

Mrs. Mary C. Sweet.



"I am sure Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery saved my daughter's life," said Mrs. Mary C. Sweet of 1514 Wilamette St., Eugene, Oregon. "When she was eight years old, eczema broke out on top of her head and spread until it completely covered her head. She kept getting worse so we finally decided to give her Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. We bought \$5.00 worth of the Discovery and along with it we gave her Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' improved her blood, and the breaking out on her head disappeared. The 'Pellets' drove out the poison from her system and she was never bothered after that with eczema. 'Golden Medical Discovery' is the greatest blood medicine I have ever known."

Ask your nearest druggist for Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in tablet or liquid form. Good for young or old.

Write Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

#### Two Mine Victims Buried.

Pittsburg.—Residents of the little town of Horning Sunday gave up their watch at the mouth of Horning No. 4 mine of the Pittsburg Terminal Coal company long enough to attend the funerals of two of the victims of last Wednesday's disaster. Sixteen men are still unaccounted for within the workings. Tony Hern and Reese T. Bradburn, the latter a foreman, were those for whom services were held.

#### Made Study of Necromancy

John Dee was an English mathematician and astronomer; born in London on the 13th of July, 1527. He was educated at Cambridge and spent some time studying abroad and in Holland. He returned to England and held several offices. After 1578 he became interested in necromancy and his philosophical researches were concerned almost entirely with this study. He died in December, 1608, at the age of eighty-one.

#### Causes of Monsoons

A monsoon is a wind that blows along the Asiatic coast of the Pacific over the extent of about 40 degrees latitude, in winter from the northeast (dry monsoon) and in summer more violently from the southwest (wet monsoon). The wind is due to the differences of pressure between areas of land and sea which are primarily caused by seasonal difference of temperature.

#### Clocks and Watches

To keep the works of a watch clean, and to insure that it will run smoothly, cut a piece of white paper the size of the cover, and after soaking the paper in petrol, place it in the inner case of the watch. The paper should be periodically removed and a fresh piece, also soaked in petrol, substituted. The same plan may be adopted for small and medium-sized clocks.

#### Earthquakes in Old Rome

There never was any outstanding destruction in Rome as a result of earthquakes, but the city did have its quakes, and some historians contend that many Roman palaces and temples said to have been destroyed by the barbarians between the Fifth and the Ninth centuries were really shaken down by earth tremors.

#### Locks for French Windows

It will be found that French windows, owing to their size and being hung on hinges, are subject to warping. To stop this it is well to have two locks or catches, one located midway between the center and top and the other between the center and bottom of window.

#### Elephants Slaughtered

Thirty thousand male elephants are killed every year in the Belgian Congo.

#### Sea Shells in Oil Well

At 1,900 feet depth, the bailer on the Copenlog oil well, near Bowie, Ariz., brought up a number of small shells, of type common on the seacoast.

#### You Want a Good Position

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P. N. U. No. 7, 1920

## AN UNTIMELY REMINISCENCE

By AMY GORDON

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"IT IS a strange coincidence," the deacon said to the minister as they walked together down to the water's edge, "it is indeed a very strange coincidence that the first person you are to baptize is the son of the man who killed your father!"

The minister's foot splashed into the water as he strode forward. A thrill ran over his body as a breeze over still water and stirred his inner calm. He moved his neck within the soft collar band like a man who would breathe more freely.

"There never lived a better man than your father, and the horror of his murder lingers with me yet—" the deacon paused as if to blot out the awful memory before he continued his story.

Though without, the minister seemed calm enough; within, the words of the deacon had caused a mighty tumult. It was as if two great forces were engaged in a deadly conflict. The old paths of response sought to assert themselves, while the higher ideals of recent origin struggled to gain supremacy. It took all his power to maintain a calm exterior. Perhaps had the deacon been more observing he might have noted the failure of the minister's part to wholly suppress the outward expression of the strife within, but he was altogether engrossed with his own memories and the relating of them as he pushed himself along in the water a little in advance of the minister.

The minister's father had been a missionary to Burma, and had been killed by an angry Burmese official. Since then the Burmese official had died, leaving an only son, who was the idol of the people. The son was now old enough to fill the vacancy left by the death of his father, and a great celebration was in preparation. He had embraced the Christian faith, and today, with some other natives, was to be baptized. He was the first to be immersed, as his rank gave him precedence over the others. The little group of Christians stood apart on the bank of the river.

"I shall never forget your face," the deacon continued, "when your mother told you your father had been killed—you just stared—oh, here we are—"

The water swept up to the knees of the minister as he followed the deacon to the place indicated for the solemn service; while swayed by the passion of the deacon's words, his whole life flashed before him in a few brief pictures.

First, he saw his early childhood spent by his father's side, full of richness, beauty, and happiness—then the awful wrench to his boyhood when his father was killed. Even now the terrible grief that followed, that dried his eyes, blanched his face and gnawed its way into the very marrow of his bones, folded itself about him again with renewed force, and the thirst for revenge, the thirst that had eaten its way all through his growing years, came back! Then he remembered his vow; then, after another lapse of time, his mother's death in America; after that, his conversion—his resolution for a new life—to take up the work his father left off—he determined to do as a test of his repentance—his forgiveness of the crime—that henceforth his work should be a living monument to his martyred father!

So he stood in the water, his head erect with a queer beating of his eyelids. Ever since his conversion he had fought every inch of the way, the long, long way, in the steady struggle to overcome all thoughts of revenge—murder! He would not allow himself to sail to Burma until he was sure he had conquered. Then a vivid picture came when he had believed he had broken the power of the desire to murder, and the thirst that had lain so close to his heart was slaked, and he was thankful! But standing there it awoke in him so strong that it sang like itching music in his ears, it quickened a rush of blood to his brain that sickened him and filled his nostrils to suffocation. The anguish of the old frenzy was coming back, holding him in terrorized suspense. Drops of sweat sprang from every pore in his body with the same impetus as the mad impulse that filled his heart and brain, and blinded his eyes to the throng on the river's bank, and dulled his ears to the sweet voice of the singer that called the young converts to the river. The monstrous call for murder came back to him with an overwhelming desire. He managed to straighten himself up in a last struggle of his deserting will power. The horrible thirst was awake! Awake! Life was nothing!

A beautiful youth stepped into the water, and came slowly toward the minister. His rich brown skin gleamed in the sunlight, his jet-black hair waved away from his brow, his white teeth shone between his smiling lips, his luminous brown eyes, uplifted, were radiant with the joy of his resignation to a Christian faith. He was clothed in white from neck to ankle.

The minister stood erect, his arms folded tight across his heaving chest, his veins swelling as he looked at the advancing, beautiful youth; but he saw only the son of the man who had killed his father and hastened the

death of his mother. He turned to the deacon:

"You are sure?" he asked, hoarsely. "Yes, quite sure. It is a great religious tragedy!"

The minister's hand reached out and grasped the slim fingers of the outstretched hand of the youth.

"Abdul!" His voice scraped and choked in his throat. His mind full of hate and his heart burning for revenge was gaining the mastery every second. He breathed hard. He breathed harder. The voice of the singer on the shore quivered out its warmth and light. The crowd on the bank stood with bare, bowed heads, for Abdul was their idol.

"Abdul, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!"

The slender body of the young Burmese sank beneath the ripple of the river's wooling. Under its disturbed surface no one saw the long, slender fingers of the minister as they closed about the slim throat. No one saw their cruel twist as they were buried in his flesh, nor heard the bones crack as he wrenched and wrung his victim beneath the water. No one heard the death gurgle; no one saw the death struggle nor the bright spurt of blood that drenched the minister's dripping cuffs; no one saw the brutal heel that finished the masterly piece of work; no one knew that Abdul was dead until they saw the deacon lay him, limp and motionless, at his mother's feet, and heard the terrible shriek that filled every space about the river, over it and across it.

There was a dumb, sickening silence; then the crowd on the river bank went mad. The fury of their cry rose asunder the cloud that had suddenly obscured the sun. With one, frenzied impulse they turned to the river. But the minister—he was not there! There was not even a ripple on the shining face of the water to mark the place of the terrible deed, any more than there was a fresh pool of blood in the little church within ear-shot distance to show the spot where the cruel butchery of the minister's father had taken place.

#### Man Should Have Been Kept Reasonably Busy

The following is a true copy of a genuine old signboard which is still in existence in a curiosity shop in the south of England, says Tit-Bits:

"Roger Giles, surgeon, parish clerk, and skulstamer, grocer, and hunder-taker, respectfully informs ladies and gentlemen that he dreads teef without waiting a minute, applies laches every hour, blisters on the lowest terms, and vizicks for a penny a piece. He sells Godfather's kordales, kuts korns, bun-yons, dokters hosses, clips donkies wance a month, and undertakes to luke after every bodies ailes by the year. Joe-sharps, penny wisels—brass-kandel-sticks, frying-pans—and other mooz-ical instruments, bat gratefully re-doo-ced figures."

"Young ladies and gentlemen larnes their grammar and language in the purtiest manner; also grate care taken off their morrels and spellin. Also zarmazling, tyching the base vial, and all other sorts of fancy work, quadrils, pokers, wenzels, and all country dance tort at home and abroad at perfectshun. Perfumery and snuff in all its branches."

"As times is cruel bad, I beg to tell ee that I has just beguned to sell all sorts of stationery ware, cox, hens, vauls, pigs, and all other kinds of poultry; blackin-brushes, herrins, coles, scrubbin-brushes, traykel and godley bukes and Bibles, mise traps, brick dist, whisker-seed, morrel pok-kerandkercheers, and all sorts of swatemates, including tatters, sus-sages, and other garden stuff; bakky, alzars, lamp oyle, tay kittles, and other intoxicatin likkers; a dale of fruits, hats, tongs, hair oyle, pattins, bukkits, grindin stones, and other al-ables, korn and bunyon alive, and all hardware."

"I as laid in a large azortment of tripe, dog's mate, lollpops, ginger beer, matches, and other pickles, such as hepsom salts, hoysters, winzer sope, auzetrar. Old rags bot and sold here and nowhere else; newlayde heggs by me Roger Giles; zinging burdes keepled, such as howels, donkies, pay-kor, lobsters, crickets, also a stock of a celebrated brayder. Agents for selling gutty-porker souls."

"P. S.—I taches geography, rithmet-ic, ewaticks, jinnastick, and other chyness tricks."

#### Winter's Horrors

Felix Isman, real estate operator, said at a banquet in Jacksonville:

"The boom in Florida and California lands is a matter of climate. The American people at last realize the beauty of perpetual summer and perpetual sunshine. A land where there's no winter! What happiness!"

"Winter is a curse even to the rich, but think what it is to the poor! One frosty November night a young man entered a pool room with his coat collar turned up and his hands in his trouser pockets. He had a downcast look, and another young man slapped him on the back and said:

"Cheer up, Tom! Let's have a game of billiards. I'll pay."

"But Tom shook his head."

"Thanks," he said, "but I don't care to play billiards, old man."

"Come on! Why not?"

"Well, you see," said Tom with a shiver, "every time I look at the three balls on the table they make me think of my overcoat."

#### Wrong Font

"What made Mabel turn Tom down?"

"He was a printer and she didn't like his type."—The Beanpot.

# DAIRY

## SELECT PURE-BRED SIRES WITH CARE

Using any kind of a pure-bred sire will not insure success. Poor animals are produced occasionally in pure-bred herds and judgment is needed in selecting a pure-bred sire. A poor individual with a registration certificate back of him may be some better than a grade with no pedigree, but that will not make him a profitable investment. A good sire needs to be a well-balanced individual, he should be by a proven sire, out of a high-producing dam, and with plenty of good producing ancestry back of them.

The best proof of a good sire is to have produced uniformly good offspring, but such sires are not often for sale except at high prices. If an animal cannot produce good offspring, neither pedigree or show type is of much value, but it is unlikely that such a combination will occur. True type is just the best form that according to all the experience of breeders is likely to produce good results. A good pedigree is one which, according to all the laws of animal breeding, should produce good results. A combination of the two in a herd sire should guarantee satisfactory offspring as far as one can judge without an actual test in the herd.

To get the most value out of pure-bred sires always use animals of the same breed. Crossing breeds may sometimes produce high-grade individuals from the standpoint of production, but it breaks up the lines of heredity so that no continuation of good qualities is likely. If, however, one uses pure-bred sires of one type, for ten years or more, he will produce a high-grade herd with a high-selling value, excellent appearance and high production combined.—Charles I. Bray, Colorado Agricultural College.

## Good Feeding Pays Well in Production of Milk

It is a well-established fact that it usually pays to feed heavy producers a liberal amount of the right kind of concentrated feeds. The records of a herd of seven pure-bred cows in the Grinnell-Newton Cow Testing association of Iowa again demonstrated this fact.

Each month the feed was changed on this herd of cows and the total amount was increased. There was a steady increase in the amount of milk and butterfat produced as well as in total profit, even though the cost of producing a pound of butterfat remained practically constant. In other words, the increase in the amount of concentrates did not cheapen the cost of producing a pound of butterfat, but the increase in production made a greater net profit.

In February the cows were fed ear corn and whole oats with silage and alfalfa hay. In March the grain mixture was corn and cob meal, six parts; prepared dairy feed, three parts; bran, three parts, and oats, one part. The feed cost per cow increased \$6.55, while the net profit was increased \$12.91. In April the supply of alfalfa and silage became limited so that it was necessary to cut down on these feeds and further increase the concentrates. Some oil meal was fed. The total feed cost was slightly increased as well as a slight increase in the cost of producing a pound of butterfat.

This would show that it does not pay to overfeed on concentrates at the expense of roughages, such as silage and alfalfa hay.

#### Creatures of Habit

Cows, like the rest of us, are creatures of habit; when you get them in the habit of getting their grain or hay at a particular time, they miss it if they do not get it. Feed your different feeds in rotation, the same every day and at the same time of day. That is all there is to that. The same with giving them water. Don't water one day in the morning, and the next day at night.

#### Dairy Notes

Maintenance of the proper speed and even pressure on the separator handle is an important factor in the separation of milk and cream.

Alfalfa hay is at the top of the list of roughages for the dairy cow, because of its high protein content and its palatability.

Although an extremely efficient machine, the modern cream separator is highly refined in construction and cannot be abused.

The cleanest and sweetest cream is obtained when milk is separated immediately after milking and then cooled to near fifty degrees.

For dairy cows ensilage should be fed at the rate of about three pounds to every hundred pounds live weight, with hay.

Silage alone will not insure cheap milk. Its "twin" must also be available. Legume hay must be supplied if we are to secure the most milk per acre.

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#### Easy One For Mother

Listening to the conversation of grown-ups, as children often do, Duncan, five years old, learned there were such things as stepmothers. He rolled the idea around in an active and eager brain for nearly an hour, without getting anywhere; then sought information from the encyclopedia oftentimes consulted by little boys. "Mother," he asked, "how does a stepmother step?"—Capper's Weekly.

#### Like a Dream

When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world has any reality; but I look upon all that is passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose.—Lord Chesterfield.

#### Father of Saxophone

Adolphe Sax, maker of musical instruments, invented the saxophone in 1840, in Paris, in trying to produce a clarinet that would overblow an octave like the flute and oboe. It became popular at once in France and Belgium. Johann Georg Kastner, a musical composer, introduced the saxophone into the orchestra in Paris in 1844 in "Le Dernier Roi de Juda."

#### Freddy Scored One

Bobby and Freddy were discussing the relative prowess of their two big brothers. Said Bobby: "My brother rows stroke on his college crew. I suppose you didn't know that?" Freddy was not much impressed. He replied promptly: "What of it? My brother is too big to get into the boat. I suppose you didn't know that?"

#### Odd Natural Freaks

Fish that climb trees, monkeys that brush their teeth after meals and birds that sleep upside down are among the strange creatures discovered in the Malay peninsula, according to a recent explorer. Another freak of this part of the world is a fish that flirts. It is the only swimming animal known to have a real wink.

#### "Bloc" and "Lobby"

In a political sense, a bloc is a group of legislators organized to influence legislation, while a lobby is, specifically, persons not members of a legislative body who try to influence legislation.

#### Everything Worth While

There is no action so slight nor so mean but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled thereby.—Ruskin.

#### There's Not Enough Made

It is said that 80,000,000 pounds of twine are used in Canada to tie up the annual grain harvest, but even this wouldn't be enough to tie on some men's fingers to make them remember to post a letter.

#### Arrogance of Mankind

Man is arrogant in proportion to his ignorance; his natural tendency is to egotism; in his infancy of knowledge, he thinks that all creation was formed for him.—Bulwer.

#### By No Manner of Means

A treasury expert estimates that the life of a dollar bill is seven months, but most of 'em we get don't last as long as that.—Exchange.

#### Empty Majority

Never worry about a "foolish majority." If it is foolish it won't remain a majority very long.—Duluth Herald.

#### Best Not to Crack 'Em

Glass, china and reputation are easily cracked and never well mended.—Benjamin Franklin.

#### Heart Stuff

Every woman's heart is touched by a baby and a man with a button off.—Duluth Herald.

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#### The Faithful Printer

Years ago, when the New York Herald and James Gordon Bennett, Jr., were in their prime, the latter issued one of his arbitrary orders that thereafter the name Herald should never appear unless in italics. One printer followed it almost too literally. Christmas week came round and churches announced in their programs, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," the printer duly italicizing.—Kansas City Star.

#### Beecher Echo

It is impossible to indulge in habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow men without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings.—Henry Ward Beecher.

#### Silence Not Always Good

There may be times when silence is gold, and speech silver; but there are times, also, when silence is death, and speech is life—the very life of Pentecost.—Max Miller.

#### Foppish Fighting Men

The world-conquering Roman legions wore fancy clothes and gorgeous trappings. For a thousand years, Roman masculine dress sparkled like a sapphire, while the Roman eagles carried the empire north to Gaul, east to Asia Minor and Egypt, west to Spain and south into Africa.

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