

Dragged-Down Feeling

In the loins. Nervousness, unrefreshing sleep, despondency.

It is time you were doing something. The kidneys were anciently called the reins—in your case they are holding the reins and driving you into serious trouble.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Acts with the most direct, beneficial effect on the kidneys. It contains the best and safest substances for correcting and toning these organs.

London Likes Fowls

It is the opinion of leading salesmen that London consumes no fewer than 15,000,000 fowls a year, which if evenly divided among the population would allow about three per head per annum.

Prove It

We want you to prove our statement that Monopole Spices are the purest and strongest in the world. To enable you to do so we will send a 10 cent tin of White Pepper or Cayenne or Ginger or other variety, if you will send us two 2-cent stamps and give us the name and address of your grocer. Prize coupons packed with every can. Send to Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Portland Or.

Morocco Mail Carriers

Mail carriers in Morocco are said to avoid the risk of losing their places by oversleeping by trying a string to one foot and setting the end on fire before going to sleep. The string, they know from experience, will burn so long, and when the fire reaches their foot it is time for them to get up.

A bottle of Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a Medicine Chest in itself. It cures pain in every form. 50 cents at druggists.

Goats' Milk

A German sanitarian regrets that so little use is made of goats' milk. Its advantages over cows' milk are that it is richer, more like human milk and absolutely free from germs of tuberculosis.

Barely Possible

"Wonder that makes the funny man look so glum?" queried the horse reporter.

"Perhaps he is out of humor," suggested the snake editor.

A Difficult Case

First Lawyer—How did you come out in settling up old Gotrox's estate?
Second Lawyer—It was a hard struggle.

No!

"Yes; I had hard work keeping the heirs from getting part of the estate."—Ohio State Journal.

Stimulus

Critic—Well, Dick, I suppose you owe all that you are to your wife.
Successful Author—No. I think I owe about three-fourths of my stimulus to all those other women who wouldn't have me.

The Letter "E."

"E" is the most common letter. In 1,000 letters "e" occurs 137 times in English, 184 times in French, 145 in Spanish, 178 in German.

Pepper and Cream

A dash of black pepper, says an old housekeeper, greatly improves vanilla ice cream.

The North Side of a Tree

The side of a tree on which most of the moss is found is the north. If the tree be exposed to the sun, its heaviest and longest limbs will be on the south side.

Made a Beginning

"Miss Frocks has reached her declining years."
"Nonsense," replied Gargoyles.
"She's not more than twenty-five."
"But she has declined half a dozen men."—North American.

Hungry, but Fastidious

"Lady," said the wayfarer, "I can't eat these scraps."
"You can't?" said the housewife.
"Why, you just told me you were so hungry you could eat a house."
"Yes, mum; but I meant a porterhouse."—Chicago News.

Accounted For

Gladys—So Ferd has been tracing back his ancestors?
Ethel—Yes, and found his first ancestor was a garbage contractor.
"I thought he seemed 'in the dumps' about something."—Judge.

Books in Germany

The largest circulation attained for a novel in Germany is that of "Eckehard," by Schaffie, and it has reached but 180,000 in fifty years.

Deserved Better

Ho—Do you mean to say the plumber has not been here yet?
She—No; isn't it shameful? And we are such good customers; our plumbing is nearly always out of order!

Gray?

"My hair was falling out and turning gray very fast. But your Hair Vigor stopped the falling and restored the natural color."—Mrs. E. Z. Benomme, Cohoes, N. Y.

It's impossible for you not to look old, with the color of seventy years in your hair! Perhaps you are seventy, and you like your gray hair! If not, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. In less than a month your gray hair will have all the dark, rich color of youth.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express address.

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

I had much ado to keep quiet, but I did manage to hold my tongue. I had my eyes fixed on him, however; as he again turned to go, his eyes encountered mine, and, I thought, fell before them. In a moment we heard the door slam behind him, and Louise sank sobbing into a chair. It took all Birley's efforts and mine to calm her. I think I must have become very much engrossed with my own efforts, for when at length Louise sat composed and I turned to Birley, Birley was gone.

"You will not leave me," she said, laying her hand on mine, "till he comes back."

That touch precipitated feeling in me, and the confession which I had not intended I should make for some time yet. Considering the highly wrought condition of the nerves of both of us, I do not think it is surprising that we should then have opened our hearts to each other.

"I wish," I said, "that I need never leave you side again."

On an impulse of shyness she tried to withdraw her hand, but kept it and she let it stay.

"Louise," I said, "do you know what that man meant when he accused me of seeking to marry an heiress?"

"Yes," said she, with hanging head (the beautiful head), "I think I do. He said something of the same to me at Blackpool."

"And do you think," I urged, "that if I told that heiress how I loved her, how I had loved her and thought of her from the first moment I had seen her, before I guessed that she might be an heiress—do you think if I said that, it would only be because I expected she would be rich one day?"

"Oh, I do not think that at all!" But, she said, looking up with a bright, uncertain smile (which was so winning!—so ravishing!) "but I am not an heiress."

"You guess, then, it is you I would say this to?—that it is you I love and have ever thought of?"

She trembled violently (dear fluttered heart) but I still held her hand.

"I did not guess," she murmured, "until he made me think of it at Blackpool. Then I understood why you had been so very good to me, and I—"

"What, Louise? What, dear?" I urged.

"Then I—I think," she faltered, "I began to—do not make me say it!"

"To love me a little!" I asked.

"Do, do say it." Her face was hid against my shoulder, and my arms were about her before she added—"but not little—very much!"

It was some moments before either of us spoke again.

"Do you think," she said at length, "it is right that we should have said these things at such a time?—when we do not yet know anything certain about my dear, dear father?"

"Louise," I answered, "darling, I would, you know, save you the smallest pang of pain. But I think I ought to say at once, dear, that you must give up the hope that you have clung to, I know, in secret, that you might after all find your father alive. He does not live, I am sure now—indeed I may say I am sure now—where he lies buried, though I must not tell you more at present. All we can hope for do then, darling, is to give him a decent resting place. Then we shall go away out of this terrible region of money grubbing, of horrible toiling and moiling in smoke and steam and poisonous vapors, where the eye cannot rest upon one single spot of nature unobscured—we shall go away to a place where the people are poorer and milder, where we may see clear skies and pure water, and trees and flowers bright and wholesome. Won't that be a welcome change?—and to get away from the constant talk of 'brass.'"

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, "that will be sweet. Let us go—do let us go as soon as ever all things are settled, and we have done something for our dear uncle Birley! We shall do something for him—shall we not?"

We were thus talking when "Dear Uncle Birley" came in. He probably suspected the understanding we had come to, but, like a kind and discreet old gentleman as he is, he said nothing that would give us away.

"Wondered where I've been, have you? Well, lad, I've just walked down to thy lodgings to tell 'th' old woman she may go to bed, for thou'rt to stay here the rest of this night—the last night but one, very likely, that I shall be here myself!"

A tear glistened in his eye, and a lump rose into his throat; but, after a momentary pause, he talked on, and these signs of emotion disappeared.

We soon went to bed, but I think no one of the three slept much.

In the course of an intimate talk with Louise which I had that Sunday I learned how near I had been to losing her while she was at Blackpool, where her vigilant diuenna had been a hard, faithful old German servant of Steinhardt's. It was only gradually that I got to know all the anxiety, and even terror, of those days of detention and surveillance, but that day I heard to my horror that the poor girl had been so wrought upon by Steinhardt's representations of her duty to her father, of the benevolence of refusing to fulfill what (Steinhardt declared) had been his frequently expressed wish, that she was on the point of accepting Frank for a husband, when he and his father were called away, the one home and the other to London.

CHAPTER XV.

As I recall the final episodes of my story so far as they concern the arch-villain Steinhardt, I am so affected with a shuddering horror that I scarce write legibly. Yet they have such a fascination that I am drawn to the description of them, to the risk of omitting one or two matters of quieter interest, which are yet vital to my story. These I must dispose of. Wednesday and Thursday passed away, and the Friday arrived, which to think of even now makes me tremble. It was a daring experiment we were about to attempt, and so very little would make it

seived he possessed as he reclined huddled in his chair—and, quivering with excitement, strove to give utterance. This he could not do, but with lightning gesture he pointed with outstretched arm the door. Steinhardt stood and stared open-eyed, when he made as if he would himself compel him to go.

"Go," "Manuel; go, man!" urged Birley, holding the door open.

Steinhardt went without a word, and the old man fell back in his chair—and was soon rigid in death.

CHAPTER XVI.

Birley remained that night at the cottage. When I left to return to my lodgings I was surprised, even for the moment terrified, to see lights across the stream, hovering about the spot which I knew was the temporary grave of Mr. Lacroix. In the moving lights I presently saw figures; I heard sounds, too—the sounds of a pickaxe!

"They are breaking into the grave!" I exclaimed to myself, and resolved I would go and see.

I hurriedly picked my way round to the place. About the fallen wall—the gigantic tomb-slab of Lacroix, which a brawny pickman, naked to the waist, was bowing at—there stood, in silent, stolid expectation, a crowd of thirty or forty men and lads, with two or three women with shawls over their heads. Many of the men were in the colored garb of the chemical works.

"Pick on that spot where you see the green," I called to the hewer; I had hastily come to the conclusion that since I could not hinder the operations I ought to help.

When I said this they all turned and looked at me.

"You know summat about this, do not you, person?" asked one.

"Something," said I.

"I'm 'th' King," said an old man, whom I recognized as the father of the man to whose death bed I had been summoned months before; "I'm thinking this that you've shown tonight in 'th' pictures is 'th' same business as my lad raved about."

So my connection with the pictures had been discovered.

In silence the hewer picked the bricks loose, pausing now and then to let a comrade throw the debris aside. Soon a space was cleared, and he began carefully to pick into and loosen the soil. A shovel was brought into requisition, and the earth and rubbish were thrown aside. And the old ventilating cowl overhead kept grinding stiffly and slowly about, with painful, long-drawn moans, as if it were oppressed with the spirit of the scene.

"I've struck on summat!" exclaimed the hewer, pausing abruptly and speaking in a hurried whisper.

Several hands were now tearing at the soil, and fearfully sounding it. "I feel a clod," whispered one man, and he began to tug at it.

"Ah," I exclaimed in alarm, "you mustn't disturb them—not tonight, at least!"

"Yes, person," said the man, "but we mun. We mun see which on it is he's done for like this. There's Jim Riley gone missing, and Job Kershaw."

(To be continued)

WANTED TO CLIMB THE GATE.

Story of Secretary Moody and Naughty Boston Woman.

They are telling a story in Washington about the new secretary of the navy. Mr. Moody was riding on one of the Boston surface cars, and was standing on the platform on the side next the gate that projected passengers from cars coming on the other track. A lady—a Boston lady—came to the door of the car, and, as it stopped, started to move toward the gate, which was hidden from her by the man standing before it.

"Other side, please, lady," said the conductor. He was ignored as only a born and bred Bostonian can ignore a man. The lady took another step toward the gate.

"You must get off the other side," said the conductor.

"I wish to get off on this side," came the answer, in tones that congealed the official into momentary silence. Before he could either explain or expostulate, Mr. Moody came to his assistance.

"Stand to one side, gentlemen," he remarked quietly. "The lady wants to climb over the gate."—New York Times.

Sent to Conference Committee.

Gen. Grosvenor had just been telling a story. When he reached the climax he paused expectantly, but nobody laughed. They looked at him in a reproachful manner, and the general, with some irritation, tartly explained the point of the joke. They then laughed, but it was an effort, and Senator Payne said:

"Grosvenor, you are deteriorating. Formerly anyone could see your jokes after one application."

"Yes," replied the crestfallen Grosvenor, abjectly, "and now they have to be sent to a conference committee."—New York Times.

England's Mint.

Some striking details of the operations of the mint are given in the estimate for the coming financial year. The profit on silver and bronze coinage is estimated to be the same as last year, namely, 800,000 pounds, while the loss on worn coins withdrawn from circulation, is expected to amount to 52,000 pounds, as against 60,000 pounds last year. The gold coinage represents a loss of 5,000 pounds. The costs of preparing and engraving the king's seals is put at 2,000 pounds.—London Daily News.

Where Bronze Is Weak.

An astonishing decrease in the tensile strength and ductility of bronze at temperatures above 400 degrees Fahrenheit has been reported by Prof. C. Bach of Stuttgart. With an alloy of 91 per cent copper, 4 of zinc and 5 of tin, these properties were reduced about 6 per cent at 400 degrees, but about 50 per cent at 600 degrees. This discovery suggests caution in the use of bronze for engine parts in contact with superheated steam.

Spread of Civilization.

The first Tagalog-English and English-Tagalog dictionary has just been completed. It is the work of Dr. Stomple of New York, who worked on the Tagalog grammar before our war with Spain.

CONGRESSMAN ALDRICH ENDORSES THE TONIC, PERUNA.

Says "It Will Build Up a Depleted System Rapidly."



Hon. W. F. Aldrich, congressman from Alabama, writes from Washington, D. C.:

"This is to certify that Peruna, manufactured by The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, O., has been used in my family with success. It is a fine tonic and will build up a depleted system rapidly. I can recommend it to those who need a safe vegetable remedy for debility."—W. F. Aldrich.

Catarth of Stomach.

"It is with pleasure I recommend Peruna as a tonic of unusual merit. A large number of prominent members of the different orders with which I have been connected have been cured by the use of Peruna of cases of catarrh of the stomach and head; also in kidney complaint and weakness of the pelvic organs."

"It tones up the system, aids digestion, induces sleep, and is well worthy the confidence of sufferers of the above complaints."—H. S. Emory.

A catarrh book sent free by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

An Obliging Husband.

"Why do you offer such a large reward for the return of that ugly dog?"

"To please my wife."

"But such a reward is sure to bring him back."

"No, it won't. He's dead."

More Interesting.

"Were you interested in that account of the Washington man who suddenly disappeared?"

"Well, I'd have been more interested in an account of a man who gradually disappeared!"

The Bride Was Attired.

Wife (looking over old-fashioned magazine)—What frights we must have been in 1895.

Husband—Yes, love is blind, all right. That's the year you married me.

Colonies of European Nations.

The colonies and dependencies of France covered an area in 1900 of 3,740,000 square miles with a population of 56,000,000. The area of German colonies and dependencies amounts to 1,027,120 square miles, with a population of 14,687,000.

A Distinction.

"Faps, were we descended from monkeys?"

"Not all of us, my boy. Some were ascended."—Detroit Free Press.

Exclusive.

"Pauline is very exclusive, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes, quite. She never introduces an eligible man to any other girl."

Numerical.

"It is said that even the hairs of the head are all numbered."

"Yes, I know; but a good many of them are back numbers."

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought bears the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years.

Nothing so good for children as THE PRUSSIAN POULTRY FOOD. It makes them Lay and Keeps them Laying. It cures Croup, Cholera and All Diseases. It strengthens young chicks, and makes them grow. Price 25c and 50c. My young chicks commenced laying, and after losing four dozen I purchased a package of your PRUSSIAN POULTRY FOOD, which I fed to them. They were from crying and I have constantly kept it on hand ever since. I can recommend it as just what is needed in raising poultry. C. K. RIGGIN, LaSalle, Wash.

E. J. BOWEN, Coast Agents, Portland, Ore., and Seattle, Wash.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of *Dr. J. C. Carter*

FOR HEADACHE, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE. Almost Discouraging. "We are going to have a number of beautiful libraries," said the happy man. "Yes," replied the gaunt person with the lustrous eyes. "It is a terrible responsibility to put upon this generation. I don't know who is to write the books worthy of such magnificent surroundings."—Washington Star.

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

A Woman's Aim. Justice—Did you throw a brick at this man? Mrs. O'Toole—No, sir. Justice—Then how was it that you hit him? Mrs. O'Toole—Because I t'rowed it at some wane else, yer honor.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Village Joker Has His Joke. Two Italians with two bears wandered into the village of Swanton yesterday. The "village joker" thought it would be funny to explode a dynamite firecracker under Bruin, and he did it. A moment later the entire population of the town took to the tall timber. All succeeded in getting away except Harvey Boescher, who lost the greater part of his trousers.—Columbus Dispatch.

Shake Into Your Shoes Allen's Foot-Powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, itching feet. Sold by all druggists. Price 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A Long Day. From the northern terminus of Norway's most northern railway the sun is constantly in sight from June 5 to July 11.

Plenty Like It. "Can I get this note shaved?" he timidly asked the money lender. "Gracious," exclaimed the broker as he glanced at the date, "it's old enough to need it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

If It's Monopole, It's the Best. In coffee, spices, baking powder, canned goods and all other groceries. Insist on Monopole. WADHAMS & KERR BROS., Packers, Portland.

HOW ABOUT IT? When you strike a stump with the ordinary push cut mower, something happens about as shown in the above illustration, and they are left with a stump that is not cut out. The Champion Draw Cut Mower.

This device is so built that pressure against the bar will raise the wheels from ground, decrease traction and cutting power. With the Champion Draw Cut the contrary is the result—pressure against the bar in heavy cutting gives downward pull, holding the wheels tighter to the ground. Increased traction, more power, making the most powerful cutter on the market. This fact stands uncontroverted, and if you want the best mower made, buy the Champion Draw Cut.

Send for book of testimonials from hundreds of delighted customers all over Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Write to W. L. WILSON & BROS. CO., General Agents, Portland, Or.

HOITT'S SCHOOL

Parents desiring home influence, beautiful surroundings, perfect climate, careful supervision, and thorough mental, moral and physical training for their boys, will find all these requirements fully met at Hoitt's School, Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal.

Twelfth year begins August 12th. IRA G. HOITT, Ph. D., Principal.

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