

Central Convenient Comfortable



NEW SCOTT HOTEL
Broadway & Ankeny Sts., Portland, Ore.
Rates, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

WHEN IN SEATTLE TRY THE FRYE
SEATTLE'S LARGEST HOTEL
Only three blocks from Depots and Docks.

NEW HOUSTON HOTEL
Sixth and Everett Sts., Portland, Ore.
Four blocks from Union Depot.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY CHILD
Rose City Park, Portland, Oregon.
Phone Taber 1081.

BEAUTIFUL RUGS
Are made from your old CARPETS. Rag Rugs woven all sizes.

DRUGS BY MAIL
We Pay the Postage.
In need of Pure Drugs and Chemicals.

AGATE CUTTING
FOR \$50 WE WILL CUT AND MOUNT YOUR AGATE IN A SOLID GOLD RING LIKE CUT.

ELECTRIC MOTORS
Bought, Sold, Rented and Repaired.
WALKER ELECTRIC WORKS

OLD FALSE TEETH BOUGHT
Will pay \$1 to \$10 a set.
older the better; crowns, bridges, work.

An Isle of France.
The smallest dependency of France is the Ile d'Hoedie, situated at the east of Belle Isle.

A Paradoxical Trade.
The more industriously that man works, the more he suspends operations.

A Candidate.
Here's an article says China wants more boring effort.

Not His Fault.
Mamma — Why, Harry, what's the matter?
Harry — My new shoes hurt my feet.

Kill All Flies!
They Spread Disease
Found anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer kills them.

HIDES, PELTS, CASCARA BARK, WOOL AND MOHAIR.
We want all you have. Write for prices and shipping tags.

SHIP
Veal, Pork, Beef, Poultry, Butter, Eggs and Farm Produce

SHIP
To the Old Reliable Evering house with a record of 45 years of Square Dealings.

P. N. U. No. 32, 1917

SHEEP'S CLOTHING

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

AUTHOR OF "THE LONE WOLF," "THE BRASS BOWL," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"You darling!" he declared with emotion. "Wait—till I get my—breath."

Lydia laughed aloud. Impossible to resent the extravagances of this irrepressible boy!

"I got you!" said Peter, breathing heavily. Suddenly Lydia realized that Peter was the cheerfulness she had ever known.

But she was bound to love him; and not him alone, but all her new-found friends.

She meant to leave him without delay. Come morning, and she would strike out for herself.

"Just to talk to you," he replied frankly. "You keep to yourself so much—I get lonesome and desperate."

"What makes you say that?" "Because you show it."

"Not so's anybody'd notice it but me. You'll have to learn that you can hide nothing from me."

"You aren't?" Peter sat up at attention, serious for once at least.

"It's nothing—don't ask me, please. I'm just a bit low-spirited."

"Nothing doing!" declared Peter firmly. "Disimulation isn't your long suit."

"You're fretting about that cursed necklace." He drew a long breath and lied magnificently.

"No—don't joke, please. I—I am not very happy tonight."

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"That just goes to show how little I knew myself. The diagram is, of course, I never wanted to be serious before I fell in love with you."

"The girl sighed and looked away, troubled, a strange, sweet fluttering in her bosom."

"I love you," he repeated gently. "Oh, believe me, heart of my heart!"

"But," she protested in a voice scarcely more than a whisper, he had to bend very near to hear, "but Peter—"

"Dearest?" "It's the first time you—you ever told me that."

"God forgive me!" cried the young man devoutly. "I never thought, I thought you knew all the time!"

CHAPTER XV.

"Peter!" The cry was smothered. "Silly boy! Can't you see the cab is turning? Do let me go!"

"Only into a side street. I say, where are we bound anyway?" "It doesn't matter—only to deliver a note and get an answer."

"Who to—and from? Grammar's nothing to me, anyway."

"I sha'n't tell you if you don't stop. Well, a friend—nobody you know. If you don't let me go, I'll—"

"What will you do?" "If you'll let me go, I'll tell you something."

"Curiosity triumphed. Lydia extricated herself. "What is it?"

"There—I'm all mused and rumped. You're frightfully inconsiderate."

"May's well get used to it. You've got a long, rumpled, mussed lifetime before you."



"Wait—till I get my breath— Man's Got No Business Courting—When He Ain't in Training."

fore you. What were you going to say?" "Promise not to be silly again, if I tell you?"

"I say, that ain't sporting of you. You promised—"

"Very well. No—wait. Is my hat straight? We're turning again—stopping. Look out and see if it's the right number."

"Ninety-eight." "That's right."

"Now what are you going to do?" "Get out, deliver the note, get the answer, and—come back to you, Peter."

"Nothing could be fairer than that. Only you don't get out till you tell me what you promised to."

"Very well. But you'll have to get out first. Not a word while you're in this cab. Now, Peter, please!"

"Oh, all right."

Peter closed out and offered his hand. He closed strong fingers round hers.

"No, you don't—not till you keep your word!"

"Then—listen, Peter!" her voice was low, but clear and very sweet.

"It doesn't make an ounce of difference to me about—those others so long as it's only the you love now and always will!"

With this Lydia ran up the steps, leaving Peter dazed with the memory of her face at parting.

And indeed the wits of the young man were reeling, drunken with the fragrance of his beloved. It was some moments before he began to recover.

had hinted. And yet, surveying the residence, one began to doubt—

An eminently respectable quarter, Seventy-sixth street, between Madison and Park avenues, a block as sedate as any in town, dedicated to the homes of solid, decent, law-abiding bodies who, to be sure, wouldn't suffer association with any establishment of the least questionable character.

Since the cab had stopped not a sound had disturbed the quiet save the semioccasional rumbling of surface cars on the one hand or snoring of motors on the other.

And number 98 itself was a residence of a type and caste to ally distrust at a glance—an elderly, well-to-do sort, with brownstone front, well groomed; nothing in this ensemble the least ominous or threatening.

Inclining to question old Quoin's ever-ready inference, Peter climbed back into the cab, and for five minutes hugged himself in private ecstasy.

Everything was for all the best in the best of all possible worlds. He needed only to crowd things a bit, rush the wedding through before Lydia realized that people were onto Craven, keep her if possible ignorant forever of old Tad's disgrace— That could be fixed, no doubt. Fortunately Betty wasn't vindictive. Quoin's commission from her had been merely to scare Craven silly and run him out of town.

And that, of course, would keep things dark; for Craven would never dare return.

Of course, if he ever found out his daughter didn't know, and her husband didn't want her to know, he would likely try on a little blackmailing, just to keep body and soul together. But Peter wouldn't mind that—not in moderation. Anyway, he'd always liked old Tad; and to think of him in want, who had been so refulgent a figure in the life of town, would be keen discomfort for his prospective son-in-law. Peter dared say old Tad could do with a tidy bit of blackmail—something adequate and regular. And he, for one, would never begrudge it.

But when five minutes had elapsed Peter began to fidget. That's a long time to wait for a girl you're crazy about, who has just owned up she's crazy about you!

He consulted his watch: ten minutes past eleven. Lydia had come to the Margrave about a quarter of: they couldn't have been more than a quarter of an hour coming up town. Peter became convinced that he had waited ten minutes, not five.

Things began to look dubious. He hopped out and up the steps of 98.

The outer door was fastened; but a steady pressure on the push-button brought a shadow to skulk suspiciously behind lace-screened inner doors.

One edge of the curtains was pulled aside a trifle, he was inspected narrowly, and then the shadow materialized into a woman who came forth and unlatched the outer doors. Even to Peter's captious scrutiny she looked a very nice sort, altogether an apparition to abash suspicion.

"Yes?" she inquired in a pleasant voice.

"Yes," the discomfited young man replied intelligently. "That is to say— I—ah—"

"Perhaps you've mistaken the house?"

"No—I mean to say—Miss Craven—I brought her here—was to wait to see her home, you know—waited so long— began to wonder—"

"I see," said the woman quietly, a flicker of amusement in the eyes that Peter rather liked. "If you don't mind waiting another minute, I'll ask her."

Singularly enough, Peter thought, she didn't ask him to step in out of the weather. On the other hand, she was considerate not to keep him waiting long; though the message she finally brought him proved distasteful enough.

"Miss Craven asked me to give you this, Mr. Traft."

"Thanks," said Peter, graciously accepting the proffered envelope.

It wasn't sealed. Unconsciously he lifted the flap and withdrew the inclosure, a square, white, heavy correspondence card with the address stamped in black letters. Below a stub pen had been used with disastrous effect.

"Dear Mr. Traft—Please don't wait for me. I can't tell how long I may be detained. Sincerely,

"LYDIA CRAVEN."

Dear Mr. Traft, nonplussed, accepted dismissal with what grace he could muster. "Oh—ah—thanks," he said blankly. "Awful good of you—"

"Good evening, Mr. Traft."

"Good evening."

The door closed. Peter granted disgust and went slowly down the steps.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bleeding Useful at Times. For ages one of the customs of Chinese physicians has been to thrust fine needles into the body to let out pains and various maladies and it appears that bleeding in this way is often really useful.

After long observation in China Dr. James Cantlie reports himself so much impressed with the results that he has adopted the procedure himself for certain cases. Needling seems to lessen the tension in the inflamed part and to relieve neuralgic and rheumatic pains, swelling and stiffness from sprains and fractures, and especially the indefinite hip pains usually called sciatica.

Freshet Preceding Drought. There seemed to be general rejoicing over prohibition in Ormscoo Gulch.

"Yes," replied Broncho Bob; "the boys looked forward to it with great enthusiasm. They figured that there'd be a tremendous amount of liquor that the saloons would have to give away just before they closed."

BIG HARVEST OF PEAS

Ten Thousand Acres Near Moscow, Idaho, Expected to Give Average Yield of 10 to 12 Bushels.

Moscow, Idaho—Farmers in the vicinity of Moscow are busy harvesting their peas. It is estimated that there are 10,000 acres in peas in the immediate vicinity of Moscow this year, and despite the abnormal season—cold and wet in the spring and a record-breaker for lack of rain and heat in the summer—it is felt that it is clearly demonstrated that this is a field pea country, that in ordinary years they will do well.

The best estimates obtainable on the present crop here this year is 10 to 12 bushels to the acre. Some fields will double that. Elmer A. Nichols just south of the city has 230 acres that is expected to average 20 bushels. The price expected is \$3.50 as the minimum, so that even at 10 bushels it will mean \$35 an acre for the crop. Farmers who planted peas this year are encouraged to go in for a much larger acreage next year.

Strawberry Money is Divided. Hood River—The Apple Growers' association has completed its most successful strawberry season in the matter of dollars and cents.

Following is the list of the 14 pools, showing the dates and the average price realized from a crate of 24 boxes. It is the actual net money received which is being distributed to the growers. The list: June 1 and 2, \$4.80; June 3 and 4, \$3.33; June 5 to 11, inclusive, \$3.45; June 12 to 15th, inclusive, \$3.51; June 16th, \$3.64; June 17 to 19, inclusive, \$3.30; June 20, \$3.18; June 21 to 24, inclusive, \$2.80; June 25 to 26, inclusive, \$2.63; June 27 to 30, inclusive, \$2.09; July 1 to 5, inclusive, \$1.81; July 6 to 11, inclusive, \$1.87; July 12 to 18, inclusive, \$2; July 19 to 27, inclusive, \$2.25.

Tiny New Spuds Sprout. Pendleton, Or.—Umatilla county war garden growers are discovering that their potatoes are not maturing, but are already sprouting in the ground. None here has been able to explain the condition and apparently all locations and all soils in the immediate vicinity are affected in this manner. Some of the early varieties have grown sufficiently to be served on the tables, but the late planting will be hardly worth digging so far as the war gardens are concerned. The potatoes which are sprouting are sometimes as small as a pea, frequently as small as a walnut.

The seed potatoes remain in the ground in much the same condition as when planted.

Butterfat Prices Soar. Marshfield, Or.—Butter fat is bringing an average of 56 cents in Coos county and creamy butter is selling at higher prices than ever before in the summer season. Two-pound rolls are bringing from \$1.05 to \$1.15 each. The creamery operators report a heavy falling off in milk receipts, due to the drought conditions. Many pastures have dried up entirely and some cattle are actually on short feed. July milk deliveries were much lighter than those for the month of June.

NORTHWEST MARKET REPORT

Portland—Wheat—Bluestem, new, \$2.35@2.40; fortyfold, \$2.34 @ 2.36; club, \$2.32@2.35; red Russian, \$2.30 @2.32.

Millfeed—Spot prices: Bran, \$35 per ton; shorts, \$38; middlings, \$45; rolled barley, \$51; rolled oats, \$55.

Hay—Producers' prices: Timothy, old crop, nominal; alfalfa, new, \$18@19; wheat, new crop, \$15@16; oat and vetch, new crop, \$16@17.

Vegetables—Tomatoes, \$1.25@2 per crate; cabbage, 24c per pound; lettuce, \$1.50@1.75 per crate; cucumbers, 40@60c per dozen; peppers, 8@10c per pound; beans, 6@8c per pound; corn, 30@35c per dozen.

Potatoes—New, 2 1/2@3 1/2c per pound. Green Fruits—Apricots, \$1.25@1.50; cantaloupes, 95 @ \$2.85 per crate; peaches, 65c@1.25 per box; water-melons, \$1.75@2 per hundred; apples, \$1.35@2.50; raspberries, \$1.75 @ 2; pears, \$2; grapes, \$2; blackberries, \$2.15.

Butter—Cubes, extras, 40 1/2@41c; prime, firsts, 39 1/2c. Jobbing prices: Prints, extras, 44c; cartons, 1c extra; butterfat, No. 1, best bid, 46c; No. 2, 42c.

Eggs—Ranch, current receipts, 36c per dozen; candied, 37 1/2@38c per dozen; selects, 39c.

Poultry—Hens, 15@16 1/2c per pound; broilers, 18 @ 20c; turkeys, 18@21c; ducks, old, 13@15c; young, 17@18 1/2c; geese, old, 8@9c.

Hops—1916 crop, 12@14c per pound; 1917 contracts, 18@20c; 1917 fuggles, 25c.

Cattle—Best beef steers, \$ 8.50@ 9.00; Good beef steers, 7.50@ 8.25; Best beef cows, 6.00@ 7.25; Ordinary to good, 4.00@ 6.00; Best heifers, 6.25@ 7.50; Bulls, 4.50@ 6.00; Calves, 8.50@ 9.50; Stockers and feeders, 4.50@ 7.25.

Hogs—Prime light hogs, \$15.60@15.75; Prime heavy hogs, 15.50@15.65; Pigs, 14.10@14.75; Bulk, 15.55@15.60.

Sheep—Western lambs, \$12.00@12.75; Valley lambs, 11.00@11.50; Yearlings, 8.75@ 9.25; Wethers, 8.00@ 8.50; Ewes, 3.50@ 7.00.

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED BY CUTTER'S BLACKLEG PILLS. BLACK LEG PILLS. Write for booklet and testimonials.

Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy.

YES! MAGICALLY! CORNS LIFT OUT WITH FINGERS. You corn-pestered men and women need suffer no longer.

Pacifism at Home. "Bobbie, run over to the next door neighbor and take what eggs and butter you find in the refrigerator."

The Tested Skin-treatment. If you want to experiment on your skin, there are plenty of treatments to experiment with.

Close Quarters. Ethel has the gift of graphic description. Until recently she was a little country girl; now she lives in a large town.

Perfectly Correct. "It is a shame the way that beauty doctor is selling those pretty girls gold bricks."

SOFT, CLEAR SKINS. Made So by Daily Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment—Trial Free.

WOMAN COULD HARDLY STAND. Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Fulton, N. Y. — "Why will women pay out their money for treatment and receive no benefit, when so many have proved that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will make them well?"

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. were useless and only an operation would help me, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved it otherwise.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If you have had symptoms and do not understand the cause, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free.

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