Smith Needs the Farmer

Smith will pay you the following prices. He does not charge commission.

Dressed Pork	12c
Dressed Veal	9c to 10c
Sive Chickens	18c
Eggs	Market Price

Address all shipments

FRANK L. SMITH MEAT CO.
"Fighting the Beef Trust"
PORTLAND, OREGON

Lesson from the Past.

Macduff had amputated Macbeth's head.

"I didn't mind his talking to me as if I were an old hen," explained Macduff; "but I couldn't stand his hideous profanity. There's already too much of it on the stage!"

Feeling that he had done his duty, he then took a layoff.

Physiological.

"Effie," said Margie, who was laboriously spelling words from a first reader, "how can I tell which is a 'd' and which is a 'b?'"

"Why," replied Effie, wisely, "the 'd' has its tummy on its back."—Tit-Bits.

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

More Sugar Scandal.

The Grocer's Wife—Ach! no, my child, ve cannot to de beach go in de vinter; but ven de gustomers have went away, you may take your iddle pail und shofel and play mit de granulated sugar."—Harper's Magazine.

THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

Poor health can nearly always be traced to a disordered stomach, weak kidneys, sluggish liver or constipated bowels. The Bitters acts directly on these organs, making them strong and healthy. Try it.

GOLDEN WEST COFFEE TEA SPICES BAKING POWDER EXTRACTS JUST RIGHT
A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE
CLOSSET & DEVERS
PORTLAND, ORE.

KASPARILLA

This sterling household remedy has long been recognized as the best and safest Blood Purifier, the most successful prescription for spring humors and such disorders of the blood as boils, pimples, pustules, blotches, sores and cutaneous eruptions. Kasparilla is admitted to be the best remedy for that lack of energy and the peculiar debility so prevalent during the close of winter and the opening of spring. For derangements of the digestive organs it is a natural corrective, operating directly upon the liver and alimentary canal, gently but persistently stimulating a healthy activity. Its beneficial influence extends, however, to every portion of the system, aiding in the processes of digestion and assimilation of food, promoting a wholesome, natural appetite, correcting sour stomach, bad breath, irregularities of the bowels, constipation and the long list of troubles directly traceable to those unwholesome conditions. Kasparilla dispels drowsiness, headache, backache and despondency due to inactivity of the liver, kidneys and digestive tract. It is a strengthening tonic of the highest value.

THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE
HOYT CHEMICAL CO. Portland, Oregon

NOW IS THE BEST TIME

of the year to have your teeth out and plate and bridge work done. For out-of-town patrons we finish plate and bridge work in one day if necessary.

PRICES:	
Molar Crowns	$5.00
22k Bridge Teeth	3.50
Gold Fillings	1.00
Enamel Fillings	1.00
Silver Fillings	.50
Good Rubber Plates	5.00
Best Rubber Plates	7.50
Painless Extr'ction	.50

DR. W. A. WISE, PRESIDENT AND MANAGER — 20 YEARS ESTABLISHED IN PORTLAND — BEST METHODS

Painless Extraction Free when plates or bridge work is ordered. Consultation Free. You cannot get better painless work anywhere, no matter how much you pay. All work fully guaranteed for fifteen years.

Wise Dental Co.
INCORPORATED
Painless Dentists
Failing Building, Third & Washington, PORTLAND, OREGON
Office Hours: 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays, 9 to 1

C. Gee Wo
The Chinese Doctor

This wondeful man has made a life study of the properties of Roots, Herbs and Barks, and is giving the world the benefit of his services.

No Mercury, Poisons or Drugs Used. No Operations or Cutting

Guarantees to cure Catarrh, Asthma, Lung, Stomach and Kidney troubles, and all Private Diseases of Men and Women.

A SURE CANCER CURE

Just received from Pekin, China—safe, sure and reliable. Unfailing in its works.

If you cannot call, write for symptom blank and circular. Inclose 4 cents in stamps.

CONSULTATION FREE

The C. Gee Wo Medicine Co.
162½ First St., cor. Morrison, Portland, Or.

Thief Proof.

Some years ago a well known London solicitor, recently deceased, successfully defended a man charged with burglary, and a few days later there came by post a valuable gold hunter watch, with an inscription to the effect that it was a gift from a certain London society, presumably of doubtful practices. Years afterward the solicitor had the watch stolen from his waistcoat pocket, but it came back to him by post with a letter of apology, stating that "we never rob one of our pals."—London Answers.

Spring Humors

Come to most people and cause many troubles,—pimples, boils and other eruptions, besides loss of appetite, that tired feeling, biliousness, indigestion and headache.

The sooner you get rid of them the better, and the way to get rid of them and to build up the system is to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Spring Medicine par excellence as shown by unequaled, radical and permanent cures.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolated tablets known as Sarsatabs.

Stolen Joke.

The shade of the ice baron had introduced himself to Charon on the river trip.

"Quite a roomy bit of water, this Styx," he commented. "Never freezes over, does it?"

"Not so's to interfere with navigation," said Charon smilingly, "and, by the way, that very fact gave Mephisto the idea for his favorite joke."

"You don't say! What's the gag?"

"Why, when a guest in hades complains of the scarcity of ice the old boy explains that it's due to the unprecedented perversity of the past winter."—Buffalo Times.

Making a Distinction.

"There is not a particle of evidence, your honor," said the attorney for the defense, "to show that my client was within a dozen miles of the scene when the crime was committed——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the other lawyer, "but his brother-in-law testifies specifically that he saw him there."

"I know it," rejoined the defendant's attorney, "but his testimony isn't evidence."

On the Safe Side.

"The Bible says, 'Take no thought for the future.'"

"That's all right in theory, but I always buy a return ticket when I go to the races."—Houston Post.

Recent statistics of the German army show that neurasethenia is three and a half times as prevalent among the soldiers as it was a decade ago while hysteria cases are twice as numerous.

Somewhat Suspicious.

"Why do you refuse me an interview, Mr. Gotrox? I only wanted to ask you how you earned your first $1,000."

"Excuse me, young man, I thought you wanted to know how I got my last million."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Omissions of History.

Pope Gregory had revised the calendar.

"The spelling needs reforming, too," he said, "but I'm afraid to tackle that."

Which shows what he missed by not having Prof. Brander Matthews handy to brace him up and give him courage.

Worms

"Cascarets are certainly fine. I gave a friend one when the doctor was treating him for cancer of the stomach. The next morning he passed four pieces of a tape worm. He then got a box and in three days he passed a tape-worm 45 feet long. It was Mr. Matt Freck, of Millersburg, Dauphin Co., Pa. I am quite a worker for Cascarets. I use them myself and find them beneficial for most any disease caused by impure blood."
Chas. E. Condon, Lewiston, Pa., (Mifflin Co.)

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Siamese English.

Here is an amusing extract taken from a Siamese paper that has an English column for foreign readers:

"Shooting Outrage—O Fearful Agony.—Khoon Tong was a man of Langoon and on his return accidentally shot at by some miscreant scoundrels Untimely death, oh fearful! All men expressed their mourn. The cowardice dogs is still at large."

SORE EYES. weak, inflamed, red, watery and swollen eyes, use PETTIT'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sheppard's Plaid.

Of course everybody knows the popular black and white check patterned cloth "Sheppard's plaid," but ninety-nine people of every hundred ascribe the origin of this cognomen to some connection with the pastoral personage which is apparently indicated. Indeed, the description is generally written erroneously by tailors as "shepherd's plaid." Sheppard was the manufacturer who first introduced this fabric, and he exhibited his invention at the great exhibition of 1851.—London Scraps.

Alcohol not needed

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is not a strong drink. As now made, there is not a drop of alcohol in it. It is a non-alcoholic tonic and alterative. Ask your own doctor about your taking this medicine for thin, impure blood. Follow his advice every time. He knows.

We publish our formulas

Ayer's

We banish alcohol from our medicines
We urge you to consult your doctor

Ask your doctor, "What is the first great rule of health?" Nine doctors out of ten will quickly reply, "Keep the bowels regular." Then ask him another question, "What do you think of Ayer's Pills for constipation?"

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER V.

Everybody but Johnny Johnson followed Betty. Johnson went back to the house where now remained none but Pierre Desterle and several of the older and more courageous bachelors who had lived in the house for years.

Betty and her cohort numbered seven. Besides Larry Morris, long and lumbery, there was the gentle-eyed young Philip Hartley, Hank Smith, tall and tremendously framed, Sothern, fat, blonde and phlegmatic; Frankel, a little Jew, who was automobile editor of the "Times," and Tim Murphy, cartoonist, a great hulk of an Irishman.

The Directory Hotel, one of the most exclusive in the town, was only two blocks from LeRoy's.

"Now E24 is my room," whispered Betty. "You let me go up first. Don't let the clerk in on this even, till we find out what's what."

Five minutes later the sextette were pulled inside the door of room E24 by such an excited Betty Delancy as the "Inquirer" office had never seen.

"Look!" she instructed. "Be careful, but look right across.'

The span of the court did not exceed eighteen feet. Betty's side of the great building was all black and quiet. Not a light glimpsed in any room. The room directly across the court whose windows complimented hers had the shades thrown high, the windows opened wide and was ablaze with light.

There were two occupants in the room, a man and a woman, seated side by side at a table covered with writing paraphernalia. The man was powerfully built, regular of feature and very dark, with peculiarly white and nervous hands. The woman wore a tailored suit of dark cloth and even at that distance her remarkable resemblance to the woman they had last seen lying in the morgue was unmistakable. There was the same soft contour of chin, the same rust-brown hair, and clear ivory pallor of the skin. The slight yet perfect modelings of her figure, the slender pink-palmed hand, the curve of the forehead, were as like as is stamped from the same die.

As they watched, breathless, stupefied from surprise, the man drew a wallet from his pocket and pulled from it several papers. He ran rapidly through them and withdrawing two from the packet handed them to his companion. She reached across to receive them when a sudden gust of wind befilled the curtains into sails and sent them fluttering into the room and out again. The force of the breeze caught the papers and they were carried out into the court where they swirled, eddied and ducked, finally alighting on the fire escape that jutted not five feet from Betty's window.

The man who had run to the window, watched with eager eyes to see where the papers fell. Then he clutched his hat from the sofa and rushed from the room. The woman shrugged her shoulders and sat down again at the table. They saw her pull out the pins from her copper hair and let it fall in glory over her shoulders. Then she walked into the adjoining room as if the recovery of the lost documents was a matter of perfect indifference.

"Hank," nudged Sothern, "you're the longest. Climb out and get those papers."

"Larry isn't as long and he's less awkward," commented Frankel.

"And you're worth less than the rest of us; try it yourself, Frankel," flashed Hank.

"Betty Lancey," asked Larry, "why aren't you fragile and willowy instead of a Juno? Then we'd make a rope of the bed-clothes here for a guide and send you over."

Philip Hartley was already out of the window. While the others held caucus he had pulled the blanket from the bed, torn it in half and tied a slip knot firmly around his left leg.

"Go easy, boys," he suggested. "That'll make a fair safety."

Clambering out on the ledge he steadied himself by the top of the sash and worked slowly round to the farther end of the sill. From there he inched his way along a ridge in the wall till he could just touch the fire escape. The letters were white against the iron and just the fraction of an inch out of reach. Betty Lancey saw the difficulty.

"Pass him this hat-pin," she said. "He can fish them over with that."

Slowly, very slowly, Hartley moved the precious papers over the narrow iron shelf, impaling them on the hat-pin point. Then with cramped fingers he put them into his inner pocket and began the return crawl. He was barely within Betty's room again when they heard a loud rapping at the next door. After a short wait a woman's voice answered shrilly,

"What do you want?"

The calmly suave tones of a well-ordered hotel employe replied, "Sorry to disturb you, madam, but the gentleman just above you has dropped by accident some very important papers. They have alighted on the fire escape attached to your window, and we cannot reach them except through this room."

"Can't you go from the room above," argued the woman's voice. "The idea of getting me up at this hour because some imbecile hasn't brains enough to keep his letters from blowing out of the window. If he'd been asleep as he should have been at this time he wouldn't have lost them. Indeed, I'll not open that door. Go up a flight, or down one."

"Oh, madame, I assure you," broke in the clerk again.

"What's the row, Mary?" growled a sleepy masculine voice. The woman on the inside and the clerk on the outside began a simultaneous explanation. In the middle of it all the sleepy voice gave a return growl and ordered:

"Unlock that door, Mary, and get back into bed."

There was the grating of the bolt, the lifting of a window, and then a cry of horror.

"They are gone! They're not here! Somebody has stolen them. I know they lit here. I was so careful to watch."

"Nobody in the hotel got them. Nobody round here's got a light," announced the clerk.

"Glad they're gone," sounded the voice known only to the watchers as "Mary." "Who in the name of sense would frolic round on a fire escape at half past three in the morning picking up papers? Now, Mr. Clerk, take your man, and go away with him, please. Probably he'll find what he wants in the court."

"Frankel, you follow them," suggested Harry Morris. Frankel, waiting till he heard the door close, slipped down the hall after the two men, Sothern with him.

Betty pulled down the shade, closed and locked the window. Then she locked the door, looked under the bed, tried the handles of the doors to the adjoining rooms and spoke breathlessly.

"Now, Hartley!"

As if to guard him from unseen attack, the boys clustered round him. He drew forth the papers. One was an unmounted photograph that might have been that of Cerisse Wayne or of the woman in the room across the court. The other was a letter in the identical writing that the envelopes found in Cerisse Wayne's room had borne, and was dated only a week previous.

"My Dear Cerisse—Check goes by to-night's mail. Hope you will find it sufficient. Be very careful. Think we are being watched. A slight mistake would spoil all, and the struggle of years go for naught. Life for me would be death itself. H."

"I'm going to run across, see that woman and chat with her while the man is gone," said Betty, rumpling up her soft brown hair, dull and satiny as a pecan shell. She threw off her collar and belt, and pulled her shirt-waist out from beneath her skirt. Then she kicked off her shoes, and in this simulated negligee ran softly over the velvet-sodded hall and around through the corridor.

"Let me see," she calculated. "I am the one, two, three, yes, I'm the eighth door. That would make those doors eight and nine from the corner on this side."

Betty told off the doors with care. Sure that she was unobserved, she rapped distinctly several times. There was no response, so she knocked vigorously. This time the door flew wide with such celerity that Betty paled in earnest.

"Oh, pardon me!" she faltered. "But I was alone and sick, and I saw your light and thought maybe you could help me. Have you any ammonia? I am so faint—I might send downstairs, but I am so unused to hotels, you know."

The young women rather stiffly motioned to Betty to enter. Her thick hair was in two long braids; she had changed her tailored suit for a clinging negligee of oriental patterned stuff, and a girdle of mammoth diamonds held it close at the waist. Betty had never seen such grace in a woman before and her eyes were the most wonderful the girl had ever gazed upon. They shone so brightly that their color was indistinguishable. They were twin wells of unfathomable brilliancy, softness and power.

The woman stepped into the bedroom beyond, and Betty, from her seat on the couch, heard her call to the clerk.

"This is E44," phoned the double of Mrs. Wayne. "Kindly send your housekeeper here. A young girl, evidently a guest of the house, has become ill, and appealed to me for aid. I cannot have her in my suite. She seems afraid to stop alone, so will you send a woman to look after her?"

Betty hurried to the door, stealthily opened it and skulked down the hall. As she rounded the corner something soft was thrown over her head, and fastened tightly around her neck. She felt the impact of a great furry body close to hers.

And then Betty Lancey knew nothing more. She lay in a dead faint.

CHAPTER VI.

Up at the Desterle house Johnny Johnson was alternately pulling his front hair and pinching his palms to keep awake. Johnny, with his usual audacity, had ensconced himself for the night in the death chamber. Two Associated Press men were with him; two reporters from others papers and three detectives. The Associated Press Men wanted to smoke, but Johnny rebelled against either illumination or smoking.

"If there's anybody comin' back here," he contended, "if he or she smells smoke or sees lights, there'll be no comin'."

"Considering the ashes and cigarette stubs that we found on the floor," suggested the first Associated Press Man, "the only way to invoke the ghost of Cerisse Wayne would be through smoke."

"What do we want of her ghost," sneered Johnny. "This is no seance. What we want is the fellow who made the ghost."

The bivouac was nerve-racking. The old house apparently had a bounteous rodent population and the little beasts scampered back and forth in the walls with spooky gambols. Every window in the house rattled, and the pall of emptiness that always hangs heavily in a deserted human habitation rested—a dead weight—in the air.

Two blocks distant the elevated trains rumbled dully by, and the morning parade of the milk wagons had not yet begun—to touch the visions of the night with the realities of the day.

"This is too much for me," cried one of the detectives. "Let get out and take a breath."

The little group, all except Johnny, arose with alacrity. He stopped alone in the old house, and tried to keep his eyes open and, failing, wondered why he didn't advertise the newspaper business as a cure for insomnia and accrue cash thereby, when—

"What's that?" asked Johnny of himself. He heard with joyous ears a scraping and sliding in the closet opposite, where he had picked up the gold and amethyst garter. It sounded as if the baseboard were being forcibly removed, or, rather, as if someone were endeavoring to slide it back and as if the board were sticking in an unaccustomed and stubborn fashion.

Johnny looked for a convenient corner in which to duck. He couldn't fit into the drawers of the chiffonier or the bureau, and the bed, stripped of all its coverings, even of the mattress and pillows, was flat against the wall. On a chance Johnny crawled beneath it, with one eye fixed steadily upon the closet door.

He had not long to wait. Stealthily the door opened, and through the crack came a gleam of a pocket electric flashlight. The man who was holding the light whirled it hastily around the room, scanning it closely as if to make sure he was unobserved.

"Oh," groaned Johnny, and slunk closer into the corner, rolling himself still more tightly into a ball, and pulling his coat up over his fiery head. The intruder walked over to the bureau drawers and began to search hurriedly. They were empty, and at this discovery in each successive drawer the man flung them shut with a gesture of disappointment.

The voices of Johnny's returning companions echoed through the corridors and their footsteps sounded on the stairway. The intruder put out his light and started for the closet. The dawn was now so far advanced that as he passed the window Johnny distinguished his features clearly. He must have been at least fifty years of age, a rather stockily built man, of good appearance, with a tired face and dark hair, thickly streaked with gray. He hurried into the closet and shut the door behind him, and Johnny heard again the struggle to slide the panel into place.

"Who called, son?" asked the fat detective, jocularly, as he entered the room. "Did they leave cards for the hull of us? Say, where is that bricktop, anyway?"

Johnny, with considerable wriggling and squirming, came out from beneath the bed.

"Funny how thundering much easier it is to get under a bed than out from underneath it," he commented, rubbing the dust from his knees.

"You didn't get chased there, did you, now?" came the question. "Were you seeing things, or what?"

"I saw enough," retorted Johnny. "Guess I saw more than you did, and it didn't cost anything for the vision, either. Here, Farley, let's have a light; where's that pocket contraption of yours?"

Farley brought it out, and Johnny, glorying in the importance of knowing something that the others did not, and reveling in the curiosity and impatience of his fellows, strode majestically into the closet. When Johnny had anything tucked away in his cranium that he was crazy to tell as other people were to hear, he puffed out to the dimensions of the fabled frog. That was the time when Johnny was really funny, and more provocative of risibility than any of his ever-ridiculous yarns.

Entering the closet he scanned its calcimined sides closely, running his slender, long-nailed fingers carefully down the wall. Then he hit the baseboard. The group around watched in tense silence.

"Oh, John, cut it out and open up," snarled Gorin. Gorin was one of Johnny's best friends.

(To be continued.)

MALAPROP HUMOR.

An Admirer's Bungled Flattery—The Wrong Psalm to Welcome a Judge.

Most of us are acquainted with Punch's Joke concering the son of the house who, as he gallantly escorted the beauty of the evening to her carriage, gushingly remarked "I have been waiting all the eveing for this moment."

It is an example of bungled flattery which compares very favorably with the remark of an unlucky admirer of the great French actress, Mme. St. Denis. Her performance of Zara had just been greeted with enthusiastic applause, and as she stepped from the stage she said, "To act that well a woman should be young and handsome." "Ah, no, madam!" exclaimed the unfortunate man, in his anxiety to pay the highest compliment possible. "You are convincing proof to the contrary."

Twice in one evening the great novelist, Charles Dickens, was guilty of an embarrassing malapropism. "I have distinguished myself in two respects lately," he wrote to a friend, explaining the matter. "I took a young lady unknown down to dinner and talked to her about the Bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter of Mr. Cheese. I found she was Mrs. Cheese. And I expatiated to the member for Marylebone, Lord Fermoy—generally conceiving him to be an Irish member—on the contemptible character of the Marylebone constituency and Marylebone representatives."

Even these situations, however, are not quite so embarrassing as that of a member of Parliament who at a certain political reception remarked to a neighbor, "I wonder who that homely old woman is over there?" pointing out a rather stout old lady at the other end of the room.

"That, sir," was the reply, "is my wife!"

"Oh, no, no!" stammered the confused parliamentarian. "I mean the person standing on her right."

"Indeed! That is my daughter!"

The first Baron Kenyon was rather fond of telling the story of how, while on circuit with Justice Rook, they entered a village just in time to accompany the population to the little village church. The parish clerk, anxious to have the congregation show due appreciation of the honor, conferred by the presence of the distinguished jurists, gave out two verses of one of the metrical psalms, "Speak, O ye judges of the earth, if just your sentence be; or must not innocence appeal to Heaven from your decree? Your wicked hearts and judgments are alike by malice swayed; your griping hands by mighty bribes to violence betrayed."

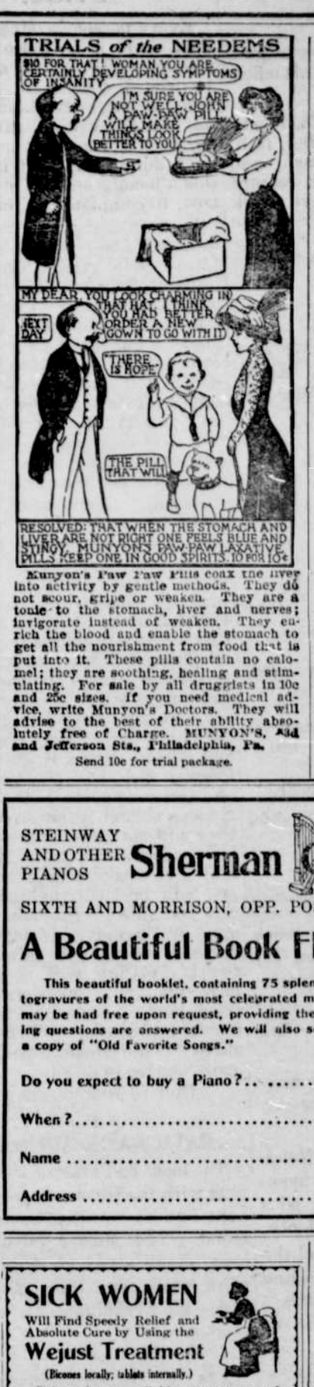
By this time most of the adults had woke up to the application of the psalm and remained silent, allowing the children and a few women to continue the second verse.—Tit-Bits.

Practical.

Walking leisurely around the Egyptian sphinx, the traveler from America inspected it from all points of view.

"It's a shame," he exclaimed, "to leave the thing in that shape. If I had it out in Chicago I could clap a good cement nose on that face so quick it would make its head swim!"—Chicago Tribune.

TRIALS of the NEEDEMS



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Oil Cook-stove

is the latest practical, scientific cook-stove. It will cook the most elaborate dinner without heating the kitchen.

Boils, bakes, or roasts better than any range. Ready in a second. Extinguished in a second. Fitted with Cabinet Top, with collapsible

Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

rests, towel rack, and every up-to-date feature imaginable. You want it, because it will cook any dinner and not heat the room. No heat, no smell, no smoke, no coal to bring in, no ashes to carry out. It does away with the drudgery of cooking, and makes it a pleasure. Women with the light touch for pastry especially appreciate it, because they can immediately have a quick fire, simply by turning a handle. No half-hour preparation. It not only is less trouble than coal, but it costs less. Absolutely no smell, no smoke; and it doesn't heat the kitchen.

The nickel finish, with the turquoise blue of the enameled chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company
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