

Stuggish intestinal systems lower resistance to colds. Cleanse them with Feen-a-mint, the modern chewing gum laxative. Gentle, safe, non-habitforming. More effective because you



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MOLER SYSTEM OF COLLEGES Hotel Hoyt rate by day, week or month PORTLAND, OREGON

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Absolutely Fireproof
Dorner 6th and Hoyt Sta., Near Union Station.

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW FINE HOTEL Svery room with bath or shower, \$2.00 to \$3.50. Jones at Eddy. Garage next door.

MULTNOMAH HOTEL 4th and Pine—Portland, Ore. A Hotel where you are welcome Room-bath \$2.00 up

#### Stuck

The teacher had been giving a lesson on the use of the word immaterial, and to discover what the children had learned asked them to bring some article to school demonstrating the word,

Next day she said to one bright youth, "Now, Johnny, show me what you have brought." "Well," said Johnny rising, "will

you please hold this stick tightly at both ends?" Having done this, the teacher in-

quired what was to be done next. "Let go one end of the stick," commanded the pupil.

"Which end?" asked the teacher. "Oh, it's immaterial," replied Johnny, "there's glue on both ends."

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

### No! No! No!

Mary-Your insults have no effect on me. You will not gain your point in that way!

Martin-What do I want to gain? Mary-You want to make me go to mother. But I'll send for her to come here.-Answers.

Idolatry is certainly the first born of folly .- Suth.

Nature works wonders, and men endeavor to get them patented.



neglect a COLD

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat-that so often leads to something serious—generally responds to good old Musterole with the first application. Should be more effective if used once every hour for five hours.

This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful in gredients brings relief naturally. Musterole gets action because it is a scientific "counter-irritant" - not just a salve -it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses.

KeepMusterole handy-jarsandtubes.
To Mothers-Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Chil-



# The Plains of Abraham

By James Oliver Curwood

THE STORY

With his English wife, Catherine, and son, Jeems, Henry Bu-lain, French settler in Canada in cultivates a farm adjacent to the Tonteur seigneurie. As the story opens the Bulains are returning from a visit to the Ton-Catherine's wandering brother, Hepsibah, meets them with presents for the family. To Jeems he gives a pistol, bidding him perfect himself in marksmanship. Hepsibah fears for the safety of the Bulains in their isolated position. Jeems fights with Paul Tache, cousin of Toinette Tonteur, whom they both adore. Next day Jeems calls at the Tonteur home and apologizes for brawling in front of Toinette. The Tonteurs go to Quebec, Four years pass. War between Britain and France flames.

#### CHAPTER IV-Continued

-0-This recalled an important matter to his mind. Toinette had entrusted him with a letter for Jeems. Beiling over with his own selfish exultations he had forgotten it. He hoped it was an invitation for Jeems to come to the seigneurie. He had often told his girl she should be more friendly with the ind.

Jeems took the letter and went off by himself. It was the first recognition from Tolnette since the day of the levee. He had not seen her and had tried not to think of her. Alone, he read the words she had written

With pitiless coldness and brevity. they called him a renegade and a coward.

. . . . . On a September morning some days later, Jeems stood watching his uncle as he disappeared into the frost-tinted woods of Forbidden valley. It seemed to him that Hepsibah's suspicions and guardianship of the valley had become greater with the growing news of French triumphs in the south which so positively assured their safety. Only yesterday Tonteur had brought the latest word from Dieskau. The German had been on the eve of smashing Sir William Johnson and his mob of Colonials and Indians when his messenger had left. By this time the event had probably happened, Jeems thought. Yet his uncle was going into Forbidden valley with a look in his face which puzzled him.

Restlessness possessed Odd after Hepsibah had gone. Passing years were beginning to leave their mark on the dog. He was growing content to watch life with Jeems instead of ceaselessly pursuing it. He was not old, and yet he was no longer young. There remained one thing which did not fail to stir in him the tense flerceness of his youth. This was the Indian smell. He always told Jeems when one of their wilderness visitors was near, sometimes many minutes before the savage appeared from the woods. And he never tired of watching Forbidden valley. In the dawn he faced it. At midday he dozed with his half-closed eyes turned toward it. In the evening he sniffed its scents. Yet he did not go down into the valley unless Jeems or Henri was with him.

During the morning, Odd's uneasiness began to reflect itself in Jeems. Soon after noon, he left his work and told his mother he was going in the direction of Lussan's place. Catherine walked with him through the young orchard and up the slope, Never had she seemed more beautiful to Jeems. His father was right-this mother of his would always be a girl. From above the orchard, standing on a little plateau that overlooked the Bulain farm, they called to Henri, who was in his turnip field, and waved at him. Jeems stood for a few moments with his arm about his mother. Then he kissed her, and Catherine watched him until he was lost to her sight in the Big forest.

Jeems did not have the desire to hunt, nor did Odd, Unexplainable impulses were pulling at them both, Odd's restlessness was unlike his master's. Whenever Jeems paused, the dog turned and sniffed the air of their trail, facing Forbidden valley in an attitude of suspicion and doubt. Jeems observed his companion's enigmatic actions. Odd was not giving the Indian signal. It was as if something without form or substance, a thing bewildering and unintelligible, lay be-

hind them. They came to Lussan's, nine miles from their home. Since Lussan's departure, the place had been abandoned, and in those five years the wilderness had largely reclaimed what man had taken from it. Jeems stood where he had fought Paul Tache, and ghostly whispers crept about him in the stillness. Then came a feeling of dread, almost of fear. He turned back to the house and to the open, where long ago he had stood with Toinette and all her loveliness so near to him,

The sun had set and dusk was gathering over the land before he drew himself away from the ghosts which haunted Lussan's place. Night could add nothing more to his gloom.

Odd whined frequently in his eagerness to reach home. Sometimes he showed impattence at his master's slowness" by running abend. Jeems did not hurry. He unslung his bow, which was the only weapon he had brought and carried it ready in his hand, "Yet if Odd had hinted of danger he would have paid no attention to the warning. Danger was miles away on the other side of Dieskau and his men. It would come no nearer and he would never have a chance to In fact it was noticed that a slightly winter.

Dby Doubleday Doran Co., Inc. WNU Service.

meet it. In Tolnette's eyes he would always remain a renegade and a coward.

Night thickened. The stars came out. Deepening shadows lay about them as they climbed the tallest of the hills, from which they could look over the ridges and woods between them and Forbidden valley. Because from this hill it was possible to see over the Big forest which sheltered their farm from the north winds, Jeems and his father called it Home mountain.

Odd whined as he climbed it tonight. He went ahead of Jeems, and when he gained the crest his whining changed to a howl, so low that one would scarcely have heard it at the foot of the hill.

Jeems came to him and stopped. For a space, there was no beating of a heart in his breast-nothing but a stillness that was like death, a shock that was like death, a horror that could come only at the sight and the feeling of death

Rising from the far side of the forest into which Hepsibah had gone that morning was a distant glow of fire. Nearer, over the rim of Forbidden valley, the sky was a red illumination of flame. And this illumination was



Jeems Stood for a Few Moments With His Arm About His Mother.

not of a burning forest. It was not a scorch of burning stumps. It was not a conflagration of dry swamp grassreflecting itself against a moonless heaven. It was a tower of blazing light, mushrooming as it rose, flattening itself in a sinister scarlet radiedges into colors of sliver and gold and blood.

His home was burning!

With the cry that came from his lips, there leapt madly into his mind the words that Hepsibah had spoken to him a last time that morning: "If ever I'm off there and you see a fire lighting up the sky by night, or smoke darkening it by day, hurry to the seigneurie with your father and mother as fast as you can go, for it will mean my hand has set the heavens talking to you and that the peril o' death is near."

### CHAPTER V

For a space Jeems could not move as he gazed at the crimson sky. His home was in flames. This alone would not have deadened him with horror, His father was there to care for his mother, a new home could be built, the world did not end because a house burned. But there were two firesand the other, farther on, reflecting itself dimly and yet more somberly, was the one that terrified him. It was Hepsibah's fire talking to him through the night!

Then the choking thing in him gave way, and as the power to act returned. he saw Odd facing the lighted heavens -and in every muscle and line of the dog's rigid frame the Indian sign was clearly written.

He set off at a run down hill, and as he ran bushes whipped at his face and shadows gathered under his feet and long arms of gloom reached out from among the trees to hold him back. He could not come up with Odd. Like two shadows in a playful night, one closely pursuing the other, they ran until Jeems' breath began to break

from his lips in gasps, and at the end of a mile he fell back to a walk. Odd lessened his pace to his master's. They climbed a lower hill, and once more Jeems could see the glow of fire. In the upper vault of the sky it was fading to a ghostly pallor against the sweeping are of the Milky Way.

They ran on, and the spirit of hope began to fight for a place in Jeems' brain. This ray of light gave life and force to the arguments with which he now made an effort to hold back the grimmer thing. His home was burning. But it must be an accident, nothing that should fill him with fright. The other fire-off in Forbidden valley-was no more than a coincidence, probably a conflagration started by a careless Indian or a white man's pipe.

He paused again to get his breath, and Odd stopped with him. His shaggy body was trembling with the pent up emotions of suspense and passion which possessed him when he caught in the air the deadly polson to his nostrils-the Indian smell. Jeems struggled not to believe the evidence which he saw, and told himself that if by any chance there were Indians at his home they were friends helping to save what they could from the tragedy of the fire.

Out of the slience Jeems heard a ound which rose above the pounding of his heart. It was so far away, so indistinct, that the stirring of the leaves had kept it from his ears.

But Jeems had heard,

He had heard the firing of guns, Over the hills and forests the sound had come to him from the direction of the Tonteur seigneurle. He did not wait for the oaks to drowse again. Odd led him in their last heartbreaking race into the Big forest. Leaden weights seemed to be dragging at his feet before they were through it. He had run too hard. He stopped and sagged against a tree, with Odd growling in a low and terrible way close to his knees. He was not trying to prove or disprove matters now. A catastrophe had happened to his thoughts with the firing of the guns. Taking the place of hope, even of his fears, was the one great desire to reach his father and mother as quickly as he bluo-

His exertions had beaten him when they came to the edge of the forest and he could have run no farther without falling. Before them was the slope, a slivery carpet of the starlight. At the foot of it was what had been his home.

That it was a red-hot mass without form or stability, a pile out of which flame rose lazily, its flerceness gone, added nothing more to his shock. He had unconsciously looked for this. The barn was also a heap of blazing embook down his reason, which he had 'ty of conduct each penalty is intendstaggled so hard to keep. It was it stillness, the lifelessness, the lack or movement and sound that appalled hem at first and then closed in about him, a crushing, deadening force. The fires lit up the bottom land. He could see the big rock at the spring. The paths between the gardens. The bird houses in the nearest oaks. The mill. But he could see nothing that had been saved from the burning house. He could not see his father or his mother or Hepsibah Adams.

Even Odd's heart seemed to break in these moments. A sound came from him that was like a sob. He was half crouching, no longer savage or vengeful. But Jeems did not see. He was trying to find some force in him that could cry out his mother's name. His lips were as dry as sticks, his throat falled to respond. The silence was terrific. In it he heard the snapping of an exploding ember, like a pistol going off. He could hear no one talking, no voices calling.

Fear, the repuision of flesh and nerves to danger, was utterly gone from him. He was impelled only by thought of his father and mother, the mystery of their silence, his desire to call out to them and to bear their voices in answer. He did not fit an arrow to his bow as he walked down through the starlight, his feet traveling a little unsteadily. What was there or was not there could not be changed by an arrow.

Unexpectedly, he came upon his father. Henri was on the ground near one of Catherine's rose bushes, as if asleep. But he was dead. He lay with his face turned to the sky. Firelight played upon him gently, now increasing, now fading, as the embers flared or died, like fitful notes in a strain of soundless music.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

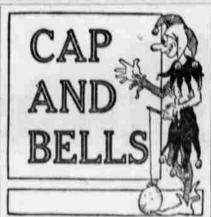
#### Electrical Treatment of Soil of Little Value

There is a great difference of opin-Ion among agricultural scientists as to the value of electricity in the cultivation of various food crops. Many English authorities claim that grain and some garden produce is quite materially speeded up so far as growth is concerned and the quality improved, by a current of electricity passing between the ground and a network of wires suspended above the growing crops. A Finland farmer reports an Increase of 50 per cent in the amount of produce and grain grown in this manner, The United States Agricultural department has been experimenting with the subject for years and the final conclusion is that no benefit or at least very little has resulted from the electrical treatment of the soil.

prolonged exposure resulted in killing the seed placed in the ground. This conclusion is agreed in by some other authorities so that the preponderance of opinion is that the electrical treatment of soil is without result,-Exchange.

### Winter Feeding Expensive

The winter feeding of big game antmals is an expensive project. The federal bureau of biological survey found that it required 825 tons of hay to take cure of the elk herds at the elk refuge in Wyoming from February 6 to March 26 and it costs over \$25 a ten to get hay into the refuge. Without this winter food the animals would have a hard time through the



# IT'S A BITTER BLOW

Cop-Madam, didn't you see me nold up my hand?

Woman at the Wheel-I did not. "Didn't you hear me blow my whis-

"I dld not." "Didn't you hear me holler at you to stop?"

"I did not."

"Well, I guess I might as well go home. I don't seem to be doing any good here."

Times Change

"Times certainly change." "Whateher driving at now?"

"I was just thinking that the statues of great men in the future may show them speaking into a miccophone instead of destride a horse with a sword dangling,"-Florida Times-Union.

#### HADN'T KNOWN HER



"You had known your wife for a ong time before you married ber, I

"I believed so, too, but I assure you t's not true."

Caution

ipeak gently, it is better far At least while feeling ground The man may be a pugillat And heavy on the pound.

Unidentified Retributions "Do you believe that our sins are

punished on this earth?" "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "I don't doubt that we deserve all our poredom and annoyances. But it bers. Everything was gone. Even this would be more satisfactory if we were fact was not the one which began to sllowed to know just what delinquened to fit."-Washington Star.

> Growing Suspicious of Science "What makes you so ladiguant with

science in general?" "It's altogether too powerful and mysterious," answered Farmer Corpcossel. "After our experience with trought so far, I'm wondering what would happen if Science were to take notion to put rain permanently out of fushion."-Washington Star,

### NOT SAFETY PINS



First College Boy-Has the coed you mention any pins? Second C. B .- I'l say she has! And hey're no safety plas either when you nke too long a look.

Standards of Beauty

Secrets of beauty rest unknown, A knock-kneed goddess carved in stone in ancient days was stood apart And was considered Real Art,

### Done Intentionally

"You have sald some very nonsensical things in your speeches." "Intentionally," answered Senator

Sorghum, "In studying the requirements of my time I have decided that the great demand is not so much for politicians as for comedians."-Washngton Star.

## Some Difference

Wife-You don't give me such nice presents as you used to. Husband-No; but I pay for those

#### you give yourself now. Revenge

Husband (after a tiff)-I suppose you are now going home to your mother?

Wife-I'm not; I'm going to the most expensive notel I can find and let them send the bill to you!

### Might Pool Them

.Flance-I haven't the courage to tell your father of my debts.

Flancee-What cowards you men are! Father hasn't the courage to tell you of his debts.-Nagels Lustige Welt



# DOCTOR'S Prescription gives Bowels Real Help

Train your bowels to be regular; to move at the same time every day; to be so thorough that they get rid of all the waste. Syrup Pepsin-a doctor's prescriptionwill help you do this. When you take this compound of laxative berbs, pure pepsin and other valuable ingredients, you are helping the bowels to help themselves,

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin Is the sensible thing to take whenever you are headachy, billous, baifsick from constipation. When you have no appetite, and a bad taste or bad breath shows you're full of polsonous matter er sour bile.

Dr. Caldwell studied bowel troubles for 47 years. His prescription always works quickly, thoroughly; can never do you any harm. It just cleans you out and sweetens tire whole digestive tract. It gives those overworked bowels the help they need.

Take some Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin today, and see how fine you feel tomorrow-and for days to come. Give it to the kiddles when they're sickly or feverish; they'll like the taste! Your druggist has big bottles of it, all ready for use.

DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative



QUEEN HATCHERY ... Jay Todd

Wanted-Brauch Morager Penny Hawball Slot Machines, placed in atoms on percent-age. Good salary, Half profits, Small carb, security, Alto Divices, 19 N. Clark, Oxiongo,



It was at the request of the people of Hawail, expressed through their legislature, that the Hawalian islands formed an independent kingdom, but in 1863 their queen was jeposed and a provisional government set up. In 1894 a republic was proclaimed, and on July 6, 1898, a resolution was passed by the United States congress, in accordance with the wishes of the Hawalian legislature, to make Hawaii a territory of the United States. The Islands were formally annexed on August 12, 1898,

### Much Wasted Time

A Beifast (Maine) citizen, owner of a fine clock, took it to the jeweler's to be regulated. In due course he called for it and the jeweler remarked as he handed it across the counter, "As I have wound it, you won't need to touch it for a week." "Won't need to wind it for a week?" gasped the customer, "And why not?" "It's an eight-day clock. Didn't you know it?" returned the jeweler. \*Know it?" shouted the excited clock owner, "No! I've had that clock for over twenty-five years and wound It every night of my life."

Hospital doctors are ward healers.



If miserable with backache, bladder irritations and getting up at night, don't take chances! Help your kidneys at the first sign of disorder. Use Doan's Pills. Successful for more than 50 years. Endorsed by hundreds of thousands of grateful users. Get Doan's today. Sold by dealers everywhere.

