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MITCHELL, LEWIS and STAVELAND COMPANY.. Portland, Or.

Cause of So Many Necks Being Broke.

In a certain Virginia school for negroes the lye was being debated the question, "Resolved that capital punishment should be abolished." Bill Baise was arguing the affirmative. After an impassioned plea this was his clincher: "And lastly, Mr. President, I hold that capital punishment should be abolished for this reason, namely, that it has been the cause of so many necks being broke."

On the "firing line"

If you would maintain your place in the "front rank" you must keep strong and robust. Sickness soon relegates you to the rear. Try

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

when the appetite lags—when the digestion is bad—when the bowels and liver are inactive. It will surely help you.

Critic of Epigram.

"Young man," said Mr. Hibrow, "have you read the proverb of Solomon?" "Oh, yes," replied the confident youth; "and some of 'em are pretty good. But I think they'd go better if they had some funny pictures with them."

His Little Mistake.

"I wouldn't shave myself today," said she quietly. "Want to insinuate that I've been drinking, eh?" he stormed. "Not at all. But that isn't a cup of lather you brought in from the kitchen just now. That's a Charlotte russe."—Washington Herald.

Her Dearest Desire.

Nearly every woman wants her husband to make his mark, so that she may smile derisively at her relatives who thought she threw herself away when she became his wife.

Seems Need of Revision.

The death of a New York man was caused by swallowing a safety pin. Notwithstanding this, the public no doubt will go right ahead calling 'em safety pins.

Not Altogether Cheerless.

"Why are you removing all the rocking chairs?" "Pa has sworn off on swearing, and we want to do all we can to help him."—Detroit Free Press.

Greatest Wealth.

There is no wealth but life.—Ruskin.

What Is Coryza?

Coryza is a medical term. It means chronic catarrh of the nose. It began with catching cold, producing a slight nasal catarrh. Then catching cold again. Finally the catarrh is continuous. Afterwards brown scabs form in the nose, the breath is fetid, breathing through the nose more or less obstructed. Then the victim has coryza.

In taking Peruna for coryza a tablespoonful should be held in the mouth, and then allowed to slowly trickle down the throat, occasionally breathing out through the nose, so that the fumes of Peruna will permeate all through the throat and posterior nares. Peruna has cured a multitude of this sort of cases. Snuffing warm salt water, a teaspoonful to the pint, is sometimes necessary to thoroughly clean out the nose, which should be done twice a day, in the morning and in the evening.

But it is the Peruna that should be mainly relied upon for a permanent cure. People with coryza are generally poor sleepers, digestion is poor, appetite is poor. Peruna will correct all these difficulties.

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. Fletcher Robinson

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

MR. TAUBERY'S DIAMOND

(Continued.)

"Yet, it is presumable that the guest who came with an imitation diamond in his pocket is the man who started a discussion which resulted in Mr. Taubery producing his latest treasure."

"So it is, by Jove!" cried the colonel; "I never thought of it. Clever work, Inspector, eh?"

"Exactly," said Peace, blandly. "And now, as regards the place in which the robbery was committed."

"I locked the door," answered the colonel, smacking his trousers' pocket. "Please let me have the key. Thank you. And now as to the windows. Were they closed and fastened?"

"I saw to it myself."

"After the search in the library, did any of the guests return to the dining room?"

"I am no fool, Inspector. I left old Julius there to see to that. No one went back. When I had finished searching I joined Julius, and we locked up together. The butler had called in the policeman on the beat, and I left him sitting in the passage watching the door and drinking beer."

"I must go to Portland place. What is the number?"

"I will drive you there with all the pleasure in the world, Inspector," said the colonel, cheerfully. "Come along." I left them at the foot of the stairs, obtaining a whispered promise from the detective that he would give me a call that night if it was not too late when he returned.

I spent a disconsolate evening at the club. Never did I play a more degraded hand at bridge, though I should certainly have taken exception to the remarks of my partner under more ordinary circumstances. There is a point at which fair criticism ends and deliberate insult begins.

By ten o'clock I was back again in my rooms, where I loitered, amongst my books and pictures, in restless expectation. It was chiming midnight when there came a discreet tap at my outer door, and Addington Peace walked in. He sat himself down in the easy chair I offered, and permitted me to mix him a whisky and soda.

"Tell me, have you found the diamond?"

"No."

"Nor the thief?"

"I know him to be one of five men—that is all."

"Five? And how do you make that out?"

"It is very simple. The real diamond was examined by Professor Endicott; it was an imitation that reached Sir Andrew Carillon. Therefore it is reasonable that one of the five who sat between them changed the one for the other."

"So you strike out the professor and Sir Andrew?"

"If either of them had been implicated they would hardly have raised the quarrel that resulted in the discovery of the theft."

"And this suspected five—who are they?"

"Our friend Colonel Gunton, Mr. Thomas Craddock, a clerk in the war office; the Hon. George Carstairs, Lord Winton's brother; Mr. Abel Field of Grey and Field, car manufacturers; and the Rev. Aubrey Power, a minor canon of Westminster Abbey. I have made some light inquiries and find nothing against them. Carstairs, Craddock and Power are men of moderate income, the other two are rich."

"Yet this gives us one important conclusion. The actual thief is an amateur in crime. So far as anyone knows this is his first offense. But it was not a sudden temptation to which he yielded. On the contrary, he was carrying out his share in a plot that had been long and carefully prepared. He substituted an imitation diamond for the original as an easy matter; but who thought out the scheme, who had this admirable imitation made, who knew that Taubery was leaving the country and that the diamond was to be sent immediately to the strong room of a bank, where the substitution that had taken place might not be discovered for months, perhaps years?"

"Who, in short, had the clever brain, the far-sighted judgment, the familiarity with jewels and those who deal in them, all of which would be required in the originator of such a fraud? Not Gunton, nor Craddock, nor Carstairs, nor Field, nor the Rev. Aubrey Power. There is some one who has influence over one of these men, some one pulling the strings behind the curtain. I shall consider it an honor to make that person's arrest, Mr. Phillips."

Inspector Addington Peace beamed upon me as he concluded his deduction concerning the theft of Julius Taubery's diamond, with an expression of hopeful enthusiasm, and lit a cigarette at my reading lamp.

"This unknown criminal genius has got the diamond, anyway," I said. "I am not so sure of that. Consider the position of the actual thief on the discovery that the stone was false. He must have been in a state of blind terror. If we may suppose that Colonel Gunton is innocent, the bellowing of that worthy gentleman must have frightened him the more. To be searched, discovered, and actually disgraced—a pleasant prospect, surely! We may take it that he was heartily sorry for the part he had played; that he wished the diamond a thousand miles away. To get rid of it previous to the ordeal before the colonel and Professor Endicott in the library—that would be his object."

"Yet here I am met by the simple difficulty that I cannot find the diamond. I have made the closest investigation without result. As Colonel Gunton told us, Mr. Taubery remained in the dining room to see that none of the guests returned after they had been searched. The door was subsequently locked and a policeman stationed in the passage outside; the windows were fastened. Therefore the thief could not come back to recover what he had temporarily hidden. All of which might seem to prove that, though Colonel Gunton affirms that he went through the guests with an expert hand, one of them managed to keep the diamond about him and carry it away. Yet such an achievement suggests rather the professional than the amateur criminal. And, if for that reason alone, I believe that the stone is still in the house. We ought to be able to decide that point within a week."

"I can't see why, Peace," I said. "No? Then, pray don't trouble about it. And really, Mr. Phillips, as I have a long day's work before me, it is time I was off to bed. Do you know it is one o'clock?"

I knew how useless it was to question the little man when he thought he had told enough. So I bade him good night with the best grace that disappointment would permit. It had been kind of him to trouble about me, after all.

Three days went by, and I had not had the chance of asking Peace for news. For two nights, as I discovered by inquiry, he slept out, only appearing for an hour about noon to change his linen; for he was most careful of his appearance and as cleanly as a cat. Indeed, I had a secret belief that his nails were regularly manicured in Bond Street. When I did see him it was by accident, and, to be frank, nothing he had done gave me greater surprise.

I was walking through Kensington gardens about eleven o'clock on a visit to a friend whose studio lay to the north of the park. It was charming weather. The fresh leaves on the smoke-black boughs, the flower beds rich in variegated coloring, the deep-throated coo of the pigeons, the chatter of innumerable sparrows, all told that winter had passed and spring was calling a welcome to summer. I had just turned from a long shrub-walled walk into an open space when I came upon the amazing spectacle of Addington Peace flirting with a very pretty nursemaid.

Whatever the little Inspector had been, whatever he was, there was nothing of the Don Juan in his composition. I had already noticed that he took pains to avoid the opposite sex, with that uneasy consciousness of their presence which marks the bachelor with principles. Yet there he sat, sharing the same bench and talking earnestly into her ear, while before them a little boy pedaled industriously up and down upon a tricycle-horse, a long-maned, long-tailed toy set on three wheels and propelled by indifferent pedals. It was idyllic, domestic, but distinctly surprising.

As I passed the bench, Peace stared at me without a glimmer of recognition in his keen gray eyes.

I had just finished my breakfast next morning when I walked the Inspector. I laughed; indeed I could not help it; and he answered me with a quick glance, half annoyance, half reproach.

"Something is going to happen to-day in the matter of the diamond," he said. "But I warn you, Mr. Phillips, that if you intend to make fun of me you shan't know a word about it."

"You entirely misjudge me," I said, sticking my nose into my coffee cup to hide a grin.

"Very well. There is a sale of furniture today at the house of Mr. Julius Taubery, No. 204 Portland place, the property of a gentleman going abroad for the benefit of his health," as the catalogue has it. I should advise you to be there a little before four o'clock this afternoon."

"I am very much obliged to you, Peace," I said, making a note of the number on my shirt cuff.

He nodded, with a faint shadow of a smile at the corners of his mouth, shook a finger of warning, and trotted out of the room.

I was punctual at my appointment and shouldered my way through the crowd of chattering dealers into the big dining room of No. 204. A private auction to me always seems a melancholy business. True, I knew that in this case the owner was a rich man, that his furniture and carpets and fittings had been bought only a year or two before, and were not the loved collection of years. But the tumbled order, the mud of many feet upon the floor, the noise of the bidders answering the raucous voice of the auctioneer, were all an insult to the peace, the privacy and the hospitable memories of a stately home. It was with relief that I saw Colonel Gunton's eyeglass shining near the window, and I bowed my way towards him. He had a little boy with him, whom he carried perched on his shoulder, well out of the way of the crowd.

"Hello, Phillips," he shouted, in a tone that successfully competed with the auctioneer's. "Come to see the last of old Taubery's household gods, eh? Confound those dealers, what a noise they make bidding for that table. 'Pon my soul, when I think how many good dinners I've had with my toes underneath it, I feel quite sentimental. I do, Phillips, strike me."

To emphasize his sensations he glared ferociously at a weak individual who was pressed against him by a swirl in the crowd, and asked him what in thunder he thought he was doing.

The great table was bought, the last of the heavy furniture; and there only remained a few details that were auctioned, some separately, some in oddly assorted lots. It was during their sale that my talk with the colonel was interrupted by the little boy upon his shoulder.

"Oh, father," he cried, "there's George's bicycle horse! Won't you buy me George's bicycle horse?"

A long-tailed, long-maned toy was raised by one of the auctioneer's men, who grinned under a running fire of chaff. I had an idea that I had seen that gallant charger before, though where I could not remember.

"Who is George?" I asked the colonel.

"It's Taubery's grandson. His daughter's a widow, you know; she and the boy live with the old people. Hi, there! ten shillings."

A gray-haired man in an overcoat who stood near by nodded his head at the auctioneer.

"Eleven shillings—going at eleven shillings."

"Fifteen," bawled the colonel.

"One pound," said the gray-haired man.

I had no idea what the cost of such toys might be; but the price, second-hand, seemed high. Several of the dealers gathered about the chair on which the auctioneer was standing looked back at us over their shoulders.

"Confound those dealers!" cried the colonel. "If an outside buyer wants anything they try to squeeze him out. They're all in league. It ought to be stopped. It's a monstrous shame. It's iniquitous. Twenty-five shillings to you, sir."

"Thirty," said the gray-haired man.

"Two pounds."

As the bids increased the temper of the colonel grew worse and worse. Those who were well out of his reach began to chuckle, and finally to laugh outright. At four pounds ten he hesitated. With a supreme effort he made it five.

"Guineas," said the gray-haired man. I am sorry to say that the colonel swore. In one stupendous oath he denounced all who dealt in second-hand goods of any description whatsoever. Then, with the little boy sobbing on his shoulder, he surged through the crowd like a battleship in a head sea, and disappeared amid a burst of disrespectful laughter. It was before the auctioneer had sufficiently recovered from his surprise that I felt a gentle touch on my arm. It was Addington Peace.

"There is a four-wheeled cab waiting about thirty yards up the street," he whispered. "Go and get into it. I will join you presently."

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)



WHAT SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE

Odd Superstitions That Are Prevalent Among the Inhabitants of European Countries.

In Spain the wedding is spoiled if one of the guests appears entirely in black or if the bride looks into a mirror after orange blossoms and veil are fastened in her headress.

When a person's hair ends split it is taken by the superstitious for a sign that she is either a witch or has been bewitched. As blond hair splits more readily than dark hair, all witches, sprites and sorceresses have blond or red hair, according to popular belief. Likewise, according to the standard of art.

On the marriage eve there is often much good natured rivalry between

the groom and the bride in the Slav countries as to who shall blow out the candle, for the person who does will be "first to die." It is impossible to trace the origin of this superstition, yet it prevails in aristocratic society as well as in the peasant's hut, even as like this, that "to insure the life and health of the children" the woman must occupy the right side of the bed. In addition, she must not smoke before her forty-fifth year.

There is a superstition in this country and many others against burning a broom. The bud of birch broom is used in southern Germany as a preventive against erysipelas. These buds, a piece of yellow wax and some other articles, are inclosed in a pink silk bag, secured with red silk and worn on the back of the neck. The person must change his shirt every Friday.

PLEASURE IN FRUITS

Too Many People Are Huddled Together in Big Cities.

If One Would Interest Himself In Orchardng He Would Find All Nature Soon Assuming New Friendliness for Him.

(By R. B. BUCKHAM.)

What the great majority of people, young and old, of today need more than anything else is to be taught how to enjoy the pleasures and advantages of life in the country. When one stops to think of it, what a shame it is that so many should be huddled together and cooped up in the great cities, all the year round, when they ought to be out in the open!

Recommend to a friend to try the country, and you will doubtless find him ready enough to make the attempt, but in a week or so you will quite likely see him coming back again, bag and baggage. He did not find it to his liking, and gave it up. And it is only natural that he should; a result to be expected; for he was simply out of his accustomed environment, and ill at ease. He did not know how to accustom himself to his new surroundings, and so did not find them satisfactory.

It is the outcome of the same principle which will be seen at work in many other fields of experience. It is said that when a person beholds the sea for the first time, if ever, makes an impression upon him. It is to him a wide expanse of water, and that is all. But as one comes to know it better, its many moods and ever-changing aspects, it becomes at length grand, impressive, awe-inspiring, and an endless source of fascination.

It is so, too, with the works of the great masters of the past. He who looks upon even their greatest masterpieces for the first time, usually wonders, if at all, that they should appeal to others as they do. But as he comes to be able to understand and appreciate them, he too, feels their all absorbing charm and noble inspiration.

One must know how to appreciate the country, in order to enjoy it. Confirmed city dwellers are accustomed to being amused all the time. Every one of their waking hours must be frittered away with follies of one kind or another, or they are miserable. They will sit for hours and watch a juggler perform his tricks, though they know them to be but a deception all the time, and yet the great processes of nature may go on before them without arousing their interest in the least! But if they only knew how to find entertainment in the changing seasons, the great dramas of seedtime and harvest, the story would be a vastly different one. It is said that the Danish, wholly an agricultural people, are the happiest in the world.

None need ever lack occupation and entertainment for all of his time, when once he has made friends with nature. Take for example fruit growing. If one would but interest himself in this one branch of agriculture he would find all nature assuming a new friendliness for him. There is a companionship to be gotten out of the care and observation of trees. Very real and satisfying. Says Thoreau, the seer of Walden Pond, "Sympathy with the fluttering alder and poplar leaves almost takes away my breath." Since the dawn of creation the trees have housed and fed the race, and yet some in these latter days have so drifted away from this old-time partnership of interests as to become almost complete strangers to their old-time benefactors. Surely, this should not be! It is unnatural and unwholesome. Do not fail to renew the old alliance with the trees. It will bring you a new hold upon life, and help to heal the long-time breach between you and mother earth.

RETAIN FERTILITY OF SOIL

Two Best Ways Are Raising Stock and Keeping Manure Spreader Busy At All Times.

Raising stock and keeping a manure spreader busy are the two best ways of maintaining fertility in the soil. Don't rob the land continuously and



The Old Way.



The New Way.

give nothing back to it. That method has been tried very often. It does not pay. Do not let the manure pile up behind the barn and go to waste. Get it out on the fields. It will do more good there.

Circumvent Feed Bills. Circumvent large feed bills by growing plenty of protein feeds on the farm.

Antidote for Carbolic Acid.

The best antidote for carbolic acid poisoning is flour and water. If nothing better is at hand drink a little plain water to weaken the acid, or still better, drink soapwater if obtainable. If flour is not handy, use magneesia, chalk, soda, lime, whitening or new soap, or knock a piece of plaster from the wall, scrape off the white outside coat of lime, pound it fine, mix with milk or water, and drink at once. Follow with warm water or flaxseed tea. Of course, call a physician at the earliest possible moment.

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ask your grocer.

Mixed Telegram.

Mr. McC., a young man in a college town who was an interesting combination of scientific and musical accomplishments, had a young lady friend in Chicago who was soon to be married. The day before the wedding her organist was suddenly taken very ill, and she telegraphed to Mr. McC.: "Shall we play for us?" When the telegram reached him it read: "Shall we be married at noon tomorrow? Will you play for us?"

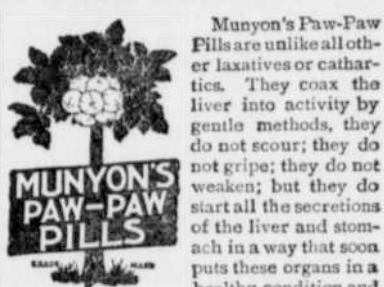
ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. Cures Grip in Two Days. 25c.

Altered the Case.

In one revue I caricatured a famous dancer. A little while after, while abroad, I was told that the husband of the lady was looking for me with a big stick. A few weeks later I returned to London. I met the husband, who shook me warmly by the hand and thanked me effusively for the skit on his wife. They had quarreled in the interval.—George Grossmith in The Tatler.

CONSTIPATION



Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods, they do not scour; they do not gripe; they do not weaken; but they do start the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

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Cheap Way to Mount Pictures.

To mount pictures inexpensively for the nursery or children's bedrooms, cut all the white margin off the picture, then get some thin, smooth boards 1½ inch larger all round than the picture; stain the boards with dark oak stain about two inches round the edge; varnish them, then paste the picture on the board, leaving an even edge of the stained wood all round; hang on the walls in the usual way.

In Case of Emergency.

In every well-ordered household a box of bandages should be kept in case of accident. Bandages should be torn from old linen or muslin and wound tightly in rolls. They should be of various widths. Also supply stout, narrow strips for tying. It is advisable to place these bandages in the oven for a few minutes to sterilize them. Then place in a hot, wide-mouthed preserve jar and screw on the lid while an are still hot.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Irritated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practices for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Remedy is Aseptic, Pure and Safe. **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

One Unconsolable Grief.

Many housekeepers can sympathize with the old Virginia lady who said to her friend, on finding a treasured old cup cracked by a careless maid: "I know of nothing to compare with the affliction of losing a handsome piece of old china." "Surely," said the friend, "it is not so bad as losing one's children." "Yes it is, for when your children die you do have the consolation of religion, you know."

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