

Doctors Say This Prescription is Good for Women



Mrs. T. F. Grady

Portland—"I think so well of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a woman's medicine that I take pleasure in giving this statement for publication. One time I was in a run down and nervous state of health due to weakness and functional disturbances. I had very little blood, lost in weight and got very thin and pale. I got where I could not do my work. I was advised by a doctor to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it was a life-saver to me. I grew strong and well, gained in weight, my nerves were in good condition and I never suffered any more from my former trouble."—Mrs. T. F. Grady, 493 Vancouver Ave.

Your health is your most valuable asset. So, why not get this Prescription today from your druggist. Write Dr. Pierce, President of the Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., if you feel the need of medical advice, free.

They "Assisted"

Little Billy Rigby came in from playing with his wee trousers torn. Mrs. Rigby was much put out and scolded Billy. "Well, mamma," he said, "The boys wanted to play bear and they just assisted and assisted that I be the bear, so they put me in a barrel and a big old nail sprang up and tore my pants."—Capper's Weekly.

Couldn't Make the Grade.

Janie had been taken to the home for feeble minded, but the doctor's examination proved her merely sub-normal, so she was sent back to the orphan's home. Said Mamie to Anna in a burst of confidence, "Janie was sent away to be an idiot, but she couldn't pass and had to come back."

Pasturage in Marsh.

Romney marsh in Kent, England, is protected by a seawall of great thickness and the guardianship and drainage of the swamp is in the hands of a special ancient corporation. The level lands afford pasturage for vast flocks of sheep which form the principal industry of this section.

Remarkable Remarks.

I have read many bad books, but none of them ever harmed me. I have heard much bad conversation, but it never harmed me, most of it proved a warning. If I fall into a sewer, you may be sure I will scramble out as soon as possible. So will anyone.—E. W. Howe.

Storing Flour.

Under proper storage conditions flour should keep entirely satisfactorily for three months. Much of the high-grade wheat flour is kept for a considerably longer period of time, even for a year or more, and such flour is satisfactory for bread-making purposes.

Power of Vibrations.

A Boston violinist says he can put out a flame with the vibration of his fiddle. But that's nothing. A saxophone slightly off key can put out an entire orchestra.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Common Feeling.

"Some of us wouldn't mind reforming," remarked the Man on the Car, "but we wouldn't like to have a reformer reform us."—Toledo Blade.

His Dilemma.

A beaten candidate in politics never knows whether he has a defeat to live down or a moral victory to live up to.

Natural Question.

Diner (to the doorman as he leaves expensive restaurant)—Er—tell me—is there any charge for going out?—London Opinion.

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A HORSE SOLD FOR BEANS

By WILLIAM T. ELDRIDGE

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

We can imagine old David Harum chuckling over this Yankee horse deal, where a sly old horse fancier got the "double-cross" in a deal that he expected to get something for nothing.

"BEANS?" questioned Deacon Brown.

"Beans," nodded Si Burns, in agreement.

The deacon stroked his white whiskers meditatively and eyed Mr. Burns' cherubic face. Mr. Burns, trader in all things where a dollar was likely to change hands to Mr. Burns' advantage, was known, at times, to have a penchant for practical jokes.

Deacon Brown was a very sedate person and never, knowingly, walked into a situation which would result in his being made to appear ridiculous.

Yet this offer to part with a good horse, over which there had been a dispute as to weight, appeared filled with doubtful proportions.

"You said 'beans'?" mused the deacon, eyeing the placid beast.

Si rubbed his round red cheek. "Beans, Deacon," he admitted. "Of course you may be able to pick the best of a horse; I ain't sayin' you ain't. You callate she'll touch eleven sixty and quit right thar."

"She won't go a mite over eleven seventy," snapped the deacon, a trifle inclined to resent the insinuation that he could be mistaken.

"You be climbing, Deacon—eleven seventy."

"He's gettin' ready ter hedge," chirruped little Mr. Betts, who had wandered out from behind the notion counter of his store into the warm sunshine and closer proximity to the argument.

The shrill voice, intended to be a whisper, did not fail to reach Deacon Brown's sharp ears, and he flushed the least bit.

"Eleven sixty," he snapped. "I said it, and I stand by it."

"Then," snarled Mr. Burns, "I callate she'll go more. And I'm so set on thinkin' I can guess the best of a horse that I'll take beans fur her."

Perplexity filled the watery eyes of the pillar of the church.

"It's a queer way ter sell," he muttered.

"Wall," suggested Mr. Burns, "you ain't obliged to buy."

But the deacon was anxious to buy. As much as he feared traps—and many had been set for him—still he believed he could endure the risk of being made to look ridiculous if he might buy a horse and pay in beans.

"How'd yer put it, Si?" he inquired.

"You say she'll go eleven sixty. If she goes eleven sixty-one you get the mare, and I get one bean."

With the deacon's nod, there came a gasp from the encircling villagers. Mr. Betts looked at Mr. Jones; Mr. Simpling, the hardware man, regarded Mr. Cutler, the fishmonger; others, with dubious headshakes turned, wide-eyed, upon their neighbors.

Si Burns was the last man to be thought of as a fool. But this proposition!

"If she goes better'n sixty-one?" frowned the deacon.

"If she goes eleven sixty-two you get the mare and I get two beans—two pounds better'n you say, and the bean fer the fust pound doubled."

"Yes," agreed the deacon, growing eager.

"If she goes one pound better still you pay four beans."

"And if she goes sixty-four?"

"Eight beans. Sixteen if she goes sixty-five."

"You ain't trying to sell me no balker?" demanded the deacon, facing Mr. Burns suddenly.

"You have tried her," answered Mr. Burns.

The deacon nodded and pondered. Then he thrust his hands deep into his pockets and drew a sigh as his eyes considered the prize, as good as his. "Si Burns," he proposed, "I ain't but wonderin' if you be gone plum daffy, but I'll take yer."

"Ter church says something about being yer brother's keeper," suggested Mr. Burns, the merest smile touching the corners of his eyes.

In solemn conclave the deacon and Mr. Burns, the mare following, the village in attendance, proceeded to the scales.

Mr. Betts officiated, nicely balanced the bar—feeling the importance of the occasion—and the mare was led onto the platform.

"Twelve hundred—jest," announced the owner of the dry goods store.

The deacon's face broadened into one expansive smile. It was not so much of a disgrace to miss by the mere matter of forty pounds when, to offset what little chagrin he might feel, came the ownership of a good horse for a few beans.

"Wall, Si," he chuckled, "you can size 'em up fur heft. But I ain't kickin' at yer havin' the better on me thar. I'll fetch down yer sixty beans next time I drive in."

"How many?" mused Mr. Burns.

"Sixty?" questioned the deacon.

"One fur the fust," mused Mr. Burns, two fur the second, four fur the third, eight fur the fourth. Then sixteen fur the fifth, and thirty-two fur the sixth. Goin' on, as was to be the way, sixty-four fur the seventh, one hundred and twenty-eight fur—

"Oh, wall," broke in the deacon,

"I'll make it or bushel, Si, and that will be a mite more than's comin' ter yer by rights."

"Suppose we see on that," suggested Mr. Burns. "Mr. Betts, can we use your store for a moment?"

Gladly, Mr. Betts offered accommodations for the settlement of a question which seemed to have greater possibilities than any of the attending crowd fancied.

With paper and pencil Mr. Burns bent over the cleared counter. "Jim," he suggested, figuring slowly, "will yer go in and git a quart of beans from Tibbins?"

With the return of the messenger, Mr. Tibbins in his wake, and all of Mr. Tibbins' customers, Mr. Burns dumped the beans upon the counter. "Count 'em, Betts, and cast out the broken ones," and he went back to his figures.

The deacon, resting one foot and then the other, held silent as long as possible.

"What in tarnation, Si, be you countin' a quart of beans fur? I'll make it two bushels, and I callate then you'll be gettin' more'n you should have comin' ter yer."

"So," mused Mr. Burns; "wall we'll see," and he went on with his growing column of figures.

He was through with his task before the quart of beans was counted and meditatively his cigar turned from corner to corner of his mouth as he watched the flies on the screen door.

At last, Mr. Betts drew a sigh. "I ain't sayin' I'm jest right," he admitted, mopping his brow, "but them are in piles of one hundred, and I makes it three thousand, four hundred and sixty-two beans in a quart."

Mr. Burns nodded. "If the deacon ain't objectin'," he suggested, "we'll call it even three thousand and four hundred."

"Si Burns," thundered the deacon, "what has the number of beans in a quart got ter do with this thar?"

Mr. Burns glanced up from his paper to which he had been adding more figures.

"It means, deacon, that thar be one hundred and eight thousand, eight hundred beans in a bushel," he announced.

"Wall, I ain't sayin' thar ben't, am I?" snapped the deacon.

"Which being the case," went on Mr. Burns placidly, "it means that you owe me jest about five million bushels of beans fur that thar mare."

The deacon got his mouth open and his eyes, but no sound escaped from him for a long moment. With him was the audience, agape.

"What?" suddenly roared the deacon.

"It was one fur the fust, two fur the second, and so on, doublin' each pound," explained Mr. Burns, patiently.

"At twenty pounds it comes to five hundred and four thousand, two hundred and eighty-eight beans, less I've made some slip. Fur the twenty-five pound over eleven sixty it be double that number which—"

"Nothing of the sort," roared the deacon.

Mr. Burns held forth his paper, and the deacon grabbed it.

With the aid of all who could get within sight, Mr. Burns' figures were gone over. Suddenly, the deacon threw the paper on the counter.

"At two fifty a bushel fur beans, Deacon, that thar mare stands you jest about twelve million dollars," suggested Mr. Burns.

"You go to—Jim Jickey," thundered the deacon, and went out the screen door, starting every fly on the wire.

"Say, Si," inquired a breathless voice from the door, "what do yer suppose the deacon will do? He left the mare."

"I callate," mused Mr. Burns, "the deacon will jest as soon pay the figure I set on her when he fust took a fancy to her. Jest if he don't, I callate I'll have ter tie her out thar in the square as his property and so label her."

"Yes," suggested Mr. Betts and Mr. Tibbins in one breath.

"Wall," mused Mr. Burns, "it could be—" and he wrote hastily upon a piece of Mr. Bett's wrapping paper, and held the sheet before him.

Those who craned their necks read:

Deacon Brown's Mare.
Sold—for Beans.
Consideration five million bushels, based on weight over eleven sixty—particulars from anybody—at market value. Price in cash, twelve million dollars. Sold.

Sculptor's Scale

George Julian Zolanyi says: "While all sorts of scales and measuring systems have been evolved at various times, few, if any, modern sculptors go beyond the proportional measurement by which the height of the human figure is divided into eight parts, taking the head as a unit, or ten parts by taking the face as a unit. Personally I prefer the latter because it applies with accuracy to a large number of fixed points of the body. The length of the upper arm from shoulder to elbow is exactly two face lengths, while another two lengths give the accurate distance from the elbow to the second joint of the fingers, etc."

Stars Made Special Study

The first photographs of stars ever attempted in the United States were made at the Harvard observatory in 1850, and ever since the work has been continued so that now the observatory has a file of thousands of plates which are not duplicated at any other institution. This monumental work lists over 225,000 stars, and gives their brightness, position and spectral type.—New York Times.

THE NEW AFFLICTION

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

BEHOLD her fixed and glassy look, Behold her wrinkled brow! How does it reason thus forsook The lady, anyhow?

Behold her pale and pallid face: Her maddened gaze is fixed on space. What does she seek, and also why, This lady with the glassy eye?

Around her are the ones she loved, But now she sees them not: The little circle where she moved It seems she has forgot. For now she looks in manner wild On what was once her darling child, A child she scarce remembers now; Ah, yes, what ails her, anyhow?

How sad a reason, disenthroned, When reason's light has died, Alas, how grievously she groaned, How deeply then she sighed. Her gaze is fixed upon the star, As if she sought in realms afar The author of some awful doubt; I wonder what it's all about?

Behold her face, her empty face; Intelligence has fled, Her maddened gaze is fixed on space, I wonder, as I said, Just what she seeks where planets whirl— I wonder just what ails the girl? Aha, I have it! I declare, It's just the cross-word puzzle stare! (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mother's Cook Book

"If you were busy being true To what you know you ought to do, You'd be so busy you'd forget The blunders of the folks you've met."

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

IT AMUSES most of us when we read of the efficient and capable housewife who, confronted with unexpected guests, goes to her larder and greets a cold fowl, a bunch of crisp celery and a jar of mayonnaise, which she quickly prepares into a delectable salad. With rolls, coffee and preserves, she sets before her guests a most agreeable luncheon. How wonderful, when true, but the pity is, it isn't. The fact is, she is more often confronted with a dish of cold boiled potatoes, a dried tomato "leaning hard against its withered skin," and a tough and world-weary steak, which has refused to nourish the family.

Anyone, efficient or otherwise, with a well-stocked larder, may produce an excellent meal, but the woman who has to start in from the vegetable cellar and the flour barrel, to prepare a meal and still looks out cheerfully on life, is both an optimist and a genius.

To fortify this optimism an emergency shelf is indispensable. Even when the grocery is just around the corner, it is wise to have a well-stocked shelf. Each housekeeper will stock her shelf with the accessories and relishes especially adapted to her needs.

A few cans of fish, such as salmon, sardines, tuna, lobster and codfish balls, which may be used in various dishes, hot, cold or as salads.

A few cans of vegetables such as asparagus, string beans, tomatoes and peas. A jar of salad dressing and one of cheese, olives, pickles, a few cans of soup of different kinds, jams and jellies and a few packages of crackers or biscuit.

Two or three kinds of cookies stored in air-tight jars, a fruit cake to be used on state occasions. With such a supply, a cupful of tea, coffee or coco, one may furnish many different kinds of appetizing meals.

If fortunate enough to live in the country with plenty of eggs, butter, milk and cream, one need never fear a raid of unexpected guests.

How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

'STOOL OF REPENTANCE'

WE ARE familiar with this expression in reference to people who are supposed to realize that they have done wrong and who wish to be forgiven or excused for their sin or whatever mistake or misdemeanor they may have committed. "Let him take his place on the stool of repentance," has often been said, "before he expects consideration from us."

The saying comes to us from the records of an old custom, current in the Middle Ages in Scotland. The "stool of repentance" was a low stool on which persons had to sit who had committed an offense which brought upon them the censure of the church. Remaining on the stool throughout the service, at its conclusion the penitent had to stand up and receive the censure of the minister for his transgression.

We are familiar also in common speech, when the reference is to a person who is a strict disciplinarian or one who does not forgive easily, that he or she "will make you sit on the stool of repentance for that!" (Copyright by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

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Danger!
The six most dangerous foreign game animals are the African lion, the African buffalo, the rhinoceros, the African elephant, the man-eating tiger of India and the Indian leopard. Col. Theodore Roosevelt considered the lion the most dangerous game of all. The grizzly bear is held to be the most dangerous American game animal.

Credentials.
Football Coach (to applicant for place on team)—"What experience have you had?" Applicant—"Well last summer I was hit by two autos and a truck."—Boston Transcript.

Superfluities.
A Chicago doctor says that colds are due to modern luxuries. There is nothing that most of us would more willingly dispense with than these widespread maladies.

The Drawbacks.
The two great drawbacks to the happiness of the motor tourist are the billboard and the board bill. —The New Yorker.

Presidential Abode.
Following the attack upon the executive mansion in 1814, it was painted white, to obliterate the damage done by fire. In popular parlance it was soon called by its now familiar name, although officially it was known as the executive mansion until Theodore Roosevelt put the stamp of his approval on the name "the White House."

Methodist Pioneer.
The first Methodist preacher in America was Philip Embury, who had been in the Irish Methodist conference before coming to this country in 1766. He found a number of Irish Methodists in New York city and gathered them into a small congregation that held its meetings in his house.

Paper Out of Date.
What once was known as "butcher paper," the dark, heavy, brown paper used to wrap up meats, is no longer manufactured in any great quantity in the United States. It has been replaced by what is known as "bogus manila." The old butcher paper was made from straw.

Simple Home Remedy.
For Mairimonial Heartache: A lump of pride dissolved in a glass of common sense. Swallow immediately and settle with a kiss. Add a dose of wholesome compliments. Repeat as often as needed.

Fond of Their Coffee.
The native of Algeria takes strong black coffee in the street, purchasing the beverage from vendors who boil it over portable stoves.

Changed in Meaning.
"Rival" originally meant "one who lives on the opposite bank of the stream." The word is taken from the Latin "rivalis" and is related to our "rivulet."

Power of Love.
If there is anything that keeps the mind open to angel visits, and repels the ministry of ill, it is human love.—N. P. Willis.

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