

**Better and Understanding.**  
"Does that man really believe all he says?"  
"Believe it!" echoed Senator Sorghum, "why he doesn't even understand it."—Washington Star.

**FITS** St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 23 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd. 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

**System.**  
Frequent Patron—Where are your slot machines?  
Operator—'Sh! There's going to be a raid on 'em at 4 o'clock. Come around again at 4:30.

**HOWARD E. BURTON**—ANALYST and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, L. ad. \$1; Gold, Silver, 75c; Zinc, 50c; Copper, 41c. Cyanide tests. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Umpire work solicited. Reference: Carbonate National Bank.

**Rank.**  
Gunner—This cigar is named after a great author.  
Guyer—But the great author is dead.  
Gunner—How fortunate for the manufacturer of the cigar!"

**STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.**

**FRANK J. CHENEY** makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.  
**FRANK J. CHENEY**  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.  
**A. W. GLEASON**  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**Where Two Climates Meet.**  
A "digger" from California, eulogizing the climate, said:  
"There's a mountain there—the Sawyer Nevady, they call it—with a valley on each side of it, the one hot, the other cold. Well, get to the top of that mountain with a double-barreled gun, and you can, without moving, kill summer or winter game, just as you will."  
"What! Have you ever tried it?" asked one of his auditors.  
"Tried! Often—and would have done pretty well but for one thing."  
"Well, what was that?"  
"I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had froze his tail while hunting on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you know, sir."

**A PUBLIC DUTY.**  
**Montpelier, Ohio, Man Feels Compelled to Tell His Experience.**

Joseph Wilgus, Montpelier, O., says: "I feel it my duty to tell others about Doan's Kidney Pills. Exposure and driving brought kidney trouble on me, and I suffered much from irregular passages of the kidney secretions. Sometimes there was retention and at other times passages were too frequent, especially at night. There was pain and discoloration. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me relief from the first, and soon infused new life. I give them my endorsement."  
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**That Boy.**  
They were hurrying to catch a street car.  
"You'll have to walk faster, dear," said his mother.  
"I can't, mamma!" breathlessly exclaimed little Willie. "It makes my legs so dizzy!"  
White pine lumber costs to-day five times as much in this country as it cost in 1855.

**New Monthly Magazine.**  
A bright, new monthly magazine has made its appearance on the Pacific coast, and looks as if it had come to stay. It is the Coos Bay Monthly, published at Marshfield, Oregon, the business center of one of the most resourceful districts of the entire Northwest. The November number consists of about 125 pages of good reading matter, mostly local in nature, nicely illustrated, and of general interest to all who wish to know anything of the Great Northwest. The number also contains nearly 30 pages of local advertising. This speaks volumes for the business enterprise and energy of the citizens, as well as for the ability of P. C. Levar, editor and manager, and F. B. Cameron, advertising manager.

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**PACIFIC COAST SECURITIES COMPANY**  
PORTLAND, OREGON

## Between Two Fires

By ANTHONY HOPE

"A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." —Francis Bacon.

**CHAPTER XIX.**  
In spite of many anxieties, after this eventful day I enjoyed the first decent night's rest I had had for a week. The Colonel refused, with an unnecessary ostentation of scorn, my patriotic offer to keep watch and ward over the city, and I turned in, tired out at eleven o'clock, after a light dinner. I felt I had some reasons for self-congratulations; for considerable as my present difficulties were, yet I undoubtedly stood in a more hopeful position than I had before the revolution. I was now resolved to get my money safe out of the country, and I had hopes of doing more than for McGregor in the other matter which shared my thoughts.

The return of the day, however, brought new troubles. I was roused at an early hour by a visit from the Colonel himself. He brought very disquieting tidings. In the course of the night every one of our proclamations had been torn down or defaced with ribald scribbles; posted over or alongside them there now hung multitudinous enlarged copies of the President's offensive notice. How or by whom these seditious measures had been effected we were at a loss to tell, for the officers and troops were loud in declaring their vigilance. In the very center of the Piazza, at the base of the President's statue, was posted an enormous bill, "Remember 1871! Death to Traitors!"

"How would they do that unless the soldiers were in it?" asked the Colonel gloomily. "I have sent those two companies back to the barracks and had another lot out. But how do I know they'll be any better? I met DeChair just now and asked him what the temper of the troops was. The little brute grinned, and said: 'Ah, mon President, it would be better if the good soldiers had a little more money.'"

"That's about it," said I; "but then you haven't got much more money."  
"What I've got I mean to stick to," said the Colonel. "If this thing is going to burst up, I'm not going to be kicked out to starve. I tell you what it is, Martin, you must let me have some of that cash back again."  
The effrontery of this request amazed me. The man's want of ordinary morality was too revolting. Didn't he know very well that the money wasn't mine? Didn't he himself obtain my help on the express terms that I should have this money to repay the bank with?

"Not a farthing, Colonel; not a farthing! By our agreement that cash was to be mine; but for that I wouldn't have touched your revolution with a pair of tongs."  
He looked very savage, and muttered something under his breath.  
"You're carrying things with a high hand," he said.  
"I'm not going to steal to please you," said I.  
"You weren't always so scrupulous," he sneered.  
I took no notice of this insult, but repeated my determination.  
"Look here, Martin," he said, "I'll give you twenty-four hours to think it over; and let me advise you to change your mind then. I don't want to quarrel, but I'm going to have some of that money."  
Clearly he had learned statecraft in his predecessor's school. "Twenty-four hours is something," thought I, and determined to try the cunning of the serpent.

"All right, Colonel," I said, "I'll think it over. I don't pretend to like it; but, after all, I'm in with you and we must pull together. We'll see how things look to-morrow morning."  
"There's another matter I wanted to speak to you about," he went on.  
I invited him into the breakfast room, gave him a cup of coffee (which, to my credit, I didn't poison), and began on my own eggs and toast.  
"Fire away," said I briefly.  
"I suppose you know I'm going to be married?" he remarked.  
"No, I hadn't heard," I replied, feigning to be entirely occupied with a very nimble egg. "Rather a busy time for marrying, isn't it? Who is she?"  
"You needn't pretend to be so very innocent; I expect you could give a pretty good guess."  
"Madame Devargues?" I asked blandly.  
"Suitable match; about your age."  
"I wish you wouldn't try to be funny!" he exclaimed. "You know as well as I do it's the Signorina."  
"Really?" I replied. "Well, well, I fancied you were a little touched in that quarter. And she has consented to make you happy?"

I was curious to see what he would say. I knew he was a bad liar, and, as a fact, I believe he told the truth on this occasion, for he answered:  
"Says she never cared a stray for anyone else."  
"Not even Whittingham?" I asked maliciously.  
"Hates the old ruffian!" said the Colonel. "I once thought she had a liking for you, Martin, but she laughed at the idea. I'm glad of it, for we should have fallen out."  
I smiled in a somewhat sickly way, and took refuge in my cup. When I emerged, I asked:  
"And when is it to be?"  
"Next Saturday. Fact is, between you and me, Martin, she's ready enough."  
This was too disgusting. But whether the Colonel was deceiving me, or the Signorina had deceived him, I didn't know—a little bit of both, probably. I saw, however, what the Colonel's game was plainly enough; he was, in his clumsy way, want-

heard her call softly:  
"Jack!"  
I turned and came to her, kneeling down by her side and taking her hands. She gazed raptly into my face with unusual gravity. Then she said:  
"If you have to choose between me and the money, which will it be?"  
I kissed her hand for answer.  
"If the money is lost, won't it all come out? And then won't they call you dishonest?"  
"I suppose so," said I.  
"You don't mind that?"  
"Yes, I do. Nobody likes to be called a thief—especially when there's a kind of truth about it. But I should mind losing you more."

"Are you really very fond of me, Jack? No, you needn't say so. I think you are. Now I'll tell you a secret. If you hadn't come here, I should have married General Whittingham long ago. I stayed here intending to do it, and he asked me very soon after you first arrived. I gave him my money, you know then."  
I was listening intently. It seemed as if some things were going to be cleared up.  
"Well," she continued, "you know what happened. You fell in love with me, I tried to make you, and then I suppose I fell a little in love with you. At any rate, I told the President I wouldn't marry him just then. Some time after, I wanted some money, and I asked him to give me back mine. He utterly refused; you know his quiet way. He said he would keep it for 'Mrs. Whittingham.' Oh, I could have killed him! But I didn't dare to break with him openly; besides, he's very hard to fight against. We had constant disputes; he would never give back the money, and I declared I wouldn't marry him unless I had it first, and not then unless I chose. He was very angry and vowed I should marry him without a penny of it; and so it went on. But he never suspected you, Jack, not till quite the end. Then we found out about the debt, you know; and about the same time I saw he at last suspected something between you and me. And the very day before we came to the bank he drove me to desperation. He stood beside me in this room, and said: 'Christina, I am growing old. I shall wait no longer. I believe you're in love with that young Martin.' Then he apologized for his plain speaking, for he's always gentle in manner. And I defied him. And then, Jack, what do you think he did?"

"What?" I cried.  
"He laughed!" said the Signorina, with tragic intensity. "I couldn't stand that, so I joined the Colonel in upsetting him. Ah, he shouldn't have laughed at me."  
And indeed she looked at this moment a dangerous subject for such treatment.  
"I knew what no one else knew, and I could influence him as no one else could, and I had my revenge. But now," she said, "it all ends in nothing."  
And she broke down, sobbing. Then, recovering herself, and motioning me to be still, she went on:  
"You must be quiet and cautious. But I must go to-night—to-night, Jack, either with you or to the President."  
"My darling, you shall come with me," said I.  
"Where?"  
"Oh, out of this somewhere."

I was full of rage against McGregor, but I couldn't afford the luxury of indulging it, so I gave my whole mind to finding a way out for us. At last I seemed to hit upon a plan. The Signorina saw the inspiration in my eye.  
"Have you got it, Jack?" she said.  
"I think so—if you will trust yourself to me, and don't mind an uncomfortable night."  
"Go on."  
"You know my little steam launch? It will be dark to-night. If we can get on board with a couple of hours' start we can show anybody a clean pair of heels. She travels a good pace, and it's only fifty miles to safety and foreign soil. I shall land there a beggar!"  
"I don't mind that, Jack," she said. "I have my five thousand, and aunt will join us with the rest. But how are we to get on board? Besides, oh, Jack! the President watches the coast every night with The Songstress—and you know she's got steam—Mr. Carr just had auxiliary steam put in."  
"No," I said, "I didn't know about that. Look here, Christina, excuse the question, but can you communicate with the President?"  
"Yes," she said, after a second's hesitation.

"And will he believe what you tell him?"  
"I don't know. He might and he might not. He'll probably act as if he didn't."  
"Well, we must chance it," I said. "At any rate, better be caught by him than stay here. We were, perhaps, a little hasty with that revolution of ours."  
(To be continued.)

**No Divorce for Him.**  
Browning—They say Skinner's wife treats him shamefully.  
Greening—Why doesn't he get a divorce?  
Browning—He's afraid to. All his money is in her name.

**Feminine Viewpoint.**  
Mrs. Hyker—My husband's creditors ought to be happy because of his bargain failure.  
Mrs. Pyker—Bargain failure?  
Mrs. Hyker—Yes. He's going to pay them all 49 cents on the dollar.

**Not a Pleasure Trip.**  
First Stranger (in smoking car)—Why don't you look out at this beautiful scenery?  
Second Stranger—Oh, I'm not traveling for pleasure. My wife's with me.

**Both Sides of It.**  
Her—There is nothing more disgusting than a boy who acts girlish.  
Him—With the possible exception of a girl who acts bolsterous.

## The Kidneys

When they are weak, torpid, or stagnant, the whole system suffers. Don't neglect them at this time, but heed the warning of the aching back, the bloated face, the sallow complexion, the urinary disorder, and begin treatment at once with

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
which contains the best and safest curative substances.  
In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs, 100 doses \$1.

**The Result.**  
All at once and unexpectedly Greek met Greek.  
There wasn't any tug of war.  
But two banana carts were upset and scattered their contents in the mud, to the accompaniment of much loud and variegated Hellenic profanity.

**The Ideal Family Laxative**  
is one that can be used by the entire family, young and old, weak and strong, without any danger of harmful effects. It should have properties which insure the same dose always having the same effect, other- wise the quantity will have to be increased and finally lose its effect all together. These properties can be found in that old family remedy, Brandreth's Pills, because its ingredients are of the purest herbal extracts, and every pill is kept for three years before it is sold, which all was them to mellow. We do not believe there is a laxative on the market that is so far fully made.  
Brandreth's Pills are the same fine laxative tonic pill your grandparents used. They have been in use over a century and are sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.


**Off the Wagon.**  
Mrs. DeChise—Why are you weeping, dear?  
Mrs. McSosh—Oh, I'm so disappointed! You know John signed the pledge last week.  
Mrs. DeChise—Yes?  
Mrs. McSosh—And—and this morning he went on a fishing excursion!—Cleveland Leader.

**Origin of Woman.**  
Miss Newgirl—So you insist that man and not woman was the chief consideration at the creation?  
Mr. Sparks—Certainly I do. Woman was only a side issue.—Boston Transcript.

**Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup** the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.  
**A Few Years Hence.**  
The first battle in airships had been fought.  
"I hear," said one officer, "that the general was in the very thick of the fight."  
"Yes," responded another officer; "he had sixteen gasbags punctured over him."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**A Sensitive Canine.**  
Baxter—That dog of yours is not a full blooded Boston terrier, is he?  
Birby—Hush, old chap, don't let him hear you. He thinks he is.—Woman's Home Companion.

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Wonderful Home Treatment



This wonderful Chinese Doctor is called great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, buds, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country through the use of those harmless remedies. This famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies, which he uses successfully in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and circulars. Send stamp. CONSULTATION FREE.

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Try W. L. Douglas Women's, Misses and Children's shoes; for style, fit and wear they excel other makes.  
If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.  
Wherever you live, you can obtain W. L. Douglas shoes. His name and price is stamped on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and inferior shoes. Take no substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes and insist upon having them.  
Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy.  
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