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Very moderate outlays will bring big returns in organ values at Eilers Piano House. We make a specialty of supplying the best and only the very best at the lowest prices obtainable anywhere. Burdette, Kimball, Crown and Pacific Queen organs in all styles. Church, parlor and piano cases. Prices as low as \$46 will buy a handsome Pacific Queen organ, cabinet style, handsomely carved, with plate glass mirror and elegant finish throughout. Other prices \$55, \$63, \$65, \$69 and \$78. Every instrument fully guaranteed by us. Write for catalogues and all further information desired. Eilers Piano House, No. 351 Washington street, corner Park, Portland, Oregon.

Brave and Brainsy.

"The man I marry must be both brave and brainsy."

"When we were out sailing and upset I saved you from a watery grave."

"That was brave, I admit, but it was not brainsy."

"Yes, it was. I upset the boat on purpose."

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

And Not Over Here.

"I think you must be mistaken, sir," the old man chipped in.

"What about?" demanded his neighbor in the crowd.

"Didn't I just hear you remark you were glad the war in Bulgaria was over?"

"Not exactly, I said I was glad it was over in Bulgaria."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Won His Esteem.

Theodore—Dooeed: pretty girl, Miss Daysey is.

Arthur—Dooeed pretty.

Theodore—And she has such a nice way with her, don't you know. So encouraging, don't you know. I told her I was afraid I was going to have brain fever, and she said it was impossible.

That encouraged me, don't you know, and I didn't have any fever.—Boston Transcript.

Most Probably an American.

A woman went into a chemist's in London recently and asked for some article which is generally to be procured at a shop of this kind.

The man of mixtures, replying to the woman's inquiries, said: "Madam, I do not possess what you require. I am a chemist pure and simple."

"I don't know anything about your purity; but there's no doubt about your simplicity," replied the disappointed woman as she retired from the counter.

So Nice and Sympathetic.

A gentleman whose one glass eye has served him for years had the misfortune to drop it. It smashed to atoms. This happened when he was far away in the country. He inquired of a friend where was the nearest place for him to go and get refitted.

"Why don't you call upon the girl you were flirting with all last night?" his friend inquired. "She has a first class reputation for making eyes."

Punch.

An Excess of Nerve.

"I like to see a young man energetic and able to push himself," said the old banker sadly. "But when he borrowed the money from me to buy an automobile in which to elope with my daughter it was carrying things a little too far."

Tested.

Cora—Are you sure you will be able to support me, dear?

Merritt—Why, yes. It's cheaper to be married than engaged.—Exchange.

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Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

They reached Paris and shortly were established in another home, at the Hotel de Clairville. Here the kind-hearted Count Frederic and his amiable wife congratulated themselves upon having gathered together so happy a family party; and no pains were spared to contribute to the enjoyment of each. Rose had never been in Paris before; its splendors and gaieties were novel and pleasing to her. But every enjoyment had its chief source from the presence of Louis; nothing was complete if he were not at her side to share in her pleasure; and it charmed him to perceive this.

"You shall dwell here, some day, my Rose," he said to her, with his own bright smile that the young girl loved so well.

And she smiled in return; while Helen Montauban turned away, with a dark gleam in her eyes—a darker frown on that splendid brow.

"Some day! How little," said the haughty woman, mentally, "how little do they dream that the will of another is to exercise authority then! They count confidently on their future—upon the fate that is awaiting them. Ah, if they knew what it is to be—that fate!"

Now that Paris was gained, she was nearer to her purpose, and the fierce impatience she had felt subsided as she approached to the consummation of that purpose. Not because she quailed, or shrank from it, but that now she was able to contemplate it more nearly—to look upon her revenge as almost accomplished, and she was content to wait yet longer.

"Helen, you are ill, I think," said Francis Egerton in alarm.

She had been sitting in the same attitude for a full hour, with her head resting on her hand, and those dark, calm eyes fixed on the floor. But her lips were very pale, and her face marble white.

"You are ill, Helen," he repeated, gently, bending over to attract her attention, and laying his hand on hers. But the icy coldness of that hand chilled and startled him.

"You are not quite right, my lord," she answered; "for I am not ill exactly, and yet I am not well. I have merely a severe headache." And she pressed her hand to her brow.

"A headache—is that all? Nay, you are feverish, for now your cheeks are burning. Let me ask your father to send for a physician. You may, perhaps, have taken the fever which is prevailing in the city. Dear Helen, be advised!"

"Francis, I command you to remain where you are," said Mademoiselle Montauban, imperatively. "I have assured you that I am not ill, and I do not wish either to attract attention or to interfere with the enjoyment of others. Since you are so anxious, I shall endeavor to rest awhile in my own apartment, and may regain my usual spirits by evening, in which case I will rejoin the family. Present my excuses to them, if you please." She left him and ascended to her chamber.

Night came. The rest of the family were to attend the opera. Helen Montauban assigned a severe headache as her reason for not accompanying them, and remained at home. From the casement of her room she looked down and saw the carriage roll away from the gates.

An hour afterwards there emerged from the hotel a youth, wearing a broad hat slouched over his eyes and a cloak, which he drew about him, half concealing his face with its folds. He looked back with a hurried, nervous glance as he gained the portal. "No one has seen me," he muttered, "and the rest is sufficiently easy." At a rapid pace he hastened on. It was dark; but the lamps in the streets poured a flood of light along his way as he proceeded, and crowds of pedestrians passed him and the way was thronged with carriages and vehicles of every description. He only drew his hat further over his eyes, arranged the folds of the cloak so as more fully to hide his features, and hurried along, passing from one street to another, and never looking at a single face in all the jostling multitude about him.

At length, in a retired street, he reached the door of a building, half shop, half dwelling; at this door he knocked. A domestic appeared, bearing a light, which she held up to survey the features of the youth; but he shrunk further back into the shadow, and gathered the folds of the cloak more closely about his face as he asked, in a low and somewhat hoarse voice:

"Is the alchemist at home?"

"He is, monsieur. Will you come in?"

The youth entered, the woman looking at him with a half-curious glance for an instant; but then muttering to herself, "Well—well, I need not trouble my head; he is not the first mask that has come hither," she added aloud: "This way, monsieur; you will find my master in here," and led the way through the room into which he had entered from the street to a back one, opening from the first. Here was an old man, bent half double, seated at a table, and engaged in poring over a rich and curious volume of antique appearance. About the apartment were arranged, in different places, various stuffed figures of animals, and some of them reptiles so hideous as to send an involuntary shiver over the boy as he beheld them. Strange and horrible forms were everywhere about him; he turned

from contemplating them in disgust. The old man laid aside his book and looked up.

"You want me?—well, what is it?" he said, leaning back in his chair, and regarding his guest closely with the piercing dark eyes that seemed still darker and more piercing from the bushy, snow-white brows that overhung them.

The youth spoke not, nor removed the cloak from his face; but silently advancing, presented a folded paper to the old man. He received and glanced over it. A slight frown darkened over his face, and again he fixed on the boy that same searching glance.

"You do not want me, but my wife," he said. "I touch not such matters as this," and he handed back the paper. Then going to a small door in the wall, he opened it and called, "Bianca—Bianca!"

An instant and there appeared at this door a tall, dark-looking yet splendidly handsome woman, with a brunette complexion, magnificent black eyes and a noble and commanding form. Those eyes were fixed upon the muffled figure and half-concealed face of the stranger.

"Bianca," said the old man, "here is one who has need of your services."

"What do you want?" asked the woman, in the sweetest and most musical of voices, as she came forward, with her glance still fastened on the youth—"what do you want?"

He gave her the paper, which she perused. Then regarding him closely once again, she said:

"Follow me, and I will obtain for you what you desire."

Without further speech, she crossed to the opposite side of the room, to where a chintz curtain hung before a low arched way; lifting this, she passed through, and beckoned to him. He followed.

They were now in a kind of large closet, which contained two or three chairs, a circular table covered with boxes and vials of different sizes and shapes. The woman seated herself before this table, over which was burning a brazen lamp, pendant from the wall. She motioned to the youth to take another seat near her. He did so.

"Do you know," she said, reading the contents of the paper again, "what it is that you wish for?"

"Yes, I must have it!"

A purse of gold was flung upon the table before her. She saw the glitter strike through its meshes and smiled.

"You know the worth of your wish. There is but one physician, I believe, now living who is acquainted with the secret of this drug."

The youth shuddered visibly. His dark, burning eyes were fixed upon the face of the woman.

"You doubtless know the effect of it?" she asked next, as she opened a small casket of solid iron, which stood among other boxes on the table.

"I do."

If her intention had been to penetrate the boy's disguise, or to hear the tones of his voice, she was baffled. She abandoned the attempt, therefore, and proceeded to take from the casket certain vials, nearly all of which were filled with some liquid. Perhaps twelve of these were removed, and the casket appeared entirely empty; when, touching a secret spring, a false bottom was removed, disclosing three smaller vials lying side by side in separate compartments. The one lying in the center she took up; it was filled with a fluid colorless as water.

The boy bent forward, breathing heavily, his burning glance fixed eagerly upon it. He stretched out his hand to take it; that hand was small and fine and lily-white. The woman saw it, but her quick eyes were instantly fixed upon the vial again.

"No—no!" she said, calmly. "This contains a hundred times the quantity you want. A single drop is sufficient to rid you of your worst enemy—your rival, if you have one."

The youth shuddered again; and she marked well the shudder, but there was nothing strange to her in it. She recognized the feelings actuating him; she was accustomed to these things, and did not seem to observe his emotion.

Selecting a small vial from a box of empty ones beside her, she measured out and poured into it a very small quantity of the fluid; then stopping the mouth of this vial tightly, she melted a piece of wax and sealed it over.

"Here is the drug. A death warrant is in your hands," she said finally, giving it to the youth.

He grasped it eagerly; the fingers that clutched it trembled. Pointing to the purse which he had thrown upon the table, he thrust the vial into his breast, passed through the archway, through the outer room, and gaining the passage, once more entered the street.

Cool and damp the night air swept over his burning forehead. With a deep-drawn breath he hurried on, still grasping the fragile vial containing that death potion, and escaping fearfully from the neighborhood where it had been obtained. Each moment he turned his head to see that no one followed him; for he was in possession of that which might, in more ways than one, prove dangerous to its owner; and the scrutiny of those splendid eyes haunted him. But besides himself, not a soul traversed the now silent and deserted street. Yet he shivered with strong excitement. With rapid and almost noiseless steps, he hurried on.

And the Italian, Bianca, looking forth an instant after the slight figure that fled

ted on through the gloom, turned again to the room in which sat the aged alchemist.

"You gave the boy his drug, Bianca?" he asked, raising his head.

"Yes—yes! but I tell you, it was a woman's heart that throbbeth beneath that mantle; a woman's hand—and a beautiful one, too—that paid me in yellow coin. See!" and she tossed the heavy purse to her husband; "there is the reward—the price for which I have sold the life of another mortal! How many are entered on my list now, I wonder?" She laughed bitterly, and then a deep, despairing groan followed the laugh.

And along the streets of Paris at midnight, sped the figure of that boy; on—on, with nervous and shuddering haste, still clasping the fatal vial. Till, at length, the Hotel de Clairville is gained once more, and unseen, unheard, he glides silently in, and stealing up the stairs, enters a chamber, and securing the door, flings aside the disguise of that night's guilt. And Helen Montauban stands revealed!

CHAPTER XIX.

A month had been passed in Paris, and the party were preparing for a return to the chateau, with the exception of Louis, who was to remain here some three weeks longer, and then follow them, so as to reach the residence of his uncle a day or two before the wedding ceremony, which was to take place on the first day of the ensuing month.

It was a wild, dark, stormy night when the carriage of the marquis approached once more the neighborhood of the Chateau Montauban. The tempest raged with terrible fury; the darkness was that of the murkiest midnight. All along the forest road, the giant trees skirting the way creaked and groaned as if almost with human agony, and the tossing of their mighty arms, unseen in the gloom, was yet heard with dreadful distinctness; while, to add to the impression of awe that kept each of our travelers silent the deep and mournful wailing of the unchained winds almost took the sound of human voices shrieking in despair. An inward horror seized Helen Montauban. Those voices seemed to utter her name—to wail forth upon the night the awful secret over which she brooded; to denounce her with the tones of fiends, and declare her guilty—a murderess!

A hand, small and trembling, and icy cold, was laid on hers. With a faint, shuddering cry upon her lips, she started, and then sank back again, almost fainting. It was no spirit's touch, but the touch of poor little Rose herself, who, cold with terror, nestled up to her companion, and sought the friendly clasp of her hand, to re-assure her own sinking heart.

"Ah, dear Helen, what is it—did I frighten you?" anxiously asked the young girl.

"What is it—what is it?" uttered the rest, eagerly.

Angered at her own weakness and want of self-command, even while she still shuddered from head to foot, Mademoiselle Montauban made some hasty apology, and relapsed into silence again. Wondering at her strange manner, Rose, too, shrank within herself once more.

And the tempest raved more wildly yet. Onward pressed the drenched horses, over the rough, uneven road, that threatened every moment, with jagged ruts and scattered stumps and rocks, which could not be avoided for the darkness, to overturn the carriage. It jolted fearfully. The utmost care was insufficient to guard against danger. If the rain had not poured so violently, all would have preferred walking the remainder of the distance to remaining in the carriage. They proceeded slowly and with difficulty.

"Helen," the marquis said, kindly, "I think we are almost at home now. Rose, my poor little darling, you are sadly alarmed, I fear!" And he took her little, cold hand in his own. "How cold you are! Francis, hand me my cloak, which is somewhere beside you. That is it," he wrapped it tenderly about her, drawing the immense and heavy folds closely together.

But the words were arrested upon her lips by a fearful sound that drew the attention of all. Torn by the force of the tempest from their trunks, the sturdy limbs of the overhanging trees were thrown with furious force along their path, striking the carriage, and falling upon the frightened beasts, who, maddened with pain and terror, sprang forward, leaping wildly over the obstacles in their way and dashing the vehicle from side to side with a violence that every instant threatened destruction to those within. The reins were torn from the hands of the paralyzed driver, and dragged about the feet of the terrified animals, over whom there was no longer control. Still the carriage swayed to and fro, and death seemed to all the silent, stricken party within at every moment inevitable. The moment was one of awful suspense; but that suspense was not destined to be prolonged. Suddenly, in their blind course, the horses stumbled, the carriage swung on one side, and was dashed to the earth.

"Helen—Rose—my children!" called the voice of the marquis, "are you hurt?"

There was no answer. The voices of the Count de Clairville and Francis Egerton alone were heard.

"Adele!" cried the count to his wife, "I cannot see you; speak to me—tell me that you are uninjured!"

"Ah, my wrist—it is broken, I believe!" uttered the countess, in a tone of pain.

"But that is nothing; where are those dear children? If one could but see!"

"Helen—Rose!" called the marquis again, in agony. "Ah, for lights!"

A faint sigh breathed from the lips of Helen. Supported by the arm of Lord Egerton, she endeavored to rise to her feet. An almost inaudible thanksgiving escaped from him. She was safe. Did not this woman repent, in that moment, when her own life was spared, the wicked design that she had entertained? No—never for a single moment!

"Where is Rose?" she asked, hoarsely, and with a strange, unnatural voice. A wild hope darted through her brain. Had death anticipated her?

(To be continued.)

Preaching and Practice.

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