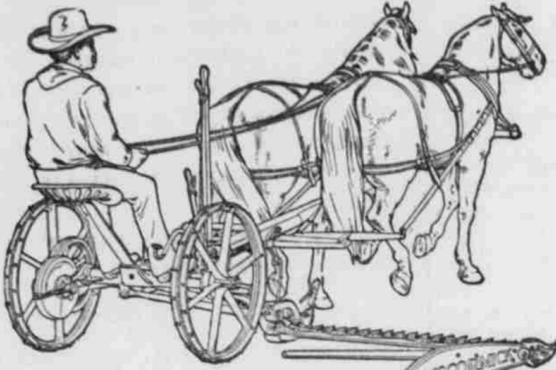


PREPARE FOR HARVEST

McCORMICK BINDERS and MOWERS ARE RECOGNIZED THE WORLD OVER AS THE SUPERIOR ARTICLE ON THE FARM. McCORMICK MACHINES ENABLE THE FARMER TO HARVEST HIS CROP QUICKLY AND CONSEQUENTLY A LARGE AREA CAN BE DEVOTED TO GRAIN. WE WILL BE PLEASED TO SHOW YOU THE SUPERIORITY OF McCORMICK CONSTRUCTION, AND GIVE YOU ANY INFORMATION YOU MAY DESIRE RELATIVE TO THE MACHINE



McCORMICK BINDER—5, 6 AND 7 FOOT CUT. BEST ON EARTH.

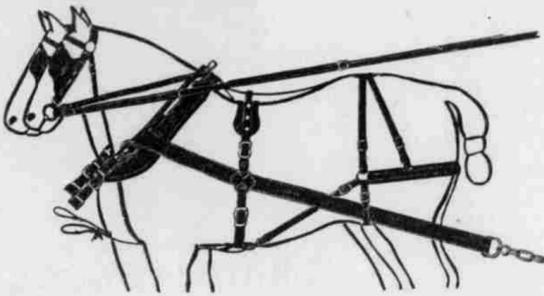


McCORMICK MOWER—4 1/2 and 5 FOOT CUT. McCORMICK NEW BIG 4 MOWER 6 and 7 FOOT CUT. ASK US ABOUT THEM.

THE McCORMICK HAY RAKES

THE TEETH ON McCORMICK RAKES ARE MADE OF SELECT SPRING STEEL, HAVING GREAT STRENGTH AND RESILIENCY. THE POINT OF THE TEETH ARE SO SHAPED THAT THEY WILL GET THE HAY WITHOUT DIGGING INTO THE GROUND OR PICKING UP STONES. BOTH THE SELF-DUMP AND HAND DUMP RAKES CAN BE OPERATED WITH ONE OR TWO HORSES BY SIMPLY ADJUSTING THE SHAFT.

HANNA BROS., Agents.



WE HAVE THE SWELLEST LINE OF HARNESS GOODS IN POLK COUNTY, AND INVITE YOU TO CALL AND LOOK OVER OUR HARNESS DEPARTMENT. THIS IS THE MONEY SAVING FEATURE FOR HARNESS USERS. WE HANDLE NONE BUT THE BEST.



LAWN MOWERS—NUF SAID.

The Sharples Tubular . . . Cream Separator



GETS ALL THE CREAM FROM THE MILK, LESSENS AND LIGHTENS ALL DAIRY WORK, IS THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN CREAM SEPARATORS. THE TUBULAR IS THE BETTER BY ALL THE YEARS OF EXPERIENCE THAT HAVE COME AND GONE SINCE CENTRIFUGAL SEPARATING BEGAN. IS DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS WITH THE KIND OF DIFFERENCE THAT ARE IMPROVEMENTS—ADVANTAGES TO THE DAIRYWOMAN WHO USES IT. THE TUBULAR IN ITSELF AND IN ITS SERVICE IS AS FAR IN ADVANCE OF OTHERS AS YOU CAN IMAGINE. THESE ARE WORDS, BUT YOU CAN HAVE PROOF FOR THE ASKING. CALL AND SEE THEM.

HANNA BROS.,

Independence,

Oregon

His Woman-Proof Heart

By JOANNA SINGLE

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Things began to happen in John Dorr's hitherto quiet life. He had been head draughtsman ten years. Then, one June morning, Foster, the senior partner, called him to the inner office. Tauton, the other firm member, was grinning in his happy fashion.

"You're junior partner, Dorr, from this time forth! How do you like it?" Both older men rose and shook hands with him. Their friendliness was personal as well as in business. Dorr's steady dark eyes lighted happily. He was probably thirty-three or four, of the slow-going but absolutely sure sort. He said nothing could be better. And then they discussed the financial side. An hour later he was leaving them, when Tauton stopped him jocularly.

"We've only one fault to find with you, John. You're not quite human with that woman-proof heart of yours! You seem never to even see a girl—and they all see you! Marry and be one of us, and have some real life in that little cottage of yours. Eh?"

Dorr laughed, but his reserve was not broken. "Some marry, like you; some, like me—do not. I consider myself a successful bachelor." He left them, not saying that love had seemed to pass him by. He would marry, if ever, because love came and found him, not because other men married.

The next astounding thing happened the next morning. Miss Gray, always at her desk early, was waiting for him. No one else was down yet, and she followed him to the inner room and closed the door. In the year she had been in the office she had spoken to nobody there save on business, and almost never to Dorr. Now she laid a shining handful of jewelry on the desk before him, and stood, tall and slender, her face grave, her gray eyes serious. She spoke as if conferring rather than asking a favor.

"Could I get—\$200 on these? I know nothing about pawning things." Through his amazement he noted the depth of her clear eyes, the way her fine, smooth brown hair framed her face, the little lines at her temples. She could not have been much under thirty. He examined the heavy old watch of fine gold, two diamond rings, one very good; a little sapphire, like a blue eye, and other trinkets.

"I—should think so. Why not let us—the firm—advance the money?" She shook her head firmly. "That would not do. And I need the money this afternoon, too. I thought you could tell me the best place to go." "They are all—horrible places. Properly managed, some of them might lend it. I'll go for you. You couldn't go to a place like that."

She turned as if the matter were settled. "Thank you very much," she said pleasantly and went back to her desk. He liked it that she did not explain, that if she had troubles she did not mention them, and that, whatever it was, she came to her own firm. But it set his thoughts upon her. How came she to have such expensive things? Why did she need money? She had a good salary, lived very quietly, and inexpensively—he knew where she boarded, and had a vague idea that all her people were dead. He thought he would—why, he would quietly keep her jewels and give her the money himself! Then he knew she would not accept it. He was driven to deceit. He pawned the watch only, as less personal, and when he gave her the envelope of bill merely showed her the ticket, explaining that he would keep it and get the things when the 60 days were up.

But the matter disturbed him, and he wished it had not occurred. He furtively studied her. She was a lady. The quietness of her dress and manner, the perfection of her toilet, above all, her reserve, showed that. Her voice was cultivated, and her work showed the grasp and accuracy of a trained mind.

As the hot June days passed he saw a change in her. Miss Taylor, the bookkeeper, had gone on her vacation, and as business was light, Miss Gray did her work in her absence. Was it too much for her? Dorr noted that for the first time since he had known her, she seemed worried. Her eyes were shadowed, her face pale. He spoke to her about it one Saturday noon after the others had left and were not to return. She was bending over a ledger.

"Miss Gray, it's pretty hot in here. You'd better not stay—let it go until Monday. Shall I work at it for an hour? I can."

She seemed to shrink from him, and protested. "No," she said, "let me do it. I'm learning—you know I'm not an experienced bookkeeper—I'll get along all right."

He left her, but he thought her manner strange. Was anything wrong? Surely not. But when Monday morning came, she was there at the office when he entered, bending over the ledger with a little frown on her brow. He walked straight up to her.

"Has anything gone wrong?" he asked in his steady, elder-brother manner.

Her eyes met his almost gratefully. In a sort of resolve or relief. She asked a strange thing of him.

"Could you stay and help me a moment tonight—when the others are gone?"

If it had been any one else, any one less perfectly dignified and impersonal, he would not have liked the request. Just then Foster entered, and Dorr knew something had happened to him—he had a hot desire to shield her from Foster's look—from even the thought of any one else. It was a protective impulse that sprang up to defend her, and set a seal upon him. He never forgot how she looked at that moment. Her eyes were like flowers.

That evening she went straight to the point. She put the books before him.

"Please go over everything since Miss Taylor left," she said. "She'll be back in the morning, and I can't find—all the money. I missed it the day after she left. It has frightened me to death."

He began to go over the figures with her, his voice reassuring. "Don't worry—we'll find it. It often happens." He went over all the figures once—then twice.

"Hmm! Two hundred short—"

He stopped suddenly and looked at her.

"Was that why you got me to—"

"Pawn my father's things, and my mother's. Yes. If it was my fault I was going to make it good. I was afraid I hadn't watched when the safe was open, or something—"

He laughed outright. "I am sure it can't be Miss Taylor's mistake—she is so accurate, and I wanted her to find everything all right."

Again he laughed to see how little



"Couldn't I Get \$200 on These?"

of a business woman she really was, how feminine, how helpless, and still how self-reliant she was! The wave of protectiveness that had seized upon him that morning came back—and with it another thing—the knowledge that he loved this woman. It came like light, in an instant. And before he could steady his thought the door opened, and Nina Taylor, sunburned and happy, breezed in upon them.

"Well, old business plotters—though you look more like plotters—what is up? Figuring how much I embezzled?" She laughed.

"Well," answered Dorr, "for a fact, we can't seem to locate \$200 that isn't on the bank book, and ought to be. It's been lost ever since you left."

The girl came to lean over Sylvia's shoulder, running a practiced eye over the books. Her face was serious, and she bit her lip. Then, with a whirl, she turned to the safe and opened it. She rummaged a moment, and brought out a little canvas bag.

"There's your cash—didn't you hear me tell you to bank it the day I left, Miss Gray?" She laughed. "I was too late for the bank, you will remember."

Sylvia did remember, then. The younger girl snatched something she wanted from her desk and was gone again in a moment.

John Dorr rose from his chair, and looking at Sylvia Gray saw how pale and tired she looked. All sense of anything but her and her loneliness left him. He reached out for both her unresisting hands.

"Sylvia," he said, "if only you could—love me. Could you? Could you love me—and marry me?"

There was still much of her old reserve and dignity left to her, but it was the dignity of yielding what one longs to give. She looked quietly at him.

"Do you love me?" he insisted. "Oh," she answered, "I do! Of course I do!"

"The Frankfort University."

The proposed creation of a university at Frankfort is receiving a great deal of discussion. The city authorities have proposed to combine a number of scientific academies and institutions of learning already existing into a university. These institutions dispose of large endowment funds, and funds necessary to complete the university organization would, according to the proposal of the city council, be secured by voluntary contribution, in order to avoid increasing tax burden. The proposal has been submitted to the Prussian government. Considerable opposition to the "Frankfort university" has arisen, particularly in smaller university towns, such as Marburg and Giessen, which claim that students would be drawn away from the smaller colleges in this part of Germany by the creation of an important, well-endowed seat of learning at Frankfort.

Are You Peccy?

If your digestive system is weak, the bowels clogged, the liver sluggish, you cannot wonder that you feel "half sick" all the time; but listen—

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

is a good remedy for such ills as well as Malaria, Fever and Ague. Try it today.

Makes You Well Again

Wouldn't Be a Preacher.

J. H. Libby, the cement contractor, was discussing the future of his little grandson, Harry Hoffman. "We haven't any person in the family," he said "I guess we'll just make a minister of Harry." "No, sir," the boy stoutly protested. "No preaching for me. I'm going to be a ball player!"—Cleveland Leader.

SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED

This Woman Had to Insist Strongly, but it Paid

Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered from a female weakness and stomach trouble, and I went to the store to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but the clerk did not want to let me have it—he said it was no good and wanted me to try something else, but knowing all about it I insisted and finally got it, and I am so glad I did, for it has cured me."



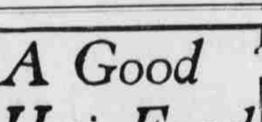
"I know of so many cases where women who want a cure should insist upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound just as this woman did, and not accept something else on which the druggist can make a little more profit. Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Experience Boy Will Remember. While exploring one of the big disused Martello towers, near Waterford harbor, Ireland, which was formerly used for military purposes, a boy named Charles Cummins had a terrible experience a few days ago. When he pushed open one heavy iron door it suddenly banged and shut of his fingers. In agony, he shouted for help, but he was kept a helpless prisoner all night, and till late next morning, when he was rescued by a passer by.

The Lengthy Lobbies. "Why do they call Washington the city of magnificent distances?" "Because," answered the office-seeker, "it is such a long way between what you go after and what you get."

A Good Hair-Food

Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is a genuine hair-food. It feeds, nourishes, builds up, strengthens, invigorates. The hair grows more rapidly, keeps soft and smooth, and all dandruff disappears. Aid nature a little. Give your hair a good hair-food. Does not change the color of the hair.



Formula with each bottle Show it to your doctor

Ayer's Ask him about it, then do as he says

You need not hesitate about using this new Hair Vigor from any fear of its changing the color of your hair. The new Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents premature grayness, but does not change the color of the hair even to the slightest degree. —Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—