

The Other Woman's Hand

A Studied Offense and Its Penalty.

By OWEN DOLAN OVERTON.

THE young man who would make for himself a name and fame goes east. By the same token, he who would hide those both betakes himself west.

Hensley went west because the girl he was in love with fitted him, out of hand, for a richer fellow, and he was very hard hit. He went west and was lost to sight, and the places where he had been knew him no more. If anyone chanced to mention him to the girl, she smiled the smile of pitying contempt, which is most women's tribute to the memory of a man they have treated abominably, and said: "Poor Dick." She was as mean as she was beautiful, which is not the fairy-tale formula; but she got her punishment in the end—which is.

This is how it came about:

Circumstances and physicians over which she had no control sent the rich man she had married—whose name was Kent—to spend a season on the Pacific coast. Kent's fancy lighted upon a seaport town, the only objects of interest in which were a break-water, in course of construction, and a spite of tributes upon which, tourists were assured, the skeletons of dead and gone pirates might yet be dug up. Neither these nor the adjoining shipping village, which only awaited the appropriation of a delinquent cargo, was to become the harbor of the Pacific slope, offered to Mrs. Kent that variety and excitement which alone could make existence palatable to her. So she decided that if there were to be any such, they must come from within herself. Therefore, as she most unthinkingly thought she could happen upon, she determined to try what it might be like to lead that life which is known as abnormal and healthy life—going to bed when the frogs begin to sing in the dismal marshes about, and getting up with the sun, and will satisfy plenty of exotics," she explained to her husband; "I will row for a couple of hours before breakfast on the lagoon, I think."

She experienced some real enthusiasm about it at this point. Kent did not. He foresaw the disturbance of his own comfort, which was not greatly considered at the best of times; and he tried to discourage her; but without success.

At daybreak she made her way across the strip of land that divided the lagoon and the sea. The hotels and cottages faced the sea, the lagoon, as the latter harbor, and there were upon it only wharves and rickety boats and fishermen's huts. It was not exactly a picturesque outlook, ordinarily, but the sunrise lights cast a sort of glamour over it now. Even the deep, lone setting up with the sun, and all traced over with fine capabilities where the birds had dragged their tails and no one had as yet stepped. Later on, it would be blistering hot and the marsh weeds would give out an choking smell; but this early, their stunted yellow and pink blossoms had a fresh and pungent scent.

She followed a path that led to a rough board walk, standing on stilts over the ebb-tide mud, where a sign advertised that boats were built and for rent. When she stopped in the small doorway, her figure shrank out most of the light, and she could barely discern the man who was moving about inside. He came toward her. Her back was to the low rays of the sun, so her face was in the blackness, and only her form was as glimmering white as the Angel of Apollon.

Had he a row-boat, she asked; one not too heavy, and with oars of a moderate sweep? He was tentative—a "long-shore character, probably"—he did not even answer, only took a pair of spoon oars from their rack on the wall, and led the way out to the landing pier. She followed, running against strange shapes of wood, and stumbling over piles of lumber in the gloom. When they were out on the landing, he turned about and faced her suddenly. She was quite close behind him, and she gave a quick start back.

"I thought so," he said, steadily; "I thought the voice was like yours."

He had had that much warning, but she had had some at all, and it might have been a full two seconds before she got control of herself. Then the beauty of the situation and all its possibilities floated upon her suddenly, and she decided that her movement of impulse had been the best she could have made. So she followed it up. She struck back into the doorway farther still. "Richard," she said, covering.

He stood resting upon the oars and scrutinizing her stolidly. He flattered himself that he was calm, not to say cool, but Mrs. Kent had a deeper than surface fight. She knew that he appeared cool for very much the same reason that a circular saw appears still when it is going fast enough. For herself and for the major part of mankind she was a very light scuffer at lower, but she would not let her love to know that the heart which had truly loved and never forgives does have its existence in the flesh as well as in the lines of Erin's bard. So, summing up the situation with the aid of observations upon his character, she made rather exhaustively some five years gone by, she came to the conclusion that when she should be ready, it would take perhaps half an hour at the outside to have him at her feet as a tiger leapt at the feet of a man.

Hensley spoke at last. "I did your work pretty thoroughly while you were about it, you see," he said. "I went to the devil and to bed in something less than a year. Then I married a Portuguese fisher girl when

I was drunk, and she and I are living together in that shanty over there." He nodded in the direction of a little unpainted board shack some 50 yards off among the sails.

Mrs. Kent covered her face with her palms while she gained time to try and think of something as dramatic and concise. But her own appearance did not lend itself to narrative of the kind. She made a broken murmur, vague with hints of her own deep wretchedness, do indeed. Hensley did not answer; only turned on his heel and led the way to the landing steps.

It was there to help her out when she came back. When she asked if she might use the boat next morning he told her yes. He explained it to himself as being proper pride, and that she should not fancy him afraid. After a day or two he altered the explanation to that it couldn't matter any way, and often that he did not try to explain. "Let things go. At this point," she lingered, sitting upon the keel of a yawl up for repairs, and talked about herself in hopeless vein. The ensuing steps were talk about himself. He responded fairly easily, and showed his drawings, his tools and the new gasoline engine and so which was his especial pride. He taught her how to start the engine up, and to cut along traced lines through the hardest wood with the toothed band of steel.

It was inevitable, thereafter, that they should—having had herself and himself—some to themselves. And that which happened it was about the tenth day of her "normal and healthy" life—much more did as well. So that when she started to get out and stood, beautiful, in the midst of all the roughness around, his head went completely, and he caught her hand against his lips and held it there. It was delight and bliss and temporary oblivion to him. It was the success of an experiment with her, and the point beyond which he did not mean to go. For her wisdom was of this world.

But to Maria, Hensley's Portuguese wife—who was under the boat-house, peering up through a knothole—it was rage and jealousy of a very savage kind. She had had her suspicions of the woman who came so often and sat for so long at break of day, and now she was verifying them. As for what they said, the two, she could neither hear nor understand all of that. Her English was limited. But she saw Hensley kissing the shapely hand, and there was nothing uncomprehensible about that.

If Hensley had had the slightest idea of what Maria had seen, he would have been justified in being uneasy and in recalling the warning of one of those poets of his better days, a poet named Shakespeare, who said that the heart of the man who came so often and sat for so long at break of day, and now she was verifying them. As for what they said, the two, she could neither hear nor understand all of that. Her English was limited. But she saw Hensley kissing the shapely hand, and there was nothing uncomprehensible about that.

At a social gathering held the other night by the Young Men's Bible class of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church it was announced that through the generosity of its leader, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the class in a short time would be provided with a clubhouse of its own. Mr. Rockefeller for that purpose has leased and completely furnished a four-story brick house at 15 West Forty-fifth street. The preparations are so far advanced that the date of opening has been fixed for November 1. The club will be at the disposal of all the young men of the church and their friends. It will be kept open every night, and, during such periods as may be obtained from a normal membership fee, all the expenses of its maintenance will be borne by Mr. Rockefeller.

Lightning Rod Mites in Lenox. Lenox has a most curious claim to notoriety, which is that it possesses the longest lightning conductor in the world. It rises some yards above the top of the meteorological station on the Ziegler, the highest point in the village. The length of the rod is five and one-half kilometers—nearly three and a half miles.

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You can make your harness as soft as a feather and as tough as wire by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can buy it in any drug store, or direct from the manufacturer.

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Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

Dyspepsia and Liver Disease CURED BY DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

"I was weak, nervous and dizzy, with a fainting sensation when walking," writes Mrs. Elizabeth G. of Southfield, Michigan, Co. Tenn. "I could not work any distance, and I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I have taken seven bottles of this fine and safe medicine, and feel as young and strong as ever before. I feel all symptoms of dyspepsia and liver disease as if they were never there. I can now do any kind of work, and I feel as well as any woman of my age. I would like to see every sufferer of this kind of disease. My husband has cured me, and I feel as if I were a new woman. I would like to see every sufferer of this kind of disease."—(Name not to be used without permission.)

How Jimmy Captured a 2,000-Ton Tramp

By FERDINAND W. HART

"THESE are very nice, my boy," remarked the old merchant, as he handed the charter-party copies back to young Jimmy Evans. "I like to see them done so neatly and ruled so correctly. Little things like that add greatly to the reputation of our office. Keep on as you're doing, and we'll see if we can't make a first-class ship broker out of you."

The lad's face flushed crimson with mixed pleasure and embarrassment, and, saying nothing, which was a very good answer under the circumstances, he hastened back to his tail desk.

"See-whillikens!" ejaculated Ralph Connor, after Mr. Grenhard had left the office. "I've been here over a year now, and the old man has never given me any such dose of taffy in the whole time."

"Good reason why," growled the elderly office manager, who could not help overhearing the conversation of the two lads. "You take a whole day to make one set of copies, what with tearing up expensive blanks and being ignorant again, and even then they're so smudgy and blotted that it's all one can do to read, let alone admire them. The trouble with you, Ralph Connor, is that you don't understand the meaning of what you are writing. You go at it just as if you were a parrot. Young Evans has pretty nearly bothered the life out of me by asking questions, but I will say that he seems to profit by what he is told."

"I'm sure, I'm very much obliged, Mr. Waldron, for all your kindness to me," said Jimmy. "I know that I owe a great—"

"Oh, it's all right," interrupted the manager. "Come over here and check off these commission accounts with me."

At the close of this lengthy task, young Jimmy fledglined about a moment or two, and then said:

"Mr. Waldron, may I ask—"

Ralph Connor, over at the next desk, commenced to snicker and work one arm like a pump handle. The office manager turned on his high stool to glare at the humorist, and then back to Jimmy, merely saying: "Well?"

"Er—may I ask," repeated the boy, nervously, "may I ask why Mr. Grenhard is so excited about getting this 2,000-ton steamer charter?"

"He's got the charter," replied the office manager, without turning around.

"But there are lots of them in the harbor," persisted the youth. "Why, I saw dozens, when I came over in the ferryboat from Jersey this morning."

"Yes, I dare say; but there's all sorts of a difference," answered Mr. Waldron, fusing with some documents as he spoke. "You see, the war in South Africa has made a great secret in tramp steamships all over New York, as well as other ports. The British government is using a great many in its transport service. I'll venture to say there are a dozen from ready to snap up just such a ship as we want the moment she arrives. I don't suppose you really know what a tramp steamer is."

"No, sir," said Jimmy. "I do not. I've always lived inland until we kind of shunting, very much like the kind I'm in the business. I'm going to learn all I can about them."

"That's right," returned the manager, admiringly. "Here's a little pointer for you, now. A tramp steamer is one belonging to no regular line, but seeking cargoes from one port to another, wherever she can get them."

"And we have an order to charter a 2,000-ton tramp steamer, and have not been able to find one as yet?" inquired the lad.

"Just so," assented Mr. Waldron; "but what makes the thing worse is, this order comes from our biggest customer, and he declares that unless we can secure the charter for him by tomorrow morning, he will take his business to another ship broker's concern."

"Whow!" whistled Jimmy, dolefully.

"So, I shouldn't wonder if we lost our biggest account," went on Mr. Waldron,ardonally.

"But such a tramp steamer may come into the harbor by tomorrow morning," spoke up Jimmy, eagerly.

"Yes, but if it should, how can we be sure of getting her? The maritime exchange serves us all alike in the matter of reporting arrivals. Other brokers have the same, and we do," answered the manager. And he concluded by nodding his head, significantly, over toward the piled-up work on the junior clerk's desk.

Late that afternoon, Jimmy left his office and hastened toward his suburban home. In the ferry, he had to pass along a portion of West street, and became very much excited on noticing a certain craft in the North river. The vessel was heading northward, and evidently was about to come alongside of a dock. Any longshoreman and half of the city inhabitants could have told at a glance that she was a private yacht, but Jimmy never asked, and he was possessed with the insane idea that she was a tramp steamer about to arrive. The question of her probable tonnage bothered him.

"I'm sure I can guess whether she

A Few Pointers.

The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that the large majority die with consumption. This disease may commence with an apparently harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 25c and 50c. For sale by all druggists.

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This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it today. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! No baking! Simply add Jell-O to water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. For information, ask your grocer to day 10 cts.

Club House to Bible Class.

At a social gathering held the other night by the Young Men's Bible class of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church it was announced that through the generosity of its leader, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the class in a short time would be provided with a clubhouse of its own. Mr. Rockefeller for that purpose has leased and completely furnished a four-story brick house at 15 West Forty-fifth street. The preparations are so far advanced that the date of opening has been fixed for November 1. The club will be at the disposal of all the young men of the church and their friends. It will be kept open every night, and, during such periods as may be obtained from a normal membership fee, all the expenses of its maintenance will be borne by Mr. Rockefeller.

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A Good Hearted Man

or in other words, men with good sound hearts, are very numerous. The most common heart disease is called by the press, "hypertension of the arteries." This is a disease of the heart which is caused by the narrowing of the arteries. It is a disease of the heart which is caused by the narrowing of the arteries. It is a disease of the heart which is caused by the narrowing of the arteries.

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists on guarantee. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

J. A. Krasner of Arkansas City, Kan. writes: "My heart was so bad it was impossible for me to lie down, and I would have to get up every few minutes. I took Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and I feel as if I were a new man. I would like to see every sufferer of this kind of disease."

Notice to Contribute.

To J. R. Reeves: Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, your old owner in the placing and claiming situated in the Silver creek mining district, Josephine county, and known as claims No. 2 and No. 3 located by J. R. Reeves, Thos. Crofts and J. R. Reeves on the 25th day of April, 1887, because of their being recorded at page 103 and 464, Vol. 10, of the mining records of Josephine county, Oregon, that unless you contribute and pay to the undersigned the sum of \$100.00 by the 25th day of April, 1907, you shall be considered as having abandoned your claim to the same, and the same shall be held as if they were vacant lands.

J. R. REEVES.

PISSO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Do not cough! Do not spit! Do not lose weight! Do not get thin! Do not get weak! Do not get nervous! Do not get discouraged! Do not let your disease progress! Do not let your life pass away! Do not let your family be afflicted! Do not let your name be on the list of the dead! Do not let your soul be damned! Do not let your friends be grieved! Do not let your country be dishonored! Do not let your name be a curse to your family! Do not let your name be a curse to your country! Do not let your name be a curse to your race! Do not let your name be a curse to your world!

is of two or ten-thousand tons," he muttered, desperately.

But, putting this detail aside for a moment, the lad dodged his way across the street, and in and out among the irregularly driven teams, entered the ferryboat, very much out of breath, and waited for the craft to make her landing. This was accomplished in short order, and scarcely had the gang plank touched the wharf before Jimmy was running up it, very nearly bowing over a portly individual who was about to commence the descent.

"Well, young man," began the latter, a trifle brusquely, as he staggered back from the shock of the encounter, "what are you trying to do? Knock me—"

"Please, sir—er—captain—excuse me—that is, your vessel, your name—is she a tramp steamer?" interrupted the excited youth.

"Hey!" roared the other, wonderingly.

"Because, if she is, I can offer you a fine charter," went on the guileless Jimmy, "that is—er—if your boat does not run much over 2,000 tons."

"What is the name of your firm?" queried the other, commencing to be interested by the lad's combination of ignorance and earnestness.

"Grenhard & Co., one of the oldest and the best in our line," declared Jimmy, proudly.

"And what share may you have in the firm?" questioned the elderly man.

"Me? Oh, I'm only a junior clerk, the lowest in the office. I suppose I really ought to be called the errand boy, but Mr. Waldron—"

"If the office boy of the concern runs around hunting up steamships for charter, I wonder what duties the head of the firm reserves for himself," commented the portly individual, much amused.

"But you have not answered my question yet," put in Jimmy, fearing that he was not making a good impression. "I don't mind telling you that it is a very important matter for us. Unless you make this charter by tomorrow morning, we shall lose our biggest customer."

"Dear me, dear me," cried the other, "that's too bad—after all your exertions, too."

"Then you're not a 2,000-ton tramp steamer?" queried the boy, with a falling inflection in his voice.

"No, only a 200-ton steamer yacht," replied the portly individual, gravely. "But I like your spirit, and I'll tell you what we might do. We might help you to find what you're looking for."

"Then you're not a 2,000-ton tramp steamer?" queried the boy, with a falling inflection in his voice.

"Capt. Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his aid, "this young man is in search of an incoming tramp steamer of about 2,000 tons, that may be open for charter. See if you can help him in any way."

"I'll try, but I'll tell you, this is a tough job, and I'll tell you that I can't help him in any way."

"Then you're not a 2,000-ton tramp steamer?" queried the boy, with a falling inflection in his voice.

And away he went to a waiting cab, with an attendant violet and two neatly loaded down with small luggage. After having followed the suggestion of the thoughtful yacht owner, Jimmy returned aboard, the gang plank was taken in, hawsers cast off, and the little steamer departed upon her odd mission, steaming diagonally across the great New York bay, and into the open sea.

On the following morning the senior partner of Grenhard & Co. showed some anxiety in his face as he entered the office.

"Where's Evans?" he demanded, looking over at the unoccupied desk.

"Not here yet, sir," chirped Ralph Connor.

"Oh, I think, I guess," growled the office manager.

"Well, well, I hope not," returned the kindly old man. "Mr. Lawson has not been here yet, Waldron, has he?"

"No, but he telephoned that he would be in a few minutes. Here he is, now."

"Good morning, Mr. Grenhard," cried a thin, under-eyes passenger, with bright red hair, entering at the moment. "I hope you've got that charter all fixed for me."

"My dear Mr. Lawson," commenced the old broker, in an evidently apologetic manner, "I trust you—"

"I am a man of my word," interrupted the newcomer. "If you have not got the charter for me by ten o'clock, you shall never see my custom elsewhere. Grenshaw has out in ahead of me twice now, and if you can't supply the vessel—"

While Mr. Lawson was delivering this tirade Jimmy Evans had come in, looking very white, about the face, but with eyes sparkling with interest in his eyes. He had been waiting for a few minutes before being called into the office, and he had stepped forward and presented it to his employer. He returned to his desk immediately after doing so.

Mr. Grenhard glanced curiously at the little messenger, started, read his eyes, and then, in a few moments, he was fully engaged in the open-mouthed amazement.

"—I'll simply have to do as I said," continued the would-be charterer, "and make a new connection."

"I would remind you that I also am a man of my word," replied the senior partner, the firm, growing back his head, and I never promise unless I can fulfill the obligation. I must confess that I really did not think that I could fill your last order, but by a lucky chance, here is just what you want—the vessel, 2,000 tons, in my hands for charter at a lump sum within your limit. This vessel is just entering the harbor, light, and will be ready to load at once."

Indications point to the lowest of the junior clerks of Grenhard & Co. as the man of the coming and successful merchant of the great City—Success.

At Bed Time

I take a pleasant herb, the next morning I feel bright, and my complexion is better. My doctor says it gets gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. It is made from herbs, and is prepared as easily as tea. It is called Lano's Medi cine. All druggists sell it at 25c and 50c. Lano's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. If you cannot get it, send for a free sample, Address, Orator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y.

There is a Class of People.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAX-0, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomachs receive it without distress, and build up their iron deficient. It does not cost over 15c a tin. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15c and 25c per package. Try it. Ask for GRAX-0.

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BLOTS

Are not more disfiguring to pure white paper than blotches and pimples are to the clean white skin. Both men and women are at a disadvantage when the face is marred and scarred by an eruptive disease. Perhaps the woman is the more unfortunate because the beauty of a clean skin and clear complexion is her rightful heritage. And while she has the friendly shelter of the veil, it only covers what it cannot entirely conceal. The worst misfortune in the case of a man with a pimply face is that he is generally set down as dissipated. If he seeks a position his "dissipated" face dismounts his abilities. If he is a salesman he finds customers disinclined to do business with a man whose non-commercial reliability must be taken largely on trust, because his face is against him.

The misery and discomfort of such disfiguring eruptive diseases is apparent to everyone. The great question is: Can these diseases be cured? Can this rough skin be made smooth? Is there any escape from the torment of eczema and salt-rheum? Can scrofulous sores be healed?

The answer is: "What has been done can be done." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured eruptive diseases in men and women, and cured them perfectly and permanently. It has cured pimples, boils, scrofulous sores, erysipelas, eczema, salt-rheum and other distressing and disfiguring eruptive diseases. What "Golden Medical Discovery" has done for others it can do for you. It is an absolutely reliable medicine. It always helps. It almost always cures.

"It gives me great pleasure to express my faith in the virtue of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes Ezekiel Florio, of Graytown, Ottawa Co., Ohio. "I suffered everything for two years with a lump on my face, which defied the skill of some of the most noted physicians. Was advised to go to the hospital; was doctored there for three months without success. Came home discouraged. Then began to doctor with a 'dentist.' He also failed to help me. Then I began Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, with no faith whatever in it. Did it only to please my wife; but I am happy to tell you that after taking five bottles I am entirely cured."

"I feel it my duty to inform you of my wonderful cure by the use of your medicine," writes Mrs. E. H. McLean, of Marietta, Morgan Co., Ill. "In 1881, a place about the size of a silver dime broke out on my scalp and kept spreading until it went all over my head. It pained a great deal and ran, and we tried a great many doctors and all kinds of patent medicines but none did any good. So it went on until 1893, and I was taken sick and lay about ten weeks. I was in a very weak condition, and I was recommended to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took about six bottles, I think. About three bottles of medicine for my weakness, not thinking of it helping me in any other way, but I feel so thankful that I don't know how to express my thanks for the cure of the sore. I have often thought I would write to you but neglected to do so. I think it a miracle, for I had given up all hope of ever being cured. You have all the praise of the wonderful cure. My husband thinks this was all that was necessary to write. If you want proof you can ask all in the neighborhood. I am now in my 68th year and am very strong."

"Three times I have cured myself of erysipelas," writes Mrs. Lollia J. Mitchell, of 1824 Adeline Street, Oakland, Alameda Co., California. "By using your 'Golden Medical Discovery' after I had been under the doctor's care and found no relief."

"It has been five years since I took your 'Golden Medical Discovery' for a scrofulous affection of the cervical glands of the neck, under the name of Dr. Lofin, of Orléans, Pitt Co., N. C., and I am glad to tell you that I have had no return of the disease. I thought I would write and let you know that I have not forgotten you, and never will while I live."

The reason for the thorough cures of eruptive diseases effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is this: It entirely cleanses the blood from the impurities which cause the diseases. Until these corrupting impurities are removed there can be no permanent cure. Pimples, boils, sores, etc., are only the outward signs of the inward disease. To cure the disease the cause must be cured, and "Golden Medical Discovery" absolutely eliminates from the blood the corrupt and clogging elements which cause disfiguring eruptions. It restores the skin to normal smoothness, and the pure, healthy blood supply produced by its means drives the blotches with the ruddy faces of health.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pills should be used with the "Discovery" when the bowels are irregular or the liver sluggish. The two medicines are especially adapted to be used together whenever a laxative is required.

The manifest motive for substitution is to enable the dealer to make the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious remedies. To accept a substitute medicine as "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery" is to repeat the folly of the familiar fable and trade substance for shadow.

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You can have a household medical guide in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advisor. This great work contains over a thousand large pages, and more than 700 illustrations, is sent FREE on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing ONLY. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or 21 stamps for the book in paper-covers.

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Painkiller

a remedy you can depend upon. Wrap the throat with a cloth wet in it before retiring, and it will be well in the morning.

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The largest sum ever paid for a prescription, changed hands in San Francisco, Aug. 30, 1901. The inventor involved in coin and stock \$12,000,000 and was paid by a variety of business men for a specific for Bright's Disease and Diabetes, without incurable disease.

They commenced the scientific investigation of the disease Nov. 15, 1900. They interviewed scores of the cured and tried it out on its merits by putting over three dozen cases on the treatment and watching them. They also got physicians to name chronic, incurable cases, and administered it with the physician for judges. Up to Aug. 28, 28 per cent of the test cases were either well or progressing favorably.

There being but thirteen per cent of failures, the failures were satisfied and closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the physical reports of the test cases were published and will be mailed free on application. Address, June F. Tolson COMPANY, 420 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

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