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"Well, I should think not. If you dine with them the suave Mr. Van Rixton will ask if you prefer violet-fed fowl or 'chicken de roses.'"

Special Card to the Public.

Dr. C. Gee Wo, Chinese Medicine Co., 253 Alder St., Portland, Oregon, regrets being confused with Doctor Lee Sing Hon, who was killed recently in Portland. Dr. Wo is not dead, and is practicing at same location, 253 Alder Street. Some people thought there was only one Chinese doctor.

Domestic Happiness.

Mrs. Neighbors—Men have different ways of making home happy. Mrs. Hanner—How so? Mrs. Neighbors—Some do it by staying at home and some by staying away.

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STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is equal partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every copy of CATAHRH CURE that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATAHRH CURE.

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So Many Have. Here is an article about our corrupt police," said the reporter. "How should I read it?" "Oh, just say the city has a bad case of the blues," replied the great editor.

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The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co. 253 Alder St., Portland, Oregon. P. N. U. No. 43-1904

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

Secret of the Plundered Safe

By EMILE GABORIAU

CHAPTER X.

Rouol shook Prosper's hand, closed the door after him and hurried up the street, leaving Prosper standing immovable and overcome by disappointment. He was aroused from his gloomy reverie by hearing the red-whiskered man say, in a bantering tone:

"So these are your friends?" "Yes," said Prosper, with bitterness. "You heard him offer me half of his fortune?"

"That was very stingy on his part; why did he not offer the whole? Offers cost nothing, although I have no doubt that this sweet youth would cheerfully give ten thousand francs to put the ocean between you and him."

"For what reason?" "Who knows? Perhaps for the same reason that he has not set foot in his uncle's house for a month."

"But that is the truth, monsieur, I am sure of it."

"Naturally," said M. Verduret, with a provoking smile. "But," he continued, with a serious air, "we have devoted enough time to this Adonis. Now, be good enough to change your dress, and we will go and call on M. Fauvel. It is necessary; so come on. You must have confidence, put on a brave face."

Prosper had hardly passed into his bedroom when the bell rang again. M. Verduret opened the door. It was the porter, who handed him a thick letter, and said:

"This letter was left this morning for M. Bertonny. I was so hurried when he came that I forgot to hand it to him. It is a very odd-looking letter, is it not, master?"

It was, indeed, a most peculiar mislaid letter. The address was not written, but formed of printed letters, carefully cut from a book, and pasted on the envelope. M. Verduret went into the next room and closed the door behind him.

"Here is a letter for you," said M. Verduret.

Prosper at once tore open the envelope. Some bank notes dropped out; he counted them; there were ten. His face turned purple. The letter, like the address, was composed of printed words cut out and pasted on a sheet of paper. It was short but explicit:

"My Dear Prosper—A friend, who knows the horror of your situation, sends this. There is one heart, be assured, that shares your sufferings. Go away; leave France; you are young; the future is before you. Go, and may this money bring you happiness."

"Everybody wishes me to go away," cried Prosper; "then there must be a conspiracy against me."

"Now," said M. Verduret, "we must take advantage of this evidence, gained by the imprudence of our enemies, without delay. We will begin with the porter."

He opened the door and called out. The porter entered, looking very much surprised at the authority exercised over his lodger by this stranger.

"Who gave you this letter?" said M. Verduret.

"A messenger, who said he was paid for bringing it. He is the errand runner who stands at the corner of the Rue Pigalle."

"Go and bring him here."

After the porter had gone M. Verduret read the letter over several times, scanning the sentences and weighing every word.

"Evidently this letter was composed by a woman," he finally said. "Never would one man do another a service, and sending him money, use the word 'happiness.' Now let us see if we can discover whence the printed words were taken to compose this letter."

He approached the window and began to study the pasted words with all the scrupulous attention which an antiquarian would devote to an old palimpsest.

"Small type," said he, "very slender and clear; the paper is thin and glossy. I have it!" he cried; "now I have it. These words are all cut from a prayer-book. We will look, at least, and then we shall be certain."

He moistened one of the words pasted on the paper with his tongue, and when it was sufficiently softened he detached it with a pin. On the other side of this word was printed a devout Latin word, Deus.

"Ah, ha," he said, with a little laugh of satisfaction, "I knew it. But what has become of the mutilated prayer book? Can it have been burned? No, because a heavy bound book is not easily burned. It is thrown in some corner."

M. Verduret was interrupted by the porter, who returned with the messenger.

"Ah, here you are," he said, encouragingly. Then he showed the envelope of the letter and said:

"Do you remember bringing this letter here this morning?"

"Perfectly, monsieur. I took particular notice of the directions; we don't often see anything like it."

"Who told you to bring it, a gentleman or a lady?"

"Neither, monsieur; it was a porter. I have never seen him before."

"Very well; I will give you ten francs a day if you will walk about the streets and look for the porter who brought this letter. Every evening at eight o'clock come to the Archangel, on the Quay Saint Michel, give me a report of your search and receive your pay. Ask for M. Verduret. If you find the man I will give you fifty francs. Don't lose a minute. Start off!"

"Monsieur," said Prosper, when the porter had left the room, "do you still think you see a woman's hand in this affair?"

"More than ever, and a plump woman, too, who has two prayer books, since she could cut up one to write to you. Are you ready to go to M. Fauvel's? Yes? Come on, then; we have certainly earned our breakfast to-day."

CHAPTER XI.

The visit to M. Fauvel was very stiff and formal. Only a few words were exchanged between the banker and M. Verduret, who was introduced as a relative of Prosper, and then the two left the office.

"I hope you are satisfied, monsieur," Prosper said, in a gloomy tone, when they reached the street, "you exacted this painful step, and I could only acquiesce. Have I gained anything by adding this humiliation to the others which I have suffered?"

"You have not, but I have," replied M. Verduret. "I could find no way of gaining access to M. Fauvel, save through you; and now I have found out what I wanted to know. I am convinced that M. Fauvel had nothing to do with the robbery."

Prosper and his companion had stopped to talk more at their ease near the corner of the Rue Lafayette. M. Verduret seemed to be anxious, and was constantly looking around as if he expected some one. He soon uttered an exclamation of satisfaction. At the other end of the vacant space he saw Cavallion, who was bareheaded and running. He was so excited that he did not even stop to shake hands with Prosper, but darted up to M. Verduret and said:

"They have gone, monsieur. They went about a quarter of an hour ago."

"Then we have not an instant to lose," said he handed Cavallion a note he had written some hours before at Prosper's house.

"Here, send him this, and then return at once to your desk; you might be missed. It was very rash in you to come out without your hat."

Cavallion ran off as quickly as he had come. Prosper was stupefied.

"What!" he exclaimed. "You know Cavallion?"

"So it seems," answered M. Verduret, with a smile; "but we have no time to talk; come on, hurry!" And he set the example by striding rapidly toward the Rue Lafayette. He suddenly stopped before a door bearing the number 81.

"We are going in here," he said to Prosper; "come."

They went up the steps, and stopped on the second floor, before a door over which was a large sign, "Fashionable Dressmaker." A handsome bellhop hung on the wall, but M. Verduret did not touch it. He tapped with the knuckles in a peculiar way, and the door instantly opened as if some one had been watching for his signal on the other side. The door was opened by a neatly dressed woman of about forty. She quietly ushered M. Verduret and Prosper into a neat dining room with several doors opening into it. M. Verduret asked, in a low tone, pointing to one of the doors:

"In there?"

"No," said the woman, in the same tone, "over there, in the little parlor."

M. Verduret opened the door pointed out, and pushed Prosper into the little parlor, whispering as he did so:

"Go in, and keep your presence of mind."

But this injunction was useless. The instant he cast his eyes around the room into which he had so unceremoniously been pushed without any warning, Prosper exclaimed, in a startled voice:

"Madelaine!"

It was indeed M. Fauvel's niece, looking more beautiful than ever. Standing in the middle of the room, near a table covered with silks and satins, she was arranging a skirt of red velvet embroidered in gold. At sight of Prosper all the blood rushed to her face, and her beautiful eyes half closed, as if she were about to faint. She recovered from her momentary weakness, and the soft expression of her eyes changed to one of haughty resentment. In an offended tone she said:

"You promised me upon your honor, monsieur, that you would never again seek my presence. Is this the way you keep your word?"

"I did promise, mademoiselle, but so many things have happened since that terrible day that I think I am excusable in forgetting, for one hour, an oath torn from me in a moment of blind weakness. It is to chance, at least to another will than my own, that I am indebted for the happiness of once more finding myself near you. Alas! the instant I saw you my heart bounded with joy. I did not think—no, I could not think—that you would prove more pitiless than strangers have been, and cast me off when I am so miserable and heart-broken."

"You know me well enough, Prosper, to be sure that no blow can strike you without reaching me at the same time. You suffer, I suffer with you; I pity you as a sister would pity a beloved brother."

"A sister!" said Prosper, bitterly.

"Yes, that was the word you used the day you banished me from your presence. A sister! Then why during three years did you delude me with vain hopes? Was I a brother to you the day when, at the foot of the altar, we swore to love each other forever, and you fastened around my neck a holy relic, and said, 'Wear this always for my sake, never part from it, and it will bring you good fortune!'"

Madelaine attempted to interrupt him by a supplicating gesture; he would not heed it, but continued, with increased bitterness:

"One month after that happy day—

year ago—you gave me back my promise, told me to consider myself free from my engagement, and never to come near you again. If I could have discovered in what way I have offended you! But no, you refused to explain. You told me that an invincible obstacle had arisen between us and I believed you, fool that I was! The obstacle was your own heart, Madelaine. I have always worn the medal, but it has not brought me happiness or good fortune."

CHAPTER XII.

As white and motionless as a statue, Madelaine stood with bowed head before the storm of passionate reproach.

"Prosper, my brother, my friend, if you only knew—"

"I know but one thing, Madelaine, and that is that you no longer love me, and that I love you more madly than ever. Oh, Madelaine, heaven only knows how I love you!"

He was silent. He hoped for an answer. None came. But suddenly the silence was broken by a stifled sob. It was Madelaine's maid, who, seated in a corner, was weeping bitterly. He turned in surprise, and looked at the weeping woman; this neatly dressed waiting maid was Nina Gypsy.

Prosper was so startled that he became perfectly dumb. He stood there with ashy lips, and a chilly sensation creeping through his veins. Meanwhile Madelaine had succeeded in recovering her usual calmness. Slowly and almost unobtrusively she had put on her bonnet and shawl, lying on the sofa. Then she approached Prosper and said:

"I wish to tell you that I have forgotten nothing. But, oh! let not this knowledge give you any hope, the future is blank for us; but if you love me you will live. You will not, I know, add to my already heavy burden of sorrow, the agony of mourning your death. For my sake live; live the life of a good man, and perhaps the day will come when I can justify myself in your eyes. And now, oh, my brother, oh, my only friend, adieu! adieu!"

She pressed a kiss upon his brow, and rushed from the room, followed by Nina Gypsy. Prosper was alone. He seemed to be awaking from a troubled dream. He tried to think over what had just happened, and asked himself if he were losing his mind, or whether he had really spoken to Madelaine, and seen Gypsy? He was obliged to attribute all this to the mysterious power of the strange man whom he had seen for the first time that very morning, and who had entered the little parlor.

"I thank you for your past services, monsieur," said Prosper to him, "and decline them for the future, as I have no need of them. If I attempted to defend my honor and my life it was because I hoped that Madelaine would be restored to me. I have been convinced to-day that all is at an end between us; retire from the struggle, and care not what becomes of me now."

Prosper was so decided that M. Verduret seemed alarmed.

"You must be mad," he finally said.

"No, unfortunately I am not. Madelaine has ceased to love me, and of what importance is anything else?"

"Do you suspect nothing? You did not see what was hidden beneath her words? Perhaps it was not a delicate thing to do, but as long as the object is good we need not look too closely at the means. I listened, and I am glad that I did, because now I can say to you, 'Take courage, Prosper; Madelaine loves you; she has never ceased to love you.'"

"Like a man who, feeling himself at the point of death, puts faith in the doctor's promises, Prosper saw a ray of hope in M. Verduret's positive assertions.

"Oh," he murmured, suddenly calmed, "if I could only believe—"

"Believe me. I am not mistaken. Ah, you have not guessed, as I did, the sufferings of this generous girl, struggling between her love and what she believes to be her duty. Did not your heart bound at her words of farewell? She is not free. In recalling her promise to you she obeyed a superior, irresistible will. She sacrificed herself, for whom? We shall soon know, and the secret of her self-sacrifice will reveal to us the secret of the plot of which you are the victim."

(To be continued.)

Friends of the Dog.

Four boys, averaging about 10 years of age, truded into the office of a city treasurer and tax collector, leading with them a timid canine—a black and white water spaniel. One of the boys, who acted as spokesman, raised himself on tip toe, looked over the counter and asked:

"Please, mister, is this where you get dog licenses?"

"Yes, my lad," was the reply.

"Well, you see, it's this way—we want a license tag for this dog. He ain't got no home, and we've adopted him. We've named him Jack."

Upon inquiry it was learned that the dog had been wandering around, and that the poundman had made several unsuccessful attempts to catch the nameless canine, but the boys with whom the animal had made friends could handle him at will. Finally they took pity upon Jack because of the scars the poundman gave him, and raised one dollar and a half among the boys of the neighborhood with which to buy a license tag for the canine.

"Righting a Wrong.

"Naw," snapped the marble-hearted female, "I ain't got nothin' cooked fer enny low-down tramp."

"Youse hev got de wrong dope sheet, ma'am," replied the hungry hobo. "I'm er tramp, all right, all right, but I ain't no low-down one. I'm at de head uv me professhun. See?"

W. K. Vanderbilt's inside tennis court at his winter home, Oakdale, Mass., is to cost \$100,000.

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Do you like your thin, rough, short hair? Of course you don't. Do you like thick, heavy, smooth hair? Of course you do. Then why

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not be pleased? Ayer's Hair Vigor makes beautiful heads of hair, that's the whole story. Sold for 60 years.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time. It is, indeed, a wonderful hair tonic, restoring health to the hair and scalp, and at the same time, giving a splendid dressing." Dr. J. W. Taylor, Middletown, Ind.

Weak Hair

STORY FROM AN ABSTRACT.

Farm Now in Kansas City Sold by Senator Cockrell in Boyhood.

If Senator Francis Marion Cockrell could have foreseen when he was a boy that the great city of the Missouri valley would be built here at the junction of the Kaw and Missouri rivers he might now be a multimillionaire. In examining an abstract to a lot on Tracy, between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh streets, R. J. Holmden, the attorney, made the discovery that Cockrell, in 1847, when he was a boy of 13, owned eighty acres there, and he sold it all for \$900. The lot which Mr. Holmden was looking up sold recently for \$5,000.

The land, 640 acres of it, was deeded by the United States government in 1827 to the State of Missouri for seminary purposes. The tract was all of section 21, township 49, range 33. In 1833 Joseph Cockrell, father of the Senator, bought eighty acres of it from the State for \$2.02 an acre. Mr. Cockrell died, and in 1847, when Francis Marion Cockrell was 13 years old, he petitioned the court, through his guardian, to sell the eighty acres.

In his petition he said that he already owned a farm in Warrensburg sufficiently large for his needs when he should become of age, and, besides, he said, the big storm of 1844, the year of the great flood, had blown down all the trees on his eighty-acre tract in Jackson county and therefore it would be useless for him to hold it because, when he would come of age, the timber would be all dead. Hicks and Smart of Independence were Cockrell's lawyers. The court granted his request and the land was bought by Joseph Brown for \$900.—Kansas City Star.



Mrs. L. C. Glover, Vice-President Milwaukee, Wis., Business Woman's Association, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was married for several years and no children blessed my home. The doctor said I had a complication of female troubles and I could not have any children unless I could be cured. He tried to cure me, but after experimenting for several months, my husband became disgusted, and one night when we noticed the testimonial of a woman who had been cured of similar trouble through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, he went out and bought a bottle for me. I used your medicine for three and one-half months, improving steadily in health, and in twenty-two months a child came. I cannot fully express the joy and thankfulness that is in my heart. Our home is a different place now, as we have something to live for, and all the credit is due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Yours very sincerely, Mrs. L. C. GLOVER, 614 Grove St., Milwaukee, Wis." Vice President, Milwaukee Business Woman's Association.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

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