

## Coughs of Children

Especially night coughs. Nature needs a little help to quiet the irritation, control the inflammation, check the progress of the disease. Our advice is—give the children Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your doctor if this is his advice also. He knows best. Do as he says.

We publish our formulae. We hasten alcohol from our medicine. We urge you to consult your doctor.

### Ayer's

If you think constipation is of trifling consequence, just ask your doctor. He will dissuade you of that notion in short order. "Correct it, at once!" he will say. Then ask him about Ayer's Pills. A mild liver pill, all vegetable.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

#### A Hard Proposition.

A young man visited his doctor and described a common illness that had befallen him.

"The thing for you to do," the physician said, "is to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning."

"Well, how are you feeling?" the doctor asked a week later. "Did you follow my advice and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?"

"I did my best, sir, but I couldn't keep it up more'n ten minutes at a stretch."—The Hills.

Raises the dough and complies with all pure food laws.

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CRESCENT MIL CO.  
Makers of MAPLEINE  
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## Painless Dentistry

Out of town patients can have their teeth extracted, filled, or repaired in our office. No pain, no swelling, no fever. We use the latest and most perfect methods. All work fully guaranteed.

DR. W. A. WELLS, Portland, Ore.

## Wise Dental Co.

Portland, Oregon

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Means an unending water supply. It means that you will have the most practical domestic water supply system now in use. No elevated tank, no frozen pipes in winter, no stagnant water in summer, no water supply troubles of any sort. Tank placed in basement, out of sight and way, made of pressed steel, will not rust and will last a lifetime.

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This wonderful man has made a life study of the properties of Roots, Herbs and Barks, and giving the world the benefit of his services.

No Mercury, Poisons or Drugs Used. No Operations or Cutting.

Guarantee to cure Catarrh, Asthma, Lung, Stomach and Kidney troubles, and all Private Diseases of Men and Women.

A SURE CANCER CURE

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CONSULTATION FREE

The C. Gee Wo Medicine Co.  
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## What Gold Cannot Buy

BY  
MRS. ALEXANDER

### CHAPTER II.

The two ensuing days were full of excitement—pleasurable excitement—to Mrs. Saville. Her keen eyes shone with a hard glitter as she thought that her son was probably saved from committing some dangerous folly, and launched fresh on a career which promised honor and promotion. In truth, Mrs. Saville's hopes and ambitions were centered on her second son. Her eldest was an apathetic, well-bred, briefless barrister, of dilettante tastes, given to writing elegantly-expressed papers in the more exalted periodicals on obscure passages in Shakespeare, and latterly in Browning, on the derivation of obsolete words, and other such topics, in which ordinary mortals took not the slightest interest.

Mrs. Saville was the only child and sole heiress of an exceedingly wealthy Sheffield manufacturer. She had married the accomplished, amiable, distinguished-looking younger brother of the Earl of Everton, an impetuous peer whose sole means of existence was derived from the rent of the family manor and domains. Mrs. Saville was an extremely ambitious woman; she had a keen desire for personal distinction, and in her own mind had resolved that as her eldest son must in the order of things succeed his uncle and become Earl of Everton, so Hugh must marry a woman of rank and fortune, and thus she would be free to give the bulk of her belongings to support the title which would devolve upon her eldest son. He was a steady, respectable young man, but her heart, her pride, centered in her Benjamin.

Mrs. Saville's love was a somewhat onerous obligation; she had a very tough, inexorable will, and a profound belief that she could manage every one's affairs considerably better than they could themselves—a doctrine in which her younger son rarely agreed. His mother's greed for power was greatly developed by her early widowhood, though the deceased Honorable her husband was a peace-loving soul who rarely contradicted her. Such was the condition of things at the beginning of this narrative.

Receiving no reply to her telegram, Mrs. Saville sat up late on the following Wednesday, hoping her son might arrive, and retired to rest weary with unfulfilled expectation.

When her maid brought her early cup of tea, the following morning, she announced that "Mr. Hugh arrived about half an hour ago, and has gone to his room."

Whereupon Mrs. Saville ordered her breakfast to be brought to her in her own apartment, that she might not delay her son's refreshment, and prepared leisurely to meet him in her morning-room. She was already there to greet him when he came up-stairs.

"Well, my dear Hugh! I am glad to see you. My best congratulations. Have you read the Secretary's letter? I told Atkins to give it to you."

"Yes, he did," said Hugh, shortly; then he kissed his mother's brow and stood looking at her with a troubled expression.

He was a fair, sunburnt man of perhaps six or seven-and-twenty, rather above middle height, broad-shouldered, and seeming shorter than he really was. His features were good, and a pair of large handsome brown eyes lighted up his face, which was square and strong; his hair and thick mouse-taches were light brown, with a reddish tinge.

"Why, Hugh, you are looking ill and worn. You do not seem like yourself. Why did you not arrive last night?"

"I came as quickly as I could; the trains at this season are inconvenient," he returned, still in an absent tone. He had a pleasant, deep-ched voice, and, though he had never given much time to its cultivation, could sing a good second.

"If you had started on Monday night after you had my telegram, you might have been here yesterday."

"I could not, mother." And he began to pace the room in quarter-deck style.

"Why?" persisted Mrs. Saville, with vague uneasiness.

"Because I had a rather particular engagement on Tuesday morning."

"What do you mean?"

"I had arranged to be married on Tuesday morning, and I could not disappoint the parson and the consul; I say nothing of my fiancée," he returned, with a grim smile, and pausing in his walk opposite his mother.

"Married!" she repeated, growing white and grasping the arms of her chair. "Hugh, this is a stupid, vulgar jest."

"It is not, mother. I am married as fast as church and state can bind me. If I look haggard and seedy you need not wonder, for it isn't pleasant to leave your bride almost at the church door, I can tell you."

"Madman!" she hissed through her set teeth, while her keen black eyes flashed with fury. "To what adventures have you fallen a victim?"

"Hugh," he said, with some dignity, "you must not speak disparagingly of my wife. To-morrow or next day you will see full particulars in the newspapers."

"What!" she almost screamed, "are you in such haste to blazen your disgrace to the world?"

"I may as well let you know at once," he continued, not heeding her interruption. "My wife was Miss Hill-ton, daughter of the late Captain Hill-ton, an old cavalryman, of good family, I believe; but that I don't care a rap about."

"I expected this," said Mrs. Saville, in a low, concentrated tone, and rising in her wrath. "Some inner voice told me evil would come of your long, unaccountable stay in that vile place. New leave me. Never let me set eyes upon you again. You have blasted my hopes, you have destroyed my affection for you, you cease to be my son."

"Stop!" cried Hugh, in such a tone of command that his mother obeyed. "You must and shall hear me. Pray sit down. I have a good deal to say." He resumed his walk for a moment, while he strove to collect himself. Mrs. Saville was silent, watching him with cruel, glittering eyes.

"You have a right to be angry," Hugh began, throwing himself into a chair near his mother's. "You have been a good mother to me, and you deserve that I should have consulted you—but knowing that you would do your best to forbid or prevent the marriage, even to the length of writing cruelly to Kate, I determined to say nothing till the deed was accomplished. Now hear me. I first met the Hill-ton in Naples nearly two years ago when I was with the Mediterranean squadron. My uncle Everton was there, and I had leave now and again while we lay off Sicily. You know I never bother about women, mother; but before I knew Kate Hill-ton a week, I was fathoms deep. I don't know whether other people think her beautiful or not, to me she is the best and loveliest."

Mrs. Saville made a motion of the hands expressive of disgust and repulsion, while a contemptuous smile curled her thin lips.

"There, I will not trouble you with details," continued Hugh, grimly. "She sang—well, like a prima donna, and she used to let me sing with her, but the more I showed her—well, the feelings I could not repress, the colder and more distant she grew. She drove me half mad. Then I was ashore, as you know, and went off wandering abroad, hoping to meet her, as I did. Still she kept me at arm's length, but something told me that she wasn't as indifferent as she seemed."

"No doubt!" ejaculated Mrs. Saville.

"About six weeks ago, I went to Nice, and found old Hill-ton very ill—so ill that I could scarce get speech of Kate. They were lodging in the outskirts of the town. Then he died very suddenly at the last, and Kate, unnerved with watching and grief for the old man, who, though by no means a good father, was never actively unkind, broke down and clung to me. She was friendless, penniless, helpless. I took the command and insisted on her marrying me."

"Have you done yet?" asked his mother, harshly.

"Nearly. Have a little patience. As a woman I ask you what opinion you would have of a man who could have deserted the girl he loved with all his own and soul in such desolation? Could I have helped her, given her money, protection, anything, save as a husband? She was not the usual proud self, or she would have seen through the thin excuses with which I veiled your silence. Now, mother, be tender, womanly—ay, and reasonable. Make up your mind to the inevitable. Kate is my wife. See her before you condemn me, before you banish me. Give her the protection I cannot stay to give. I have left her with the kind old Frenchwoman in whose house her father died. I dared not endanger my career, my reputation, by losing an hour; so, for her sake as well as my own, I tore myself away. I don't think I ever asked you a favor; now I pray you, if you ever loved me, take my wife to your heart; let her live near you; give her a chance of winning your good opinion, your—"

A scornful laugh interrupted him.

"Do you imagine I am as weak a fool as my son? I shall have nothing to do with you or your wife. Go; I shall not see you again. You have never asked me a favor? Have I not paid your debts?"

"Yes, at Rawson's request, not mine, nor should I have incurred them had my allowance been measured by the needs and habits with which I had been brought up. Did you ever love my father, that you are so hardened against the first love of your son's life?"

"I had a proper affection for my husband, but I should never have forgotten myself for any man. I repeat it, you cease to be my son from this hour. You shall have the quarter's allowance now due to you, but after this not a penny more. See how you will get on with the beggarly pittance you derive from your father. To-morrow I shall see Rawson about altering my will. What wife will compensate me for a life of poverty and obscurity?"

"Poor we may be, but obscure, if I live, we shall not be," said Hugh, rising, and looking steadily at his mother, while he spoke very calmly. "I may deserve some censure for not informing you of my plans, but in this treatment I do not deserve. And yet I believe you have a heart, though so calked and coated with worldliness that its natural impulses are hopeless ly deadened, your natural good sense blinded to the relative value of things. What would the wealth of a kingdom be to me, if I knew the woman I love was groping her way painfully, with a bruised spirit and bleeding feet, through the rugged ways of life with-out a hand to help her? No, mother, your son is man enough to risk every-

thing rather than that. I will obey you and go. Good-by. God be with you. I will never see your face again, until you ask me and my wife to visit you."

"Then it is farewell forever," said Mrs. Saville, sternly. "Take my thanks for this repayment of all the care and thought and affection I have lavished on you."

Hugh stood half a minute gazing at her, then, turning sharply, left the room without another word. Mrs. Saville had risen to utter her last sentence, and now walked to the fireplace to ring sharply.

"Tell one of the men to be ready in ten minutes. I want to send a note to Mr. Rawson. It requires an answer," she said to the butler. "And, Atkins, I shall not want you any more to-day; you had better assist Mr. Hugh. He is prettier for time. I wish everything belonging to him in this house to be packed and removed by to-morrow evening at the furthest. You understand me," said his mistress, sternly; "everything must be removed. And, Atkins, telegraph to Mr. Saville. I think he has returned to his chambers; he was to be away only a week. Say I want him to come here to luncheon." The man, looking stupefied, quitted the presence of his imperious mistress, who sat down to write with a steady hand and a curious scornful smile on her lips.

Mrs. Saville's son did not come to luncheon, and Mr. Rawson's partner wrote his regrets that the head of the firm had left the office, before Mrs. Saville's note had arrived, and they did not know when he would return, but that the writer would wait on Mrs. Saville at once if she wished, and would telegraph.

So the obdurate mother's intention of destroying her will at once was for the moment frustrated. She therefore ordered the carriage, and, after paying a round of visits, took a long drive, reaching home just in time to see Atkins inspecting a pile of luggage being placed on a cab. He hustled the men who were assisting out of his lady's way, saying officiously, as he did so, "We have nearly cleared away every thing. Just one or two boxes are left for to-morrow. I did not like to take them so late into a private house, and it's a goodly step to Portchester Terrace."

"Do what you like," said Mrs. Saville, coldly; "do not trouble me." And she passed through the hall, thinking, angrily, "So that weak-minded man Rawson is giving that miserable, ungrateful dupe, my son, shelter and encouragement! I will call him to account for this."

It was a wretched evening. Mrs. Saville was to dine with a distinguished dowager, and, with Spartan courage, arrayed herself in her best and went forth to smile and utter bland nothings about her dear boy's haste to get off in good time, about his good fortune in being appointed to the flag-ship, and many more things about her mingled regret and satisfaction—polite inventions with which she vainly hoped to throw dust in the world's shrewd eyes.

Next day detection took the wings of the morning and came flying in the shape of Lady Olivia Lumley, newspapers in hand. Breathless, excited, she arrived before mid-day, a mark of unauthorized familiarity.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Saville, my dear Elizabeth, have you seen what is in the newspapers? I came off at once. I could not bear that any one should break it to you but myself." And she held out the paper doubled down at the announcement among the marriages.

"No, I have not," cried Mrs. Saville, savagely, snatching the paper, crushing it, and throwing it from her, "but I heard all about everything yesterday morning. I have disowned and banished my son. I will never see him again. But if you have come here to gloat over my rage and distress, you will be disappointed. I have merely cut off an offending member. He is not worth regretting. If you ever dare to mention the subject again, I shall decline to hold any communication with you or to give a reason for cutting you. The world can fill up the blanks."

(To be continued.)

"How many children have you?" said the tourist affably.

"I dunno exactly," answered the tired-looking woman.

"You don't know?"

"Not for certain—Willie's gone fishing; Tommy's breakin' in a colt; Georgie's borrowed his father's shotgun to go huntin' and Esmeralda Ann is thinkin' of elopin'." I never know how many I've got till supper time comes, so's I can count 'em."—Washington Star.

**The Mean Thing.**

"But why does a horse have to wear blinders, Mr. Speedy? I think they are horrid and cover up the eyes."

"The same things may be said of the hat you are wearing, madam."—Houston Post.

**Mean.**

"I want a brave man for a husband," sneered the young girl.

"The man who marries you will have to be brave," sneered the youth in return.—Detroit Free Press.

**Very Abrupt.**

Spring Post—Yes, sir, I can write about anything, sir.

Irate Editor—Well, then, suppose you just right-about-face and head for the door?

**A Hot One.**

The Book Agent—Madam, at least I claim to be a gentleman.

Miss Cayenne—That's all right—so long as you're not required to prove it.

**Why He Got His.**

The vendor of images, who had just been thrown out of a large office building, wept bitterly as he looked at his torn clothes and broken wares.

"Who did this?" inquired the friendly cop. "Till pinch 'em if you say the word."

"No; it was my fault," said the victim, gathering up the remains of a plaster image. "I insisted on trying to sell a bust of Neph Webster to a meeting of simplified spellers."—Denver Republican.

**Shake Into Your Shoes.**

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address: A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Money to Burn.**

The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust.

"Them chug wagons must cost a hape av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money."

"An' be the smell av it," sniffed Pat. "It must be that tained money we do see hearin' so much about."—Success Magazine.

**Great Home Eye Remedy.**

For all diseases of the eye, quick relief from using FLETCHER'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

**At the Summer Resort.**

Clara—What an interesting man Mr. Robinson is. He always holds one's attention.

Charlie—When I saw you both on the porch last evening I thought he was holding something much more substantial than your attention.—Judge.

Pneumonia and Consumption are always preceded by an ordinary cold. Hamlin's Wizard Oil rubbed into the chest draws out the inflammation, breaks up the cold and prevents all serious trouble.

**Fauly Example.**

"You must think you ought to run around barefooted, Johnny," said Mrs. Lappling, chidingly. "Just because Bobby Stapleford does. He's no centurion to go by."

**SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE**

**For DISTEMPER** Pink Eye, Epizootic, Shipping Fever and Catarrh Fever

Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horrid at any age are infected or exposed. Liquid, given on the tongue, acts on the Blood and Glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Children in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among broods and in a fine Kidney remedy. 50c and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen. Cut this out. Keep it. Show it to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures." Special Agents wanted.

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## KC BAKING POWDER

25 Ounces for 25 Cents

Made from pure, carefully tested materials. Get a can on trial. You never saw such cakes and biscuit. They'll open your eyes.

Guaranteed under all Pure Food Laws

**As Yet.**

Teacher—What do we know concerning the canals on Mars?

Shaky Haired Pupil—Geet! We don't know any more about 'em than we do about our own north pole.

**Offended Dignity.**

Ira Grett—Folly, dear, let me elope with you the first dark night!

Folly Grett—Elope with me! The ideal I supposed you wanted me to elope with you!

## 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.

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"For over nine years I suffered with chronic constipation and during this time I had to take an injection of warm water once every 24 hours before I could have an action on my bowels. Happily I tried Cascares, and today I am a well man. During the nine years before I used Cascares I suffered untold misery with intermitting pain. Thanks to you, I am free from all that this morning. You can use this in behalf of suffering humanity." B. P. Fisher, Kansas, Ill.

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