Belief and Understanding.

"Does that man really believe all he says?"

"Believe it!" echoed Senator Sorghum, "why he doesn't even understand it."—Washington Star.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr R. H. Kline, Ld. 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

System.

Frequent Patron—Where are your slot machines?

Operator—'Sh! There's going to be a raid on 'em at 4 o'clock. Come around again at 4:30.

HOWARD E. BURTON.—Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, $1; Gold, Silver, Zinc, Gold, 50c; Zinc or Copper, $1. Cyanide tests. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Umpire work solicited. References: Carbonate National Bank.

Rank.

Gunner—This cigar is named after a great author.

Guyer—But the great author is dead.

Gunner—How fortunate for the manufacturer of the cigar!"

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY, }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior 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 case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Where Two Climates Meet.

A "digger" from California, eulogizing the climate, said:

"There's a mountain there—the Sawyer Nevady, they call it—with a valley on each side of it, the one hot, the other cold. Well, get to the top of that mountain with a double-barreled gun, and you can, without moving, kill summer or winter game, just as you will."

"What! Have you ever tried it?" asked one of his auditors.

"Tried! Often—and would have done pretty well but for one thing."

"Well, what was that?"

"I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had froze his tail while huntin' on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you know, sir."

A PUBLIC DUTY.

Montpelier, Ohio, Man Feels Compelled to Tell His Experience.

Joseph Wilgus, Montpelier, O., says: "I feel it my duty to tell others about

Doan's Kidney Pills. Exposure and driving brought kidney trouble on me, and I suffered much from irregular passages of the kidney secretions. Sometimes there was retention and at other times passages were too frequent, especially at night. There was pain and discoloration. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me relief from the first, and soon infused new life. I give them my endorsemenet."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

That Boy.

They were hurrying to catch a street car.

"You'll have to walk faster, dear," said his mother.

"I can't, mamma!" breathlessly exclaimed little Willie. "It makes my legs so dizzy!"

White pine lumber costs to-day five times as much in this country as it cost in 1865.

New Monthly Magazine.

A bright, new monthly magazine has made its appearance on the Pacific coast, and looks as if it had come to stay. It is the Coos Bay Monthly, published at Marshfield, Oregon, the business center of one of the most resourceful districts of the entire Northwest. The November number consists of about 125 pages of good reading matter, mostly local in nature, nicely illustrated, and of general interest to all who wish to know antyhing of the Great Northwest. The number also contains nearly 30 pages of local advertising. This speaks volumes for the business enterprice and energy of the citizens, as well as for the ability of P. C. Levar, editor and manager, and F. B. Cameron, advertising manager.

Let us open the door of Fortune for you and show you how your money, under your own control, will make you

20%

PER YEAR

A rare opportunity to get in touch with the big dividend payers of the great West, with all chance of risk eliminated. Principal guaranteed by Bank Certificate of Deposit. You select the bank. Write today for particulars.

PACIFIC COAST SECURITIES COMPANY

PORTLAND, OREGON

The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON and J. MALCOLM FRASER

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles)

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

"We shall soon have news," he said quietly. "For information that will lead to his arrest, I have offered the police, here and on the continent, a reward of five thousand pounds."

He spoke the truth. News came soon, indeed.

We were lunching together in Graden's chambers on the fourth day after their departure, when the telegram arrived. My cousin opened it. As he read, I saw the line of his jaw set and harden. Then he handed it across the table. This was the message:

"Fear we are in great peril. Come at once. Weston."

The realization of those words must have come to me slowly, for it was Graden's hand on my arm that woke me from the stupor into which I had fallen. Even then I could hardly understand. "There is a train at two-twenty," said he. "Can you be ready in five minutes?"

"But how can the man—how can Marnac have discovered where they are?" I stammered.

"In five minutes, I said!" he barked out. "You have no time to waste."

We had still a quarter of an hour to spare when our cab rattled over the cobbles of the station-yard. While my cousin took the tickets, I stood at the bookstall, staring at the backs of the novels, with that call for help twisting in a dreary chant through my head. "In great peril. Come at once," so it ran, over and over again. Several passing strangers turned and regarded me curiously over their shoulders.

I do not think we spoke more than once before reaching Dover. I asked if he had telegraphed a reply. He had done so, he said, at Charing Cross.

There was a brisk sea running in the Channel, but I felt no sickness. Indeed the passage did me good; for I behaved quite sanely as we passed our bags through the Calais customs.

Into the train again, and on into the night that had fallen. I had a sleeping berth reserved in the wagon-lit, but I did not visit it. Sometimes a fury of impatience seized me, so that I paced the corridor, peering out into the moonlit country that went sliding by, in its never-varying sequence of plain and woodland and steeple-crowned village; but, for the most part, I sat huddled in my chair—thinking. Heaven help us! What torture an active mind inflicts upon poor humanity! Grant a man the imagination of an ox, and many are the woes he will be spared!

Dawn stole out on us at Basle, and we stood upon the platform, our faces showing pale in the tinted curtain of the sky that hung above the snow-clad ridges to the westward. The air was very cold, but not with the knglish bitterness in its breath.

We had half an hour to wait. Graden despatched a second telegram to Pontresina, marking the progress of our journey. He also wired to Thusis, ordering a carriage to meet our train.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The sun was up, very red and bold, as we passed through Zurich; and where it touched the great lake, the waters shone scarlet as blood under the slanting rays. Before us the Alps were heaving upward, growing mightier every hour, with the pinnacles of their strange frost kingdoms blushing in the early sunshine. By eleven o'clock we had left the open country, passing into a labyrinth of valleys, crowned with pines, waiting black and silent on their snow carpets, scored with torrents and patched with frozen tarns. Coire was reached by half-past one, and the narrow gauge of the Thusis line carried us through meadows and brushwood morasses until we crossed the upper Rhine and drew into the station which is set under the cliff bastions, outworks of the Alp citadels beyond.

It was then three of the clock. There were still forty miles left of our journey—a ten hours' drive over the passes to the distant Engadine.

A carriage with three horses was waiting to our order without the station. We entered it at once, and the driver swung his team into the Tiefenkastell road. Fifty francs from Graden had impressed him with the necessity for haste. Yet our progress was insufferably tedious. Once across the bridge, we dropped into a walk, while our straining team tugged heavily up the pass of Schyn. To our left the ridge barred the view; but on the right, narrow valleys sliced deep into the glittering heights above gave us sight of the stately peaks that sentinelled the eastern sky. In an hour we had entered the forest of Versasca—for such, I have learned, is its name—and so climbed on through the dismal avenues of pines till we passed through galleries and tunnels, hewn deep in the cliff side, out into the barren snow fields once again.

The sun was setting as we rattled over the pavement of the hill village of Tiefenkastell, that crouched in the shadows of the Albula Gorge. The dying rays struck fiercely on the distant peaks, until those pale ice maidens found rosy blushes for such reckless gallantry. It was a spectacle of infinite grandeur, and, despite my impatience, I leaned from the window watching the light fade and whiten into the opals of the after-glow.

"We can thank our luck that there's a moon," said my cousin, as I drew back into my corner. "These drivers know the road like a book, but I should like our fellow to see where he's going in the Berguner Stein."

"Is it dangerous?"

"A ledge for a carriage way, and a precipice for a ditch on the near side, is not particularly pleasant for the nerves when you can't see your hand before you."

"You have been here before, then?"

"Oh, yes!" he said, and so we fell into silence.

It was past six o'clock when we left Filisur, a tiny group of deep-eaved houses, and dropped down the hillside to the stream. As we rose the further slope through a wood of scattered pines, the moon came peering out from behind two bare and lofty peaks that towered above us into the southern night, lighting their icy summits so that they glittered like blades of polished steel. It was a scene of such melancholy desolation that as our horses halted on the crest of the hill, I lowered the window, thrusting out my head for a better view.

In front of us the white road curled down into a gorge, an ink-black wedge of shadow that drove into the distance between silver cliffs bright with the moonlight.

"Is this the place you spoke of?" I asked.

"It's the Berguner Stein, if it's that you want to know," growled my cousin from amongst his wraps. "Also, I wish you would have the goodness to shut that window."

But the remembrance of what he had told me about the dangers of the place sent my eyes to the driver's box. As I was leaning from the left-hand window, I did not expect to see more than the fellow's hat; but, to my surprise, there he was well in view, his coat huddled about his ears. As we moved forward, the mystery explained itself. The man I saw was not driving.

"We've taken up a passenger, Cousin Graden," said I, pulling in my head.

"What's that?" he asked sharply, for my voice had been lost in the loud complaining of the brakes as we trotted down the decline.

"The driver's giving a friend a lift," I cried, leaning towards him. "I suppose he picked him up at the last village, where——"

I reached no further, for at that instant there rose from without a cry of such utter terror that I sank back into my place as if struck in the face by a crushing blow. I saw a falling body flash by the right-hand window; the outcry of the brakes ceased with a grating clang. And then, with a bound like that of a leaping horse, the great post-carriage rushed roaring down the hill.

I thrust out my head, clinging to the sills of the open window.

The man upon the box seat was lashing the horses so that they sprang forward in furious bounds. Even as I watched, he cast away his whip with a peal of wild laughter that sounded high above the turmoil of the flying hoofs and the heavy wheels. He turned his head, bending sideways, the reins held loosely in his right hand. It was the face of Marnac that stared down upon me.

His hat had gone, his white hair streamed backward in the wind. And he was mad—mad with an open insanity of which I had observed no trace before. He shrieked at me in triumph, waving his hand now to the horses, now to the chasm beyond the four-foot wall that guarded the road. He cursed me with furious gesticulations. Even as I write, I seem to see those eyes staring at me out of the white paper—eyes goggling with the lust of murder. Heaven send that time will wipe that remembrance from my brain!

I shrank back into the carriage, that rocked and swung and danced beneath me. Graden's huge shoulders almost blocked the other window; but I caught sight of the glint of his revolver in the moonlight. Was it to be man or horse? One or the other, if we were not to leap the precipice at the first sharp turn. Suddenly he shouted, and again I struggled to my post. In the darkness down the road was the glimmer of lights. Nearer and nearer they drew, and I, too, raised my voice in a scream of warning. The last fifty yards we took in one bound—or so it seemed. I saw a carriage grow out of the shadow that the cliffs above us drew across the road; I saw our leading horse swing to the left and leap blindly at the low wall that hid heaven knew what frightful depths below; and then, with a tottering slide that seemed to wrench the heart out of me, we curled, as a motor skids, into one thunderous crash that blotted out the world.

MRS. HARLAND'S NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER XXV.

I have been asked by my dear husband to conclude the story of which he has placed the greater part before you. I should have preferred that he had not tried to recall details which I know he cannot remember without suffering; but having once yielded to the persuasion of his friends, I am ready to take every share of the burden that he will yield to me.

My father and I, with Reski, the man that Sir Henry had summoned from Poland, arrived in the Engadine without any incident that is worthy of description. We had engaged rooms in the principal hotel under the name of Jackson, as had been suggested. My father stood the journey very well. But this necessity for giving a false name annoyed him extremely. It was the first time in his life that he had done so, he said, and I had some difficulty in persuading him not to confess the whole circumstances to the manager on the day after our arrival.

It was on the fourth day of our visit, about five in the evening, that we received a telegram from London. It read:

"We are coming at once.—Graden."

As can be imagined, we were very puzzled about it. We had sent no message, and we could not think what was the reason for their sudden determination. Reski behaved in a most curious fashion when I told him. It might have been the news of some great good fortune that had reached him.

"It is very well, very well," he kept on repeating in German—a language which, fortunately, I can speak, though not very correctly.

"What do you mean?" I asked him.

"Ach, Frauleni if the two Englishmen are coming, does it not mean that Marnac is here?"

I suppose I turned rather pale, for the fear of that dreadful man was always in my heart, though, indeed, I pretended to father that I had forgotten he existed. But the next instant Reski had dropped down on one knee, taking my hand and kissing it.

"I am a dog, Frauleni!" he said simply. "I did not think of what I spoke. But it is the thing for which I forget all else—to meet this man who killed my son. For your father and yourself, have no fear. It is I that will ever watch. You trust me, Frauleni?"

"Indeed, Reski, I do," I answered him; and so we parted.

(To be continued.)

MISTAKES OF RUSSIAN POLICE.

Czar's Law Officers Declared to Be Extremely Stupid.

The Czar's whole bureaucracy has for years been so thoroughly detested by all classes of Russians that now it is mainly filled by the least intelligent of the population. And of these the police are the worst, says Ernest Poole in the World To-Day. I myself was arrested several times, as so many correspondents are, and I found the police in every instance the most dense of mortals. From my newspaper friends I heard scores of stories about this stupidity. These two are typical:

Some time ago a man threw a bomb at a governor, killed him and escaped. The government sent all over the empire a placard and two photographs of the assassin, his front view and his profile. And three weeks later a policeman in western Siberia telegraphed:

"Have captured both criminals and am bringing them to Petersburg."

At midnight in Petersburg an innocent peace-loving professor stood on a bridge staring into the sluggish waters of the Neva. He was thinking of a rival professor who had a new theory about gravitation.

"That man," said the professor aloud, "is the dullest idiot in Russia."

Instantly a big policeman pounced upon him out of the darkness and without a word began dragging him off. The poor old professor shook with terror.

"Why am I arrested?" he cried. "What is my crime?"

"High treason!" growled the policeman.

"But why? Why?"

"Oh, don't try to fool me! You called his imperial majesty an idiot!"

"Heavens!" cried the horrified professor, the spectacles falling from his nose. "Why should you think I was speaking of the Czar?"

The big policeman stopped and looked down, puzzled.

"The dullest idiot in Russia," he said slowly, searching his memory. "Who else could you have meant?"

All Horses Hate Camels.

Smoking a clay pipe, the circus actor sat in the winter training quarters. Under his supervision a thin boy was learning to ride erect on a quiet horse with a broad, flat back.

"In some towns they won't let us show," said the man, "unless we have no camels with us. Camels are a serious drawback to shows. Horses are so much afraid of them that lots of towns won't let a camel enter their gates.

"A horse won't go near a piece of ground a camel has stood on. The very smell of a camel in the air will make a horse tremble and sweat. And this fear isn't only found occasionally in a horse here and there. It is found in every horse all over the world. Queer, isn't it? I often wonder why it is. Cattle hate dogs in the same way, and cats hate dogs so, too. Here, though, we can account for the hatred. Dogs in primitive times fed on cattle, no doubt, and even to-day, here and there, they kill and feed on kittens.

"Horses love dogs. I'm sure I don't know why. Dogs fear no animals but pumas and leopards. You can take a dog up to a lion's or a tiger's cage and he will show no fear, but take him up to the cage of a puma or a leopard and he will tremble and moan and slink away out of sight.

"All very puzzling, isn't it?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Shorter the More.

"Tell me," said the Boston matron, "do you believe in long engagements?"

"Really," replied the Chicago matron, "I never gave that much thought, but I can't say that I believe in long marriages."—Philadelphia Press.

Chop Suey.

A half-chicken, scraped from the bones and cut into bits; one large onion, sliced thin; a handful of mushrooms, soaked for ten minutes in water, then stemmed; a stalk of celery, cut into inch pieces; six Chinese potatoes, washed and sliced. Fry the chicken in a little shortening, add the onions and cook for three minutes, then put in the mushrooms and enough Chinese sauce to brown the ingredients. Pour in a little water and stew for ten minutes. Add the celery and potatoes and, last of all, a little floured water. When of the desired consistency serve with boiled rice.

Pork Cake.

Chop a pound of fat salt pork so small that it is like powdered suet, scald it with a half pint of boiling water, add a pound of dark-brown sugar, a cup of New Orleans molasses, a pound each of raisins and dates chopped and a quarter pound of minced citron. Stir in enough sifted flour to make it of the consistency of cake batter and add a teaspoonful each of powdered nutmeg, cloves, allspice and cinnamon. Bake in a loaf tin in a steady oven until a straw comes out clean from the center of the loaf.

Wheat Griddle Cakes.

Sift a quart of flour and a teaspoonful of salt together and moisten with a quart of milk. Add a half yeast cake dissolved in warm water and beat for three minutes. Set in a warm place to rise over night. In the morning add a tablespoonful of molasses rubbed to a cream with a tablespoonful of melted butter and whip in two well-beaten eggs. If the batter is too thin before adding the eggs stir in a little more flour.

Canned Lima Beans.

Shell the beans, cook for fifteen minutes in slightly salted boiling water, take from the pot with a perforated spoon and pack them in jars standing in an outer vessel of boiling water. Boil up the liquor in the kettle, skim it and pour it, still boiling, into the jars, filling these to overflowing and sealing immediately.

Breakfast Relish.

Slice cold roast beef thin. Make a gravy of three tablespoons of butter, one tablespoon of walnut or tomato catsup, one tablespoon of vinegar, one teaspoon of currant jelly, one teaspoon of made mustard. Put meat and all in a saucepan, cover and set in a kettle of boiling water. Steam one-half hour.

Green Pea Pancakes.

Mash a pint of boiled green peas while still hot and work into the mass a tablespoonful of butter, and salt and pepper to taste. Beat two eggs very light, add these to the peas, stir in a cup of milk and five tablespoonfuls of prepared flour. Whip to a smooth batter and fry on a hot griddle.

Damson Jam.

Stone the damsons, then weigh them. Allow a half pound of sugar for each pound of fruit. Put the damsons in a preserving kettle and stew slowly for twenty minutes before putting in the sugar. When this has been added stew about an hour more, or until thick, then put into jars.

Marshmallow Frosting.

Buy enough marshmallow candy to cover the top of the cake when set closely together. Have a boiled icing ready and pour over the candy. As the icing cools it will hold the marshmallows together. Before the candies are laid over the cake they must be set in the oven to heat and swell.

To Pare Tomatoes.

Women who are interested in the details of cooking may be glad to know that it is better to rub a silver knife all over the skin of a tomato to loosen it than to dip in hot water. The water always gives a cooked taste, while by the silver knife method the skin can be loosed just as easily.

Oyster Bouillon.

Cook a quart of oysters in their own juice for half an hour, closely covered. Drain and chop the oysters fine, putting them back into the liquor. Add three pints of water, cook half an hour longer, and strain through cheesecloth. Season and serve with whipped cream on top like clam bouillon.

Canned Pumpkin.

Peel and cut the pumpkins into bits, put it over the fire and stew as for pie. When very soft strain through a colander, return to the fire, boil up hard and pour it into heated cans, filling each to overflowing with the liquid. Stand upside down in a cool, dark place.

The Kidneys

When they are weak, torpid, or stagnant, the whole system suffers. Don't neglect them at this time, but heed the warning of the aching back, the bloated face, the sallow complexion, the urinary disorder, and begin treatment at once with

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which contains the best and safest curative substances.

In usual liquid form or in chocolated tablets known as **Sarsatabs.** 100 doses $1.

The Result.

All at once and unexpectedly Greek met Greek.

There wasn't any tug of war.

But two banana carts were upset and scattered their contents in the mud, to the accompaniment of much loud and variegated Hellenic profanity.

The Ideal Family Laxative

is one that can be used by the entire family, young and old, weak and strong, without any danger of harmful effects. It should have properties which insure the same dose always having the same effect, otherwise the quantity will have to be increased and finally lose its effect altogether. These properties can be found in that old family remedy, Brandreth's Pills, because its ingredients are of the purest herb extracts, and every pill is kept for three years before sold, which all serves them to mellow. We do not believe there is a laxative on the market that is so carefully made.

Brandreth's Pills are the same fine laxative tonic pill your grandparents used. They have been in use for over a century and are sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

Off the Wagon.

Mrs. DeChise—Why are you weeping, dear?

Mrs. McSosh—Oh, I'm so disappointed! You know John signed the pledge last week.

Mrs. DeChise—Yes?

Mrs. McSosh—And—and this morning he went on a fishing excursion!—Cleveland Leader.

Origin of Woman.

Miss Newgirl—So you insist that man and not woman was the chief consideration at the creation?

Mr. Sparks—Certainly I do. Woman was only a side issue.—Boston Transcript.

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

A Few Years Hence.

The first battle in airships had been fought.

"I hear," said one officer, "that the general was in the very thick of the fight."

"Yes," responded another officer; "he had sixteen gasbags punctured over him."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Sensitive Canine.

Baxter—That dog of yours is not a full blooded Boston terrier, is he?

Bixby—Hush, old chap, don't let him hear you. He thinks he is.—Woman's Home Companion.

DR. C. GEE WO

Wonderful Home Treatment

This wonderful Chinese Doctor is called great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, buds, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country through the use of those harmless remedies. This famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies, which he uses successfully in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung, throat trouble, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and circulars. Send stamp. CONSULTATION FREE.

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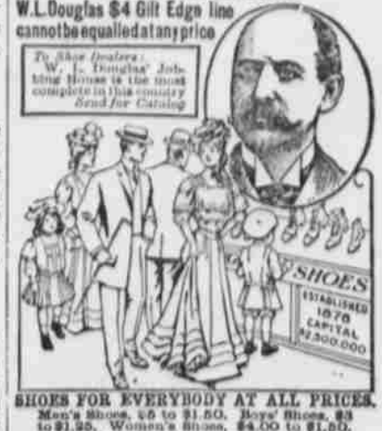

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Try W. L. Douglas Women's, Misses and Children's shoes; for style, fit and wear they excel other makes.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

Wherever you live, you can obtain W. L. Douglas shoes. His name and price is stamped on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and inferior shoes. *Take no substitute.* Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes and insist upon having them.

Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy.

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