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**Remembered All the Aunts**

A little girl who had had diphtheria was much impressed with the word "antitoxin." One evening when she was recovering she knelt at her mother's knee, as was her custom, to say her prayer. At the end of it she petitioned: "God bless Auntie Betty and Auntie Grace and Auntie Margaret—and God bless Auntie Toxin too."

**More Simplification**

The good work of simplification continues. Shovels have been simplified from 223 sizes to 127, with a total elimination of 4,999 varieties. The tack people have said, "me, too." They have reduced the sizes and varieties from 485 to 115. They have reduced packing units from 423 to 127.—Good Hardware.

**Not Always an Island**

England is actually a part of the European continent—that is, it is a part of the continental shelf. The English channel and the North sea are merely depressions which were filled in many centuries ago. Originally, England was actually connected with the mainland.

**Ancient Quotation**

The quotation, "There is no book so bad but something good may be found in it," is from Cervantes' "Don Quixote." Pliny the Younger also ascribes the saying to Pliny the Elder in a slightly different form: "No book is so bad but some good might be got out of it."

**Bad Fire—For Dolls**

"Come quick, my house is on fire," a feminine voice told London firemen. Engines and ladder wagons rushed to the address given to find a doll's house, standing in a garden, in ashes. The tiny owner, finding her playhouse in flames, had called the department.

**Diamond Cutting Old Art**

The Chinese claim to have been the first to discover a means of cutting diamonds, but some authorities believe the Indians practiced the art earlier. Pliny mentions that diamonds were polished by the Romans in his day with the aid of emery.

**Hardy Robbers**

Moss-troopers were desperate plunderers and lawless soldiers, secreting themselves on the borders of Scotland. Many severe laws were enacted against them but they were not extirpated until the sixteenth century.

**Juggernaut Ethics**

Too much of the world is run on the theory that you don't need road manners if you are a five-ton truck.—El Paso Herald.

**Keep Watch on Tongue**

Many men have talked themselves into good public offices, but they are by no means so numerous as the men who have talked themselves out of good jobs.—New Orleans States.

**He has Taking Ways**

Usually the man who takes his time takes others'.—Boston Herald.

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**THE MESSAGE OF LOVE**

By ROBERT C. McELRAVY

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**O**N THE broad, oven-hot plain of the Arizona desert lay a man, stretched to the full of his generous length in the shadow of a spread of discolored canvas.

He was not suffering from hunger or thirst. It was merely an off day with Fred Haines, and he was luxuriating in idleness, so far as locality and circumstances permitted. At their mining camp, some distance away, his partner, Jack Winn, was shuffling about in a pretense of activity. But on the whole work was suspended, while they awaited delivery of some mining machinery from Tucson.

So Haines idled, mooning over a small volume in his hand, labeled on its grimy cover, "Pocket Dictionary." Near by lay discarded copies of "David Copperfield" and a volume of Kipling's tales. Read and re-read, the freshness had gone from them. Hence the dictionary.

Combining all literature, he had never picked it up without finding in it some new, poignant interest. "Words, words, words!" Each time he found new ones he had never used in his days as a newspaper reporter, and correspondent. The book's supply of orthography seemed as exhaustless as the yellow sands about him.

But sight of the dictionary always brought him a certain pain also. He never glanced at it without feeling the rebellious surge of old, half-submerged longings, which sent the blood creeping more rapidly along his stalwart limbs and into the rough, wind-beaten crevices of his healthy countenance.

Written on the inside page of the cover, in a flowing feminine hand, were the significant words, "From Alice."

The dictionary, trivial as it was, had been the parting gift of Alice Tremont.

There had been an engagement, a brief, ecstatic year, in which he had wooed her with all the fervor and devotion of young love. Oh, the starry nights they had roamed together, the vows they had made, the songs they had sung! How they had pledged themselves to eternal love!

Then came his sickness—a galling, humiliating thing. Weak lungs, the doctor said. Might be fatal, certainly serious. He recommended the arid western plains as a possible cure.

Manfully Fred Haines had faced the verdict. When he had won Alice, it had been in deliberate conquest. Another had desired her, a suitor well qualified to address her in every way. But she had given her heart to himself.

Now he had a physical fight upon his hands which he could not ask her to share. Impetuously, he did a characteristic thing. He wrote her full details of his illness, and released her from their engagement.

She had returned his ring, at his request, and with it came the dictionary. What it all meant to her he could not know, for he had not heard from her again. She did not even know where to address him. Indeed, for three years now, there had been no definite place.

At first the gift of the dictionary had puzzled him. But he finally attached a certain significance to it. It suggested a continuance of his literary work. Futile suggestion! The loss of Alice, with all her love meant to him, had closed the door of such a career in his face, he believed.

Here he was now, strong and healthy in a physical way, and part owner in a paying mining property. The dictionary reminded him of her. He had given her his freedom, but he himself was still chained in the fetters of love. Without her all else was as the ashes of dead fire.

Who had he not written her? Where was she now? Was she married to another? Had she forgotten him?

"Words, words, words!" How useless they all seemed. Slowly the pages of the dictionary passed under his thumb. Often had he searched these pages for some further hint of her former affection for him. Oh, for a pressed flower in its pages—a four-leaf clover—a wisp of her brown hair!

Nothing. Nothing. The book was empty as the desert stretching about him.

He rolled over a little, so that his face came closer to the pages of the book.

Suddenly his eye was arrested by the single stroke of a pen under the word "that."

He started from his recumbent posture. Wonderful dictionary! Here was something he had never seen in it before. Swiftly his eye flew down the page: "That, thaumaturgy, thaw," ran the words, in regular order.

hope now springing up within him could not be controlled.

His fingers flashed at random through the book. What did the marked words mean? A message? Some oracle from the fount of love about to break the long silence?

Page after page at the beginning of the book developed nothing.

Wait—yes! Here's the word "never," underscored like the rest.

Four words now! He noted them down on a fly leaf with the stub of a pencil.

Then once more through the pages—slowly—so slowly.

Here's another! The word "has." Now altogether they read: "That, the, truly, never, has."

No meaning yet. Tediously, painfully, he began again at the very first page.

The sun beat down with its hottest fire of the afternoon, seeming to render the canvas almost transparent. The twin flame within him blazed up feverishly to meet the other.

He ran over all the a's, b's, c's, d's and e's, with stinking noses. Not a word was underscored.

Then came the "f's." "Faint, fashion, film, flash, fob, foe, follow—" No mark of any kind. Yes, here is another, the word "forgets."

He set it down and continued his examination of the book.

His hands were now dripping with moisture. Grime and dirt contaminated the pages as he turned them. He washed his fingers with water from his flask, though it could be lily spared for the purpose. The book must not be further soiled.

The list of "k's" developed no orthographical play dirt. Again fears caught him, but he went bravely on to the "h's."

"Habit, haive, haste, head, hear—heart!" There was a word of words, blazing away like a gold nugget in the sun. Pay dirt, sure!

He set it down in nervous haste and continued the search.

It was long in coming, the next word, but at last his ravenous eye fastened upon it. The word was "loved." With what wonderful meaning could it be charged? The word shook him like a thing alive.

Dimly he discerned his partner coming up from camp, between the clumps of sage brush and mesquite.

Back to the words he went, sending them down in the order he had found them:

"That, the, truly, never, has, forgets, heart loved."

He studied them closely. Was this all?

Again his eyes roamed out to the mesquite. Memory caught him in its thrall—

He stood in the parlor of Alice Tremont's home. There was a piano in the room—a girl was playing upon it—she was Alice. Against the instrument leaned a young man—himself. He was singing—an old, old song:

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so fondly today, Were to change by tomorrow—

Yes, it was that old melody of Tom Moore's he had used to sing. A sentimental ballad, surely, but full of simple beauty. The tune persisted in running through his mind—the girl looked up at him. "How beautiful the words are," she said, "and how true!"

It is not while beauty and youth— His lips were carrying the words now, but his voice was low. Something, an unnamable tightness, seemed clutching at his throat.

That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known—

What could it all mean? God! Is this it? Yes! Yes! Here they come—the words, in order:

For the heart that has truly loved, never forgets!

**FARM STOCK**

**PREVENT DISEASES OF PREGNANT EWES**

In late winter and early spring, unless special precautions are taken, a form of self-poisoning or auto-intoxication among pregnant ewes is liable to occur and prove fatal. This disease has for years puzzled all students of the subject, but a method of prevention has been devised. The symptoms shown by affected ewes are these: The animal lags, lies down a great deal, loses appetite, grinds its teeth, staggers, may toss its head backward, is constipated and soon goes down. It is unable to rise and soon dies.

When opened after death, the gall bladder is usually found greatly distended, and the liver is pale in color and so friable and easily broken that it is termed "rotten" by the shepherd. Often there seems to be but little blood in the body. It may be added that sometimes the tissues of the body are stained a yellowish color, indicating jaundice.

Almost invariably the train of conditions and circumstances leading up to the attack are close confinement and lack of exercise, and prolonged, excessive feeding of coarse, dry, bulky constipating roughage, especially timothy hay, weathered corn stover and straw or withered, frozen grass. The ewes may also have been fed corn and sometimes are fat and often sluggish.

There can be little question, I think, that resorption of poisons, generated in the digestive tract, is the direct cause of the ailment, the liver having been overtaxed and made unable perfectly to perform its functions, one of which is the elimination or destruction of the poisons mentioned.

No medicinal remedy has been found, but the disease may be prevented by making pregnant ewes take active exercise daily, keeping their bowels and kidneys active and avoiding the weakening effects of close housing in a hot, dirty, badly-ventilated stable. To that end make the ewes walk several miles daily to get clover or alfalfa hay scattered over a distant field, feed each ewe two pounds of roots daily, avoid feeding the constipating roughages mentioned, feed oats and bran to weak ewes and, for all sheep, provide airy, sanitary stables.—A. S. A. of Wisconsin in Successful Farming.

**Dangerous to Let Hogs Sleep in Straw Stacks**

The practice that some farmers follow of permitting their hogs to find shelter in straw stacks during cold weather is a very dangerous one for the reason that on cold nights hogs are inclined to burrow deep into these stacks, or perhaps to pile up closely together—and then when morning comes and when they crawl out of their nests they are frequently so warm from perspiration that they steam as they walk out into the cold air. Such a condition can very easily produce pneumonia and is therefore a very risky policy. The wiser course is to provide sheds of one kind or another that are dry under foot and so well ventilated that the animals cannot become excessively warm.

**Fixing Value of Clover and Alfalfa for Steers**

There have been some feeding trials with beef steers to determine the value of clover as compared to alfalfa. When steers were fed in Indiana on silage, corn, and cottonseed meal, clover hay was found to be fully equal to alfalfa hay, ton for ton. Doubtless these results may have been affected more or less by the fact that enough protein-rich concentrates were fed to balance the ration even though no legumes had been fed. This probably resulted in the loss of the advantage of alfalfa hay in its richer protein content. However, when fed in rations which are low in protein, alfalfa has been found to be worth more per ton than clover hay of equal quality.

**Live Stock Notes**

Build the self-feeders so they will be ready for the spring crop of live stock, say farm engineering workers.

Make the sheep barn warm, to be in shape for the lambing season. A little extra care means lambs saved.

In the production of baby beef, the calves must be kept fat. Since calves grow more readily than they fatten, they must be fed more grain and less hay and forage than older steers. By feeding a mixture of grains they will eat more than if only one kind is fed.

One animal on the farm that we ought always to keep on the right side of—the horse.

Alfalfa is not bad for horses, but fine for them, unless too much is fed. They will eat too much if given a chance, and they then incline to soften and sweat easily.

If you have never tried to keep a few sheep, just make the start. They are easy to take care of and return handsome profits. They also perform good service in eradicating weeds.

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**"Black Ox" Superstition**

In the olden days a black ox was sacrificed to Pluto, the infernal god, as a white was to Jupiter. Hence black ox came to signify misfortune, sorrow or adversity. To have the black ox tread on one's foot, means to be visited by death, or to know the meaning of sorrow.—Pathfinder Magazine.

**Thunderstorms**

The British meteorological office has collected much data on thunderstorms, and in its recent report stated that thunderstorms occur about once in ten years at the poles. In Java, on the other hand, they occur on an average of 223 days of the year. About 16,000,000 occur annually throughout the world.

**Got Back at Critic**

An actor, who had been persistently ridiculed by a newspaper dramatic critic, met the critic at a social function. "Do you read my criticisms?" the writer ventured to ask. "Yes," replied the actor. "You see I am a late riser, and when I buy my paper yours is usually the one left on the news stand."

**Whiskers Once Popular**

A New York paper in 1885 stated that the military fashion of cutting the hair close was wrong, as the hair was a conductor of electricity to the brain and should never be less than two inches in length; the article commended the full-beard custom, and stated that shaving was a barbarism.

**Good Cleansing Material**

To clean guitars, violins, etc., mix equal quantities of linseed oil, turpentine and water. Shake well to form an emulsion or cream. Rub the instrument with a cloth dampened in this cream, wipe dry and polish with a woolen cloth, chamois or velvet.

**Patriot's Death**

William Ledyard, the heroic American Revolutionary officer, who gallantly defended Fort Griswold, near New London, Conn., was run through the body with his own sword by the British Major Bromfield.

**Town Orators**

Every town has four or five men who favor every movement that offers them an opportunity to deliver speeches.—Atchison Globe.

**Early Photography**

The first photographs to be permanently fixed were made 100 years ago by a Frenchman, Niepce, although some years earlier Thomas Wedgewood, an Englishman, had obtained images which were not permanent.

**Plant More Trees**

Six million trees can be grown on 5,000 acres of land, according to forestry experts in the Department of Interior. Six times that many trees are cut annually from which is made nothing more than toothpicks.

**Ashes Clean Silver**

Cigar or clean cigarette ashes, used on a moist cloth or chamois, make a good silver polish.

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**Ice Jam Blast Falls**

Oil City, Pa.—Failure marked the efforts of Dr. Howard T. Barnes, Montreal scientist, to discharge more shells of thermite in the Allegheny river gorge here Sunday in an attempt to dislodge the ice jam which threatens to create a flood menace, should the waters suddenly rise. Two containers placed in the ice at the southern end of the gorge failed to explode because of defective fuses. The shells were salvaged and work suspended for the day. Two thermite containers have been exploded, one Friday and the other Saturday. Neither charge, to the observer, has had any pronounced effect on the ice.

**Famous French Soldiers**

Mousquetaires or musketeers were horse-soldiers under the old French regime raised by Louis XIII, 1622. This corps was considered to be a military school for the French nobility.

**A Suggestion**

To the warning Cross Crossings Cautiously there should be added Meet Motors Carefully and Pass Pedestrians Prudently.—Winthrop News.

**"All Dressed Up"**

"Glad rags" means holiday attire—Sunday clothes. This expression grew up when "glad" still had the old meaning of bright, flashy or gay in color. "Rags" in this expression, of course, is used in the jocular sense of any clothes.—Exchange.

**Saving**

Regular, systematic saving has kept away want and brought comfort to many an old age.

**SLEEP SOUNDLY**

—eat heartily and keep healthy with Barkroot, the tonic that has brought health to thousands.

A User says: "Have taken your Bark-Root Tonic for several weeks and find it is one of the best bowel and stomach tonics I have ever taken."  
—A. G. KRAUS, Portland.



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