

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has surpassed all other medicines, in merit, sales and cures.

Its success, great as it has been, has apparently only just begun.

It received more testimonials in the last two years than any previous two—over 40,000.

It has the abiding confidence of the people—the strongest proof of its unequalled worth.

It purifies the blood, cures all blood diseases, all humors and all eruptions.

It strengthens the stomach, creates an appetite and builds up the whole system.

It cures that tired feeling and makes the weak strong.

In usual liquid, or in new tablet form, 100 Doses One Dollar.

No Need of It.

"Can't I sell you a painless corn cure, madam," said the peddler.

"No, you can't!" snapped the woman of the house. "I have no painless corns."

Then the door was shut with a sudden slam.—Chicago Tribune.

Reform Needed.

"Senator," asked the reporter, "is there likely to be any reform legislation in the near future?"

"Probably not," answered the eminent statesman, "but the conviction is growing that there ought to be a change in the form of administering the oath in courts of justice."

"In what respect?"

"Well, it is felt that a witness should be sworn merely to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Telling the whole truth is not only unnecessary in most cases, but is sometimes highly injudicious."

WASTED TO A SHADOW,

But Found a Cure After Fifteen Years of Suffering

A. H. Stotts, messenger at the State Capitol, Columbus, O., says:



"For fifteen years I had kidney troubles, and though I doctored faithfully, could not find a cure. I had heavy backaches, dizzy headaches and terrible urinary disorders. One day I collapsed, fell insensible on the sidewalk, and then wasted away in bed for ten weeks. After being given up, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. In a couple of months I regained my old health, and now weigh 188 pounds. Twelve boxes did it, and I have been well two years."

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

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Portland Trade Directory

Names and Addresses in Portland of Representative Business Firms.

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MAGIC LANTERNS—Wester Co., Portland. Lowest prices on lanterns and slides.

ELASTIC HOSIERY: Supporters, Braces; Knit to fit; free measurement blanks; Woodard, Clarke & Co.

HORSES of all kinds for sale at very reasonable prices. Inquire 275 Front St.

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TELEGRAPHY TAUGHT FREE. Complete course and position secured when graduated. This offer good only for short time. Write for particulars. PACIFIC TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE Grand Theatre Building, Portland, Oregon.

Bricks from Sand.

A correspondent of Cardiff, Wales reports that great sand dunes extend for miles along the north coast of the British Channel. These, in addition to being utterly worthless for all purposes, are also a menace to the narrow strip of lowlands between them and the hills. A company of business men have determined to put the sand to some use, and if their works prove profitable an industry will be built up on the dunes. The plan is to manufacture bricks from sand. The experiment has proved a success on the continent where the bricks are produced in several colors and take a glaze satisfactorily. Some experts claim that these bricks made of sand and lime will be the building brick of the future in Wales and the United Kingdom.

The Hard-Working Reformer.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "it 'pears to me like a reformer was one o' deshere people dat has to talk two hours an' a half to 'spress one o' de ten commandments. An' dar warn't no dispute 'bout dat in de firs' place."—Washington Star.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

What Father Thought.

A New York teacher of instrumental music was one day telling the father of a pupil, a lad of 10 years, of the progress made by the boy in his studies.

"I think he is improving a great deal," said the professor. "He will certainly learn to play the piano."

"Is that so?" asked the father, much gratified. "I didn't know whether he was really improving or whether I was merely getting used to it."—Harper's Weekly.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Not that Kind of a Place.

"All my threats don't bother him at all," said the collector.

"No?" replied the merchant, "said we could go as far as we liked, eh?"

"Well—er—I think the place he mentioned was farther than you'd like."—Philadelphia Press.

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, J. L. 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Man on the Steps.

They were going to the matinee. She was up in her boudoir putting on finishing touches, and he was sitting impatiently on the front steps.

"George," she called down sweetly, "just one minute more until I find my gloves."

Fifty minutes passed.

"George," came from above, "wait another second. I've lost my pin."

Twenty minutes slipped by.

"George," she continued, "don't go. One moment. A button just jumped off my shoe."

Long silence. Then George calls wearily:

"Hurry a little, Ethel. If you get down in another five minutes we can make the evening performance. Matinee's over long ago."

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Sylvia uttered a little cry. She had become fond of her dumb companion. "Kill Nanny! Oh, Mr. Dawes! What for?"

"I am going to make a boat for you," he said, "and I want hides and thread and tallow."

A few weeks back Maurice Frere would have laughed at such a sentence; but he had begun now to comprehend that this escaped convict was not a man to be laughed at, and though he detested him for his superiority, he could not but admit that he was superior.

"You can't get more than one hide off a goat, man?" he said, with an inquiring tone in his voice—as though it were just possible that such a marvelous being as Dawes could get a second hide by virtue of some secret process known only to himself.

"I am going to catch other goats at the pilot station."

"But how are you going to get there?"

"Float across. Come, there is no time for questioning. Go and cut down some saplings, and let us begin."

The lieutenant master looked at the convict prisoner with astonishment, and then gave way to the power of knowledge, and did as he was ordered. Before sundown that evening, the carcass of poor Nanny, broken into various most unbutchery fragments, was hanging on the nearest tree; and Frere, returning with as many young saplings as he could drag together, found Rufus Dawes engaged in a curious occupation. He had killed the goat, and, having cut off its head close under the jaws, and its legs at the knee joint, had extracted the carcass through a slit, which slit he had now sewed together with strings. This proceeding gave him a rough bag, and he was busily engaged in filling this bag with such coarse grass as he could collect. Frere observed, also, that the fat of the animal was carefully preserved, and the intestines had been placed in a pool of water to soak.

The convict, however, declined to give information as to what he intended to do. "It's my own notion," he said. "Let me alone. I may make a failure of it." Frere, on being pressed by Sylvia, affected to know all about the scheme. He was galled to think that a convict brain should contain a mystery which he could not share.

On the next day, by Rufus Dawes' directions, Frere cut down some rushes that grew about a mile from the camping ground, and brought them in on his back. This took him nearly half a day to accomplish. Short rations were beginning to tell upon his physical powers. The convict, on the other hand, trained by a woful experience in the boats to endurance of hardship, was slowly recovering his original strength.

"What are they for?" asked Frere, as he hung the bundles down.

"To make a float. You are very dull, Mr. Frere. I am going to swim over to the pilot station and catch some of those goats. I can get across on the stuffed skin, but I must float them back on the reeds."

Frere saw that his companion was cleaning the intestines of the goat. The outer membrane having been peeled off, Rufus Dawes was turning them inside out. This he did by turning up a short piece of it, as though it were a cuff sleeve, and dipping the turned-up cuff into a pool of water. The weight of the water, pressing between the cuff and the rest of it, bore down a further portion; and so, by repeated dippings, the whole length was turned inside out. The inner membrane having been scraped away, there remained a fine transparent tube, which was tightly twisted and set to dry in the sun.

"There is the catgut for the noose," said Dawes. "I learned that trick at the settlement. Now, come here."

Frere, following, saw that a fire had been made between two stones, and that the kettle was partly sunk in the ground near it. On approaching the kettle, he found it full of smooth pebbles.

"Take out those stones," said Dawes. Frere obeyed, and saw at the bottom of the kettle a quantity of sparkling white powder, and the sides of the vessel crusted with the same material.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Salt."

"How did you get it?"

"I filled the kettle with sea water, and then heating those pebbles red hot in the fire, dropped them into it. We could have caught the steam in a cloth and wrung out fresh water, had we wished to do so."

Frere burst out in a sudden, fretful admiration: "What a fellow you are, Dawes! What are you—I mean, what have you been?"

A triumphant light came into the other's face, and for the instant he seemed about to reply by some startling revelation. But the light faded, and he checked himself with a gesture of pain.

"I am a convict. Never mind what I have been. A sailor, shipbuilder, prodigal, vagabond—what does it matter? It won't alter my fate, will it?"

"If we get safely back," says Frere, "I'll ask for a free pardon for you. You deserve it."

"I don't want favor at your hands. Let us get to work. Bring up the rushes here, and tie them with a fishing line."

At this instant Sylvia came up. "Good afternoon, Mr. Dawes. Hard at work? Oh! what's this in the kettle?"

The voice of the child acted like a charm upon Rufus Dawes. He smiled quite cheerfully.

"Salt, miss. I am going to catch the goats with that."

"Catch the goats! How? Put it on their tails?" she cried merrily.

"Goats are fond of salt, and when I get over to the pilot station, I shall set traps for them baited with this salt. When they come to lick it, I shall have a noose of catgut ready to catch them; do you understand?"

"But how will you get across?"

"You will see to-morrow."

CHAPTER XVI.

Frere, coming to the pier next morning, saw Dawes strip himself, and piling his clothes upon the stuffed goatskin, stretched himself upon the reed bundles, and, paddling with his hands, pushed off from the shore. The clothes floated high and dry, but the reeds, depressed by the weight of the body, sunk so that the head of the convict alone appeared above water. In this fashion he gained the middle of the current, and the outgoing tide swept him down toward the mouth of the harbor.

Rufus Dawes, drifting with the current, had allowed himself to coast along the eastern side of the harbor until the pilot station appeared in view on the opposite shore. By this time it was nearly 7 o'clock. He landed at a sandy cove, and, drawing up his raft, proceeded to unpack from among his garments a piece of damper. Having eaten sparingly, and dried himself in the sun, he replaced the remains of his breakfast, and pushed his floats again into the water.

Arrived at his destination about midday, he set to work to lay his snares. The goats, with whose sides he hoped to cover the coracle, were sufficiently numerous and tame to encourage him to use every exertion. He carefully examined the tracks of the animals, and found that they converged to one point—the track to the nearest water. With much labor he cut down bushes, so as to mask the approach to the water hole on all sides, save where these tracks immediately conjoined. Close to the water, and at unequal distances along the various tracks, he scattered the salt he had obtained by his rude distillation of sea water. Between this scattered salt and the points where he judged the animals would be likely to approach, he set his traps, and retired to watch the effect of his labors.

About two hours after he had gone, the goats came to drink. There were five goats and two kids, and they trotted calmly along the path to the water. The watcher soon saw that his precautions had been in a manner wasted. The leading goat marched gravely into the springs, which, catching him round the neck, released the bent rod, and sprung him off his legs into the air. He uttered a comical bleat, and then hung kicking. The other goats bounded off at this sudden elevation of their leader, and three more were entrapped at a little distance.

Rufus Dawes now thought it time to secure his prize, though three of the springs were as yet unsprung. He ran down to the old goat, knife in hand, but before he could reach him the barely dried catgut gave way, and the old fellow, shaking his head with grotesque dismay, made off at full speed. The others, however, were secured and killed. The loss of the spring was not a serious one, for three traps remained unsprung, and before sundown Rufus Dawes had caught four more goats. Removing with care the catgut that had done such good service, he dragged the carcasses to the shore, and proceeded to pack them upon his floats. He discovered, however, that the weight was too great, and that the water, entering through the loops of the stitching in the side, had so soaked the rush grass as to render the floats no longer buoyant. He was compelled, therefore, to spend two hours in restuffing the skin with such material as he could find. Some light and flock-like seaweed, which the action of the water had swayed after the fashion of haybands along the shore, formed an excellent substitute for grass, and having bound his bundle of rushes lengthwise, with the goatskin as a centerpiece, he succeeded in forming a sort of rude canoe, upon which the carcasses floated securely.

The tide was now running in, and he knew it was imperative that he should regain the further shore while the current was in his favor. He touched the chilled water and drew back. For an instant he determined to wait until the beams of the morning should illumine that beautiful but treacherous sea, and then the thought of the helpless child, who was, without doubt, waiting and watching for him on the shore, gave new strength to his wearied frame; and fixing his eyes on the glow that, hovering above the dark tree-line, marked her presence, he pushed the raft before him into the sea.

Paddling and pushing, he gradually edged it toward the firelight; and at last, just when his stiffened limbs refused to obey the impulse of his will, and he began to drift onward with the onward tide, he felt his feet strike firm ground. Dragging the carcasses above high-water mark, he rounded the little promontory and made for the fire. He gained the fire before the solitary watcher there heard his footsteps, and spread his hands to the blaze in silence.

Frere, starting, cried, "It is you! Have you succeeded?"

"There are six carcasses down by the rocks. You can have meat for breakfast to-morrow."

The child, at the sound of the voice, came running down from the hut. "Oh, Mr. Dawes! I am so glad! We were beginning to despair—mamma and I."

Dawes snatched her from the ground,

and, bursting into a joyous laugh, swung her into the air. "Tell me," he cried, holding up the child with two dripping arms above him, "what you will do for me if I bring you and mamma safe home again?"

"Give you a free pardon," said Sylvia; "and papa shall make you his servant!" Frere burst out laughing at this reply; and Dawes, with a choking sensation in his throat, put the child upon the ground, and walked away.

In the morning, however, Rufus Dawes was first at work, and made no allusion to the scene of the previous evening. By dint of hard work they got the four goats skinned, and the entrails cleaned ready for twisting, by breakfast time; and having broiled some of the flesh, made a hearty meal. Mrs. Vickers being no better, Dawes went to see her, and seemed to have made friends again with Sylvia, for he came out of the hut with the child's hand in his. Frere, who was cutting the meat in long strips to dry in the sun, saw this, and it added fresh fuel to the fire of his unreasonable envy and jealousy.

Rufus Dawes took two of the straightest and most taper of some celery-top pines which Frere had cut on the previous day, and lashed them tightly together, with the butts outward. He thus produced a spliced stick about twelve feet long. About two feet from either end he notched the young tree until he could bend the extremities upward; and having so bent them, he secured the bent portions in their places by means of lashing of rawhide. The spliced trees now presented the rude outline of the section of a boat, having the stem, keel and stern all in one piece. This having been placed lengthwise between the stakes, four other poles, notched in two places, were lashed from stake to stake, running crosswise to the keel, and forming the knees. Four saplings were now bent from end to end of the upturned portions of the keel that represented stem and stern. Two of these four were placed above, as gunwales; two below, as bottom rails. At each intersection the sticks were lashed firmly with fishing line. The whole framework being complete, the stakes were drawn out, and there lay upon the ground the skeleton of a boat eight feet long by three broad.

Frere, whose hands were blistered and sore, would fain have rested; but the convict would not hear of it. "Let us finish," he said, regardless of his own fatigue; "the skins will be dry if we stop."

"I can work no more," said Frere, sulkily; "I can't stand. You've got muscles of iron, I suppose. I haven't."

"They made me work when I couldn't stand, Maurice Frere. It is wonderful what spirit the cat gives a man. There's nothing like work to get rid of aching muscles—so they used to tell me."

"Well, what's to be done now?"

"Cover the boat. There, you can set the fat to melt, and sew these hides together, two and two, do you see? and then sew the pair at the necks. There is plenty of catgut yonder."

"Don't talk to me as if I were a dog!" says Frere, suddenly. "Be civil, can't you?"

But the other, busily trimming and cutting at the projecting places of sapling, made no reply. It is possible that he thought the fatigued lieutenant beneath his notice. About an hour before sundown the hides were ready, and Rufus Dawes, having in the meantime interlaced the ribs of the skeleton with wattles, stretched the skins over it, with the hairy side inward. Along the edges of this covering he bored holes at intervals, and passing through these holes thongs of twisted skin, he drew the whole to the top rail of the boat. One last precaution remained. Dipping the pannikin into the melted tallow, he plentifully anointed the seams of the sewed skins. The boat thus turned topsy-turvy, looked like a huge walnut shell covered with red and reeking hide, or the skull of some Titan who had been scalped. "There!" cried Rufus Dawes, triumphant. "Twelve hours in the sun to tighten the hides, and she'll swim like a duck."

The next day was spent in minor preparations. The jerked goat-meat was packed securely into as small a compass as possible. Water bags were improvised out of portions of the intestines of the goats. Rufus Dawes, having filled these with water, ran a wooden skewer through their mouths, and twisted it tight, tourniquet fashion. He also stripped cylindrical pieces of bark, and having sewed each cylinder at the side, fitted to it a bottom of the same material, and calked the seams with gum and pine tree resin. Thus four tolerable buckets were obtained. One goat skin yet remained, and out of this it was determined to make a sail. "The current was strong," said Rufus Dawes, "and we shall not be able to row far with such oars as we have got. If we get a breeze it may save our lives." It was impossible to "step" a mast in the frail basket structure, but this difficulty was overcome by a simple contrivance. From thwart to thwart two poles were bound, and the mast, lashed between these poles with thongs of rawhide, was secured by shrouds of twisted fishing line running fore and aft. Sheets of bark were placed at the bottom of the craft, and made a safe flooring. It was late in the afternoon of the fourth day that these preparations were completed, and it was decided that on the morrow they should adventure the journey. "We will coast down to the bar," said Rufus Dawes, "and wait for the slack of the tide. I can do no more now."

(To be continued.)

Measured by Time.

"Do you consider frenzied finance a question of the hour?"

"The hour!" echoed the magazine publisher scornfully. "It is the question of several years at least."—Washington Star.

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