

Ayer's

Your doctor will tell you that thin, pale, weak, nervous children become strong and well by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Small doses, for a few days.

Sarsaparilla

The change is very prompt and very marked. Ask your doctor why it is. He has our formula and will explain.

"When 13 years old, for many months no one thought I could live because of this blood. But, in a few weeks, Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely restored me to health."
Mrs. E. BUCKMINSTER, Vineland, N. J.

25 CENTS A BOTTLE. All druggists.

The Children

Biliousness, constipation prevent recovery. Cure these with Ayer's Pills.

Steel Used in Making Pens.

The latest figures show that more steel is used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world. The first steel pen was made just 100 years ago. A single firm to-day manufactures 200,000,000 annually, using seven and one-half tons of the finest sheet steel each week, or 78,000,000 pounds in a year.

How to Keep House.

With all the luxuries and pleasures of this life, its big enjoyments and its smaller comforts, there is an offset or antithesis which we have to contend with in the form of aches and pains. In some way and by some means every one has a touch of them in some form at some time. Trifling as some of them may be, the risk is that they will grow to something greater and rack the system with constant torture. There is nothing, therefore, of this kind that we have a right to trifle with. Taken in time, the worst forms of aches and pains are easily subdued and cured by the free use of St. Jacobs Oil. No well regulated household ought to be without a bottle of this great remedy for pain. It is the specific virtue of penetration in St. Jacobs Oil that carries it right to the pain spot and effects a prompt cure even in the most painful cases of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago. You want it also in the house at all times for burns, cuts and wounds, and the house that always has it keeps up a sort of insurance against pain.

Self-Righteous Man's Last Words.

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst was talking about the self-righteous. "They are a strange class," he said. "Whenever I think of them I am reminded of a man who died in Leipzig while I was studying there, some thirty years ago. This man was so abominably self-righteous that they say he murmured as he lay dying: 'And if I owe any man anything I freely forgive him the debt.'"

\$25.00 Reward.
E. S. Jackson, alias G. E. Morgan, etc., taking subscriptions for Munsey's and Seattle Star is a faker. Subscribe through authorized Star agent. Above reward for causing his arrest.

If the wife isn't boss during the honeymoon she doesn't amount to much as a ruler.

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Genuine 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.

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

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

PISO'S CURE FOR
Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, etc.
25 CENTS

Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

The great conspiracy was at an end, and Sarah Eastbell had baffled the conspirators. All that had been planned by Captain Peterson, and that Sarah's absence from Sedge Hill had rendered nugatory, all the new scheming to which that absence had given rise, and which was set in action with Sarah's return, had collapsed at the eleventh hour. Sarah was neither dead nor a captive, and Tom was as far removed from prosperity as he had ever been.

"I—I never meant," he began, then he burst forth with—"Oh, I am so glad that you've come back, Sally—so glad that you ain't dead!"

"Were you waiting for the news of my death, then?" asked Sarah with indignation. "There is your world, Tom," she said, pointing to the door, "beyond this house, and any love of mine, from this day. You could not trust me—you set a snare for me, and called in rogues and villains to assist—you begrudged me my property and my life. Now go."

Lucy Jennings' hard voice cut short his defense, and he backed from the woman to the grounds beyond the house with every word she hurled at him.

"Tom Eastbell, some hours ago, in London, I gave information to the police where the Peterson gang were likely to be found—where you were, and in what way you were connected with them. You have not any time to lose."

He lost no time accordingly. He vanished away, a thief to the last—for he departed with Reuben Culwick's best hat rammed over his eyebrows. Sarah turned again to Reuben, her watchful protector, who would keep her for ever in his sight now, and as the door closed she linked her hands upon his arm.

"Take me in, please—I am tired out, Reuben. I have fought hard to get home!"

"Tell me how it happened—how it was that you disappeared from all of us so suddenly," said Reuben impatiently.

He did not regard Lucy Jennings—he drew his chair to his cousin's side, took her hand in his, and gazed eagerly into her face. She might fade away again from his life, if he did not make sure of her.

"Yes, yes," said Sarah, in answer to his questions; "but grandmother—tell me, first, is she not very anxious about me?"

"Your grandmother is not anxious, Sarah," said Lucy in a low tone.

"Is she ill?"

"No. She is not ill now."

"Is she—ah! you are keeping something back! Tell me, please," she said in great excitement, "where is she. She is not dead—oh! she has not died without a word from me?"

"She is in God's hands—and God keep you strong to bear the loss of her," said Lucy Jennings.

Sarah Eastbell closed her eyes, and sank back in the chair like a dead woman. Reuben, a man wholly uncharitable—as men will be in stages of excitement which strike home to them, and rob them of their self-possession—turned upon the poor preacher, who had done her best at least.

"There, you have killed her! Are you satisfied now?" he shouted at Lucy Jennings.

"I am not satisfied with this world, or with you," was the cold answer, as she bent over Sarah, and loosened the fastenings at her throat. But Sarah Eastbell had not fainted; she was only stunned by the truth, and she sat up the instant afterward, eager for the whole story, and looking piteously from one to the other.

It was not in Reuben's power to break the news to her after all, and he left it to the woman whom his impatience had wounded.

"Tell her, Lucy. It is beyond me," he said.

The tragedy of Sedge Hill was over, and he could not dwell upon its details.

CHAPTER XXV.

Lucy Jennings was writing busily in her room when Sarah came in softly. The woman-preacher had gone to her apartment away from the society of two young folks who thought of little save each other, and whose courtship did not interest her. It was one month after the death of Mrs. Eastbell.

"Oh, Lucy, what do you think he has been saying?" Sarah cried in excitement. "Who has been saying?" asked Lucy, without looking in her direction.

"Reuben, to be sure."

"Always Reuben! I had forgotten there was no other man upon the earth but Reuben Culwick," she said bitterly.

"He says I may ask your opinion if I will—and you will think how right he is."

"It will be about the first time in my life that I have thought him in the right," she muttered, then she added in her sharpest and jerkiest manner: "Well, what is it?"

"I have been telling him of your going away to-morrow—of the necessity of his going, too, as you suggested, and he says—oh, Lucy! what do you think he has got into his dear old head?" she cried, clapping her hands together.

"I can't guess—what is the object of guessing when it is easy for you to explain?" was the ungracious rejoinder.

"Sarah Eastbell did not notice the chilliness of Miss Jennings' remarks. She dashed into her subject forthwith; she spoke of Reuben's wish for an early marriage as a wise and natural solution to the difficulties in their way.

"In all his life he has been in a hurry," Lucy said when Sarah had completed her recital, "so what is the use of my advice? It would be an ill-timed formality, of no value to either of you. If he had been less impetuous," said Lucy, betraying a sudden excitement herself, "it would have been as well—it would have given

me time to think. Sarah, you must not marry Reuben Culwick yet."

"You—you think that it is not right—it is not respectful to the memory of her I have lost?" asked Sarah.

"Respectful!" cried Lucy contemptuously. "I have not given a thought to it! But—and here followed a long pause, with Lucy glaring strangely at her visitor—"but," she continued at last, "something has happened in this room, that I have been keeping to myself, and which may alter both your lives."

"What has happened which may alter Reuben's life and mine? And why in this room, where?"

"Where a woman named Mary Holland lived for some years," said Lucy quickly—"a woman whom you learned to distrust at last."

"We did, and yet—"

"You did not distrust her in vain, perhaps," she added. "I will tell you, Sarah Eastbell, what I thought of telling Reuben Culwick—but it may be your right to hear this first of all, as it may affect you most of all—who knows? Read what is written on that paper."

Lucy Jennings opened her desk and produced a long blue envelope, on which were written words in a large clear hand, to which she pointed with her finger—the finger of fate to the timid girl who followed every movement, and leaned forward to the paper cautiously and eagerly.

Yes, Lucy Jennings was right—that which might affect the whole after life of Reuben Culwick and of herself was in the hands of the woman-preacher.

On the envelope were written these words:

"Herein is contained the last Will and Testament of Simon Culwick, of Sedge Hill, Worcester."

There was a date appended—the date of the day on which Simon Culwick had called at Hope street, Camberwell, for the first time, and last, in his life. It was a will made before he had come that day in search of his son, and it overruled all other testaments to which in his life of change he had set his trembling hand.

"Where did you find this?" Sarah asked at last.

"In that box," Lucy replied, pointing to an old-fashioned hair trunk studded with brass nails—one of the boxes which Mary Holland had never claimed. "What right had that woman with Reuben's father's will?" asked Lucy; "has she not committed a crime against the law?—is not this an act of revenge against him?"

"I don't see all this yet," responded Sarah Eastbell, still thoughtfully.

"This will is sealed; it was given in trust to Mary Holland before Simon left for London. It leaves his property to Reuben, and she would have kept him from it. I see it all. I despise that woman, although I have never met her in my life."

"Mary Holland is not here to answer for herself," said Sarah; "and Mary would have preferred Reuben's being rich to my poor grandmother's coming to this house."

"She brought your grandmother here herself; there was a plot in it. Read the will."

"What right have I to read it?" asked Sarah.

"You are in possession. Reuben is too weak to bear the shock. There may be something in it which he is not to know first of all," she added, with a sudden doubt—"which is to be broken to him by degrees."

"Reuben is as brave as a lion."

"Oh, you don't know him," said Miss Jennings pityingly.

"I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't believe he has fretted for an instant about his father's money, though he told me so once. He has denied it since; he is above all mercenary thoughts. Come and see how he will take this news," cried Sarah, defiantly now.

"I have no interest in it; it concerns me not," said Lucy very sharply; "I should not have mentioned it till I was prepared to leave the house, had you not come in with your foolish story of a hasty wedding. Go to him, Sarah. I am busy with a holler task than yours."

Reuben took the packet from Sarah's hand and read the superscription, his eyes dilating with surprise. He made no attempt to break the seal of black wax, but walked with her slowly toward the bay window at the end of the room, as though his sight were weak, and more light were needed to assist it.

She seemed to hesitate in her progress with him, and he put his arm round her waist, as a privileged lover under these circumstances had a right to do.

"For better or worse, for richer or poorer, my First-cousin-once-removed Sarah," said he lightly, but meaningly; "now tell me where this sprang from."

Sarah told him, while he listened, with the paper in his hand, and looked out at the garden and the rising ground beyond it. Tots stole away during the narration.

"Mary Holland may have received—possibly did receive—private instructions from my poor father with this will," said Reuben, when Sarah had completed her narrative; "she is not to blame, I trust, even if it comes at us in this fashion. It was to be kept back, at Simon Culwick's request, a certain time, possibly, he being a secretive man. Miss Holland is not here to tell us," answered Reuben, "and you and I stand in a false position, with this will lying like a bar upon the freedom of our thoughts. I take all the responsibility; it is my right, as Simon Culwick's son."

"You are not afraid of the contents?" she asked, remembering suddenly Lucy Jennings' criticism of Reuben's temperament.

"There is nothing within the will to

frighten me," he replied firmly, "or to make me glad, or cast me down. See how steady the hand is that turns over the pages of this book of fate."

His fingers broke the seal and took from the envelope the document contained therein. He looked at the paper for the first time. It was a brief will, which a few lines made clear. It was written by Simon Culwick himself, and witnessed by two servants who had left the house two years since, and it left, as Reuben had imagined from the first, the whole of his property, free and indivisible, to his old friend's child, his faithful housekeeper, Mary Holland.

He refolded the will, and regarded attentively his second-cousin, who remained dumb with amazement.

"And Mary Holland I have turned out of her own house, so that she is not here to receive our congratulations," said Reuben Culwick-coolly.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The winter set in sharply that year, like the sudden frost to the hopes of Reuben Culwick and his second cousin. It was a severe winter, that nipped things to the heart before the old year was seven days dead. A few weeks had gone by since the date of our last chapter, and all with whom we are interested, or in whom we have endeavored to raise an interest, had settled down to the position born of the discovery of Miss Holland's good fortune.

Miss Holland had not been found, despite much pertinacious searching; the boxes remained unclaimed at Sedge Hill, and Sedge Hill was held in trust for her. Those interested in advertisements, wondered who Miss Holland was, and why her friends were begging her to return, and hear of something to her advantage.

Reuben Culwick accepted the position very cheerfully, although Lucy Jennings thought that he was too cheerful to be natural. He was anxious to see the provisions of his father's will carried out in their entirety, and he showed no sense of disappointment at the low estate to which they infallibly reduced him. He had confidence in himself; and he was anxious to do justice to Mary Holland, despite the unjust character of a will which struck him out of affluence.

He was rising in the world, too. The work grew under his hand, debts became less, more money fell to his share from the great lottery-bag of letters, and if there were no big prizes, still he drew no blanks. Among the busy unknown crowd of clever "newspaper men," he was already known, and three weeks ago the promoters of the Trumpet had burst out with big offices and more machinery, and higher terms for Reuben, who had been with them in struggling days, and was now called upon to share a little in their prosperity.

He was happy in his courtship, too, for he found many opportunities to see his Second Cousin Sarah, and she was glad—ah! very glad—to see him. Sarah was in London—in apartments in York road, Lambeth, with the woman who had striven hard not to have her for a companion or friend, and yet whom she had conquered by that sweet persistency which was an attribute of her character. Sarah Eastbell was very much alone in the world now, and when the signal of distress had been raised, Lucy Jennings, with all her hardness, was at her best, and ready to be of assistance.

Reuben came courting in the evening, once or twice a week at first, when the newspapers would allow him; and there were odd half holidays, when Reuben and Sarah would stroll in St. James' Park, and talk of the happiness ahead. They both spoke of the patience to wait for each other—of a calm present and a happy future—and they laughed together, not before Lucy, at Lucy's past forebodings of the misery in store for them.

Tots was at Reuben's house in Drury Lane, too. His love for this little waif was still as much part of his life as his love for his second-cousin. Tots belonged to old days; she had been his one comfort when he felt wholly desolate; she had been lost, and his heart had been terribly wrung in losing her; she was back, and as fond of him as ever, although there had come never again a memory of Hope Lodge. His landlord's wife took care of her as Lucy Jennings had done, and it was pleasant to have Tots with him at breakfast time.

John had been always fond of Tots. He taught her to call him Uncle John again, and though the child was older and sharper than when Reuben found her first in Camberwell, there was quickly a return to the old affection under the old kindness and attention. Life with Captain Peterson and his brothers had not hurt her—it was part of a bad dream in the beginning of a new year, though the dream figures had scarcely vanished, and one presently crossed her path, and startled her.

(To be continued.)

Thus He Got Rest.

Anxious Wife—What do you think of my husband's case? Is it serious?

Physician—Oh, he'll pull through all right. What he needs is rest, so I have prescribed an opiate.

Anxious Wife—How often shall I give it to him?

Physician—Don't give it to him at all. Take it yourself.—Chicago News.

Prudence.

"I suppose you would like to say or do something that will live in history?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "there are so many things concerning which I should prefer to keep history uninformed that I guess I'd better not take any chances trying to break in."—Washington Star.

Slow Boy.

Ascum—And what profession is your son to follow?

Pater—I do not know yet, but that's about all he'll do, I guess.

Ascum—What? How do you mean?

Pater—He'll follow some profession; he never seems able to catch up to anything.—Philadelphia Press.

Becoming Constitutional.
"Is it true that Uncle 'Rastus' has got de lung trouble, like I heard?" asked Mrs. Jackson, anxiously, for Uncle 'Rastus' was a valued member of the neighborhood society.

"True! I reckon it's true," said Aunt 'Stasia, with a sort of sorrowful pride. "De trouble's been chasing back and fo'th among two or three ob his lungs, for dese two las' months, and dis mo'n-ing de doctor said it 'peared like nother one was gwine to be affected 'less he could find some more pow'ful remedy."

A Chance to Display Them.
Tess—Miss Schaap tells me she is going to learn to play the harp.

Jess—What nonsense! She hasn't any talent for music.

Jess—Oh, she knows that, but she has lovely arms.—Philadelphia Press.

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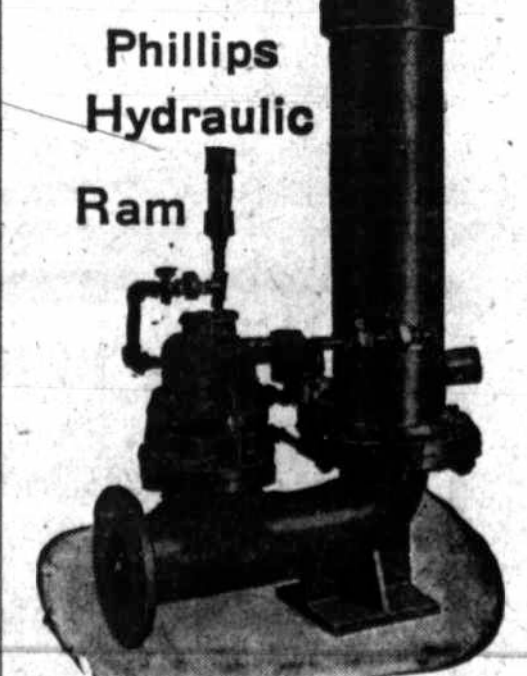
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