

## THE HIGHEST PRICES

ever offered in the City of Portland are as follows: We will pay these prices—straight up for good, fat stuff. We never charge commission nor drayage.

Fresh ranch eggs—market price.  
Dressed Veal up to 130 lbs 12c  
Large Veal Less 20c  
Dressed pork, any size 11c  
Live Hens 18c  
Dressed Hens 20c  
Live Ducks 18c  
Dressed Geese 16c  
Dressed Turkeys 25c

Address,  
**FRANK L. SMITH MEAT CO.**  
"Fighting the Best Trust."  
PORTLAND, OREGON.

## Sleeping with Feet Raised.

Among the pernicious things that we have all been doing without knowing it is sleeping with a pillow under our heads. No longer if we value health and happiness may we bury our weary heads in these soft and soothing depths. It is the feet that want elevation, not the head, says a German doctor, and a pillow isn't big enough to raise them to the required height. The doctor has the foot end of his bed elevated about eight inches and says that in this position his circulation is better and that his brain and nerves have profited thereby.

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

## Not in the Thunderbolt.

"I sent you a communication a day or two ago," said the indignant caller, "and you wouldn't print it just because it didn't happen to agree with your views."  
"What was it about?" asked the editor of the Morning Thunderbolt.  
"It was about woman suffrage."  
"O, yes, I remember."  
"You threw it in the waste basket, I presume."  
"I presume I did."  
"My object, sir, was to show that a good deal can be said on both sides."  
"Well, you said it all right, sir—on both sides of the sheet. That's the reason why you can't say it in the Thunderbolt. Good morning, sir."

## Preocious Foresight.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "you have made some inexcusable mistakes in your geography lesson."  
"Yes," said the precocious youth.  
"When I'm a man I'm going to be an explorer. I want to avoid the minute accuracy which will lead people to discredit my observations."

## PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.

## Gratitude.

"Hello!"  
"Hello!"  
"Is that the grocery and meat market?"  
"Yes."  
"This is Mrs. Kildeer. You have my order for an eight-pound turkey, haven't you?"  
"Yes, ma'am."  
"Well, change it to a sixteen-pound turkey. I've just got my divorce papers!"

## Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day.

Still at Her Own Disposal.  
"Miss Violet," said the handsome young professor of vocal culture, "you must put more heart into your voice. Let it be freer and more spontaneous."  
"Why, professor," she said, bringing her lovely eyes to bear upon him, "my heart is entirely free!"

## Why?

At the front gate, procrastinating—  
"No, George, don't go yet; 'tis too soon!"  
So they lingered there, waiting, waiting.

## For the total eclipse of the moon.

## DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.

Seventeen Years the Standard.

Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments—a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and certain.

## Would Be Taken Care Of.

"I fear I am not worthy of you," "Never mind about that," responded the young lady with the square jaw. "Between mother and myself we can effect the necessary improvements."  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Back in the Corridors of Time.

Plato had just dubbed Aristotle the "Intellect" of his school.  
"In fact," said Plato, "he comes pretty near being the Philander Knox of his scholastic cabinet."

For, in the best educational circles in those days, it was considered better to be brainy than to be brawny.—Chicago Tribune.

## Rheumatism and Neuralgia never

get along with Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Wizard Oil always drives them away from the premises in short order.

## When Protection Is Needed.

"Do you regard protection as a business necessity?" demanded the inquisitive person.  
"A necessity?" responded the other. "Say, you try running a 'speak easy' in this town without it and see where you land."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Why, Yes!

"What do you understand," asked the teacher, "by the 'whirligig of time' bringing in 'his' revenge?"  
"Taking a ride around the elevated loop during the rush hour," answered the young man with the bad eye.—Chicago Tribune.

## No Formalities.

"You had a housewarming the other evening, Mrs. Guernsey? You didn't say a word about it to me!"  
"O, it was quite impromptu and informal, Mrs. Jiggs. The janitor turned on the heat."

## The figures of this country's wheat

crop indicate not only a larger home consumption as a result of increased population, but also a larger consumption per capita.

## When You Take Cold

One way is to pay no attention to it; at least not until it develops into pneumonia, or bronchitis, or pleurisy. Another way is to ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. If he says, "The best thing for colds," then take it. Do as he says, anyway.

## Ayer's

When the bowels are constipated, poisonous substances are absorbed into the blood instead of being daily removed from the body as nature intended. Knowing this danger, doctors always inquire about the condition of the bowels. Ayer's Pills.

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

# What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Beaton's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

## CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

That evening, as Hope was playing some Scotch airs, with great taste and a delicate touch, while Mrs. Saville sat thinking in her chair and stroking Prince, a note was brought for Miss Desmond. Hope finished what she was playing, then, asking, "Will you allow me?" opened the missive.

"It is from Miss Dacre," she added, in a minute or two—"a most extraordinary epistle. She says she writes with your knowledge and approval. She asks me to leave you and live with her, and offers me one hundred pounds a year. Will you look at it?"

Mrs. Saville stretched out her hand, and, after reading the letter, deliberately returned it.

"How do you mean to reply?"

"Can you ask?" cried Hope—"unless, indeed, your knowledge of Miss Dacre's intention indicates a wish that I should leave you."

"No, it does not. I thought it right that you should have the option of refusing an advantageous offer. You would have more money, a larger salary, an easier life, with Mary Dacre, than with a cantankerous old woman like myself."

"If I had the money I should be willing to pay a hundred a year to stay away from Miss Dacre," said Hope. "You are severe, and rather formidable, but I feel sure of your justice and loyalty, and the restfulness of life with you is infinitely preferable to the fevered gaiety of Miss Dacre's existence."

"I am glad you think so. Write to her at once."

Hope obeyed, and, after writing with deliberation for some minutes, gave the result to Mrs. Saville for perusal.

"Good," said that lady. "It is firm and courteous. Let it be posted at once. You play me the march from 'Tannhauser.'"

When that was finished, Mrs. Saville said, "Come and sit down."

Hope obeyed. There was a short pause, and she went on: "As you have chosen to stay with me, my dear Miss Desmond, I shall increase your salary to what Miss Dacre offered."

"You are very good, Mrs. Saville, but I would rather you did not. I have quite enough for all I want. A year hence, when I have proved me, if we are still together, and you like to offer it—But, oh, it is unwise to look ahead so far."

"I am not a very imaginative person," said Mrs. Saville, slowly, "but it strikes me you have a history, Miss Desmond."

"I suppose every one has," said Hope, smiling. "I too, have my little story; and some day, if you ever care to hear it, I will tell you—but not just yet."

"I suppose it centers round some love-affair, which you silly young people always think of the last importance."

"It does," said Hope, with grave feeling; "and I am sure the importance cannot be exaggerated. If men and women only allowed themselves to think what a sacred and solemn thing love and its usual ending marriage is, fewer unhappy ones would take place."

"Ah, with the vast majority love is an unknown quantity and an insignificant ingredient. Just think what human nature is, the conditions in which it lives, moves, and has its being; how is love as you exalted people accept it, to exist? There we shall never agree. Pray get me the Figaro."

Miss Dacre was reproachful, and even tearful, when Hope next saw her, but the "much desired one" was immovable.

"Is it not extraordinary," cried the disappointed heiress, "that George Lumley went off in that unaccountable way? There is some hidden benefit influence at work. It is always the same; as soon as we are growing sentimental he flies off. It is a hideous thought, but it has occurred to me that he is secretly married to some dreadful woman. What do you think?"

"I think there is nothing more unlikely."

"Well, good-by. We return to London on Wednesday. Perhaps Richard Saville will be able to tell me something of George, Oh, I forgot; we shall just miss him. Well, if you can find out anything you will be sure to write? You have treated me very badly; but I do not bear malice. You will find you have made a great mistake. So good-by."

Mrs. Saville seemed more cheerful and in a better temper than Lord Castleton and his daughter left Paris, though the presence of her eldest son was always more or less a trial.

she endured an occasional visit from Lord Everton, who was quietly pernicious in cultivating friendly relations with her.

He was the only member of the family who dared to mention her offending son, but he only ventured to do so when they were alone.

"I really believe you are softening Mrs. Saville's stout heart," he said one day as he met Hope coming from the galleries. "Not, I am sure, by fire and vinegar, but rather with the milk of human kindness. She allows me to mention Hugh, and just now endured hearing that I had a letter from him. He writes in good spirits. I believe the Fortynight will be home in August or September, and then we shall see what we shall see—oh, allow me," for Hope had dropped her sunshade and stooped to pick it up. "Getting quite too hot to stay here. I am off for Switzerland; and I hear Richard is going to cruise in somebody's yacht to the coast of Norway. He has sent of

some buried treasures of Runic inscriptions, and heaven knows what else, near Skarstad. You had better get Mrs. Saville away, and yourself, too. You are looking pale and seedy—excuse a privileged old fellow. You have by best wishes, my dear girl—my very best. Accept a prophecy: I think we'll turn a corner before long."

And before Hope could ask the meaning of his enigmatical words he had raised his hat, bowed, and departed.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The little fishing village of Sainte-Croix, lying at the mouth of a valley or gorge which opens from the sea between high cliffs on the coast of Normandy, has of late been revealed to Parisians, especially artistic and literary Parisians. One of the latter order has even built himself a villa well up on the steep side of the valley. Artists encamp in the fisher cottages, turning the kitchens, with their carved oak dressers and settles, into living-rooms, and cooking in outhouses, or getting their food from a rambling hotel and restaurant lately instituted by joining several cottages together, with additions and improvements, where a few yards of level ground intervenes between the sands and the cliffs.

A straggling growth of fine beech-trees stretches down from a large wood which crowns the gradual ascent of the valley where it merges into the flat table-land above, well cultivated, and rich with fields of corn and clover. At the date of this story it was known to few, but, obscure though it was, Mrs. Saville chose it for a resting-place before she returned to London. It was a fine glowing August evening when, with Miss Desmond, her German courier, and her English maid, Mrs. Saville arrived and started the sleepy little village into lively curiosity, as she drove through it in an old-fashioned traveling-carriage drawn by four scraggy post-horses, the whole equipage secured with some difficulty by the careful courier at the nearest railway-station. The dogs barked, the hens cackled, the ducks and geese flew out of the roadside pond with prodigious noise and fluttering, as the scarecrow team rattled down the hill to the shore of the rock-encircled bay along the edge of which the "Hotel de l'Euro-pe" stretched its low, irregular front.

The landlady and one male and two female waiters were drawn up to receive the distinguished guests and usher them into their apartments.

"Madame has a fine view of the bay and cliffs. The sunsets are superb, nay, exquisite, in good weather; and it is generally good at Sainte-Croix. I do not remember having had the honor of receiving Madame before."

"I dare say not. You were not old enough to be the head of such an establishment when I was here last," returned Mrs. Saville, more graciously, than she would have spoken to an Englishman.

"Impossible, madame!" cried the host, with polite incredulity. "When will Madame dine?"

"At 6. Meantime, we want tea; but my courier will see to the preparation. He understands it. Pray, is Madame d'Albeville at the chateau?"

"No, madame. Unfortunately, the second son of Madame la Marquise was wounded a week ago in a duel, and she has gone to nurse him at Grenoble. I think. Her arrival is quite uncertain."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it. And she bowed dismissal to her polite host.

"This is a disappointment," said Mrs. Saville to Hope. "I quite counted on Madame d'Albeville's society. She is an agreeable, sensible woman, and rather pleasantly associated with my former visit to this little hamlet. Come, let us look at our rooms."

They were small, but more comfortable than the guests had anticipated. Hope was greatly pleased with the picturesque surroundings, and was anxious to survey the village.

"Then take Jessop with you for a ramble. I have letters to write, and do not feel inclined to move. Tell them to light a fire in the salon. I like a fire and open windows. The air is very fresh and deliciously salt, but I can quite bear a fire."

Hope willingly accepted the suggestion, and as soon as they had a cup of tea set out with the prosaic lady's maid, glad to enjoy some exercise after the long cramped journey by rail and road. It was indeed a primitive little place. A narrow stony road led between two irregular lines of detached cottages, each with a little garden, many of them overgrown with ivy and roses. Frequent steep paths between the led to huts perched on the hillsides above them. Gradually the road climbed up clear of these surroundings to where on the higher ground the ruins of a mediæval abbey peeped out from the shelter of the surrounding beech woods. Hope and her companion did not venture quite so far, but even from the height they had attained they looked out over the blue water of the Channel, now glittering and laughing in the strong light of the western sun.

"We must return now, Jessop," said Hope. "Mrs. Saville will have been a long time alone by the time we get back."

"She will indeed, miss; and what made Mrs. Saville come to this savage place is past my comprehension," returned the abigail, in an aggrieved tone. "There seems to be nothing but common people without shoes to their feet going about. I am sure Mrs. Sa-

ville would have got her health better at Ingfield, with the comforts and delectables as become her station around her."

"Perhaps so; but this is a sweet place. I think I could enjoy it intensely, if it—"

She paused, and her rich red lips parted in an unconscious smile.

"If your young gentleman was here, miss?" said Jessop, with a confidential smirk. Jessop had grown friendly and patronizing to her lady's young companion.

Hope laughed, and the yearning of her heart prompted her to reply, "Yes, that would make it a heavenly place, Jessop; but I must not allow myself to think of such joy."

"Yes, there is many a weary mile between us."

"That's bad, miss. Men are an inconstant lot; it's out of sight out of mind with most of them. I was engaged once myself, to a young gentleman in the grocery line, but he behaved most treacherous, and married a butcher's daughter. She was freckled and cross-eyed, but she had a tidy bit of money; and a man would marry the Witch of Endor for that."

"I dare say she was the Witch of Endor was a very attractive woman."

"Law, miss! an old witch?"

"Oh, no; a nice witch is never old."

Here this intellectual conversation was interrupted by the sound of approaching wheels, and the pound, pound, pound, crunch, crunch, of a patient, heavy-footed horse toiling slowly uphill.

(To be continued.)

## HATS VS. MEN'S HAIR.

Is the Bald Brother Equal to the Ordeal—And in Flytime.

While the masculine hatless club has not yet struck Pittsburgh, it is bound to come. Pittsburgh is never far behind in the march of progress, so that any day we may expect to see prominent citizens strolling along 5th avenue or Wood street with their ambrosial locks bare to the saucy breeze.

In Omaha, it is the baldheaded men who have organized a hatless club. The new scientific theory that the wearing of hats brings baldness has induced them to adopt heroic measures to recover their hair. In Chicago the hatless fad has been taken up by the citizens whose domes of thought are still crowned by the natural covering, on the principle that prevention is better than cure, and they are going to give the new theory a thorough trial. Undoubtedly they are proceeding on the right track. Especially at this season of the year, when flies are perniciously active, it requires courage of a high order for a baldheaded man to leave his hat at home. And then there is the possibility that no practical benefit will result. But it seems to have been pretty effectively demonstrated that fresh air is conducive to the preservation of such hair as one already possesses.

Now that hatless clubs are being organized in all parts of the country, it is advisable for men to inform themselves of the conditions for membership. It is necessary to take the pledge to abstain from the wearing of hats in any form until the first snow flies. The first frost is no excuse for donning the derby. Members must go hatless to business. Convivial individuals will be shocked to learn that even the nightcap is prohibited. The rules are strict, and for any infractin a heavy fine is imposed. Are men willing to go through this severe ordeal for the sake of keeping their good looks? And, indeed, is even total baldness unlovely? Why should it be so considered? The savage, it is true, rejoices in flowing tresses, but as man advances in civilization he loses his hair. There are no bald Indians, but how many of our captains of industry and professors of Sanskrit are characterized by hirsute deficiencies? May not baldness, then, be regarded as a mark of the highest culture? There is another phase of the question which, it is feared, has not been given due consideration by the hatless clubbers. It is the danger of venturing into the bright sunshine with unprotected head. Death, on the authority of the proverb, loves a shining mark, and why should it not select the glittering, hairless cranium as a target for the solar rays? Evidently there are two sides of this matter and both should be carefully weighed before man dooms his faithful old hat to permanent retirement on the top shelf of the clothes press.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

A Doubtful Compliment.

"Ma wants two pounds of butter exactly like what you sent us last. If it ain't exactly like that she won't take it," said the small boy.

"The grocer turned to his numerous customers and remarked blandly: "Some people in my business don't like particular customers, but I do. It's my delight to serve them what they want. I will attend to you in a moment, little boy."

"Be sure to get the same kind," said the boy. "A lot of pa's relations is visiting at our house and ma doesn't want 'em to come again."—Tit-Bits.

Why She Hates Him.

Bessie: How I do hate the man! Fatty:—The idea! Not a single word has ever passed between you and him. Bessie:—But you should have seen the way that he and Bertha Twittle went on at the reception last night. I never did like Bertha.

One on Us.

Ostend.—Father Adam used the greensward as a carpet, didn't he, pa? Pa—Yes, my son, and Father Adam was lucky.

Ostend.—How so, pa? Pa—Why, he had a carpet that didn't have to be beaten every spring.

Favorites.

"What are you going to put in there?" asked his wife.

"Peas, dear," replied the man with the trowel. "Say, if you're going into the house bring out a can with you. You know—the kind we had for dinner yesterday."

German soil feeds nine-tenths of her people.

## Scrofula

Few are entirely free from it. It may develop so slowly as to cause little if any disturbance during the whole period of childhood.

It may then produce dyspepsia, catarrh, and marked tendency to consumption, before causing eruptions, sores or swellings.

To get entirely rid of it take the great blood-purifier,

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Never Heard of It.

The elderly customer, whose library had been destroyed by fire, was trying to replace some of the rare old books that had vanished in smoke and flame.

"Have you a copy of 'Watson's Apology'?" he asked the salesman at the book store.

"His 'Apology'?" said the salesman. "Great Scott! He hasn't made any apology yet. He says every word he wrote about those Asquith women is true."—Chicago Tribune.

Strong Winds and Sand Storms.

It was the visiting Englishman's first view of the grand old Mississippi. "My word!" he exclaimed. "What an evil looking river! Isn't there a movement for improving it?"

"Yes," they assured him. "I am glad of it. It needs it."

Not an Asset.

Crusty Artist—That picture gives you a better impression, madam, if you look at it from a proper distance. Mrs. Chillicon-Kearney—I hardly think so. Distance can only—er—end enchantment, you know.

The Reason Why.

The Boy—Have yer caught anything, sir? The Angler—No, not yet, my lad. The Boy—Ah, I thought not. There weren't no water in that pool till it rained last night.—Leslie's Weekly.

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is not a "food"—it is a medicine, and the only medicine in the world for cows on. Made for the cow and, as its name indicates, a Cow Cure. Burenses, retained after birth, abortion, scours, calving difficulties, and all other ailments of the cow, are quickly cured. No one who keeps cows, whether many or few, can afford to be without KOW-KURE. It is made especially to keep cows healthy. Our book "Cow Money" sent FREE. Ask your local dealer for KOW-KURE or send to the manufacturers.

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A flavoring used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not send \$2.00 for bottle and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wa.

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