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### Pig that Disrupted the Town

By Alice E. Ives

When little Mrs. Wiley moved into the small town of Norton and rented a cottage with a bit of ground quite on the outskirts, she nor nobody else had any idea that she would cause a nine-days' sensation and nearly disrupt the town. She had two or three friends in the place who could vouch for her perfect respectability, for she had been born in a nearby town, not thirty miles from Norton. She said she wanted the peace and quiet of the country, and did not seem to care much for going about socially. Ten years before she had gone up to the city a bride, but for three years she had been a widow, and since coming to Norton she had lived quite alone in the little cottage, with Roger, the collie dog, for companion and guardian of the premises.

Vida Wiley being fair of face, trim of figure, always neatly dressed, and still not much beyond the mid-thirties, quite naturally caused some of the male contingent to take notice, but she did not much encourage their advances. One man, however, frequently found entrance, and that was Avery Grice, though he always came with his sister, Miss Anna Grice, who was an old friend of Vida's. Still, even this highly respectable visitation set the town tongues a-wagging, it being generally opined that Mr. Avery Grice would in time find his way alone to the widow's.

On moving to the cottage, Vida's first care was to provide Roger with a kennel. It was painted green, neatly kept, and the collie soon became very much at home in his new lodgings. One day Vida was attracted by low growls from the dog coming from the back yard. She went out to find who the intruder was. She could see no one. Looking for Roger, she found him standing in front of his kennel, peering in, and continuing the growls. After getting him away from the entrance, she looked in. A small pig in possession eyed her from the back of the kennel. Roger gave her an imploring whine, wagged his tail, and



Look Him Away Amidst Voiferous Squeals.

awaited the eviction of the undesirable tenant. As plainly as dog language could speak, he informed her he felt it entirely beneath his dignity as a thoroughbred, to say nothing of his forbearance for a thing so much smaller than himself, to use violence in dragging it forth.

Vida with some difficulty drew forth the pig, put him out in the road, and brushed out the kennel. Roger sniffed fastidiously at the interior, but concluded to make the best of it, and settled down for a nap. Again the next day growls drew her out to the kennel, and again she had to get out the pig, and clean up the premises. A pig is liable to do more damage to flower beds and growing vegetables in the process of being driven out of a garden than a full-grown cow, owing to his having no understanding of being driven, so Vida found it easier to carry him out. To be sure, he was a very small pig, but her neat frock or apron generally suffered from the contact. Like Roger, she could not hurt the little animal, especially such an unusual pig, who evidently preferred nice, clean quarters to those provided for the rest of his family. Vida found that the pig belonged to Mr. Henry Spears, who lived a few rods down the road. Mr. Spears was a leading light in the Presbyterian church, and a very respectable citizen.

Of course he would not wish her to be annoyed this way, and Vida determined to tell him about it, and to try to see him that evening. As luck would have it, Avery Grice and his sister came to see her, and she could not go to Spears' house; but as they sat outside, Mr. Spears came along, and Vida hailed him. He came to them, and on Vida asking him if he would not take care of the pig, answered: "Well, now I missed that pig, but I didn't bother. He's only a runt, and never'll amount to anything. So he's been stopping over here. Now I tell you, Mrs. Wiley, if he comes around again, you just give him to anyone that wants him. I don't care what you do with him, and he laughed and went on.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Vida to her guests. "I don't know what to do with the pig!"  
"He seems to be such an unusually intelligent porker, you might train him to be an educated pig," observed Grice. "You might make money out of exhibiting him."

This glittering prospect did not appeal to Mrs. Wiley, and the next day, when old Briggs, who did odd jobs for her, appeared, she asked him if he did not want the pig. He eagerly accepted. Anything in the nature of a gift was never refused by Hiram Briggs. The next day Vida went to the city for a week's visit, having made arrangements with Briggs to look after the dog. She was just fitting her key into her front door, on her return, when Mrs. Phelps, the dressmaker, stopped in front of the house, and spoke to her.

"My! you just got home!" she inquired. "On being assured that this was the case, she went on: 'S'pose you hadn't got yer 'senny yet.'"  
Vida looked blank, and asked what she meant by 'senny.'  
"Why, one of them papers that gets you before the judge an' the court," she explained. "They was lookin' fer you with one."

Vida's amazed expression prompted Mrs. Phelps to say: "Why, ha'n't you heard nothing?"  
Vida assured her she had not, and invited her in.

"My land! such goin's on as there's been, an' all on account of that pig!" "Pig?" exclaimed Vida.  
"Yes, you see Hiram Briggs said you give it to him. Wal, he took it home, and it kept up such a squealin', Miss Alkin, next door, bein' sort of cranky an' nervous, made such a row that Hiram goes and tells Jake Flynn about it, an' he puts it up to Hiram to get up a rifle for him, right there in the grocery, an' he starts in sellin' shares on that pig fer fifty cents a share. Wal, if he didn't take in ten dollars fer that pig, nobody havin' seen it, an' not knowin' it was a runt. When the raffle come off, Joel Stone, he drew the pig. Joel's an awful good-natured feller, an' instead of bein' mad at bein' took in that way, he jest about laughed his head off, an' he set Jake to startlin' another raffle, sayin' he wanted to help Hiram to get some new clothes, an' he was willin' to put the pig again. Wal, my conscience! It was passin' belief to see how another lot of suckers bit at the bait, an' Jake had got in another ten dollars, an' invited the folks to the drawin', when in walks Henry Spears, an' stops everything. He yells out that he is the owner of the pig, an' all that money belongs to him. Then Hiram he ups an' says you give him the pig, an' he can prove it. An' old Spears says he'd like to see how he was goin' to do it. You see he knowed you was gone, and he laid out to get that money fer the pig all right."

"Wal, if that mean old skinkin' didn't go an' get Hiram arrested, an' hauled up to court. But Hiram, he remembered how them folks, that Mr. Grice an' his sister, set out on your porch, and heard you tell him to take the pig, an' he got them for witnesses. Wal, everythin' was comin' fine fer Spears, an' dead agin' Hiram at the trial, when Mr. Grice got mad, an' he ups and tells the judge that Hiram was all right in takin' the pig, and it was give to you all right, an' you'd had trouble enough with that pig to collect damages from Spears. And he ends by callin' Spears a skinkin' old hippy. Well, then the judge he pounces on him, an' fines him ten dollars fer contempt o' court. Grice ain't more'n paid his fine when he lights in, and gives Spears another slam, and when the judge tries to shut him up, he goes on to tell what he thinks of the brains an' the justice of the hull court as it shows off in the town of Norton. Then Mr. Grice he gets fined another ten dollars, an' the trial of Hiram Briggs gets sort of forgotten, and sidetracked in the trial of Mr. Grice fer contempt o' court. Pretty soon the judge, seemin' to think the fish of Mr. Grice is gettin' monotonous, adjourns the court. Wal, when the judge comes out, Mr. Grice is layin' fer him, an' he steps up, an' says: 'Court's over now, I s'pose, an' the judge 'lows that it is. Then Mr. Grice fetches him one in the eye, an' the judge hits back, an' there's no knowin' what might have happened if some men hadn't got between 'em... The judge couldn't hold court the next day, it not lookin' jest right to be on the bench with a black eye. Everybody's talkin', an' takin' sides, an' gettin' all scraps. Yes, the town is all right rippin' up over that pig."

"I think," said Vida quietly, "I can straighten this out."  
Vida appeared promptly in court the next day. The judge was wearing a shade over his right eye, but as she entered his quick look changed to a long, steady stare. He seemed to recognize her. She gave her testimony in a few well-chosen words, and the case was decided for Hiram Briggs, Spears having to pay the cost of proceedings.

After it was all over the judge came to Vida. "Isn't this the one who used to be Vida Gould?" he asked.  
"Why, yes," she said, and then, as though memory dawned: "Why, you are David Hards, who used to draw me to school on your sleigh."  
"Yes," he said.

After that it began to look as though Grice and the judge were making a close running for the widow's heart. His sister seems to think Grice is ahead, and she is liable to know.

**Freak Inventions.**  
There are on file in the patent office the strangest, freakiest kinds of inventions, which reveal in the most astounding manner the marvelous and incomprehensible workings of the human brain. If, as some wit remarked, "genius is a form of insanity," a visit to the patent office will furnish abundant evidence of the truth of this assertion. However that may be, one explanation of some of the freak devices and appliances that have been invented and patented may, evidently, be found in the statement that the enthusiasm of these inventors kept them from thinking.—Exchange.

**On Second Thought.**  
David, who overruns on his imagination, especially when with other children, was playing with Robert, who was visiting here from a small town. David was telling him that his mother knew of a building in Robert's town that was 900 feet tall. Robert said he would run and ask his mother if she knew the building, and David quickly spoke up: "Wait a minute, wait a minute; maybe it was only ninety feet tall."

**She Knew.**  
Grace—"Don't tell anybody for the world! See this ring? George slipped it on my finger last night." Ethel—"Yes, it's nice-looking, but it will make a black circle round your finger before you've worn it a week. It did on mine."

**Sure of One Thing.**  
A maiden lady of more or less uncertain years, no matter if she has made a failure of everything she has ever undertaken, is always sure she would be a success as a wife.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

### MEMBERS OF CABINET GETTING IN TRIM



Cabinet members, most of whom are beyond the military age, are putting in a daily period of training so that their physical condition may be of the best and they may handle their jobs in winning fashion. Cabinet members and other government officials are training under the direction of Walter Camp, the famous Yale athlete. Those shown in the picture, from left to right, are: Secretary of the Treasury William G. McAdoo, Attorney General Thomas W. Gregory, Assistant Secretary of Labor Louis Post and Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson. They are shown going through the setting-up drill.

### LISTEN TO THIS! SAYS CORNS LIFT RIGHT OUT NOW!

You corn-pestered men and women need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes that nearly killed you before, says this Cincinnati authority, because a few drops of freezone applied directly on a tender, aching corn or callus, stops soreness at once and soon the corn or hardened callus loosens so it can be lifted out, root and all, without pain.  
A small bottle of freezone costs very little at any drug store, but will positively take off every hard or soft corn or callus. This should be tried, as it is inexpensive and is said not to irritate the surrounding skin.  
If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house. It is fine stuff and acts like a charm every time.

He May in 1950.  
"Why do you look at the baby in that peculiar manner?"  
"I was wondering if he will ever tell his children about the happy days of 1917 when prices were so reasonable."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Trouble.  
Visitor—My poor man, when you get out of this place, do not yield too hastily to temptation. Take time to think; take time.  
Convict—That's wot I'm in fer. I took too many watches.

### Don't Let Skin Trouble Spoil Your Good Time

"I can't have any fun! I am such a sight with this eczema that people avoid me wherever I go. And the itching torments me so that I don't get any peace, any how." "Try **MURINE**." "Don't be discouraged! Even in severe, well-established cases of eczema, or similar skin-troubles, Resinol Ointment, aided by Resinol Soap, usually relieves the itching at once and quickly clears the eruption away. All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. Try them."

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### A Domestic Indignation.

"I just can't get along with my husband, and that's all there is to it," remarked the square-jawed woman.  
"I understand you begged him with tears in your eyes not to go into the army if he could possibly avoid it."  
"I did talk rather sentimentally about the fear of losing him. And he made my affection an excuse to put up such an argument for exemption that they'll probably let him out. I've got to look forward to having a slacker sitting around the house all through the war."—Washington Star.

### An Old Trait.

Uncle Eben—"I just had a letter from my English cousin. He was in the trenches. He says one day his company was ordered to charge, and the first thing he knew he ran into a lot of barbed wire, several men and a hundred German batteries." Aunt Nancy—"Just like George—never looks where he's going."—Life.

### Disconcerting Candor.

Surgeon (to patient he is about to operate on)—Well, old chap, if I don't see you again, here's luck!—Puck.

Defined.  
Diplomacy is the art of being disagreeable in a polite manner.—Boston Transcript.

### PAINS SHARP AND STABBING

### Woman Thought She Would Die. Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Ogdenburg, Wis.—"I suffered from female troubles which caused piercing pains like a knife through my back and side. I finally lost all my strength so I had to go to bed. The doctor advised an operation but I would not listen to it. I thought of what I had read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and tried it. The first bottle brought great relief and six bottles have entirely cured me. All women who have female trouble of any kind should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. ETTA DODSON, Ogdenburg, Wis.

Physicians undoubtedly did their best, but this case steadily and could do no more, but often the most scientific treatment is surpassed by the medicinal properties of the good old fashioned roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If any complication exists it pays to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special free advice.

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### Larks in the Office.

Boss—I want to speak to you, Mr. Lovum, about your attentions to Miss Sweet during office hours. I engaged you as billing clerk only; no cooing mentioned. That will be all for the present.—Tid-Bits.

### Veterinary Needs.

"We must do something about blind tigers."  
"I say so, too," declared innocent Mrs. Squab. "Those unfortunate animals should have the services of a good veterinarian at once."

### A Cook With Foresight.

There is a certain Brooklyn man who takes a great interest in his household. So the other day, just before he left his office, he telephoned to his wife to ask whether she wanted him to bring anything home.  
"Yes," said his wife. "I wish you would stop and get some tea. And you might as well, while you're about it, get a set of China, too."  
"China?" gasped the husband.  
"Yes. Of course we've got some, but the cook says there's not enough to last the week out."

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