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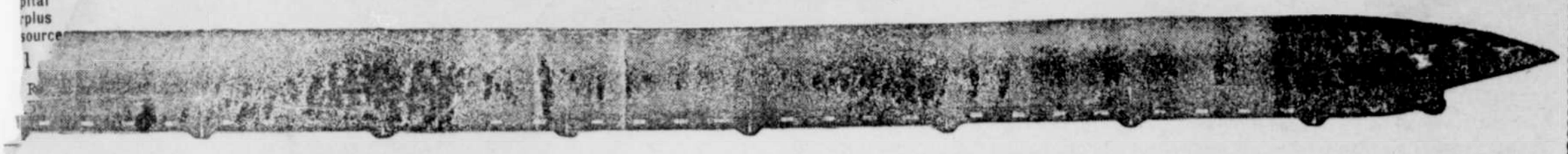

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Have proved their worth in many tests.
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J. S. Trumble, living in Forest Grove, Ore., says: "For some time I suffered from a dull ache across my loins and hips accompanied by a deranged condition of my kidneys. These organs were very frequent in action and I was forced to arise so many times during the night to pass the secretions that my life was a burden to me. The trouble grew worse and I gradually ran down in health. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills so highly advertised that I decided to try them and procured a box. I noticed a great change of my condition after a short time and after taking the contents of the first box, I felt unusually well. Doan's Kidney Pills have my recommendation as a kidney remedy unexcelled."

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Remember the name—Doan's and take no other.

An Adroit Judge.

[Original.]

When the American government put an end to Spanish rule in Cuba one of the prominent governors, Miguel Sanchez, settled in Havana. He was not a bad man at heart, but he had been obliged by Captain General Weyler to do a great many cruel acts.

A number of those who had suffered under Sanchez's rule when the war closed went to live in Havana. Sanchez had been in the tobacco business before the war and at the close returned to that business. He wished only to live peaceably and earn a living for his family. But those who had felt the effect of Weyler's iron rule, administered through his subordinate, were not minded that the ex-governor should escape without punishment. One day a man was found murdered in the streets of Havana, and a witness came forward who swore that he had seen Sanchez commit the act.

Judge Antonio Herrera presided at Sanchez's trial. In the witnesses the judge recognized Cubans who had been active in the revolution. Nevertheless a good case was made against the former deputy of the merciless Weyler. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and it only remained for the judge to pronounce sentence.

"Miguel Sanchez, stand up!"

The prisoner arose, pale and trembling. He was supported by his daughter, a dusky Spanish girl with liquid eyes bordered by long lashes.

"Miguel Sanchez," said the judge, "do you remember me?"

"I do," faltered the prisoner.

"When did we last meet?"

"I ordered your arrest. You were brought before me, and I sent you to prison."

"What were your words on that occasion?"

"I don't remember."

"I do. You said: 'The crown of Spain demands your influence to put down the revolution or your life. I give you two days in which to choose.'"

The judge paused a moment. The courtroom was deathly still except for the sobs of Dona Maria Sanchez.

"Do you remember some months later, after I had got away from you—it was through the connivance of one near your person—that you were besieging the town of G., where you had [illegible]cked by a number of revolution[illegible]ounded?"

[illegible] a nut too hard for you to [illegible]ged little for any one within the town except myself. One evening a note was put into my hand by one who slipped away and was lost in a crowd before I could mark him. The note was from you. You asked me to meet you without the walls, promising me a safe conduct. You hinted that the crown was ready to pay me a good price and give me an important post in case I would abjure the revolution and throw my influence on the other side. I sent a man made up to represent me. What became of him?"

Sanchez stood with bowed head. Again there was silence except for his daughter's sobs.

"I will tell you," continued the judge. "He was arrested and was about to be shot when he succeeded in convincing you that he was not the person he appeared to be. He was permitted to return to me as a messenger with another safe conduct and further offers."

The judge paused again. This time, besides the sobs of Dona Maria, there were mutterings among the ex-revolutionists who had secured the prisoner's conviction.

"What have you to say," continued the judge, "in explanation of your treachery?"

The prisoner raised his head, looked at the judge and said:

"Nothing."

Something lighted in the eye of the judge that had not been there before. He sat regarding the prisoner, who was still looking fixedly at him. Then the judge broke the silence.

"You have this to say. You were simply a machine to carry out the orders of a butcher. What you said were the words of General Weyler. What you did were his acts."

The pallor of the prisoner's cheek gave place to a tinge of color. Dona Maria looked up at the judge with a new expression.

"It is I, not a tyrant, who judges you now, as I was judged. And this is my decision. The revolution is accomplished. It is not for me, a judge of the court, to dispense vengeance. This case has been trumped up against you by those who wish to be revenged upon you for acts of which you were only the tool. They might as well strike an ax and leave the headsman who wielded it untouched. Sentence is suspended indefinitely. Meanwhile, Miguel Sanchez, you are permitted to go where you will."

The sudden reprieve was too much for Sanchez. He reeled and fell into the arms of his daughter. He did not see the look that passed between that daughter and his judge, a look that seldom sits on the human countenance, for only extraordinary conditions can call forth such an expression.

In one part of the judge's address he had spoken of having escaped through the connivance of one near the governor's person. That person was Maria Sanchez. There were but two persons in that courtroom who knew the secret of the judge's leniency, who knew that he and Dona Maria had ever met. And there was but one who realized the remarkable adroitness with which the judge prefaced his decision. These were Dona Maria and the judge himself. They were lovers.

F. A. MITCHEL.

A Happy Family.

Some of our "sisterhood of states" have
names that seem to me
Not quite so truly feminine as "sisters"
names should be.
With Ida Hoe and Della Ware and Louisa
Anna, too,
I find no fault, and Florrie Dah and Tennie See will do.

Miss Souri, Mrs. Sippi and Virginia will
pass,
While Allie Bama's fairly good and Mary
Land first class;
Besides, we've Callie Fornia and Minnie
Sota; they
Have pleasant names quite good enough
to give to girls today.

But any one who ponders on this theme
must say, with me,
Ken Tucky and Con Necticut are boys'
names, don't you see?
And so are several others; hence our
school books ought to tell
About our "sisterhood of states" and
"brotherhood" as well.

—Nixon Waterman in Woman's Home Companion.

Going Some.

"I didn't get to the field sports in time," said the hare. "Was there anything particular doing?"

"Yes," replied the tortoise. "That big kangaroo fellow from Australia broke the record in the ten yard jump."—Tatler.

His Little Joke.

Coakley—This paper says "beef makes brawn and fish makes brain." I wonder how these food experts figure out that fish makes brain.

Joakley—Probably because fish travel in schools.—Philadelphia Press.

Something of the Sort.

"Did you ever try an antifat regimen?"

"Well," replied the ponderous person, "I boarded once."—New York Times.

A charitable man dropped a nickel in a blind beggar's hat and exclaimed in a benevolent voice, "There, my poor fellow, is a quarter for you."

"Why on earth," said the man's companion, "did you give him a nickel and say it was a quarter?"

"Oh, was the reply, "I wanted to cheer him up."—Argonaut.

The Long Conflict.

Little Sally (reading)—What is a prolonged conflict, Harry? Small Harry—I don't know. I asked papa this morning what it was, and he said it was something I couldn't understand until I grew up and got married.—Chicago News.

In every affair consider what precedes and what follows and then undertake it.—Epictetus.

He Went In Deep.

Briggs—Hear the church chimes. What do they remind you of?

Diggs (who has gone in pretty heavily for Christmas presents)—They remind me of the bell of a cash register.—Judge.

Her Idea.

"Stocks were all down a few points today," remarked the broker.

"The idea!" exclaimed his wife. "It's a wonder they didn't advertise it as a bargain day!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Sad Affair.

Bleeker—Poor Peckem got it in the neck this morning.

Meeker—How did it happen?

Bleeker—His wife bought him a neckties at a bargain sale.—Chicago News.

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No. 3 " 8:50 a. m., " " " 11
No. 9 " 1:30 p. m., " " " 2
No. 1 " 4:44 p. m., " " " 5

SOUTH BOUND.
No. 2 lv. Portland 7:00 a. m. lv. Forest Grove 8
No. 8 " " 11:00 a. m., ar. " " 12
No. 4 " " 4:10 p. m., lv. " " 5
No. 10 " " 5:40 p. m., ar. " " 7

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