

Bad Blood

Is the cause of all humors, eruptions, boils, pimples, scrofulous sores, eczema or salt rheum, as well as of rheumatism, catarrh and other troubles. The greatest blood remedy for all these troubles, proved by its unequalled record of cures, is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1.

Premature.
The owl was exhorting the jaybird to reform.

"I know I'm a tough proposition," acknowledged the jay. "But how can you expect me to turn over a new leaf when the trees are only in bud?"

Then with a mocking scream, she went and stole a nest that a trusting robin had just built.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Side Lights on History.
Sam Patch was preparing to leap the awful gorge at Niagara falls.

"If anything happens to me," he said, "everybody will say it was because I took a drop too much."

Then, without waiting for the crowd to tumble, he jumped.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

Pleasant for Mice.

"I never knew before what the little chimney back of the gas stove was for," said the girl as she came out of the kitchen and stood in the doorway, "but I know now. It was built for the mice. There is a nest of them in there now as nice and warm as can be."

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Profit by the Experience of One Who Has Found Relief.

James R. Keeller, retired farmer, of Fenner St., Cazenovia, N. Y., says: "About fifteen years ago I suffered with my back and kidneys. I doctored and used many remedies without getting relief. Beginning with Doan's Kidney Pills, I found relief from the first box, and two boxes restored me to good, sound condition. My wife and many of my friends have used Doan's Kidney Pills with good results and I can earnestly recommend them."

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



GAVE HIM TIT FOR TAT.

Bit of Conversation Heard at an English Railway Station.

Young Stevens was on his way north to spend the week end with his parents and felt in a particularly jovial mood, says Tid-Bits.

The train in which he was traveling stopped at a small village and as a farmer, who was sauntering up and down the platform, came opposite Stevens' compartment, he was asked by that youth if he knew that the Duke of Devonshire was in the train.

Immediately the man showed great interest and said:

"No! Is he?"

"I think he is not," answered Stevens. "I only asked if you knew that he was."

The farmer said nothing but continued his walk on the platform. As he came opposite the window again he remarked that their town had been experiencing some excitement.

"What's the matter?" Stevens asked.

"The authorities wouldn't let some folks bury a woman," replied the farmer.

"What was the reason for refusing?"

"She wasn't dead," was the laconic reply.

And then he strolled away, leaving young Stevens biting his lip.

Typewriters Catch Cold.

The employer looked on with a puzzled expression while the new stenographer carried the typewriter across the room and placed it on a chair in the immediate neighborhood of a steam radiator.

"I'll be ready in just a minute, Mr. L—," she said. "The typewriter got cold while the heat was turned off, and it sticks dreadfully."

"Does the cold affect them?" he asked. "That's something new."

"Yes, sir. I find that it does, very much. Some machines regularly take cold if left long in a cold room. It's especially hard on old machines that are pretty well worn, making them very unmanageable sometimes. I've known the cold to remain in an old one until it had been several hours in a warm room, when it gradually became better; but usually a machine yields to three or four minutes of warmth."—New York Press.

Pig Iron and Diamonds.

When iron is prosperous precious stones are always in the ascendant. Last year the production of pig iron reached the enormous total of 25,000,000 tons, the price rose and at the present time iron products cannot be obtained at deliveries sooner than four to six months. Last year the United States imported diamonds to the value of \$34,000,000, by far the largest amount in our history. Diamonds and pig iron travel up and down the scale together.

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

Audrey fortunately knew nothing of the dislike and anger she was causing. By and by she found the atmosphere very close, for an awning had been raised on deck that formed an impromptu ballroom; and bidding the few around her a hasty "good-night," she slipped away, heedless that Beverley Rochfort was watching her and was following close behind her.

Once outside the awning Audrey drew a deep breath. A few couples were strolling to and fro, but she passed them and went swiftly aft.

Had she been less dazed and weary she might have wondered at the sound of a slight cry quite close, but she was thinking of Jack, and all else was lost upon her.

"I will just breathe some air and then go below," she said to herself. "It was stifling in there!"

She stood looking over the moonlit waters for a moment, and then turned to go. As she did so, she was suddenly blinded, a sense of horrible fear and helplessness came over her, a strong, sickly smell penetrated to her brain. She tried to scream, to struggle—in vain. Her limbs lost their strength, her brain reeled—she knew no more.

There was great commotion on board the Mona that night. By some mischance Lady John Glendurwood had lost her footing, and had fallen overboard into the still, deep waters below, and, by a miracle of mercy, Beverley Rochfort had been near at hand, had plunged into the water, and, at risk of his own life, had succeeded in saving hers.

This was the news that was telegraphed to John Glendurwood up in Scotland, and which caused his cheeks to turn ashen gray, and then made him rush wildly to the station, en route for the south, while Audrey lay still and white on her luxurious cabin bed, carefully watched by Mrs. Hungerford and Lady Daleswater, whose usually impassive countenance was pale and perturbed.

"The shock to the nerves has been very great," said the doctor, who was summoned hastily; "but for Mr. Rochfort's bravery, my dear Lady Daleswater, her ladyship would not be alive now."

In a dim, far-off way Audrey heard all this and pondered over it. She tried to ransack her brain to account for the accident, but in vain. "Even when Jack came, and she felt his arms holding her close to his beating heart, her memory did not clear; she could tell him nothing, for she knew nothing herself; it only troubled her to think about it. So Jack took the doctor's advice and refused to allow any more questions.

"She is saved, thank heaven, and that is all I care!" he said, rather brokenly, to his sister, and then, when he found himself face to face with Rochfort, he went straight up to him. "Rochfort," he said, quietly, "hitherto I have judged you harshly; henceforth I will try and amend for that judgment. I owe my wife's life to you. Here is my hand. I only hope, some day, I may be able to show my gratitude to you and to repay you for what you have done."

Beverley replied by some graceful words, but as he was alone, he walked to the edge of the yacht and looked across the waters.

"Here endeth the prologue," he said to himself; "now the drama is about to begin."

CHAPTER XIX.

The party on board the Mona was broken up. Audrey's nerves were shattered for the time, so that Jack was not happy until he could remove her from the yacht to the land.

"What do you say to a short honeymoon all alone with me before we go back to Craiglunds?" he whispered to her persuasively, and his heart rejoiced at the smile and blush with which she received this idea.

And so, despite all Lady Daleswater could say, he carried his point, and three days after her accident Audrey left the Mona and went to the quietest and most solitary part of the island that was to be found.

She had one brief interview with Beverley Rochfort, and her voice trembled as she tried to speak her thanks. Willie Fullerton was standing by, and somehow it pained and angered him to hear her doing this.

"Had I been on board I'll stake my existence it would never have happened," he murmured to himself, not understanding why so curious and strong a doubt of Rochfort's bravery and honesty should cross his mind, but perfectly assured of its existence all the same. The day they left the Isle of Wight Jack seemed full of mystery.

"Now, I wonder if you have the least idea where you are going to, my lady?" he observed, merrily, as they reached London and changed trains.

"Home to Craiglunds, of course."

"No, not to Craiglunds just yet." "I really cannot imagine, then, but," with a shy little blush, "I—I don't care where it is as long as you are with me."

They smiled and chatted on, happy and serene, till they reached their journey's end.

"Now do you know where you are?" Jack asked as they drove through some dingy streets in a cab, leaving Murray at the station confiding her disgust to her fellow servant, the successor to Henry Downs.

"No," she said in bewilderment. "I have never been here before."

"And yet you lived here all your life. This is Broadborough, Audrey, and—"

"And are you going to take me to see Jean, dear Jean! Oh, darling, how can I thank you? How good you are to me! Jack, you must thank her, you must be good to her, for she was the dearest and the best in the world to me. Jean, dear Jean! Oh, how slow this horse is going!"

"Audrey, I shall begin to be jealous of Miss Thwait," Jack observed, with a twinkle in his eye. "She has left the home. Mr. Lulworth has adopted her. You see, I know all about it. I have been busy writing while you were dreaming." They entered a house as Jack spoke.

"Then Jean knows I am coming?" Audrey cried, excitedly, and then, the next minute, she had flown up to a slender, gray-robed figure and had flung her arms about it with a reckless disregard for the astonishment of the neat servant-maid, or the portly, kind-faced Mayor.

"Audrey—my queen!"

"Jean—darling!"

The joy of that meeting was not to be adequately described. All Jean's fears and stifled longings were swept away now. Her Audrey was not changed; she was as sweet, as dear as ever, and how beautiful!

Jack, after cordially greeting his girl-wife's friend, left them to themselves for a moment; and then, after he had chatted with Mr. Lulworth, who gazed with mingled awe and deference on Audrey, scarcely believing his eyes, he turned to the two girls.

"Now, Audrey, I think, if you make inquiries, you will find that Miss Thwait's trunks are all packed and that we can take our departure together."

"Jack"—Audrey paused for a moment—"Jean is to come back with me! Oh, Jack! You darling!"

Mr. Lulworth discreetly turned his back, but Jean looked on with fearful yet joyful eyes as Audrey flung herself into her husband's arms and kissed him warmly.

Half an hour later a merry party was driving to the Broadborough station. Jean Thwait had to pinch herself to realize that it was really she herself who was sitting there opposite that smart, handsome young man, and beside her beloved Audrey, so lovely and exquisite in her dainty clothes. She was dazed with joy, speechless with excitement, and these emotions mingled made her pale, delicate face almost pretty.

How they traveled to Mountberry the two girls really could not have told. They had so much to say, so many exclamations of delight and affection that the time passed unheeding, and Audrey only realized she was back in what would be her home for some time, when on alighting she saw the carriage, perfectly appointed, waiting to receive them.

When at last she was alone with her husband, having herself deposited Jean, speechless with admiration, in a dainty bedroom, she had no more words left with which to thank him. She simply went up to him, and putting her slender arms about him, thanked him in a mute way which touched him inexpressibly.

CHAPTER XX.

This visit of Jean's was the crowning point of Audrey's happiness. Jean loved to watch them strolling together, arm in arm, through the grounds. She was a dreamer, and she transformed those two into every hero and heroine of history or romance. Day by day she found some new trait to love and admire.

As for Jack, he cordially liked the pale, intellectual-faced girl; she was by nature a thorough lady, and her mind gave evidence of deep thought, that only required culture to blossom into great cleverness.

After they had been at Craiglunds a fortnight there was a bustle and a confusion. Miss Fraser returned to Dinglewood House. She brought back with her about half a dozen guests, among whom were Mrs. Fairfax and her daughter, the Honorable Lancelot Twist, and Beverley Rochfort. Lady Daleswater was to join her in a few days, and the earl also promised the honor of his presence.

"I suppose we shall be having a wedding at Dinglewood before long," declared Jack, one morning at luncheon.

Audrey was silent for a moment.

"Gladys will be at Dinglewood next week. Must we ask them to dinner?" she said at length.

"I really don't see why we should. If Gladys wants to visit Mountberry she ought to come and stay with us; she knows that."

"But Sheila asked her first, and we can't quarrel at her for accepting an invitation, can we, Jean?"

"Why not ask Lady Daleswater to come to Craiglunds when her visit ends at Dinglewood House?" Jean suggested, timidly.

"You may do as you like, Audrey, but I still maintain that Gladys should have come to us first; there, kiss me, darling. I am going to ride over to Beighton on business."

Audrey ran to the door with him, and saw him mount and ride away.

"Now for our visiting, Jean," she said, and ordered out the barouche, and went to dress herself for the occasion.

They called at a number of houses, at Lady Grace Huntley's, at the Everests', and many others, and ended by alighting for a few minutes' chat with Mrs. Thorn-

gate, who was rather cold toward Audrey, and then by driving to Dinglewood House.

Audrey walked into the drawing room, a slender, graceful form, in her dress of dark green velvet, close-fitting jacket, and small hat to match. Beverley Rochfort, as he rose to meet the regal girl, quickly determined that, beautiful as she always was, she had never looked more beautiful than now.

Mrs. Watson was knitting by the fire, grim as a sentinel, and Mrs. Fairfax was dozing over a novel in the most comfortable chair she could find.

"My niece is out, Lady John," intoned Mrs. Watson, rising stiffly; "she is riding."

"Yes; didn't you know that? How strange!" And Mrs. Fairfax laughed softly and disagreeably to herself.

"I don't quite see where the strangeness comes in," Beverley Rochfort retorted, coolly, as he handed some tea to Audrey and Jean.

"I merely meant it was strange that your husband should not have told you he was going to ride out with Sheila this afternoon, but, no doubt, he did not think it was necessary; after all, they are such old friends, Lady John, there is no need for you to be jealous."

"Of course, had your husband known he was to have the pleasure of Miss Fraser's company during his ride, Audrey, he would have told you," Jean said, very quietly, looking Mrs. Fairfax full in the face with her honest, clear, gray eyes; "I expect it was a hasty arrangement, was it not, Mr. Rochfort?"

"I think you must be right, Miss Thwait," was his answer. He cared nothing for Mrs. Fairfax's angry glances; he saw that he had made a great stride in both Audrey's and Jean Thwait's estimation. "How are all your animals?" he said, coming up to Audrey, and conversing in a soft, low voice.

Audrey, feeling grateful to him for his delicate tact, responded more warmly than she had ever addressed him before, while Mrs. Fairfax fixed her eyeglasses on Jean, and tried to stare down the "impertinent young person" who had dared to cross words with her.

"Er—you are an old friend of Lady John's, I presume, Miss—er—Thwait?"

"Yes," Jean answered, laconically.

"You were educated together?"

"Yes," Jean answered a second time.

"So you are a charity girl, too?" she observed, slowly.

"Pardon me. I was, but am no longer. Would you really care to hear all my family history, madame? I assure you it is most interesting. My father—"

But Mrs. Fairfax drew back her chair. This low-born creature actually had the effrontery to be laughing at her.

"I—er—really don't think I will trouble you, Miss Thwait."

"Well," declared Jean, as they drove away, "so those are the manners of the aristocracy, are they? Give me plebeian ways in future. What a horrid woman, Audrey, and did you see her face thick with paint?"

"She is certainly very disagreeable to me. Why should she have said that about Jack?"

"Because she is a cat, my dear child, and she felt she must scratch."

"Well, I was really most grateful to Mr. Rochfort. He came to the rescue most gallantly."

Jean was silent so long that Audrey at last laughingly inquired the reason.

"I was thinking about that man, Audrey, you were quite right to fear him; he is dangerous. Mrs. Fairfax is a vulgar cat; her warfare won't harm you; but Beverley Rochfort is a snake, and he will sting you when you least expect it. That is my humble but firm opinion. I may be wrong, but I don't think so. Be warned, my darling, trust to your first impulse and shun that man!"

(To be continued.)

Trackless Trains Go Everywhere.

Locomotives without tracks, drawing behind them long trains of cars, and speeding over the highways, are to-day familiar sights in Europe, from France in the west, to Turkey in the east. Under the caption, "Trackless Trains Go Everywhere," Donald Burns, in the Technical World Magazine so writes. Wherever the ordinary four-wheeled vehicle can go, the trackless trolley can go likewise. The author describes one particular model, known as the Renard train, as follows: "This latest prodigy, the Renard train, is a train of passenger or freight vehicles, headed by a steam or gasoline locomotive which travels over country roads and town or city streets. The ordinary railway train calls for steel rails and a special right-of-way; the Renard train has no necessity for either of these, but shares the common highway with the horse-drawn vehicle."

Further on, the writer says: "In France the Renard train has been used for military service with marked results. A convoy so transported occupies one-eighth the space of one drawn by mules, or horses, and it travels at a speed of ten miles per hour." Even Turkey and Persia, two countries which are noted for their backwardness in most things, have been quick to take up the new ideas.

Stalled.

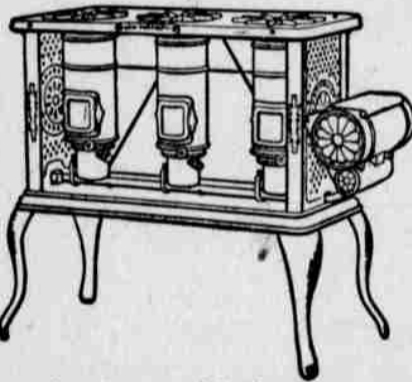
Farmer Hardapple—Pays you right for automobiling on Sunday, neighbor. You know the way of the transgressor is always hard.

Chauffeur (of machine stuck in mud)—Well, old man, in this case the way seems to be extremely soft.

Captain Fritz-Egger, a Swiss cavalry officer, has invented a method of horse-shoeing by fastening the shoe to the hoof with metallic bands.

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