

Little Soldiers

In your blood are the millions of corpuscles that defend you against disease.

To make and keep these little soldiers healthy and strong, is simply to make and keep the blood of the right quality and quantity.

This is just what Hood's Sarsaparilla does—it helps the little soldiers in your blood to fight disease for you.

It cures scrofula, eczema, eruptions, catarrh, rheumatism, anemia, nervousness, dyspepsia, general debility, and builds up the whole system.

An Infalible Record.

A way of deciding dates of certain important events is suggested by the following anecdote from Lippincott's. The parents of a college son were disputing as to the date of their last letter to their "hopeful," from whom, somewhat to the distress of the mother, they had not heard for some time. "Are you sure, Thomas," asked the mother, unconvinced, "that it was on the 12th that you last wrote to Dick?" "Absolutely!" was the father's decisive response. "I looked it up in my check book this morning."

If it's Your Eye Use Pettit's Eye Salve for inflammation, styes, itching lids, eye aches, defects of vision and sensitive to strong lights. All druggists or Howard Bros.

Unexpected Prize.

With a deftness acquired by long and patient practice the pickpocket extracted an old but well-filled purse from the hip pocket of the unsuspecting old gentleman with the beaming countenance against whom he had carelessly brushed when leaving the Tube station, and on reaching a secluded place he opened it.

The contents had been wrapped with great care in numerous thicknesses of blank paper. Removing the wrappings one by one he found in the center of the package a card with this inscription on it:

Young man, give up your career of crime! Nothing in it!—T.H. Bitts.

Defrauded the Government.

Franking privileges were greatly abused in days gone by. The government employe's friends shared in his opportunities. In a letter written by Wordsworth in 1815 the poet said: "By means of a friend in London I can have my letters free. His name is Lamb, and if you add an 'e' to his name he will not open the letters. Direct as below without anything further—Mr. Lamb, India House, London." Coleridge, too, saw that a postage saved was a postage gained, and made use of the Mr. Lamb of the India House—Charles Lamb.

Unpardonable Ignorance.

Hostess—You don't know who she is? Why, she's the celebrated Miss de Wranter. You must have seen her in "East Lynne."

Guest (with some embarrassment)—No, indeed, ma'am. I was never there in my life.—C. W. T.

Heroic Remedies.

"According to this magazine," said Mrs. Biffingham, "sliced onions scattered about a room will absorb the odor of fresh paint."

"I guess that's right," rejoined Biffingham. "Likewise a broken neck will relieve a man of catarrh!"—London Answers.

Probably Guilty.

"Sir!" thundered the prosecuting attorney, "you are evading my question."

"Darn it," answered the prisoner before the bar, "if you knew the facts in the case as well as I do, you wouldn't blame me."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Crop Was a Failure.

"I suppose you know of my family tree?" said Baron Pucash. "Yep," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It may have been a good tree, all right, but it looks to me as if the crop was a failure."—Washington City.

Thought He Knew Better.

"Well, anyway, it is safe to say that when women really want the ballot they will get it."

"No, I don't think it would be—quite safe for you to say it in the presence of my wife."

To Correspond.

"I notice that since Clerkleigh got into dissipated habits he doesn't use the perpendicular style in his handwriting."

"No, and he doesn't use it in his walk, either."

Prompt Action.

Anxious Friend—Gayman, you ought to do something for that uncontrollable thirst of yours, and you ought to do it quick.

Gayman (putting on his hat)—I'm ready to go and join you in one right now, old chap!

Logical Conclusion.

"You look sweet enough to kiss," says the impressed young man.

"So many gentlemen tell me that," coyly answers the fair girl.

"Ah! That should make you happy."

"But they merely say that," she replies. "They merely tell me the facts in the case and never prove their statements."—Life.

Save the Baby—Use PISO'S CURE THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COLIC & GAGS

Should be given at once when the little one coughs. It heals the delicate throat and protects the lungs from infection—guaranteed safe and very palatable.

All Druggists, 25 cents.

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER III.

True to his determination, the doctor devoted the night following his advent into the little frontier village to the investigation of the Quaker preacher's fitness for his use. He took Pepeeta with him, the older habitues of the tavern standing on the porch and smiling ironically as they started. The meeting house was one of those conventional weather-boarded buildings with which all travelers in the Western States are familiar. The rays of the tall candles by which it was lighted were streaming feebly out into the night. The doors were open, and through them were passing meek-faced, soft-voiced and plain-robed worshippers.

Keeping close together, Pepeeta light and graceful, the doctor heavy and awkward, both of them thoroughly embarrassed, they ascended the steps as a bear and gazelle might have walked the gang-plank into the ark. They entered unobserved save by a few of the younger people who were staring vacantly about the room, and took their seats on the last bench. The Quaker maidens who caught sight of Pepeeta were visibly excited and began to preen themselves as turles doves might have done if a bird of paradise had suddenly flashed among them. One of them happened to be seated next her. She was dressed in quiet drabs and grays. Her face and person were pervaded and adorned by simplicity, meekness, devotion; and the contrast between the two was so striking as to render them both self-conscious and uneasy in each other's presence.

The visitors did not know at all what to expect in this unfamiliar place, but could not have been astonished or awed by anything else half so much as by the inexplicable silence which prevailed. If the whole assemblage had been dancing or turning comers, but they would not have been surprised, but the few moments in which they thus sat looking stupidly at the people and then at each other seemed to them like a small eternity. Pepeeta's sensitive nature could ill endure such a strain, and she became nervous.

"Take me away," she implovingly whispered to the doctor, who sat by her side, ignorant of the custom which separated the sexes.

He tried to encourage her in a few half-suppressed words, took her trembling hand in his great paw, pressed it reassuringly, winked humorously, and then looked about him with a sardonic grin.

To Pepeeta's relief, the silence was at last broken by an old man who rose from his seat, reverently folded his hands, lifted his face to heaven, closed his eyes and began to speak. She had never until this moment listened to a prayer, and this address to an invisible Being wrought in her already agitated mind a confused and exciting effect; but the prayer was long, and gave her time to recover her self-control. The silence which followed its close was less painful because less strange than the other, and she permitted herself to glance about the room and to wonder what would happen next. Her curiosity was soon satisfied. David Corson, the young mystic, rose to his feet. He was dressed with exquisite neatness in that simple garb which lends to a noble person a peculiar and serious dignity. Standing for a moment before he began his address, he looked over the audience with the self-possession of an accomplished orator. The attention of every person in the room was at once arrested. They recalled their wandering or preoccupied thoughts, lifted their bowed heads and fixed their eyes upon the commanding figure before them.

This general movement caused Pepeeta to turn, and she observed a sudden transformation on the countenance of the dove-like Quaker maiden. A flush mantled her pale cheek and a radiance beamed in her mild blue eyes. It was a tell-tale look, and Pepeeta, who divined its meaning, smiled sympathetically.

But the first word which fell from the lips of the speaker withdrew her attention from every other object, for his voice possessed a quality with which she was entirely unfamiliar. It would have charmed and fascinated the hearer, even if it had uttered incoherent words. For Pepeeta, it had another and a more mysterious value. It was the voice of her destiny, and rang in her soul like a bell. The speech of the young Quaker was a simple and unadorned message of the love of God to men, and of their power to respond to the Divine call.

Each sentence had fallen into the sensitive soul of the fortune teller like a pebble into a deep well. She was gazing at him in astonishment. Her lips were parted, her eyes were suffused and she was leaning forward breathlessly.

When at length David stopped speaking, it seemed to Pepeeta as if a sudden end had come to everything; as if rivers had ceased to run and stars to rise and set. She drew a long, deep breath, sighed and sank back in her seat, exhausted by the nervous tension to which she had been subjected. The effect upon the quack was hardly less remarkable. He, too, had listened with breathless attention. He tried to analyze and then to resist this mesmeric power, but gradually succumbed. He felt as if chained to his seat, and it was only by a great effort that he pulled himself together, took Pepeeta by the arm and drew her out into the open air.

For a few moments they walked in silence, and then the doctor exclaimed: "P-p-peeta, I have found him at last!"

"And whom?" she asked sharply,

irritated by the voice which offered such a rasping contrast to the one still echoing in her ears.

"Found whom? As if you didn't know! I mean the man of d-d-deity! He is a snake charmer, Pepeeta! He's just fairly b-b-bamboozled you! I was laughing in my sleeve and saying to myself, 'He's bamboozled Pepeeta; but he can't b-b-bamboozle me!' When he up and did it! Tee-totally did it! And if he can bamboozle me, he can bamboozle anybody."

"Did you understand what he said?" Pepeeta asked.

"Understand? Well, I should say not! But between you and me and the town p-p-pump it's all the better, for if he can fool the people with that kind of g-g-gibberish, he can certainly fool himself with the Balm of the Blessed Islands! First time I was ever b-b-bamboozled in my life. Peeta, our fortune's made, P-p-peeta!"

His triumph and excitement were so great that he did not notice the silence and abstraction of his wife. His ardent mind invariably excavated a channel into which it poured its thoughts, digging its bed so deep as to flow on unconscious of everything else. Exulting in the prospect of attaching to himself a companion so gifted, never doubting for a moment that he could do so, reveling in the dreams of wealth to be gathered from the increased sales of his patent medicine, he entered the hotel and made straight for the bar-room, where he told his story with the most unbounded delight.

Pepeeta retired at once to her room, but her mind was too much excited and her heart too much agitated for slumber. She moved restlessly about for a long time and then sat down at the open window and looked into the night. For the first time in her life, the mystery of existence really dawned upon her. She gazed with a new awe at the starry sky. She thought of the Being of whom David had spoken. Questions which had never before occurred to her knocked at the door of her mind and imperatively demanded an answer. "Who am I? Whence did I come? For what was I created? Whether did I come? For what was I created? Whether am I going?" she asked herself again and again with profound astonishment at the newness of these questions and her inability to answer them.

For a long time she sat in the light of the moon, and reflected on these mysteries with all the power of her untutored mind. But that power was soon exhausted, and vague, chaotic, abstract conceptions gave place to a definite image which had been eternally impressed upon her inward eyes. It was the figure of the young Quaker, idealized by the imagination of an ardent and emotional woman whose heart had been thrilled for the first time.

She began timidly to ask herself what was the meaning of those feelings which this stranger had awakened in her bosom. She knew that they were different from those which her husband inspired; but how different, she did not know. They filled her with a sort of ecstasy, and she gave herself up to them. Exhausted at last by these vivid thoughts and emotions, she rested her head upon her arms across the window sill and fell asleep. It must have been that the young Quaker followed her into the land of dreams, for when her husband aroused her at midnight a faint flush could be seen by the light of the moon on those rounded cheeks.

CHAPTER IV.

On the following morning the preacher-ploverman was afield at break of day. The horses, refreshed and rested by food and sleep, dragged the gleaming plowshare through the heavy snow as if it were light snow, and the farmer exulted behind them.

David tied the reins to the plow handles and strode across the fresh furrows. Vaulting the fence and leaping the brook which formed the boundary line of the farm, he ascended the bank and approached a carriage from which a man had hailed him. As he did so the occupants got out and came to meet him. To his astonishment he saw the strangers whom he had noticed the night before. The man advanced with a bold, free demeanor, the woman timidly and with downcast eyes.

"Good morning," said the doctor. David returned his greeting with the customary dignity of the Quakers.

"My name is Dr. Aesculapius."

"There is welcome."

"I was over to the m-m-meeting house last night, and heard your s-speech. Didn't understand a w-w-word, but saw that you c-c-can talk like a United States Senator."

David bowed and blushed. "I came over to make you a proposition. Want you to y-yoke up with me, and help me sell the B-Balm of the Blessed Islands? You can do the t-t-talking and I'll run the b-b-busines; see? What do you s-s-say?"

Gravely, placidly, the young Quaker answered: "I thank thee, friend, for what thou evidently means as a kindness, but I must decline thy offer."

"Decline my offer? Are you c-c-crazy? Why do you d-d-decline my offer?"

"Because I have no wish to leave my home and work."

Although his answer was addressed to the man, his eyes were directed to the woman. His reply, simple and natural enough, astounded the quack.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean that you p-p-prefer to stay in this p-p-pigstye of a town to becoming a citizen of the g-g-great world?"

"I do."

"But listen; I will pay you more money in a single month than you can earn by d-d-driving your plow through that b-b-black mud for a whole year."

"I have no need and no desire for more money than I can earn by daily toil."

"No need and no desire for money! B-b-bah! You are not talking to anything old women and crack-b-b-brained old men; but to a f-f-feller who can see through a two-inch plank, and you can't p-p-pass off any of your religious d-d-drive on him, either."

This coarse insult went straight to the soul of the youth. His blood tingled in his veins. There was a tightening around his heart of something which was out of place in the bosom of a Quaker. A hot reply sprang to his lips, but died away as he glanced at the woman, and saw her face mantled with an angry flush.

Calmed by her silent sympathy, he quietly replied: "Friend, I have no desire to annoy thee, but I have been taught that 'the love of money is the root of all evil,' and believing as I do I could not answer thee otherwise than I did."

"Well, well, reckon you are more to be pitied than b-b-blamed. Fault of early education! Talk like a p-p-parrot! What can a young fellow like you know about life, shut up here in a b-b-barrel looking out of the b-b-bush-hole?"

Offended and disgusted, the Quaker was about to turn upon his heel; but he saw in the face of the man's beautiful companion a look which said plainly as spoken words, "I, too, desire that you should go with us."

This look changed his purpose, and he paused.

"Listen to me now," continued the doctor, observing his irresolution. "You think you know what life is; but you d-d-don't! Do you know what g-g-great cities are? Do you know what it is to p-p-possess and to spend the money which you d-d-despise? Do you know what it is to wear fine clothes, to see great sights, to go where you want to and to do what you p-p-please?"

"I do not, nor do I wish to. And they must abandon these follies and sins, if they would enter the Kingdom of God," David replied, fixing his eyes sternly upon the face of the blasphemer.

"Good-bye, d-d-dead man! I have always hated c-c-corpses! I am going where men have red b-b-blood in their veins."

With these words he turned on his heel and started toward the carriage, leaving David and Pepeeta alone. Neither of them moved. The gypsy nervously plucked the petals from a daisy and the Quaker gazed at her face. During these few moments nature had not been idle. In air and earth and tree top, following blind instincts, her myriad children were seeking their mates. And here, in the odorous sunshine of the May morning, these two young, impressionable and ardent beings, yielding themselves unconsciously to the same mysterious attraction which was uniting other happy couples, were drawn together in a union which time could not dissolve and eternity, perhaps, cannot annul.

(To be continued.)

DOGS AS PASSENGERS.

Hard Problem Considered by Interstate-Commerce Commission.

Tribulations are besetting the dog. As a traveler, while he is not an outcast, he and his owner are subject, on many steam and electric railways, to regulations that amount to cruelties, a Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Telegram says.

It is not unlikely that the interstate commerce commission in the near future may be called upon to provide uniform regulations for the carrying of dogs on interstate trains. The rules governing the transportation of dogs are merely what each individual line proposes to make them and a movement has been begun to bring about reform regulations that will be fair to passengers and just to the dogs.

Some railroads charge a specified fare for a dog; others transport the dog as baggage, and yet others make no charge, although they differentiate between little dogs and big ones.

A few lines permit the owners of "small dogs" to take them into the passenger cars with them; other lines relegate all dogs to the baggage cars, where they are in danger of being crushed by falling trunks; and in some instances the roads require that a dog shall be crated, whether placed in the baggage car or carried by the owner. In practically every case a permit must be obtained.

Commissioner Prouty of the interstate commerce commission, in a letter replying to a recent inquiry as to whether the regulation of the Pullman company that dogs shall not occupy the car is a just and reasonable one, said:

"I am inclined to think it is and that the company is not obliged to distinguish between a small dog and a large one, for the reason that it would be impossible to draw the line if any dogs were permitted in the car. 'The writer has a dog of his own, which is small and inoffensive and which he transports every year from Washington to Newport, Vt. While I am certain this little dog would inconvenience nobody, I have always thought best to submit to the regulation of which you complain.'"

Crime.

She—I can't bind myself until I'm sure. Give me time to decide, and if, six months hence, I feel as I do now, I will be yours.

Ardent Adorer—I could never wait that long, darling. Besides, the courts have decided that dealing in futures, without the actual delivery of the goods, is gambling pure and simple.—Puck.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—Carlyle.

Wellesley Oak 500 Years Old.

A wide-spreading oak which experts have declared must have been growing at the time of the discovery of America by Columbus, is a landmark on the estate of the late Arthur Hunnewell in Wellesley, Mass.

The magnificent tree measures 26 feet in circumference at the base. It is a noticeable landmark on account of its unusual size. It intersects the fence which separates the fertile fields of the Hunnewell estate from the highway, and thus arrests the attention of the passer-by.

The late Mr. Hunnewell took great pride in the ancient tree. It has withstood the ravages of pests for a great many years and is apparently in condition to live for a great many more decades. The late Mr. Hunnewell had the tree examined by an expert from the Smithsonian Institute, who declared that it was between 400 and 500 years old.

Elliot, the apostle to the Indians, frequently passed the towering oak while going to and from South Natick, where he preached to the Indians, the tree being beside what was the old trail.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sore Throat will not live under the same roof with Hamlin's Wizard Oil, the best of all remedies for the relief of all pain.

Tired of the Game.

"Billingsley tells me he has moved his gasoline tank into his garage."

"But that's awfully dangerous, isn't it? The garage may catch fire at any moment."

"That's what Billingsley hopes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Only a Void.

Bertie—Here's another great chess player whose brain has gone wrong. I am glad I never took up the deuced game.

Jane—But in your case, Bertie, I'm quite sure there would be nothing to go wrong.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DYSPEPSIA

"Having taken your wonderful 'Cascarets' for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to 'Cascarets' for their wonderful composition. I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but without avail, and I find that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken would in a year."

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Cure Your Dandruff

Why? Because it is annoying, untidy. And mostly, because it almost invariably leads to baldness. Cure it, and save your hair. Get more, too, at the same time. All easily done with Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula. Stop this formation of dandruff!

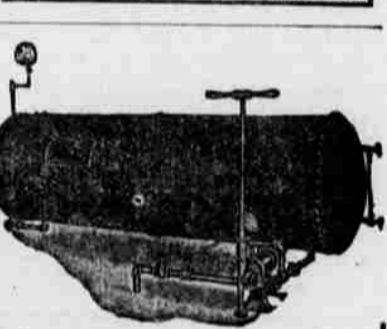
Does not change the color of the hair. Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

The new Ayer's Hair Vigor will certainly do this work, because, first of all, it destroys the germs which are the original cause of dandruff. Having given this aid, nature completes the cure. The scalp is restored to a perfectly healthy condition.

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