

Blood Humors

Commonly cause pimples, boils, hives, eczema or salt rheum, or some other form of eruption; but sometimes they exist in the system, indicated by feelings of weakness, languor, loss of appetite, or general debility, without causing any breaking out.

Hood's Sarsaparilla expels them, renovates, strengthens and tones the whole system. This is the testimony of thousands annually. Accept no substitute, but insist on having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Not Impressed.

Capital was making a virtue of its chronic timidity.

"Why," it exclaimed to the country, "I'm so scared that I feel the symptoms of a panic."

No immediate response being evoked, Capital proceeded to set up a fearsome scarecrow and, gazing intently upon the same, to throw a fit.

"There, I told you so," it remarked in tremulous but exultant tones. "I'm having a panic. Just watch my convulsions."

But the country had seen fake fits thrown before.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Uncle Allen.

"Lots of men who get a reputation for wisdom by not doing any talking," observed Uncle Allen Sparks, "don't dare to talk; they've got too much to conceal."

CATARRH BLOOD DISEASE AND SYSTEM DISORDERED

Catarrh is not merely an inflammation of the tissues of the head and throat, as the symptoms of ringing noises in the ears, mucous droppings back into the throat, continual hawking and spitting, etc., would seem to indicate; it is a blood disease in which the entire circulation and the greater part of the system are involved. Catarrh is due to the presence of an excess of uric acid in the blood. The Liver, Kidneys and Bowels frequently become torpid and dull in their action and instead of carrying off the refuse and waste of the body, leave it to sour and form uric acid in the system. This is taken up by the blood and through its circulation distributed to all parts of the system. These impurities in the blood irritate and inflame the different membranes and tissues of the body, and the contracting of a cold will start the secretions and other disgusting and disagreeable symptoms of Catarrh. As the blood goes to all parts of the body the catarrhal poison affects all parts of the system. The head has a tight, full feeling, nose continually stopped up, pains above the eyes, slight fever comes and goes, the stomach is upset and the entire system disordered and

I had Catarrh for about fifteen years, and no man could have been worse. I tried everything I could hear of, but no good resulted. I then began S. S. S., and could see a little improvement from the first bottle, and after taking it a short while was cured. This was six years ago, and I am as well today as any man. I think Catarrh is a blood disease, and know there is nothing on earth better for the blood than S. S. S. Nobody thinks more of S. S. S. than I do.

affected by this disease. It is a waste of time to try to cure Catarrh with sprays, washes, inhalations, etc. Such treatment does not reach the blood, and can, therefore, do nothing more than temporarily relieve the discomfort of the trouble. To cure Catarrh permanently the blood must be thoroughly purified and the system cleansed of all poisons, and at the same time strengthened and built up. Nothing equals S. S. S. for this purpose. It attacks the disease at its head, goes down to the very bottom of the trouble and makes a complete and lasting cure. S. S. S. removes every particle of the catarrhal poison from the blood, making this vital stream pure, fresh and healthy. Then the inflamed membranes begin to heal, the head is loosened and cleared, the hawking and spitting cease, and the constitution is built up and vigorous health restored. S. S. S. also tones up the stomach and digestion and acts as a fine tonic to the entire system. If you are suffering with Catarrh begin the use of S. S. S. and write us a statement of your case and our physicians will send you literature about Catarrh, and give you special medical advice without charge. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE

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THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XXI.

Naturally when Jack Glendurwood came home from Belmont the truth about Sheila came out.

"I happened to call at Dinglewood for a moment. I wanted to speak to Twist about that horse he said he would buy, and found the fair Sheila with that Fairfax girl and her Lancelot all ready to start off for a ride. They proposed accompanying me, and I agreed, though I could have done very well without them."

Audrey laughed as he related the results of the ride, and Jean's gray eyes glowed with triumph.

"I wish I had told him what that odious woman said," she observed to Audrey, when they were alone in the drawing room; "he ought to know of her insolence."

"It would only vex him, and I don't really mind," Audrey answered, though she had been much hurt for the moment, "besides, it is all so vulgar and disagreeable. Why should we trouble about it?"

On the last day of October Willie Fullerton came down to Craiglands, greatly to Audrey's delight.

"Now, Jean, I want you to be very nice to him; he is a dear boy," she declared.

"The dear boy being a good five years older than your ladyship," laughed Jean; but she found it a very easy task to be nice to Willie Fullerton.

His open admiration for Audrey won her heart, and she felt that before long this pleasant young Englishman and herself would be good friends. To begin with, they both cordially detested Mrs. Fairfax and her daughter, and that was a very good foundation to commence upon.

The week following Mr. Fullerton's arrival was, to Jean Thwait's thinking, the pleasantest that had come since she had left Broadborough.

To Audrey, it was quietly happy; the Dinglewood folk gave her a little breathing space; Sheila and Lady Daleswater having gone up to town to arrange about the masked ball, and she had her Jack nearly all to herself, for Jean and Willie Fullerton fraternized warmly, and were much together. Audrey's letters to her mother that week unconsciously betrayed the feeling of her heart. She wrote freely, joyously, not in the strained fashion that had seemed to hang about her of late, and Constance Fraser, away alone, bearing her great sufferings with courage and patience, rejoiced as she read.

Alas! How little did she think those letters were the last happy ones Audrey would write for many a long, weary day.

Jack, too, tired out with perpetual excitement and worry, basked in the sunshine of his girl-wife's love, and revealed in the gladness her presence gave him.

Two days before the masked ball Sheila and Lady Daleswater returned to Dinglewood, and drove over to Craiglands to discuss all the arrangements with the Glendurwoods. They found the four young people out in the grounds playing lawn tennis.

"I have come to ask Lady John what she is going to wear at the ball. Oh, I know it is a great secret, but I will betray it to no one," Sheila said to Jack, as they walked away, and then she tried to catch his eye as she gave a very palpable sigh.

Audrey good-naturedly offered to show her gown and domino to both Sheila and Lady Daleswater. Jean Thwait had been carefully excluded from the invitations.

"Lovely! Beautiful! Exquisite!" cried Sheila, as Murray unfolded the sheeny satins and held them forth for inspection. "And this is your domino, Lady John?"

"Black and silver. It was Jack's idea. Isn't it pretty? Look at the design over the shoulders."

"I wish you would put it on; I should like to see it so much," Sheila next observed.

Lady Daleswater had not vouchsafed to come up and see the finery, she was in far too bad a temper.

"An artist from London is coming down to sketch us all. He arrives to-day. I think he had better begin at once. I wish you would allow him to sketch yours, Lady John."

"I shall be delighted," Audrey said, cordially. "Shall he come here or must I go to him?"

Sheila's cheeks were quite rosy.

"Oh, there is no need to trouble you. Just send Murray over with it. She might drive back with us if you can spare her."

Audrey, only too glad to find Sheila speaking so pleasantly, agreed at once, and so, when the Dinglewood carriage drove away, Lady John's maid rode in it, carefully guarding the box containing the black and silver domino.

Audrey meant to have told Jean about this, but all ideas went out of her head as the carriage disappeared, and they rushed to finish their game.

"I say, baby, here's a bore," Jack Glendurwood said, as he entered Craiglands at dinner time on the evening of Sheila's ball. "I can't go with you to-night, after all."

"Oh, Jack!" Audrey clasped her hands in despair. "I am disappointed. I don't think I shall go, then. What is the matter?"

"Benson has telegraphed me he must see me at once on important business; something gone wrong with the election, I suppose. I'll get back as quickly as possible, and come on to you if I can."

"Your dress looks so lovely. You would make such an exquisite Black Brunswicker, Jack."

"Well," laughed Jack, kissing her, "I will try and get into my fine togs; at least, if I cannot manage the Black Brunswicker, I will don my gray domino. You will be able to pick me out, won't you, fairy, even though I am masked?"

"And you me?" Audrey added. "Don't forget to look for the black and silver, Jack."

Dinner was hurriedly eaten, and Jean was much grieved for Audrey's sake that Lord John could not accompany her. After Jack had driven away, the two girls mounted up to Audrey's pretty bedroom.

"You must be my maid to-night, Jean," she said, as they sat before the fire for a few moments.

"Why, where is Murray?"

"Oh, she was very rude and I was obliged to send her away," Audrey answered, a shade falling on her face. "There have been a great many complaints about her downstair."

"I hope you told Lord John, Audrey," she said. "No? My dearest, believe me, you are wrong—this perpetual attacking of you. Believe me, if it were once known that your husband had put his foot down, you would find Dinglewood House would learn how to behave itself."

"But, Jean, dear, what has Dinglewood House to do with Murray's insolence?" Audrey asked, quietly.

"More than you imagine, Audrey," Audrey was silent for a moment.

"Jean," she said, looking up with tears in her eyes, "why is it that they—they are so cruel? What have I ever done to Sheila Fraser or Lady Daleswater that they should hate me so?"

"You have offended Lady Daleswater by your beauty and aristocratic bearing; you have made an enemy of Sheila Fraser because you have robbed her of the man she meant to marry."

"Jean!" Audrey turned pale. "Is this true?"

"Ask any one about the place, and you will find it is; but why should it distress you? Remember the time it takes to make your complexion; and how will your ladyship have your hair dressed to-night?"

Audrey smiled at Jean's grave mimicry of Murray's voice.

"Now let us go down, the carriage is at the door, and Mr. Fullerton will be tired of waiting."

She followed the black and silver domino down the stairs, and then gave a great start as Willie sauntered out of the smoking room in his ordinary evening dress.

"Why are you so late? Have you been sleeping?" Jean demanded severely.

Willie colored and stammered out an excuse.

"If you will forgive me, I have such a headache, I—"

"You want to stay at home? Certainly. Jean, look well after him. Good-night, darling; good-night, Mr. Fullerton; you really do look alarmingly ill," and so, laughing, Audrey drove away.

Willie had never seen her look like that before, and it puzzled him.

"I say, Miss Thwait, you are not vexed I did not go, are you? I—I am—"

Jean turned to him hurriedly.

"Not vexed, Mr. Fullerton, but sorry. I should like you to have been with her to-night. I hardly know why I say this, but I have a presentiment that something is going to happen, and that Audrey will find sorrow, not pleasure, at Sheila Fraser's masked ball."

CHAPTER XXII.

A huge ballroom had been erected on the lawn, with light, wooden walls, and one cone shaped roof; the floor was parquet, and as smooth as ice; a smart military band was to provide music; supper was served in another temporary room, and the drawing room, hall and conservatory were turned into a lounge and promenade.

Audrey felt quite bewildered as she found herself in this throng of variously colored forms, all with the black lace or silk covering over their faces. She wished vaguely she had not come, then that she had Jack with her, or Willie Fullerton. Suddenly Audrey became aware that two people were talking close to her and that they were speaking of her.

"They call her a beauty!" one woman's voice said. Audrey could recognize neither of the two. "A small, insignificant thing like that, with her black hair and staring white face! Jack Glendurwood did the worst day's work he will ever do when he married her! What can a low born and bred girl like that know about social duties?"

"And yet they say she was a great success in town."

"They say—of course they say so. Well, ask Gladys Daleswater and you will hear the truth."

"Ah, it was a sad mistake! Such a nice fellow, too; he should have married Sheila."

"I can't make out why on earth he didn't! This charity girl business seems to me to have been very well arranged by Mrs. Fraser. Why, everybody knows he has always been in love with Sheila. They are together now. I just caught sight of them as we came along, his tall gray domino beside her pale-blue one."

I expect he tells her all his troubles. Sheila is so fond of him. They ought to have been man and wife, and would have been, too, but for that pesty-faced, upstart creature!"

Audrey's limbs seemed frozen, her heart a lump of ice. What was this she had heard? What horrible nightmare had come over her! So this was what was said!

"Sheila and Jack!" Again and again the phrase rang in her ears. "Sheila and Jack!" They had always loved; they loved now; and she—she, Audrey, the low-born, low-bred charity girl—she stood between them.

A moan broke from her burning lips; she held one hand pressed close over the other so tightly as almost to tear the gloves she wore. Her brain was on fire; her head reeled.

She sat so quiet she might have been a figure of marble, not human flesh and blood. Not even in that moment of actual peril on board the Mona had she felt as she did now. She was stranded before she had sailed beyond the sun-tipped waves of youth and youth's sweet dreamings. Suddenly she awoke with a start. A voice was calling shrilly in her ear, and a hand was placed on her shoulder.

"Lady John—I know it is you by your domino—what are you doing all alone? Isn't it fun? Aren't you enjoying yourself? I never was at anything so lovely in all my life. Don't you know me? I am Alice Fairfax. It is such fun being disguised like this. But you must not sit here all alone. Lord John is enjoying himself immensely. I met him walking in the garden with Sheila just now. You see, I know all the dominoes, and can pick people out quite easily."

"You—you are sure my husband is here, Miss Fairfax?"

"Yes. He has been dancing with Sheila. They are out in the garden. Do you want him? Shall I go and find him; or why not come with me, I know just where they are."

Audrey's simple, loving heart was ablaze with jealousy. So he had come, and had gone to Sheila first without looking for her? What if those cruel tongues had spoken true, that already he was repenting his bargain, and turning again to Sheila, the girl he had always loved.

"I think I will go with you, Miss Fairfax," she said, hurriedly. She would see for herself.

"Come this way, then," Alice Fairfax went out through the window. "Lift up your skirts, Lady John; I am afraid the paths are not too dry."

"They went down here," Alice Fairfax said, as they passed onward to a more remote corner; "but I don't see them now. What a nuisance! I thought we should have been sure of catching them up. Ah, there is Mr. Devereux, I will ask him if he has seen them. You go straight on, Lady John, I will overtake you."

The girl darted away as she spoke, and Audrey wandered on alone, obeying her mechanically.

"When I find Jack he shall take me home," she said to herself, very slowly. She longed to be gone, to be away from this horrible ball, with its laughter and fierce gaiety, and venomous tongues, hidden behind every mask. Deep in her agitated thoughts, Audrey had hurried on unconsciously. She left the ball room behind her. She had followed along the path in which Miss Fairfax had set her first. She scarcely realized that she was alone, she had no desire for the girl's companionship. All at once she came to a standstill.

What forms were those just before her, half hidden by a rustic garden house? Her eyes were blinded for an instant, then she saw quite clearly. That was Sheila Fraser's face; she had taken off her mask, and the far-away lights shone on it, and touched the red gold of her hair with a shimmering glory; and that tall, strong figure in the gray domino! Ah, did she not know that only too well?"

With sickening pain Audrey noted the attitude of those two; how Sheila's white hands were clinging to the man's strong ones; and then, as though to confirm the truth, to allow of no remaining doubt, Audrey saw the girl's head, with its wealth of ruddy gold hair, rest against the man's breast. She caught the murmur of a man's voice, and then the answer that Sheila gave, clear and shrill as a bell, "Oh, Jack! Jack! my darling!" and then, with a cry of despair, she turned and sped away—on, on, unheeding, unconscious, till suddenly her strength went and she stumbled against something or some one, and she knew no more.

(To be continued.)

Went to the Right Place.

An American whose business frequently takes him to London tells of an amusing conversation between the driver and conductor of a public bus in that city.

The bus was fairly crowded, so the American climbed to the top, where, shortly after taking his seat, he observed a person in peculiar garb, with a red turban. There was a leaden sky overhead and a slow, drizzling rain, such weather as is the rule rather than the exception in the British metropolis.

As the conductor came to the top the red-turbaned person, evidently an Indian Parsee, got down.

"Wot sort of a chap is that?" asked the driver of the conductor.

"I fancies that 'e's one of them fellows that worships the sun."

"Worships the sun, eh!" repeated the driver, with a shiver. "Then I suppose he comes over 'ere to 'ave a rest."—Success Magazine.

Queen Margherita of Italy has the finest collection of pearls in the world. She is a great automobile enthusiast, and can drive her own machine.