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Dark Hair

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Piscator's Wife—Oh, yes, they do—after the story has been told a few times.

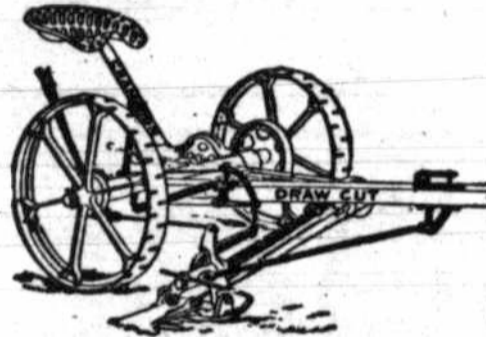
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Dr. C. Gee Wo

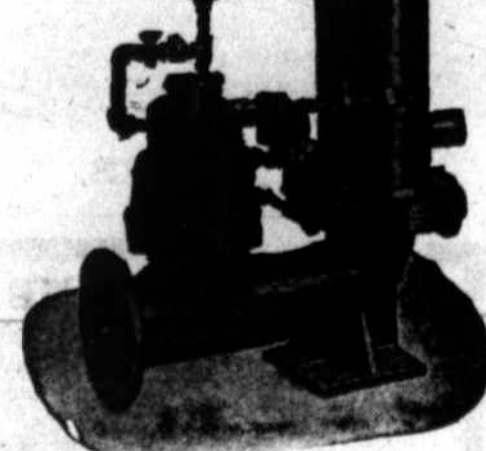
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Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

Author of "ROY RUSSELL'S RULE,"

"GLENROY," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"I am very glad to hear it," exclaimed Barle, kindly. "It seems like a pleasant spot, and I think this pure, fresh air will benefit your health and spirits. I also have settled here, having bought a practice."

"Shall we go to Sir Reginald now?" returned she, at the end of their animated conversation. "I presume he is awake by this time."

"Yes! at once, and I hope I shall find him more easy than he was this morning."

Dr. Elfenstein made quite a long call, as he had much to do to make the baronet comfortable for the night, and as Ethel saw him handle the injured man so gently, and soothe him with kind, encouraging words, she felt that he must possess a heart of almost womanly feeling, and her interest and admiration deepened.

After Barle Elfenstein withdrew, a late dinner was announced, and in the dining room Lady Constance presented to Ethel her nephew, Robert Glendenning, and niece, Belle, his sister, the former greeting her with rather an insolent look of admiration, the latter with a bow expressive of haughty contempt.

From that moment Ethel saw that neither of these young people would promote her happiness while she remained under this roof.

Mr. Glendenning did converse with her, but it was with such an evident air of condescension that her replies were brief and cold, while his sister remained silent during the whole meal, with the exception of answering one or two questions asked by Lady Constance, which answers were given in a cold, mechanical way, that told of a mind preoccupied and absent.

The truth was, this young lady was surprised, and not at all pleased, with the introduction of such a rarely beautiful girl into the home over which she held sway.

She was intensely proud and selfish, and felt that here might be an influence exerted upon her few admirers that might interfere with her prospects.

The prospects particularly in view at present were the winning of the heart and hand of the new physician lately settled in the place.

She had been introduced to him at the home of a friend, and had admired his elegant bearing, handsome face and quiet manners, and instantly had resolved to lay siege to his heart.

After leaving the table, the ladies repaired to the piazza, followed by Mr. Glendenning. As Belle paused to pluck from one of the vines a few flowers for her neck, Lady Constance turned to Ethel and remarked:

"I suppose you have no friends in this vicinity, having but just arrived." Ethel hesitated, while a faint blush suffused brow and cheek as she replied: "I have found one here very unexpectedly. Dr. Elfenstein. We crossed the Atlantic on the same vessel, and as my aunt was taken very ill during the voyage he attended her, and consequently, became well acquainted."

Instantly Belle's attention was riveted by these remarks, and with a sneer she exclaimed:

"I presume, then, you waylaid him this afternoon in order to renew the acquaintance."

"Pardon me!" replied Ethel, with dignity. "I waylaid no one! We met casually on this piazza as he was about entering to see Sir Reginald, and conversed for a few moments."

"It seems to me for the future, when my uncle's physician visits him, it would be well for you to remember that you now occupy the position of a subordinate, and therefore should not put on the airs of an equal to attract his attention!" was the rude and unladylike reply.

"Belle," interposed Lady Constance, who, with all her faults, was naturally kind-hearted and just, "you forget that Miss Nevergill in coming to us does not cease to be a gentleman."

"Or, a gentlewoman's poor relation!" was the cutting answer.

"A remarkably beautiful one, however," said the brother. "Say, Belle," he added, teasingly, "you must take care or she will carry off some of your beaux!"

The indignant girl gave him a glance of withering scorn, but merely said, with an angry toss of her head:

"Let her beware how she interferes with me in any way! A word to the wise is sufficient."

Ethel could scarcely control her indignant feelings, as she listened to these insulting remarks issuing from the lovely lips of the girlish speaker, but after an effort she did control them, and without a word turned away and again sought the side of the invalid.

But she found him irritable, and hard to please, and the moments passed in his room became intolerably long, and she sighed for the time to come when she could retire to her own apartment, even though she knew a strange and annoying duty would follow her there.

Finally the baronet told her if she was weary to go, adding harshly: "I am tired already of gazing at your pale face," then more kindly, as he saw she was startled by his rough way of speaking: "I hope I shall feel better in the morning; if so, I shall like to have you read to me, or, as you understand music, will listen to a song."

CHAPTER X.

As an elegant clock, with old cathedral chimes, struck the hour of ten, Ethel, with a pale face and trembling hand, lighted a candle, possessed herself of the strange looking knife, then opening the wardrobe, and drawing back the bolt, stepped into the passage and from thence through the small door in the opposite wall.

She found herself in a long, straight, dark corridor, that led directly to what Sir Reginald assured her was the Haunted Tower. At the end where she stood, however, on the left hand side, was a door, fastened with an old-fashioned iron hook. This led to the ruin, and with a beating heart she opened it.

Close by the door she found a small covered basket that she knew must contain what she sought. Grasping it quickly, she again fastened the door, as Sir Reginald had instructed her to do, and passed down the corridor.

There she found the entrance to the tower, and resolving to take some bright sunny day to visit this spot, she turned, as she had been directed, to count out the number of panels on the left hand wall, and immediately discovered the faint crack, that she knew must be what she sought. Inserting the point of the knife, she turned three times, when the panels parted and there lay the shelves.

Opening then the basket, she found food in small pieces, consisting of broken biscuits, bits of chicken, potatoes, and quite a quantity of meat, cut in mouthfuls. This she placed on the shelves upon the wooden plate on which it was heaped. Then gently shoving the shelves, they slowly whirled around, and when the same side returned to her, the plate stood upon it empty, ready to be placed again in the basket.

"That ape must have been trained," she thought, "to empty the plate and return it!"

She listened for a moment, but all was still. Shoving to the panels, she found that they relocked themselves, so taking up candlestick, knife and basket, she placed the latter again outside the door, fastened it securely, and reached her own room in safety.

The task required of her had been a singularly unpleasant one. She was a brave young girl, and had endured but few feelings of fear, but she had trembled, because the thing required so much secrecy. She disliked mysteries of all kinds, and her honest, open nature revolted from the whole work.

One thing she decided to do, she should take some morning hour to explore the ruins, and that Haunted Tower, so that she might become accustomed to all the dangers and peculiarities of the place before other offices were required at her hands.

With this resolution still in her mind, she sought the luxurious bed that awaited her, and there fell at once into a pleasant sleep, from which she never aroused until the bright rays of another morning sun stole into her room.

Springing up, she dressed as soon as possible, and opening her door, found by questioning a maid, that the family did not rise until late, as their breakfast hour was from ten to eleven.

All being quiet in the room of the invalid, she returned to her own apartment, and fastening the door securely, resolved at once to start upon her exploring expedition, as she felt that she would be for at least an hour and a half unobserved, and mistress of her own time and motions.

With a little of the trembling nervousness of the night before, the brave girl opened the intervening doors and stepped into the corridor. All was folded in the same solemn stillness that made the place oppressive on the previous night.

She resolved to explore the ruined parts before she sought the tower, therefore unhooked the door, and stepped out. As she did so, she noticed that the covered basket was still there.

The door opened directly into a small rickety hall that led into several large rooms, all dusty, mouldy and more or less dilapidated. Broken windows, torn wall papers, bare rafters, seen through immense places where ceilings had fallen, were everywhere visible. Some rooms were filled with broken furniture, pieces of old china and fragments of time-worn, castoff clothing.

Ethel looked at these dilapidated objects, and found herself wondering why Sir Reginald had not had the whole pulled down and removed? Its destruction certainly would heighten the value of the property, while its presence only spoke of neglect and untidiness.

One thing she observed in her ramble there was an easy mode of egress and ingress to this part into the hall, and marks of recent footsteps on the floor told that this formed the entrance place to the person who prepared and brought the food she was nightly to place on the iron shelves.

Another thing struck her; in all the premises there was not the slightest appearance of the concealed room. Only a bare, blank wall appeared upon the side where she knew it must be.

Retracing her steps after all had been examined, she refastened the door, and then sought the Haunted Tower. The door leading to this was closed, but not bolted, so she opened it, and crossing quite a large square place, she began ascending a long flight of stairs. The steps were steep, and not at all easy, and she became very tired before she reached the top, but pressing on, she did reach it, but not before she paused to rest upon a broad flat landing; paused, too, with horror, at an unexpected sight that there presented itself.

It was the stuffed image of a man, fixed upon wires, that worked upon the same principle as the jumping jacks often bought to amuse children.

This, however, was nearly as large as life; its head was hollow, with red glass in place where the eyes would be, so that a lighted glass lamp, placed within, would give a flaming appearance to those eyes.

From each side horns projected, and she could easily imagine what the whole terrific effect must be to an outside beholder. This figure she saw could be elevated and put in motion by winding up a crank to which it was attached. Arrangements for different colored lights were also on every hand.

After carefully examining all the machinery, until she perfectly understood its workings and the whole wicked plan to give supernatural appearance to the tower, Ethel passed upward until she could gaze without hindrance from the tall windows of this lofty place.

Then exclamations of delight escaped her, for there she could catch an unobstructed view of the grand panorama that stretched for miles and miles away on every side. But she did not linger, fearing she would be seen by some of the villagers, and her presence reported to Sir Reginald.

This visit she knew would be displeasing to him, if he wished it to be a place that should fill every heart with fear, in order to keep from it visitors by day as well as by night.

CHAPTER XI.

Day after day passed, during which Ethel became quite accustomed to her routine of work, and quietly persevered in her duties. Nothing difficult to accomplish was required at her hands; nothing beyond spending a couple of hours each morning in her own room writing letters, of which an abstract was taken from Sir Reginald's own lips; then an hour or two reading the daily papers for his amusement. Very often would he find a chance to whisper the question:

"Do you perform your evening tasks regularly and well? Does all go on as safely as I could wish?"

Then when the answer came, "All goes well," he would seem so satisfied and relieved that she felt almost happy in giving the information.

About a month after her arrival at Glendenning Hall she had been reading one afternoon a work in which he was particularly interested, when she was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Elfenstein.

As the baronet motioned to her to remain where she was during the interview, the regular nurse being absent, and as the doctor might need some things from her hand, she became interested in the conversation that ensued.

Dr. Elfenstein was rather a small talker, and this natural reserve tended to make his professional interviews at the hall brief, and usually confined closely to his medical work.

But this morning he seemed to linger, and conversed quite freely upon many of the topics of the day. Finally he commenced giving an account of the severe storm that had swept over the country the night before the baronet's accident, and ended by relating his own adventures, and what he had seen in the tower.

"Sir Reginald, I thought I would tell you this, and ask if you can explain the meaning of the spectacle then manifested?"

"I cannot," was the reply Ethel watched for with anxiety. "I am told by people far and near of strange appearances in that tower, but I have never seen a thing of the kind there myself, therefore, put no faith in the story."

"But you may believe me, sir, when I assure you such things are really to be seen there. Now, in order to satisfy my mind, and perhaps enable me to explain the mystery to the frightened inhabitants, I crave your kind permission to visit the premises. Have I that permission?"

"It is impossible for me to grant it. When these things were first whispered about twenty-five years ago, we, as a family, were exceedingly annoyed by constant visitors to the spot, and the thing became so much of a nuisance that it was closed forever from all inspection. No, you must not ask this, doctor, as I cannot consent to the place being entered, after being so long sealed. As it is, take my word for it, and be satisfied. It is merely a vagary of the brain, an optical delusion, something better to be forgotten."

Dr. Elfenstein said no more, but inwardly resolved to pay a surreptitious visit there, if not a permitted one, as this mystery he determined should be unraveled.

As he rose to leave, he happened to glance towards the young girl opposite to him, and saw her head bent low over the book she held, while a sad and pained expression had floated over her speaking face.

After the reading had concluded, the baronet said he would excuse her further attendance upon him, therefore she started out for a ramble over the grounds.

She had not gone far, before she regretted having done so, as she was joined a short distance from the house by Robert Glendenning, a person she instinctively disliked.

This young man was a great admirer of a pretty face, and from the first look into Ethel's speaking-eyes, and upon her rare beauty, he had acknowledged that he had never seen a person that so exactly met the standard of the beautiful he had raised in his soul. But her proud bearing in his presence, her shrinking from his approach gave such evidence of her dislike that he felt irritated, and consequently determined to annoy her in every way possible during her stay at the hall.

(To be continued.)

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

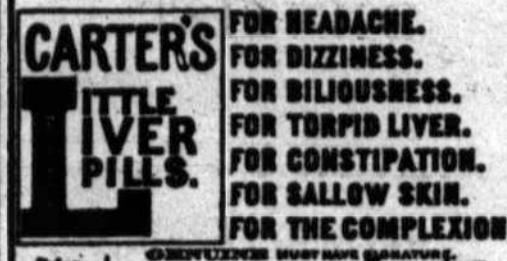
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as a sugar.



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

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Our Country's Growth.

No nation on earth can show so rapid a growth in population as the United States. The recent bulletin of the Census Bureau contains the estimates of population for 1901, 1902 and 1903 for all the cities having 10,000 or more inhabitants in 1900 and for States and Territories. According to the figures presented, the total estimated population of the United States, exclusive of Alaska and the insular possessions of the United States, is 79,900,398. This is an increase of 8,905,814 since the census of 1900. The population is estimated for 438 cities having 10,000 or more inhabitants in 1900.

According to these estimates, New York is now a city of 3,716,139 inhabitants; Chicago is rapidly approaching the two million mark, having 1,873,880 inhabitants; Philadelphia has 1,367,716; St. Louis has just passed and Boston has almost reached the 600,000 mark; Baltimore has 531,313; Cleveland is now a considerable distance ahead of Cincinnati, which cities have 414,950 and 832,234. Buffalo has also considerably increased its population, being credited with 381,403 inhabitants. San Francisco and Pittsburg are also close competitors, the former having 355,919 and the latter 345,043. Detroit, Milwaukee and New Orleans have just passed 300,000 and Washington is close to that figure.

Heroic Treatment.

Mrs. Ebony—Doctah, my husban' he got the paralis in the laigs, so he can't move his feet.

Doctor Dark—Is dat so, Mrs. Ebony? Well, I'll call right away.

Mrs. Ebony—Yes, doctah, an' be suah to bring yuh banjo erlong. If dat doan start his laigs goin', nuthin' will.



A prominent club woman, Mrs. Danforth, of St. Joseph, Mich., tells how she was cured of falling of the womb and its accompanying pains and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Life looks dark indeed when a woman feels that her strength is fading away and she has no hopes of ever being restored. Such was my feeling a few months ago when I was advised that my poor health was caused by prolapsus or falling of the womb. The words sounded like a knell to me, I felt that my sun had set; but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound came to me as an elixir of life; it restored the lost forces and built me up until my good health returned to me. For four months I took the medicine daily, and each dose added health and strength. I am so thankful for the help I obtained through its use.—MRS. FLORENCE DANFORTH, 1007 Miles Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

Women would save time and much sickness if they would write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice as soon as any distressing symptoms appear. It is free, and has put thousands of women on the right road to recovery.