

ROCKY MOUNTAIN ANEMONE.
Dainty, blue anemone.
Hiding on the mountain star,
Where the sunshine lovingly
Falls in splendor rich and rare.

Belle of Bear City
By WM. PERRY BROWN.
(Copyright, 1918, by Authors Syndicate.)

"TWO YEARS without sight of a woman? What a hell! If one could have two years without sight of a man, now—"

"Yes, but you are not a woman!" he quizzed.

"It would be heavenly. Men grow wearisome when they fancy themselves in love."
"All of them—O, most sweet satirist!"

"M—tell me about your life up there," she said, brisley. "Of course the cold must have been terrific, and with no news, no papers, no women, no—"

"No anything desirable, you might add, except the 'grub,' the first, the gold." You would have thought it really one thing else which became a luxury, at least, more satisfactory than all the rest of our meager comforts.

"This last with a steady, admiring stare that caused Miss Lamar to slowly droop her eyelids, as if the long lashes might veil the faint blush that seemed to ripple beneath the white down of the rounded cheeks below."

"And what was this eminently desirable thing?" she continued, imperiously.

"Don't," he pleaded. "You queens of the stage have your trials, of course, but they are apt to be those resulting from satiety rather than starvation. We seven of us that we hated the sight of each other only a degree less than we abhorred the average bear. Clipping each in the other's cabin. Flung a dozen society swells into a pig sty and they will hang together; not because they weary of each other less, but to avoid the pigs."

"No wonder you are popular!" Satirical emphasis—feminine emphasis on the personal pronoun. "How and when did she arrive?"

"In an old newspaper some fellow unexpectedly fished from his chest. There he was on the front page, photographed to the life. Bare and radiant she looked to us poor devils socially staring under the north star. A Tili-nook squaw from St. Michaels with her hair done up in beads and fish oil would have soothed our eyesight. Imagine the effect this ravishing vision produced upon our senses!"

"Dear me! All this masculine splendor over a mere picture?" And such is the divine perversity of the sex that she seemed vaguely disappointed.

"Yes, it was a picture!" It grew upon us as Botticelli Madonna is said to permeate your very being if you only look at it long enough. At least that was the way I came to feel."

"Yes," Miss Lamar's lip curled for little as she professed to care for men in the abstract. It did not seem right that man as an individual should waste his adoration on a picture, while the real article abounded in other parts of the globe.

"I am not a man, you know. That is, I am not a man as number seven, which, being considered a lucky number—I say!" he suddenly sat bolt upright. "Are you of all superstitious?"

"Of course, I am." She shuddered sympathetically. "If you had been No. 13 now—"



Will It Cure Me?

That's the personal question a woman asks herself when she reads of the cure of womanly diseases by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The Excitement Not Over.
The rash at the drug store still continues and daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DESSERT?
This question arises in the family very late. Let us answer it to-day.

The Hole in the Cliff
By T. G. HARRAVON.

In the warm summer sunshine that brightened a very humble-looking Cornish home a ruddy-faced boy of 16 sat overhauling a bird-hunter's rope.

Nobility Recommends Nerveine.
The above portrait is that of Countess Mogelstuf, of Chicago, Ill., whose gratitude for the benefit received from the use of Dr. Miles' Nerveine prompted her to make this statement:

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.
Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Josephine County, made on the 25th day of February, 1921, Monday the 10th day of March, 1921, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Court House in the city of Grants, Pas., Oregon, has been filed by said court as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account of the undersigned, Harry T. Kenner, executor of the estate of Joseph Kenner, deceased, and all persons having interest in said estate shall present their objections to the final account of the undersigned, which was filed in said court on the 23rd day of February, 1921, on or before said 10th day of March, 1921.

Notice to Contribute.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, who is owner of the place mining claims situated in the Silver creek mining district, Josephine county, and known as claim No. 2 and No. 3, located by A. J. Colbet, Thos. Crofts and J. R. Reeves on the 20th day of April, 1897, the notice of which is recited at pages 463 and 464, Vol. 10, of the mining records of Josephine county, Oregon, that unless you contribute and pay to the said undersigned co-owner within ninety days from the date of the first publication of this notice, the sum of Two Hundred and Sixty-Six Dollars (\$266.00) the same being your portion of the cost of annual labor done on said claim in order to protect the title thereon during the years 1920, 1921, 1922 and 1923, your one-third interest in the two claims will be forfeited to your co-owner.

PURE REFINED PARAFFINE
Don't let the top of your lamp go out. Don't let the light of your life go out. Buy a pure refined paraffine. It is the only paraffine with no taste or odor. It is light and clean and will burn in almost any lamp. It is the purest and best. Buy it in any quantity. It is sold in 5 lb. cans and 10 lb. cans. Buy it in any quantity. It is sold in 5 lb. cans and 10 lb. cans.

The Weekly Oregonian and the Corvallis both for one year for \$2 in advance.

THE GATEMAN.
At the railroad crossing the gateman stands.

Some of the children came and danced. The waiting children caper and dance. How the servant-maid can't do her best. How the waiter's work is so unlovely. How the porter's work is so unlovely. How the porter's work is so unlovely.

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For a moment he stood paralyzed by the awful catastrophe, for he could realize fully what it meant.

"This is your work, Sid Sloper, may Heaven forgive you!" exclaimed the young egg-hunter.

"It was some time before he ventured to investigate the hole in the cliff. The loss of his rope had taken his mind from everything else."

When he did turn into the dark rough and struck a match along the rough wall, a most astonishing discovery rewarded him. He seemed to have been suddenly transported into a veritable smugglers' paradise.

On every side were the fruits of many a night's foray along the coast—boxes containing silks and laces, and contraband merchandise of every description.

After awhile the moon came up and silvied the rolling waves of the channel. Its light fell against the foot of the cliff, and showed the boy at intervals the coast pathway between the sea and the rock.

When he reached the foot of the cliff, which was slippery and washed by the tide. The Cornish boy dropped the rope and saw it reach the rocks below.

It proved to be the most perilous journey of his life. All the way he was compelled to hug the wall of rock, with the roaring surf leaping at him. More than once he was caught, and barely saved himself by clinging to the rocks that cut like knives.

For our part, we hope Emperor William will complete for the America cup and enter the next race with a sport like paid spies, and some even went so far as to cut the ropes hanging over the cliffs, leaving the poor bird-hunter in a terrible predicament.

NERVOUS SLEEPLESS

When a woman is nervous she is generally sleepless. If there is anything a nervous woman dreads it is the night which ought to be so welcome as the bringer of rest and refreshing. Her very dread increases her nervousness, and the fear of sleeplessness helps to make her sleepless. Sometimes a woman by the exercise of will-power tries to lie still and straight through the night. When her eyes are closed she seems conscious of some perilous presence in the room. When she lies with wide open eyes the gloom seems peopled with shadowy phantoms, that grow and melt away before her affrighted gaze. Then, perhaps, she springs from the bed and lights the gas or a lamp, feeling that she must have the companionship of light. And ever, from time to time, she rises to see what hour it is, and wonders to find it but fifteen minutes instead of an hour since she last looked at the clock.

One of the remarkable features about such a condition is that so few women connect it with its common cause—womanly disease. They try all kinds of sedatives for their nerves. They take "sleeping powders" and headache powders and all sorts of drugs which at the best can only numb the nerves and stupefy the brain for a time. The real need of nervous, sleepless women is a cure of womanly diseases. Then with quiet nerves natural, refreshing sleep will come again.

Nervous and sleepless women bear glad and grateful witness to the wonderful cures effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Even when the nervous condition had reached the most distressing stage, and all other medicines and means of cure had failed, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has effected a perfect and permanent cure.

"It is with pleasure that I write to let you know the great benefit I have received from your medicines, and by following your advice regarding self-treatment at home," writes Mrs. Selma Erickson, of 259 First Street, St. Paul, Minn. "You kindly advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets.' When I first wrote you I had been to three different doctors, and two of them said I would never get better without going to the hospital for an operation. I just sat down and cried, and said, 'If I die, I will die at home with my two dear little ones.' I had a mishap in May last and was weak all summer. Was not able to do anything. If I would get up and walk to the kitchen and back I would have to lie in bed for a day or sometimes two days. Last August I picked up one of Dr. Pierce's pamphlets and read of his wonderful work. I wrote to him for information and received an answer within five days from the day I wrote. He sent me six bottles of his 'Favorite Prescription' and six of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the result is just wonderful. I did not tell the doctors what I was taking. I have not been to any physician since the day I received the first letter from Dr. Pierce, and I feel as good as I ever did before I had the mishap. I want to say to you, if you are like me, do not give up, for I have been in bed every time I would go I felt so sick, but since I quit all the doctors and began taking your medicine I gained right along. I have gained forty pounds within the last four months. I weighed 125 when I began taking your medicines (in August), and now I am up to my usual weight—165. I cannot thank you enough for your wonderful medicines, and I wish you every success in the treatment of other cases as you have had in mine. When I think what I suffered last summer it seems now like a dream, for today I am as well and feel as good as ever."

"My wife was sick for over eight years," writes Albert H. Fultz, Esq., of Altamont, Grundy Co., Tenn. "She had uterine disease and was treated by two physicians and got no relief. At last I read in one of your Memorandum Books which you sent me, about Dr. Pierce's medicines, and we decided to try his 'Favorite Prescription.' I sent to the drug store and got one bottle, and the first dose gave ease and sleep. She had not slept any for three nights. Being sure that it would cure her, I sent five more bottles, and when she had taken the sixth bottle she was sound and well."

These are not exceptional cures. These letters are but two out of thousands written by women who found health through the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This great medicine for women establishes regularity, dries debilitating drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It cures nervousness, sleeplessness, backache, headache, and other consequences of womanly disease. "Favorite Prescription" is purely a vegetable preparation containing no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. It cannot disagree with the weakest constitution.

Mrs. Erickson, in her letter printed above, refers gratefully to correspondence with Dr. Pierce and advice received from him. Dr. Pierce invites sick and ailing women to consult him by letter, free. All correspondence is held in sacred secrecy and the written confidences of women are guarded by strict professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

ABSOLUTELY FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advisor, containing more than a thousand large pages and over 700 illustrations, is sent FREE on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing ONLY. This great work is complete guide to health and a common sense "doctor book." Send 31 cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the paper covers. Address: DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Schley's Santiago

BY GEORGE EDWARD GRAHAM.

The Most Sensational Book of the Day.

Contains an authentic and personal account of the battle by land and sea. The facts of the story of the movements and operations of the "U.S.S. Albatross" are set forth in a way that is both interesting and instructive. The author tells us in his own words that he has never seen any other book that tells the story of the Albatross as fully and as truthfully as this. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and instructive. The author tells us in his own words that he has never seen any other book that tells the story of the Albatross as fully and as truthfully as this.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

The largest award ever paid for a prescription, chopped hands in San Francisco, A.D. 1901. The transfer involved in coin and stock \$112,500.00 and was paid by a party of business men as a gift for Bright's Disease and Diabetes, incurable diseases.

"THE MILWAUKIE"

A familiar name for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, known all over the Union as the Great Railway running the "Phone Limited" trains every day and night between St. Paul and Chicago, and Omaha and Chicago. The only perfect trains in the world.