous of the kidnapers. It's probably a fool's errand, but it won't take long, and we'll do it unofficially without saying anything to the authorities." His mind was on the plan and he looked at his watch and called to Raridan to come.

"I believe I'll go along," said Wheaton, suddenly. "We can be back by noon tomorrow," he added, conscientiously, remembering his duties at the bank.

"All right," said Warry. "We're taking bags along in case of emergencies." A boy came down carrying Saxton's suitcase. Wheaton and Raridan hurried out together to The Bachelor's to get their own things. It was a relief to Wheaton to have something to do; it was hardly possible that Snyder had fled to the ranch house; but in any event he was glad to get away from Clarkson for a few hours. (To be continued.)

## THE DRINKING HABIT.

We are Exceeding the Liquid Requirements of the Organism.  
It would be idle to deny that the drinking habit has reached almost the proportions of a pastime among us. We no longer drink only when we are thirsty. We drink when surrounded by our fellows to promote good fellowship just as we drink when alone to escape from boredom; we drink when we are merry and we drink when we are depressed. In short, we drink much and often.

Each has his favorite tipple. Tea, that mild distillation of the Orient, is the beverage of gossip and literature, suggesting placid rumination and a quiet setting. Soda, ginger beer and the thousand and one concoctions of the corner soda fountain tempt the abstemious, above all in hot weather. Wines and more ardent spirits administer a fillip to the nerves of those who are addicted to the use of alcoholic stimulants. Each after his fashion indulges in some kind of excess.

The secret of this indulgence in liquid refreshment of various sorts is to be found largely in the fact that each season sees a multiplication of the beverages that are agreeable to the taste. We drink not because we are thirsty, but because the flavor is pleasing to the palate, and in doing this some physicians contend we are exceeding the liquid requirements of the organism. In considering this matter editorially the Lancet remarks:

"The thirsty person who cannot satisfy his thirst unless the beverage contains what is in reality a drug has really acquired an unhealthy habit, or, to put it plainly, a disease. Yet what else is the alcohol of the various alcoholic beverages, the caffeine of tea and coffee, the glucoside or quinine of bitters, or even the ginger of ginger beer or of ginger ale, the aromatic oil of the liqueur, the carbonic acid gas in soda water, the citric acid of the lemon and so on but a drug? All these clearly convey something into the organism over and above water itself; they cannot quench thirst in the sense that water does."

The medical journal goes on to ascribe the great growth of this habit of drinking liquids other than water to the fear that water may contain disease entities. It ends with a warning that persistence in the habit frequently manifests its ill effects in a disturbance of function which may result in harm to the entire organism.

**Rothschild's Rules.**  
The greater financiers or business men frequently give to the public wise maxims for success. But it is not always definitely known whether these maxims were formulated when the particular Captain of Industry was a barefooted boy selling newspapers or since arrival at the pinnacle of fame.

It is, therefore, the more interesting to read the rules formulated before final success by Rothschild—the Rothschild, the man who founded the house and was Europe's greatest financier. He placarded the walls of his banks and counting rooms with maxims. Here are a few of them:

Carefully examine every detail of your business.  
Be prompt in everything.  
Take time to consider, and then decide quickly.  
Dare to go forward.  
Be brave in the struggle of life.  
Make no useless acquaintances.  
Pay your debts promptly.  
Learn how to risk your money at the right moment.  
Employ your time well.  
Be polite to everybody.  
Never be discouraged.  
Then work hard and you will be certain to succeed.

**Getting Rich.**  
"How did you get the money to buy paints to finish your big picture?" asked the sympathetic intimate of the struggling artist. "Pawned my coat." "Oh! And how much did you get for your picture?" "Nearly enough to get my coat out."—London Globe.

## BAND INSTRUMENT LESSONS

Learn to play some musical instrument. Musicians make money and make it easy. We teach Cornet, Clarinet, Saxophone, Flute, Piccolo, Slide Trombone, Valve Trombone, Alto or Melophone, Tuba and Bassoon, direct from Conservatory to pupil at home. Easy to learn. Courses simple, thorough and complete. Endorsed by United States Government and famous musicians. Results guaranteed. Write us now for free sample lessons for instrument you desire to learn. Prices and terms reasonable.

## INTERNATIONAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

MASONIC TEMPLE, PORTLAND, OREGON.

**Why the Boat Upset.**  
Helen—Of course he clasped you in his arms when the boat upset?  
Hazel—No; just the opposite.

Helen—Just the opposite? What do you mean?  
Hazel—Why, the boat upset when he clasped me in his arms.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Boiled potatoes should be served as soon as they are cooked. To make them drier drain off the water quickly, shake them in a strong draft of air and do not put back the lid of the pot.

**Poultry Note.**  
"So you are raising chickens?"  
"Yes," answered Mr. Crosslots.  
"What do you find the greatest menace to the welfare of poultry?"  
"Sunday company."—Washington Star.

**One Thing That Will Live Forever.**  
PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, first box sold in 1807, over 100 years ago, sales increase yearly. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Test of a Reformer.**  
"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a reformer?"  
"In numerous cases, my son, a reformer is a man who considers himself peculiarly qualified to hold office because of his professional inexperience."—Washington Star.

**Case of Unselfish Crusaders.**  
We (Irish) have got the name of being an adventurous people. You will hear the Irish accent in every continent. There is no speech or language where our voice is not heard. We have helped to civilize every country except our own.—Dublin Irish Homestead.

**Friendship's Tribute.**  
Nan—I haven't much of a singing voice, you know, but I have it under excellent control.  
Fan—Yes; that's what I like about you, dear. You seldom let it escape you.

Hamlin Wizard Oil is over fifty years old, and like an old friend, it can be depended upon just as surely as the family doctor who may be miles away.

**Identification.**  
Misses (at door)—Well, my dear, what is it?  
Little Girl—Please 'm, our kitty is lost. Did you see a kitty go past here by the name of Nuddles?—Boston Transcript.

**Uncle Allen.**  
"A cannon eracer," said Uncle Allen Sparks, after the celebration was over, "is another of those things with fire at one end and a fool at the other."—Chicago Tribune.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. J. Hitchcock*

Going to the Play.  
"I should think it would be a simple matter to induce a woman to get ready in time to attend an evening performance."

"What's your scheme?"  
"Ask her to go to the matinee."—Kansas City Journal.

**Hard Luck.**  
Rivers—You say you won a dozen bets on the election, and lost only one. What are you kicking about?  
Brooks—The bets I won were "freak" bets. The one I lost was cash.

## Item Welcomed By Many Men

This recipe can be filled at home, so that no one need know of another's troubles, and the ingredients can be obtained separately at any well stocked drug store. They are in regular use and many different preparations are constantly being filled with them.

This will prove a welcome bit of information for all those who are overworked, gloomy, despondent, nervous and have trembling limbs, heart palpitation, dizziness, cold extremities, insomnia, fear without cause, timidity in venturing, general inability to act naturally and rationally, as others do, because the treatment can be prepared secretly at home and taken without anyone's knowledge.

Overworked office men and the many victims of society's late hours and dissipation will, it is said, find the restorative they are in need of.

If the reader decides to try it, get three ounces of ordinary syrup sarsaparilla compound and one ounce compound fluid balsam-worm; mix and let stand two hours; then get one ounce compound essence cardiol and one ounce tincture cadomene cardiol (not caduomene), mix all together, shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one when retiring.

A certain well known medical expert asserts that thousands of men and many women are sufferers all because of dormant circulation of the blood and a consequential impairment of the nervous force, which begets the most dreadful symptoms and untold misery.

**Would Have to Be Labeled.**  
"What do they put under these corner-stones?"  
"O, current colms, literature, and the like. We want posterity to know about our peculiar customs."  
"Then why not include one of the current hats?"—Kansas City Journal.

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

**Disapproves.**  
"I always had a high opinion of Mr. Roosevelt," said Mrs. Lapsling, "until he went to Africa to kill animals. I don't like that one bit, even if he does call himself a fawning naturalist!"

## Headache

"My father has been a sufferer from sick headache for the last twenty-five years and never found any relief until he began taking your Cascarets. Since he has begun taking Cascarets he has never had the headache. They have entirely cured him. Cascarets do what you recommend them to do. I will give you the privilege of using his name."—E. M. Dickson, 1120 Resiner St., W. Indianapolis, Ind.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weakens or Gripes. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

## CRESCENT

A pure phosphate baking powder that does what the high priced powders will do and does it better. It raises the dough and makes light, sweeter and better risen foods. Sold by grocery stores 25c per pound. If you will send us your name and address, we will send you a book on health and baking powder. CRESCENT MFG. CO. Seattle, Wa.

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TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED GARMENTS THEY LOOK WELL—WEAR WELL AND WILL NOT LEAK LONG COATS—\$3.00—\$3.50 SUITS—\$3.00 500 EVERETT ST. BOSTON, U.S.A. TOWER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED—TORONTO, CAN.

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Out of town people have their plates and bridges finished in one day if necessary. We give you a good 22k gold or porcelain crown for \$3.50 Molar Crowns 5.00 22k Bridge Teeth 3.50 Gold Fillings 1.00 Enamel Fillings 1.00 Silver Fillings .50 Inlay Fillings 2.50 Good Rubber Plates .50 Best Red Rubber Plates 7.50 Painless Extraction .50

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