

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has surpassed all other medicines, in merit, sales and cures.
Its success, great as it has been, has apparently only just begun.
It received more testimonials in the last two years than any previous two—over 40,000.
It has the abiding confidence of the people—the strongest proof of its unequalled worth.
It purifies the blood, cures all blood diseases, all humors and all eruptions.
It strengthens the stomach, creates an appetite and builds up the whole system.
It cures that tired feeling and makes the weak strong.
In usual liquid, or in new tablet form, 100 Doses One Dollar.

No Need of It.

"Can't I sell you a painless corn cure, madam," said the peddler.
"No, you can't!" snapped the woman of the house. "I have no painless corns."
Then the door was shut with a sudden slam.—Chicago Tribune.

Reform Needed.

"Senator," asked the reporter, "is there likely to be any reform legislation in the near future?"
"Probably not," answered the eminent statesman, "but the conviction is growing that there ought to be a change in the form of administering the oath in courts of justice."

In what respect?

"Well, it is felt that a witness should be sworn merely to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Telling the whole truth is not only unnecessary in most cases, but is sometimes highly injudicious."

WASTED TO A SHADOW,

But Found a Cure After Fifteen Years of Suffering

A. H. Stotts, messenger at the State Capitol, Columbus, O., says:



"For fifteen years I had kidney troubles, and though I doctored faithfully, could not find a cure. I had heavy headaches, dizzy headaches and terrible urinary disorders. One day I collapsed, fell insensible on the sidewalk, and then wasted away in bed for ten weeks. After being given up, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. In a couple of months I regained my old health, and now weigh 188 pounds. Twelve boxes did it, and I have been well two years."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Portland Trade Directory

Names and Addresses in Portland of Representative Business Firms.

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MAGIC LANTERNS—Wester Co., Portland. Lowest prices on Lanterns and Slides.

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HORSES of all kinds for sale at very reasonable prices. Inquire 273 Front St.

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TELEGRAPHY TAUGHT FREE. Complete course and position secured when graduated. This offer good only for short time. Write for particulars. PACIFIC TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE Grand Theatre Building, Portland, Oregon.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Bricks from Sand.

A correspondent of Cardiff, Wales, reports that great sand dunes extend for miles along the north coast of the British Channel. These, in addition to being utterly worthless for all purposes, are also a menace to the narrow strip of lowlands between them and the hills. A company of business men have determined to put the sand to some use, and if their works prove profitable an industry will be built up on the dunes. The plan is to manufacture bricks from sand. The experiment has proved a success on the continent where the bricks are produced in several colors and take a glaze satisfactorily. Some experts claim that these bricks made of sand and lime will be the building brick of the future in Wales and the United Kingdom.

The Hard-Working Reformer.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "it 'pears to me like a reformer was one o' deshere people dat has to talk two hours an' a half to 'spress one o' de commandments. An' dar warn't no dispute 'bout dat in de firs' place."—Washington Star.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
WALDO & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALTERS, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

What Father Thought.

A New York teacher of instrumental music was one day telling the father of a pupil, a lad of 10 years, of the progress made by the boy in his studies. "I think he is improv'ing a great deal," said the professor. "He will certainly learn to play the piano."
"Is that so?" asked the father, much gratified. "I didn't know whether he was really improv'ing or whether I was merely getting used to it."—Harper's Weekly.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Not that Kind of a Place.

"All my threats don't bother him at all," said the collector.
"No?" replied the merchant, "said we could go as far as we liked, eh?"
"Well—er—I think the place he mentioned was farther than you'd like."—Philadelphia Press.

FIT'S

St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Man on the Steps.

They were going to the matinee. She was up in her boudoir putting on finishing touches, and he was sitting impatiently on the front steps.
"George," she called down sweetly, "just one minute more until I find my gloves."
Fifty minutes passed.
"George," came from above, "wait another second. I've lost my pin."
Twenty minutes slipped by.
"George," she continued, "don't go. One moment. A button just jumped off my shoe."
Long silence. Then George calls wearily:
"Hurry a little, Ethel. If you get down in another five minutes we can make the evening performance. Matinee's over long ago."

THE RED STORM

Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER XXVII.

The ensuing night set in dark and stormy. A fine misty rain fell continuously on the earth. The enemy, fatigued with their past efforts, had ceased to make hostile demonstrations, and were evidently resolved on resting until morning.

Captain Boone, having placed a guard, had prevailed on the weary defenders of Boonesborough to lie down to sleep, to strengthen them for the contingencies of the morrow. The pioneer had laid himself down for a couple of hours, but at 11 o'clock arose and walked around the works to see that all was safe, and take care that the guard was duly relieved and vigilant. As he was passing the gate he heard a gentle knocking on the outside.

"It is some Indian trick," thought Daniel; "but I am too old a bird to be caught with chaff. 'Who knocks?'"

"Bland Ballard. There are three of us," added the voice.

"Let the other two speak," returned the pioneer.

"Simon Kenton," said another voice.

"Allan Norwood," added a third.

"It's all right," said Boone, undoing the fastenings of the gate. "No three men were ever more welcome to any place," he continued, as the party entered.

"You've had a fine time of it here, I reckon," said Ballard.

"The hand of sorrow has pressed heavily upon us," replied Boone, sadly.

"I knew in the course of natur' that some confounded thing or other would break!" added the scout, sentimentally.

"How has it fared with you, my lads? What news of Miss Alston?"

"It has fared but indifferently with us," replied Allan. "Miss Alston, we have reasons to suppose, is safe, although in the power of Le Bland."

Mr. Alston, who had also been walking about the works, heard the name of his daughter mentioned, and hastened to join the party.

"It appears," continued Allan, "that your daughter was carried away by a jealous Indian maiden, who intended her no serious harm."

"But where is she? Where have you left her? Why have you not restored her to my arms?" exclaimed Alston, deeply moved.

"Softly! softly!" said the scout. "We have done all that men could do. We haven't been afeard to risk our lives in her service."

"The Cherokee girl," resumed our hero, "had witnessed an interview between her lover and your daughter, which excited all her jealousy and hatred, and was the cause of her sudden and mysterious disappearance."

"But who was the Indian maiden's lover?" asked Alston, new light streaming in upon his brain.

"He was called while here Le Bland. Before I made this important discovery Miss Alston had been found by Le Bland and carried away. We pursued him with haste, but he reached his friends, who are keeping you besieged here, before we could effect a rescue," said Norwood.

"This young man has acted nobly," added the scout, with great warmth.

"He has saved my life, and Kenton's also. I abused him at the outset, and am sorry for it. He's as brave a young feller as ever walked, and I'll make my word good agin a dozen, armed with any kind o' weapons whatever. If there should be any sort o' blame attached to his name, now or hereafter, this year or next, or the year arter, I don't care when, I warn everybody in partic'lar that in course o' natur' somethin' will break!"

"It is no more than what justice demands to say that all the success that has attended this enterprise is due to Mr. Norwood," said Simon Kenton, with many frankness. "We've got good news for you all. Otter-Lifter is coming to your aid at the head of his warriors, and is now close at hand."

"And we called at Harrodsburgh," added Allan, "on our return, and Colonel Harrod is coming with two pieces of cannon. I think we shall not only be able to make good the defense, but defeat the enemy and rescue Miss Alston."

"We have only bad news to tell you in return for these glorious tidings," returned Boone. "Matilda Fleming and your sister Eliza, Mr. Ballard, have been carried off by Silas Girty and are now in his hands."

"If we can get them two cannon into this place afore sunrise, and Otter-Lifter reaches us with his warriors, it's my opinion there'll be a confounded breakage!" exclaimed Ballard, knitting his brows and grasping his rifle nervously.

The news which Allan and his companions had brought soon circulated through the station, awakening new hope in every heart. The most experienced of the pioneers doubted not but the cannon could be brought to the fort under cover of the darkness.

"We shall have to go out and reconnoiter a little and see which will be the safest way to bring in the big dogs," said the scout, referring to the cannon.

"It's rather a delicate piece of work," added Kenton, "but the darkness of the night is greatly in our favor. Be on the watch, captain, to let us in." With these words the three men left the station once more and glided away.

In a little time Ballard came back to say that the enemy had relaxed their vigilance, being, doubtless, tired out with

the length of the siege; that twenty men from Harrodsburgh were at a short distance from the fort with ordnance, which they would now endeavor to drag into the station.

The rain descended in torrents, and the night, though more inclement, was more favorable than ever to their purpose. After incredible toil and exertion, the efforts of Col. Harrod were crowned with success, and the much coveted cannon were at last safely lodged in the block-house. Every heart was gladdened by the sight of the formidable engines of destruction and the brave company that came with them. They were immediately loaded with grapeshot.

The scout was both surprised and pleased when he discovered among the females the pretty figure of Innis McKee; and the particulars of her appearance at the station, as related by Joel Logston, gave him genuine feelings of admiration and satisfaction. He affirmed, in the hearing of Allan and others, that she was without question the finest girl in the whole world, and he stood ready, then and there, to make good the assertion.

Soon after Ballard freed his mind by making this important statement, he was observed in earnest conversation with Miss McKee; that is, as earnest as his embarrassment would allow of; for the scout on this occasion did appear to have lost his usual boldness, and in the estimation of Kenton and Elizabeth Boone, he was really awkward at times, bashful and hesitating. Before the dawn of day, Allan and his two friends had related their several adventures since they left the fort; while those who remained, in their turn, rehearsed what had transpired during the siege.

It may be a fact worthy of note, in this connection, that Simon Kenton had much to say to Elizabeth Boone; but as nobody took the trouble to listen, we regret that we shall not be able to explain it all to the reader. It was remarked, however, by Joel that Miss Boone's pale cheeks thereupon assumed a ruddier glow.

The subject of Miss Harrod's capture and singular return to Harrodsburgh was then spoken of, as the news of that event had not reached the station. As soon as the name of Fanny Harrod was mentioned, the attention of young Reynolds was instantly fixed upon the speaker. With changing color and varying emotions he listened to the tale, and exclaimed:

"Thank heaven!" in such an emphatic tone, when he heard the happy termination of the affair, that all eyes were instantly turned toward him.

"She's safe now, my lad!" said Colonel Harrod, in a low voice to the young man.

In answer to this assurance, Reynolds pressed the colonel's hand warmly.

"It would have been impossible to have kept him hived up here, if he had known that Fanny was in danger," remarked a man from Harrodsburgh, to Allan.

"He's somewhat sentimental toward the young woman, I suppose," observed the latter.

"Sentimental don't seem to be exactly the word; but he's very fond of her company, and people say that something will come of it by-and-by," returned the settler.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The morning so anxiously expected by the inmates of Boonesborough dawned brightly and clearly at length; anon a few random shots from the enemy told that they were also astir. Presently the firing ceased, and Girty once more hailed the fort. Captain Du Quesne, he went on to state, had a few more words to address to the infatuated people of Boonesborough. Some of the young women belonging to the station, had, unfortunately, fallen into the hands of his friends, the Miamis; the names of these captives as follows: Rosalthe Alston, Matilda Fleming and Eliza Ballard; all of whom would be put to death, providing the station did not immediately surrender unconditionally. Captain Du Quesne had seen an intimate friend of Mr. Alston, whose name was Le Bland, who entreated him in most earnest manner to advise Captain Boone to yield without delay.

These, Girty added, were the last offers Du Quesne would make, and he would allow them half an hour to think of them.

Captain Boone replied that they did not wish to think of such a proposition for a moment, and Captain Du Quesne was at liberty to do his worst without delay. Moreover if he (Girty) appeared before them again he would be instantly shot down, if he stood under as many flags as he could hold up.

This reply sent the notorious white man off in a great rage, and the pioneers perceived by the unusual bustle that preparations were being made for a grand assault.

"I wish to speak a few words to Du Quesne before the attack is made," said Alston.

"You are at liberty to do so," replied the captain.

Mr. Alston immediately availed himself of the permission, and with the flag which Reynolds had used, presented himself to the enemy in a conspicuous place and signified his desire to communicate personally with Du Quesne, the leader of the expedition. After some demurring and a multitude of excuses Du Quesne reluctantly appeared and demanded to know what was wanted,

since all his merciful overtures had been rejected.

"I wish to say that I know you, and knowing you, hold you in the deepest abhorrence," replied Alston. "You came under my roof like a villain as you are, under an assumed name and in an assumed character. You won my confidence, and thereby had it in your power to do me the greatest possible injury. Henceforth the name of Le Bland will ever be associated with all that is infamous. As the only reparation which you can make to a deeply injured father, I ask the restoration of my daughter and those young women whose names have already been mentioned."

"Give your resentment to the winds and attend to the safety of yourself and family. Come over to me with your wife, and instead of a dreadful scene of slaughter, there shall ensue a wedding. Your daughter shall become Madame Du Quesne, and you shall own half the lands on the southern bank of the Kentucky River—all that portion included in the purchase of Major Henderson," returned Du Quesne.

"I would rather see my daughter slain in the manner already threatened than to witness such a consummation as you have the hardihood to speak of."

"Come in! come in!" exclaimed Boone. "Let us waste no more time!"

Du Quesne now attended to the arrangement of his forces without further delay. The present disposition of his army was most favorable for the use of the two pieces of ordnance.

"He is dividing his red rascals into two large parties in order to attack us at two points at the same time," said Colonel Harrod.

"I think it would be well to open fire upon them while they are so compact," said Boone.

"Otter-Lifter, who is doubtless concealed in the forest yonder, will attack them the moment he hears our fire," observed Allan.

"Let me point one of those guns, if you please; I belonged to an artillery company once," said Alston.

"He stands right at the head of the column there," whispered Joel Logston in his ear. "Bring down the sight fair and square upon him, as you would level a rifle."

Mr. Alston looked deliberately along the gun, and Joel, obeying the motions of his hand, adjusted it to his satisfaction. Reynolds stood near, holding a blazing brand. Alston stepped back and gave him a significant look. The next instant the block-house shook and trembled to the thunder of the cannon, and the head of the column sank down, while yells of consternation arose from many savage throats.

The pieces had been well aimed and did terrible execution. Before the enemy had time to recover from their first panic both of the cannon had been discharged the second time, while the sound of musketry on the left told that Otter-Lifter had commenced the attack.

"To the rescue of the maidens!" shouted Allan Norwood, and, followed by thirty gallant Kentuckians, he rushed from the fort.

Du Quesne had fallen at the first fire, and Girty was trying to rally the Indians. The quick eyes of Joel Logston singled him out.

"Here's for you!" cried Joel, and the crack of his rifle reverberated up and down the green banks of Old Kentucky. The infamous renegade staggered and fell, to rise no more till the trump of doom summons all men to judgment.

The tall figure of Otter-Lifter with his warriors was seen struggling for a brief period in the midst of the flying savages, and then, joined by the Kentuckians, the enemy were routed in all directions.

The siege of Boonesborough was ended, and Otter-Lifter announced in a loud voice that the maidens were rescued. The body of Du Quesne was found among the slain. The victory was complete, and the joy consequent upon the successful termination, though subdued by the remembrance of their losses, was deep and heartfelt. Rosalthe and the other maidens unexpectedly restored to the arms of their anxious friends, expressed their thanks to their deliverers with grateful, eloquent looks and tearful, expressive eyes.

Allan Norwood grew rapidly in the good opinion of Mr. Alston, and an intimacy of the most tender and interesting nature soon became apparent between him and the fair Rosalthe.

Early in the following spring, just as the flowers were expanding, she consented to make him the happiest of men. And thus, blest to the summit of their hopes, we leave them to glide calmly and blissfully down the ever-rolling stream of life.

Star-Light gave her heart finally to Otter-Lifter, and kept thereafter his lodge fire bright. Among Norwood's visitors none were more truly welcome than the humane chieftain and his Star-Light.

As for young Reynolds, is it not written in the annals of old Kentucky that he was so fortunate as to persuade Fanny Harrod to become Mrs. Reynolds? And upon the next page is it not also written that Bland Ballard, the scout, offered his hand and varying fortunes to Innis McKee. It is very certain that something of this kind should have been made a matter of authentic record, if it was not; and possibly it was lost, with other important missing archives of the "dark and bloody ground."

Joel Logston did not long defer his happiness, but was wedded to Eliza Ballard. McKee was never heard of after the siege, and was probably among the slain.

Of Daniel Boone we feel that it is not necessary to add more. His name is so intimately associated with the history of that flourishing State, where he spent a great part of his remarkable life, that it needs no eulogy from our pen to add to its renown. He was the first and most distinguished among the Pioneers of Kentucky.

(THE END.)