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**Soothes the Throat** loosens the phiegm, promotes expectoration, gives a good hight's rest tree from coughing, 50c and 50c bottlea. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Gress, fnc., Woodhury, N. J.



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Oakland, Nebr., Feb. 28, 1930 Anglo-American Drug Co.,

Anglo-American Drug Co., Gentiennes:

I am more than glad to tell you of the experience and result obtained from your wonderful flaby Medicine. Our second baby is now seven months old and has never given us a moment a trouble. The first and only thing she has ever taken was Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. She has four teeth and is always million and playing. Cating the first she was four teeth and is always million and playing. Cating the first she was four teeth and is always willing and playing. Cating the first she was a surply the use of Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. Most sincerely.

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Mother-Why, dear? Bobby-When she kisses me it's so much like being kissed by a man.

Look on the bright side; it will sei-

dom be so bright that it will dazzle your eyes.



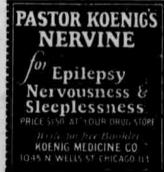
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# Alabaster Lamps

By MARGARET TURNBULL

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#### CHAPTER XIV

Mrs. Polly Johnston, returning from an almless walk about the piazza, was told by the elevator boy that he had just been given a message to the effect that a gentleman was waiting for her in the lounge.

"His card," demanded Polly, wrinkling her nose a little in front of the mirror to see if she needed powder. The boy handed her a slip of paper on which was written, "To see Mrs. Johnston, with a message from Mr.

"Take me up first," Polly instructed the boy, "and have the gentleman told I will be down in a moment,"

She went to her room, straightened her hat, powdered her nose, tucked a stray lock away under her hat, sur-veyed herself carefully in the mirror, and sauntered back to ring for the elevator again, wondering about the

Claude had chosen a secluded and recessed corner, from which he could obtain an unobstructed view of those who entered from the lobby into the lounge. He wondered about Polly, after all these years. What was her mind toward Loren Rangeley? What changes had time wrought? He had only that momentary glimpse in the Hillsborough inn to go by.

When he saw her he forgot everything else. Changes! To be sure she had changed, as twenty years must change every man or woman, but she was Polly, and as he admitted to himseif, still lovely enough to hold any man's glances. He saw how she was stared at as she come in indifferently. She was all in black, A black satin cape, lined with Delft blue, hung from her shoulders, and a hat of the same lovely color on her ruddy hair. She gave a swift look about her, and

As Claude came toward her, Polly stared, then her eyes changed and the pupils contracted. He had been much in her thoughts lately, and despite the years, she knew this must be the man she most dreaded. Indeed, after the first long look, she actually recognized him. Polly stopped for a moment, then came on. Claude stood in the corner waiting for her, and she faced

"A trick?" she asked in a low voice. "No," Claude answered her steadily. "How are you, Polly? I am here with a message about Loren Rangeley. He will be at my hotel in half an hour, in time for afternoon tea, and the idea was that you should join us there to meet him."

"Whose Idea?" asked Polly. "And who are us?"
"My Idea," Claude answered as

promptly, "and us are Mary and Ned Rangeley, Loren's son."

"I don't think I know him."

"Yes, I think you do, but you know him as Ned Carter, His name is Ned Carter Rangeley, He was at Peace Valley, with me."

"Oh, the young man who drove the

"Yes," admitted Claude and waited. He had not to walt long. "I don't ke your idea," Polly told him, looking past him out of the window. "And," she continued, still gazing past him, "I have no desire to be one of 'us'."

She rose as though the interview was at an end. Claude rose, too, but stood so that he blocked her way,

"Sit down, Polly," he said, "and hear why it might be better to change your mind."

Polly healtated. Unless she desired a scene, there was no getting past that solld figure. She had to look at him now. The look relieved her. The man before her had changed with the years, but he was neither a boor nor a clown. She had not been so fatally wrong about Claude, years ago. There was "a something" about Claude

Polly sat down. "Make it brief as you can," she asked, again looking past him. "This sort of thing is-tiring."

"I didn't choose it," Claude told her, "It was forced upon me, and I understand just how you feel. I'm here solely on Mary's account."

"Mary!" breathed Polly. "Leave dary out of it, as much as you can." Polly saw Claude's face change and realized that before her was a man who was keeping a tight rein on his emotions and speech, for her sake. Not thus would be choose to speak to

her of Mary. "Mary told me that you had sent for Loren," he began, and he saw Polly flinch. "You might have known she would. You might have known how she'd feel about it."

"I did know." "Well, then, you can understand when I told Mary that Loren was coming to see me, and that his coming to Parts had nothing to do with his wanting to see you but was purely a matter of business, that Mary wanted you to know at once. Mary thought she ought to rush to you right away and warn you of the true state of af-

"And for reasons of your own, you prevented her. Well, I'm waiting to know the true state of affairs."

Claude drew a long breath and looked at the graves image beside him.

It did not really seem worth while, | but he had promised Mary. "That Loren would never have said-what-ever he has said to you-if he'd known you were Mrs. Dabbs. I'm worth a great many thousands a year to Loren Rangeley. To him I am Dabbs of 'SCOUREEN' the 'Dirt Destroyer.' If you haven't seen the signs on the bill-

"I have seen them. Deplorably ugly." But Polly was looking at him

now.
"Well, ugly or not, you know it spells money. There's plenty for you

"For Mary-yea." "You're legally entitled to your share, without having to take me with it," Claude informed her coolly.

will be much pleasanter than taking Loren's money, I can tell you that," "It's all very interesting," Polly informed him, and now she was looking

at the floor, "but still I fail to see why I should come—this afternoon." "For Mary," Claude told her short-"Ned Rangeley's in love with

Polly started. "And of course, pleased?" "Only if Mary wants him. I'd like

to keep her to myself, just as much as

He gave her a long look. "You might think of her, Polly. Why should our d-d blunder cloud this bit of her life? You've made a good job of Mary, so far, Polly. I have to hand you that."

"Well?" Polly flung at him. "Well," Claude returned with finality, "finish your job."

Polly looked at him now, saw what be meant and went white for a mo-



She Faced Him.

ment. Claude walted, never taking his eyes from her. It was a long minute. "Til come. Wait till I change my

"No time," Claude told her. "You look fine as you are."

"And the red-haired devil knows it." he added to himself as he marshaled her through the lobby to the gondola

Polly studied the man who sat beside her as the gondola carried them along the canal. It was even faintly amusing that after all these years they should be sitting side by side in a gondola in Venice. Her mind flew back to the time she had so resolutely put behind her.

It began to dawn on the Polly Johnston of today that the Polly Johnston of yesterday had underestimated her man. She went back, though it was a disturbing thing to do, with the man bimself silent beside her, to the morning she had made up her mind to leave. She did herself justice. It was not the money, entirely, that had made her decide. She remembered doubting Claude's powers of imegination, of capability for life in a larger way than just that of a storekeeper in a country village. She re-membered how she had tried the shibboleth that had shaken her newly awakened desire to stay with him.

She began to wonder about his life. Claude touched her arm gently. He was holding out his hand to help her

from the gondola, and he was doing it gracefully.

Mary and Ned had begun very bad-

Claude's abrupt departure had found them both unprepared. Mary had risen to her feet impetuously and followed him to the door, only to realize that it looked absurd and to go back to the window, where she stood watching her father depart,

"One father gone and another father coming, makes a complicated afternoon," she ventured.

Ned agreed and suggested that to while away the time between fathers they might order a peculiarly rich tea. The walter had come and gone, and still they were in that tiresome sitting room, which seemed to Mary to have held them for ages.

"I suppose we'd better stay here?" she inquired lightly.

"Much better," and Ned drew a wicker chair to the balcony window for her, and arranged himself on a cushion at her feet. Mary felt grateful. She did not have to meet his

eyes, in this position.
"Sure as we stay out of this room," he told her, "my father will turn up and then Claude will accuse us of deserting our posts."

"Do you call my father 'Claude'?" inquired Mary, for want of something

better to say.
"Til call him 'father,' gladly, as soon as you give me the right," Ned re-minded her, and turned to see how

She did not take it well at all. She leaned against the chair, her face hidden in her hands.

"Mary, take your hands away and look at me. I never was more serious in my life. If you'll listen to me, you'll see how hard I'm trying to keep you from spolling Claude's romance. But for you, your mother and Claude might be happy."

Mary's hands came away from her face now. "But for me! Why, I'm all

that holds them together." "So you think, but you're quite wrong. If you were safely removed from their grasp, Polly would think how lonely Claude was, and Claude would think how sad it was for Polly. Even at over forty, my dear, grown-ups can't make leve before their children. But if you should engage yourself to a nice, handy, lovable young man, like myself, then that lets father and mother off to attend to their own affairs, while the responsibility for making Mary happy falls on the young man's shoulders. I know a pair that fairly ache for that responsibility,"

He took a step nearer-and the waiter entered with the tea. By the time he had gone again, Polly and Claude had er ered.
Even as Ma y flew across the room

to kiss and cling to her mother, her mind paid homage to her father's greatness. To bring Polly Johnston into this situation, with this promptness, was marvelous in his daughter's eyes. She longed to have been present to see it accomplished. Mother, of all people, sitting calmly at Claude Dabbs' tea table, drawing off her gloves and making conversation with Ned!

Claude came toward his daughter, humorous question in his eyes. But it remained unspoken, for at that moment Loren Rangeley was announced and entered.

Ned, standing beside Mrs. Johnston-Dabbs, was the first to meet his father's eyes. Mary saw Loren stiffen, and then come forward with an easy: "Ah Ned. This is an unexpected pleasure."

"Quite," said Ned, without showing that one of his pet theories had gone all to smash. Far from Dabbs being Loren's agent, it was Loren who bore himself as though he was Claude's agent. Ned meant to get it out of Claude before the evening was much older. "I'm staying with Dabbs," he volunteered. He did not want to let his father down, either.

"I didn't know." Loren was making his way to Mrs. Polly with a smile and outstretched hand, but somehow or other Claude was there before him.

"Think I'll have to introduce this lady to you, Mr. Rangeley," he an-"Mrs. Claude nounced amiably, Dabbs,"

Loren's face was a study in mixed emotions, but Polly was calm and smiling as she lifted her eyes to his. (TO BE CONTINUED.

## Beautiful Work Done by Spanish Potters

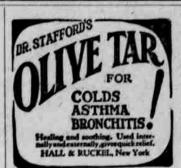
mmon and also because the Spanlard is an expert potter.

The beautiful reproduced in the shapes of Etruria, as of Phoenicia and Egypt, are old pottery of the Iberian regions. The finest and most exten-sive use of cerumics is seen in the southerly provinces, where house floors, walls, and much of the garden may be adorned with brightly colored pottery tiles. The vases, cups, plates and other domestic articles made in such regions as Seville. Granada.
Talavera and Valencia, are widely known, while the coarse but beautifully shaped and brilliantly colored work of Murola, the production of five feet long.

Ceramic arts flourish throughout | local pensantry, is a delight to the Spain, partly because fine clays are eye and hand. No Greek or Roman vases are more beautiful than those of modern Spain, based upon the work of long-forgotten predecessors in the art.-London Times.

#### Pheasants From Asia

Although pheasants were hunted in England in 1200, the bird is not British in origin. This fine game fowl came from Asiatic countries originally, including both Japan and China, The Mongolian type is one of the most beautiful, though the golden pheasant is said to be the most beautiful. The Reeves pheasant has a tall sometimes



Two often cease to be company after they are made one.

## If Kidneys Act **Bad Take Salts**

Says Backache Often Means You Have Not Been Drinking Enough Water

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it may mean you have been eating foods which create acids, says a well-known authority. An excess of such acids overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get slug-gish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels, removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick beadache dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your phar macist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the system, so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness. Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot in-

jure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink. Drink lots of soft water.

Boys who resent the commonplace are in danger.

#### A Benefactor

A physician who reaches out to benefit humanity leaves a record behind him that is worth while. Such



a man was Dr.
R. V. Pierce.
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#### Jealousy -

"Why were you speeding?" demanded the cop.

"I wasn't speeding," answered Mr. Brown humbly. "I was just trying to pass the man who bought my old car."

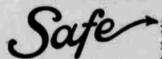


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