

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

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A flavoring used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not sold for you, on bottle and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wa.

## Cleaning and Dyeing

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### The Embarrassing Truth.

"The vindication of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley is a great triumph," said a Washington diplomat, "for pure food. Dr. Wiley tells the truth, and the truth is painful to certain types of food producers."

The diplomat laughed.

"Dr. Wiley was talking the other day about the painfulness of the truth," he resumed.

"He said it reminded him of a morning call that he once made on a young lady in his youth. In answer to her ring a thy foot of a girl opened the door, and Dr. Wiley said to her, as he stepped into the hall—

"Where is your auntie, Mabel?"

"Upstairs in her nightgown," chirped the girl, "a lookin' over the balustrade."

Well, from \$200 down.

Wife—I do really need a spring bonnet.

Hubby—How much?

Wife—Well, I could get one for from \$10 up.

Hubby—Id rather know from how much "down."

No Objection to Telling.

"Do tell me, 'Palsatilla,'" begged the girl under the inverted waste basket, "the secret of that wonderful blonde hair of yours. It defies detection."

"I will," said the girl under the inverted coal scuttle, "if you won't tell anybody else. I selected for my grandmother and mother two women who had hair just like mine."

Sounds Plausible.

"What is your principal object, anyhow," asked the visiting foreigner, "in building that Panama canal?"

"Well," answered the native, "we have an idea it will limit the size of future battleships."

A cold on the lungs doesn't usually amount to much, but it invariably precedes pneumonia and consumption. Hamlin's Wizard Oil applied to the chest at once will break up a cold in a night.

Glorious Victory.

"You had a political debate in your district school building last Saturday night, Uncle Sims, I understand. How did it go off?"

"We win. Whenever the other fellows tried to talk we turned loose two dozen cowbells, a lot of fishbones, a long, a bass drum, a horse fiddle, and they give it up an' quit. By George, they didn't get to say a blamed word!"

DR. T. P. WISE

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In providing the family's meals, don't

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at a moderate price. It

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ING POWD

# Race for a Wife

BY  
HAWLEY SMART

## CHAPTER XVII.

Maude Denison's eyes flashed, and her lips quivered. She faced her hands close together; but all she said was the monosyllabic "Green." Small mercy was Mrs. Upcroft likely to meet with at his hands; her insolence had already made Rose's teeth grate.

"Unfortunately, Mrs. Upcroft," he observed, with an evil smile; "but I am afraid the butcher will have to wait for some time before he next enjoys the pleasure of your society. You see, you have unluckily admitted, before myself and Miss Denison—two witnesses, hear in mind—that you were privy to the removal of an abstraction of a deed of value, even if you did not actually remove such deed with your own hands. The law, of which you are aware I am an expounder, calls a casualty of this kind by the name of felony, and recompenses it with varied terms of transportation. It is unpleasant, Mrs. Upcroft; but I fear, unless you can recollect where those particular papers are, there is nothing for it but to wait here patiently until the police escort I am about to summon has arrived for you."

The sulky insolence was taken well out of the unhappy housekeeper before Rose's speech was finished. Like most people of that class, she had but very vague ideas of the power of the law, and an almost morbid horror of encountering it in any shape. The barrister's accusation, too, sounded very plausible to unpracticed ears.

"Oh! Mr. Grenville, after knowing me all this time, whoever'd have thought you'd go against me in this way? Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?"

"Do what you ought to have done, at once. Tell Miss Maude this instant where those papers are. None of your nonsense about not remembering. You know perfectly well what you've done with them. I'll give you two minutes to collect your ideas, and if you can't do it by the end of that time, I'll lock you in here and send for the police."

"Oh, please don't! I don't know, right-ly. I think, Miss, they were all put up in an old trunk in the garret overhead," sobbed the now thoroughly cowed housekeeper.

"Go and see, Maude," said Rose, quietly.

Miss Denison tripped out of the room, leaving Grenville in a quiet contemplation of his victim.

"Oh, my!—oh, my!" sobbed the housekeeper, "to think of those old rubbishy things being of any consequence! And what right have you, sir, to say I took them? To think of my being accused of taking things, after all these years! But I suppose a poor servant's character is as far as a way of spending the next six or seven years at Portland as anybody I know; and, by heavens, I'll take pretty good care you get there! They have stood your insolence long enough here. If you want to take a few things with you, I'll ring, and one of the maids can put up your box. I'll run through your accounts after you are gone, and find out what you've done with the law of you, I will."

"You're right, Mrs. Upcroft; you will, and very much to your detriment, too, if the paper I want is not forthcoming. You're not talking to a woman now. You'll neither frighten me, nor get the slightest mercy at my hands. You're in as far a way of spending the next six or seven years at Portland as anybody I know; and, by heavens, I'll take pretty good care you get there! They have stood your insolence long enough here. If you want to take a few things with you, I'll ring, and one of the maids can put up your box. I'll run through your accounts after you are gone, and find out what you've done with the law of you, I will."

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ING POWD

## CHAPTER XVIII.

It is Monday afternoon. The usual crowd of refuse humanity clusters round the door of the great turf exchange. Ex-pugilists, low publicans, noblemen's waiters who were traders on men's weaknesses or lust-greys, brass-chained, shovel-hatted, brazen-throated, brass-browed—with wulfish greed of gain stamped more or less on their features—the hungry, gold-seeking mob oscillate round that low doorway. The turfite's temple never shuts; the fell war between backers and layers never ceases. Eager murmurs are heard midst that vulture-faced crowd.

"He went very bad in the market this morning," "Tell me they offered three, at the clubs." "What's wrong with him?" "What against the Saint?" and similar hurried interjections fall on the ear. Now a brougham, now a well-appointed cab, whose driver throws the reins from his lavender-kid gloves to the next tier; now the hansom of ordinary life drop their respective occupants at the small doorway.

The Subscription Room is full; round the big circular desks much paying and receiving is going on. The sofas round the room are crowded with loungers; the tessellated pavement is trod by a fluctuating mass, who ebb and flow to different points as some one or two large speculators vociferate the odds, or cease to do so. It is the settling day after the broken week at Newmarket, and sinister rumors are rife about the favorite for the Two Thousand. He has stood at five to two for a long while, but report says that three to one has been laid and offered, to any amount of money, at the racing clubs this morning.

Half-past four—fatal hour for many a favorite at Tattersall's, the adjustment of last week's accounts—the odds, and the ring has time to turn its attention to forthcoming events.

"Three to one against Corlander for the Guinea," is vociferated in more than one quarter. Nothing positive seems known about the horse; but a panic has set in, and backers stand aloof from a wager that yesterday they would have jumped at. Some few adventurous men take the increased odds to a little, but speedily repent as they find the disposition to lay that price rapidly increasing.

At this juncture Pearman, attired in deep mourning, entered the Subscription Room. It was but a few days since his father's funeral, and, to do him justice, he would not have been there had not a friend telegraphed to him early in the day the onslaught that was being made on Corlander. Business must be attended to, he argued, whether racing or otherwise, and knowing his horse to be perfectly well, he ran up at once to town to stop this demonstration against it.

Foremost among the opponents of the favorite was a big, corpulent north country fryman, who enjoyed the reputation of by no means throwing his money away. In turf parlance, when he persistently bet against a horse, "he knew something."

"Here's 1,000 to 300 against Corlander!" vociferated Mr. Piyart, for the second or third time.

"Put it down to me," said Pearman, quietly.

"Yes, sir. Will you take it twice?" Pearman nodded.

The bookmaker pencilled it into his note book. The crowd, attracted by the fact of Corlander's owner coming to the rescue, had surged round them; but no sooner had Mr. Piyart completed his memorandum than he reiterated his horse war cry of "Here's 1,000 to 300 against Corlander!" a shout in which he was immediately joined by two or three other large speculators.

"Put it down again, Piyart," said Pearman, grimly; and now, inspired with confidence by the way in which his owner had supported him, several backers invested on the favorite.

For a little, it seemed as if Corlander would rally in the market; but the layers of odds far exceeded the backers; and finally came forth Mr. Piyart's ominous shout of "Here's 1,000 to 300 against Corlander!"

"Perhaps so, but you an ev'ning 'Dane! an' like."

"No; you might as well be a donkey. I won't risk more than a 4,000 to 1. I don't start; but here's 4,000 to 1. I don't win, once more."

Sam Pearman shook his head, and, at all events for once in his life, walked out of Tattersall's thoroughly puzzled. He knew his horse to be perfectly well, he had seen him that morning. As far as he had tried him, he had never tried a three-year-old better. What were these ring men going on?

They make great mistakes at times, these members of the magic circle. Their brethren of the Stock Exchange occasionally get the worst of it also; but, as a class, either backers or shareholders are justified in feeling alarm at a persistent assault on what their money may be invested in. The decline of the favorite for a big race in the market is hardly so disastrous to the world in general as bank shares dropping twenty per cent below premium. Before Pearman left London the next day, he was aware, from various sources, that Corlander's status in the betting was still further shaken, and that as much as five to one had been offered against the crack of forty-eight hours ago. He thought of it all the way home, and felt more utterly bewildered than he had ever done before in the whole of his turf experience.

Could Sam Pearman have been present at a conference held in Silky Dalloway's rooms, between that astute gentleman and Grenville Rose, though he would have been still a long way from enlightened on the subject, yet he would have learned a good deal. It was the Friday night before that eventful Monday. Grenville had returned from Glinn the day previous. A costly old parchment lay on the table between them; it had apparently been consulted and thrown aside.

"Rumford says the deed is perfectly good, and Mr. Denison is quite certain there has been no sufranchisement. That's the case, Green, isn't it?"

Rose nodded, and Mr. Dalloway for a few minutes puffed meditatively at his cigar.

"Well," he continued, "the law part I leave to you. I presume that is all right. Rumford's opinion is quite good enough to go on, and old Denison, you see, was quite clear there has never been an enfranchisement. Odd there should not have been; but no doubt Pearman doesn't seem quite unaware of the existence of our friend here," and Dalloway jerked his head in the direction of the parchment. "He wasn't the man to leave such a blot in his game if he knew it. Though for the matter of that it was no blot so long as he lived. Now, look here, I must trust to you for the legal working of this affair; the racing part I can manage. We've got Sam Pearman in a regular hole, and, better still, he doesn't know it. I can make probably a good bit of money out of this, both for you and myself, without any risk whatever; but Dalloway events must decide that. Mr. Denison, at all events, must make a good bit; but without hurting his interests, in fact rather furthering them, you and I might pick up some five thousand pounds apiece. Do you understand?"

"Not in the least," replied Grenville.

"Well, there's not much necessity you should. Leave that to me; but you must work the legal machinery as I direct. Can you put it in motion by Wednesday or Thursday?"

"Let's say Thursday, certain," rejoined Rose.

"Very good, that will do; but don't let's have any mistakes about it."

"All right," nodded the other. "I'll guarantee that, and go down myself."

"Good. You told me the stake you were playing for, to start with, and as you are in real earnest about winning a wife, I think one may trust you. I shall commence operations at once. I'll see Piyart the bookmaker to-morrow, and put the first part of the program in his hands. We're going, you and I, to lay about a couple of thousand each against Corlander; and I'm going to give him five hundred to do as much as he likes for himself."

(To be continued.)

## HE DEFENDS DIVORCE.

Maine Judge Declares It is a Remedy and Not an Evil.

In the course of an address before the Twentieth Century Club upon the subject of divorce, Lucullus A. Emery, chief judge of the Maine Supreme Judicial Court, gave utterance to some views that have attracted much comment and discussion among the clergy and others, a Ranger (Me.) dispatch to the New York Herald says. Judge Emery said in part:

"I have read a great deal and heard a great deal about the divorce evil. Now, in my opinion, divorce is not an evil, but rather a remedy for evil. Like other remedies for evil, it may and does have attendant lesser evils, which we must seriously consider and eliminate if possible, but in itself divorce is not an evil—it is a remedy. The evil precedes the divorce, but comes after marriage. I shall not consider the moral side of the question. I am speaking from the legal standpoint alone in considering this remedy for many of the evils of society.

"Marriage is a civil institution, established by statute for the benefit of man. It is not a sacrament. There is nothing divine about it, but it is a purely human institution. Law has established it. Its rights and abuses are defined, not by the church, but by law.

"To be sure, divorce may, in a sense, have an ill effect upon society. It would be better, of course, if all marriages were ideal, but they are not. We find those terrible conditions. The remedy may be a choice of two evils, but I say that in choosing divorce society has chosen the lesser. I have heard it said that divorce should not be granted because of the children, but I maintain that it is better for them—not only better, but less hurtful. And I say these things in the light of honest experience."

About once a year the Queen of Spain wears a state robe which is considered the most magnificent garment in the world.

## Out-of-Town People

Should remember that our force is so arranged that we CAN DO THEIR ENTIRE CROWN, BRIDGE AND PLATE WORK IN A DAY if necessary. POSITIVELY PAINLESS EXTRACT. NO PAIN when plates or bridges are ordered. WE REMOVE THE MOST SENSITIVE TEETH AND ROOTS WITHOUT THE LEAST PAIN. NO STUDENTS, no uncertainty.

For the Next Fifteen Days

We will give you a good 25¢ gold or porcelain crown for..... 2.50

25¢ bridge teeth..... 3.50

Molar crown..... 3.50

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Good rubber plates..... 5.00

The best red rubber plates..... 7.00

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## Cheap Riding.

Uncle Zeke (from the city)—

You talk about cheap riding! I rode twenty miles on a street k'yar, an' all it cost me was a nickel.

Uncle Jed—Gosh! That ain't nothin'. When I was thar last year I rode to the top of the tallest buildin' in town an' it didn't cost me a blamed cent.—Chicago Tribune.

Mother will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

## A Grave Doubt.

Caller—So your cook has passed away to a better place.

Hostess—Yes, but I don't know if she'll stay; poor Bridget was very hard to suit.—Boston Traveler.

## You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, itching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, bunions, nail and toe troubles. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

## Bless Her!

When lovely woman buys a bonnet constructed of some shoddy or cheap material she piles a lot of fruit upon it. And walks along the Gay White Way.—New York Evening Mail.

## FITS

Dr. B. H. Kline, Ltd., 211 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Apprehensive.

Follow Statesman—Senator, that speech of yours in favor of the income tax was one of the strongest arguments I ever heard.

Eloquent Senator (with some uneasiness)—You don't think it changed any votes, do you?—Chicago Tribune.

## DO YOU WANT A TYPEWRITER?

The Wholesale Typewriter Co., 37 Montgomery St., San Francisco, will sell you one at 40 to 50 per cent discount from factory list, all makes on market, all fully guaranteed.

## The Nova Scotia government has appointed a commission to examine into and report on the feasibility of old-age pensions for workmen.

## Knocking Up a Heavens.

Nan—I like a play with a stirring plot.

Fan—That's the kind that thickens, isn't it?

## PIMPLES

"I tried all kinds of blood remedies which failed to do me any good, but I have found the right thing at last. My face was full of pimples and black heads. After taking Cascarets they all left. I am continuing the use of them and recommending them to my friends. I feel fine when I rise in the morning. Hope to have a chance to recommend Cascarets." Fred C. Witten, 76 Elm St., Newark, N. J.

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