## Your Heart's Blood Is the most important part of your organism. Three-fourths of e complaints to which the sysem is subject are due to impuri-

m is subject are due to may es in the blood. You can, there es in the blood bow vital it is to Keep It Pure

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W. C T. U.-Meets on every Friay, in Wright's hall at 3 o'clock p. m. day, in Wright's han L.
L. T. L. at 3 p. m.
Mas. A. J. Whitmore, Pres.

STEPHEN SERVENIE

By AUGUSTA LARNED.

It was commonly said among their the conversation of women gathered al voice is mainly dumb.

hat male society in the town is mainly sexes and to impress them with a sense over business and politics.

bove the average Littlefield man. He | by and seek protection for herself in her was not a striking intellectual force, nor | mother's house in a distant city.

is friends called him.

her little whimwhams so long as she 

good, substantial, solid child of 9, dow with a bit of fancy work. SECOND CLASS SLEEPING CARS, with her feet well planted on the ground and her little round eyes seeing nothing and down the room, "what is madam out what was plainly in view. Mrs. White sighed profoundly as she confided to her friend, Louise Lancaster, the fact that Mabel was not her mental offspring, but belonged wholly to the White side of the house. What the baby boy would turn into was still uncertain, he being too young to have developed much more than an appetite, but by this token there were indications that he, too, belonged wholly to the fa-

There was not the slightest hope that Monte White would ever develop an States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from G. A. Wilcox, Agent, McMinnville.

E. P. ROGERS,

Asst. G. F. & P. A., Portland, Or.

R. KOEHLER, Manager. tion unless you touched on the points LOCAL DIRECTORY. of a horse, when he warmed to the subect and could give you the history of all the famous trotters and racers in the country and an accurate account of their BAPTIST—Services Sunday 11 a. m. and pedigree. Monte eschewed all "circles" ing on over there at the house. She is and clubs and conversaziones and could far too pleasant and snave just now not prayer be induced to don his evening to be cooking up something for my ed of his violence and has privately sent. young people's society 6:15 p m Prayer never be induced to don his evening to be cooking up something for my ed of his violence and has privately sent have a vocation.'

The good old soul \$100. She wrote may be cooking up something for my the good old soul \$100. She wrote may it have a vocation.' meeting first Sat each month 2:00 p. m. | coat except for a dinner or a stag party. | benefit." METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday where good cooks were kept, and where Monte, and if I did I should not tell CHEST V. Services are Pastor.

CHEST V. Services are restricted and the service came up to a high standard of perfection. But Mrs. Monte White, on the other hand, delighted in clubs and circles and cared nothing for heavy feeds and scientific whist. When her husband heard her discoursing to the power of being confidential and companies.

the mystery. But there they were, bound world. She would make a saint use pro-KNOWLES CHAPTER NO. 12, O. E. S.—Meets a different way. The people Mrs. Monte liked her husband detested, and his friends she looked upon as odious. It MRS. H. L. HEATH, W. M. up in one yoke, each striving to pull a fane language, and I am no saint. was said they had first met on the deck it would be better for us to separate, CESTER POST NO. 9—Meets the second and fourth
Saturday of each month in Union hall at 7:30
p. m. on second Saturday and at 10:30 a. m. on
the Saturday. All members of the order are
cordially invited to attend our meetings.

B. F. CLURINE, Commander.

L. A. PECKINIAN Addit.

L. A. PECKINIAN Addit.

B. F. CLURINE, Commander.

L. A. PECKINIAN Addit.

L. A. PECKINIAN Addit. had been so attentive to the injured lady she would never consent to give up the tic that before the ankle was cured they be. children. Neither would I." came engaged. Even now, when his wife was ill, Monte would stay at home san't live separate, and you can't live between you two." whole days together to sit by her bed- together."

side and read to her the books he longed would doubtless have shown himself a patient and self controlled." devoted husband. But the moment his wife returned to health the separation am to make herself over." of interests and feelings showed like a

a little coteries in drawing rooms and the wheat—people of theories, mystics, ing." This state of things is due to the fact | games a collection of eccentrics of both | sympathy.

aust themselves in their labors during | It was such a convocation in his wife's | you and can take sides with neither if | ment and with delicate sensibilities." | tures. He has answered in the sweetest the day, ask fond of a nap on the sofa parlor, called together to meet Aunt I am to be true to both. I try to speak Mrs. White colored rather violently. way, deferring his counsel until he after dinner, and when with difficulty Angelina, Mrs. White's aged relative, the truth, knowing that not a word I Much as she enjoyed criticising her husthey are forced out into evening compa- from whom she was supposed to have say will be heeded. It is out of sheer band, she did not care to hear another He will arrive tomorrow morning my by their wives and daughters find inherited most of her peculiar traits, egotism and selfishness, Monte White, woman do it, openly or covertly, for it Then I am to have a personal interview nemselves painfully mute until they that Monte had broken up without cere that you come and inflict all this upon cast a direct imputation on her own They say he is a most fascinating man, ave an opportunity of getting off in mony. Later there had been a stirring me. Why can't you let your wife go taste and judgment. ne corner with other men and talking scene with his wife, the result of which her own gait, and you go yours? You old Louise," said she, with a an invalid, I believe, and she died about Mr. Montrose White was not much lina home and threatened to take the ba- rior woman!"

dted, but the ideals of Mrs. Montrose stepped in as an angel of peace and recwas a pretty woman, slender and wil- oldest friend in Littlefield. Indeed they saw.

and reconciler. gar, sordid aspect of these things. She pleasantly down the slope of years alone make that woman happy." and no taste for pickling or preserving accept all the consequences of the sin- less irritable and passionate?" or for the concoction of pies and pud- gle condition. Her temper was cheerful, ings, made up the vague general con- even joyous. She saw all the funny per that day I told her old spiritualist drawing. peption of what was called her superior- things in life and had a keen sense of greatment to get out of the house. She ty over her husband-poor Monte, as humor. She was by no means a weedy, had gathered a regular set of ghouls out raising her head.

ed faced, with a hearty laugh and a Unconsciously, without any will or next day I sent her a handsome check, oud voice. Monte could not understand | wish of her own and while eager to de- enough to keep her in clothes a whole ise. olemnly that all women have their tween two ill assorted people, both her of course, doesn't know a word about it. crochets and quavers and must be in- old friends, both of whom she liked, al- I am not one to proclaim my good deeds art. nlged up to a certain point. That point | though both tried and exasperated her | in the market place. She naturally White's free action, and hence had come | firm belief that ultimately she would | that weedy old woman." eartburning, domestic friction and be crushed between the upper and neth-

It had come to that painful pass that

bushel, and collisions were therefore in- jugal criticism and complaint. But in spite of all differences Monte driven his famous trotting horse, Moun-silence, than the most violent language. oyally gave to his wife all the room in | tain Bird, round to River street, and corses did certainly come first in the in- Miss Lancaster's house had made his throw things at my head. And then her pils?" entory of his affections, and next to way, hat in hand, into her sunny little politeness—oh, it is something awful!" his horses perhaps his daughter Mabel, parlor, where she sat near the bow win-

"Well," he exclaimed, striding up per.



'Well," he exclaimed, "what is madam ap to now?" He always called his wife "There is something mysterious go-

Christian—Services every Sabbath 11:00 her husband heard her discoursing to her favorite coterie, he generally with drew to a remote corner, where he gloward in an ivy ered in solitude, like an owl in an ivy ered in solitude, like an owl in an ivy

ONE PER SECTION

"What are we to do, Louise?"

you no good. Why do you appeal to

verandas, you would discover that spiritists, ideologists, the founders of He came and stood before her and said here are several wives in Littlefield new religions, socialists and anarchists. | quite humbly: "Don't do that, Louise. | would have been glad to take him." ho are superior to their lords and mas- Mrs. White, though she believed not You are the only real friend Helen has rs intellectually and doubtlessly mor- wholly in any of these things, liked to here, and you and I grew up together Monte never regarded me nor I him in I have felt the need of an experienced ly, though on the latter point the crit. dabble in them all. It was delightfully as children and are almost like brother any but a friendly light. If I were ever mind, a trained intellect, and I have exciting to rule by her grace and ele- and sister. Don't cut us off from your to marry, it would be quite a different written to Professor Markam of P-

were his ideals supposed to be very ex- It was then that Louise Lancaster he paced restlessly about the room. way you go on." Mrs. White was quiv- White exclaimed as her eyes happened

lowy of form, with a fine complexion had been at school together when girls "Yes; I suppose we do seem so to single sister. In spite of her unfortunate know—those sharp, shooting pains." and large, expressive eyes. Nor was she and had always kept up the intimacy you, but it's because you never have experience with a hot tempered, irastoo "advanced" to be at all indifferent of their early days. Louise, too, was been married, Louise, and don't quite cible man, devoid of finer feelings, she caffeine. I want you to come round and o the adornment of her person, espe- the friend of Monte White. The Whites understand how marriage changes the still believed that the married form a dine with us tonight. Monte has tickets cially the choice of colors becoming to and Lancasters had lived side by side nature. All those who are out would higher caste and have a right to look for the theater. There is a very good her style of beauty. When not engrossed in the childhood of Louise and Monte, like to get in, and many who are in down upon, to pity and snub old maids. company at the opera house this week. a the mysteries of the toilet, lofty and they had grown up together. There would like to get out, but if you are After a pensive moment Louise said Don't fail to come, just to keep Monte themes occupied her mind. She was supposed to have dipped rather deeply that quarter in the time of Miss Lange back and be the same man after you know much about such things."

rather meekly, "I don't suppose I do in good humor. He is always kinder to know much about such things." into occult things, from the Eleusinian mysteries and the key of Pythagoras to he latest phases of theosophy, with its Whites had come to live near her Lou- home destroyed, children disgraced, and over her face. "I have thought, Lou- And do be sure to get there promptly loctrine of adepts and astral bodies. ise had continued to be the best friend then I know she would be the most mis-Christian science, too, had received a of both husband and wife, and in the erable of women. She is a thoroughly myself independent of Monte, so far as Louise, that one with the red roses. I hare of attention, and she claimed to end to her had fallen the undesirable feminine person in spite of all her fads pin money is concerned, though I do not don't suppose there ever was a man have performed a few striking cures sub office of mutual confidant, peacemaker --not independent and self sustaining say he is niggardly. But I think it who thought as much as Monte does of

wched them only with her delicate and was now quite independent, living Louise flushed a little at some of the inger tips and wore her mystic lore in a pretty Queen Anne cottage, where imputations of Monte's rather blunderlike a becoming veil which adds a charm she gave delightful teas and evening ing speech, but she bit her lip and said the natural face. This, together with companies. She frankly admitted that presently, "Then why are you not a litthe fact that she disliked housekeeping, she was an old maid and was willing to the more lenient toward. Helen, a little

"I suppose I was in a devil of a temfaded, untidy spinster. On the contra- and ghostly creatures in my parlor, and

discomfort. He was too big and strong er millstones, and she revolved in her know how generous you have been?" rather antiquated if dragged out at this and in the bonnet with the red roses. not to be willing to humor his wife in mind various modes of escape from the Monte blushed slightly under his coat time of day. But there is music, if I Monte opened the door for her himof tan, but made no direct answer.

out of sight. If it wasn't theosophy or Monte expected to learn his wife's feel- about me, Louise. I know she has, in er learned the science, and I play mainly Christian science, it might perhaps be ings, plans and intentions from Louise, fact. When she sits bolt upright at ta- by ear. Monte in our spoony days used be said heartily. "You see, madain nev- charms, and as soon as they had got something worse. But Mrs. White was while her friend Helen would come in ble without speaking a word, her lips to say I played divinely. But now-oh, er likes to go alone with me anywhere fairly into the street he turned to Loutoo brilliant and intellectual a frau to later to know what Monte had been say crisped and curled with a contemptuous Louise, how thankful you ought to be because I am apt to fall asleep at the ise with a boyish impulse and whisper. the door behind her be willing to hide her light under a ing and to indulge in the luxury of con- smile and a red spot on either cheek, I you have not married to suffer this illu- wrong time." know just what is rankling within her. | sion, to see all your cherished dreams

swallowed a frog in the throat. sacrifice I wouldn't make for that wom- | dry, unimaginative work.' an. She doesn't know it. She never will could make her happy.

In the afternoon Mrs. Monte White

spread out her gown in becoming folds. 'I watched him driving Mountain Bird | how I suffer!" down the street this way, and I knew to get in that story first about Aunt An. | dryly. the good old soul \$100. She wrote me about it yesterday, overflowing with gratitude. She had forgiven everything, for it with money. I suppose he has me, you will join the class."

been here complaining of me because I wish to be mistress in my own house." attention to a little flower she was working on a piece of canvas.

'Why don't you say something, Louin his arms. He had a kind heart and something she might want. And then ise? Your silence drives me nearly fran-

served enough," or ed Mrs. White, "to pleased than Monte to have his wife to throw into the fire. If Mrs. White "Try to make yourself over into and be his vife! You could have managed distinguish herself." had been a confirmed invalid, Monte other man. Be more considerate, kind, him. It is a thousand pities you two "Then if you value Monte's respect did not many," she went on tremulous- and approbation so highly, Helen, you "Pshaw! You had better advise mad- ly. "But it might be arranged even certainly love him." "There, you see how it is! I can do will give up Mabel, and then"-

"Are you stark, staring mad, Helen head and clasped hands. "My dear," Monte had set down his foot against me? You would never think of taking White?" cried Louise, raising her head, she murmured, "you don't understand; riends that he was not the equal of his baving queer people in the house. By any advice I might offer. I shall have with an indignant light in her eyes you can't understand. No woman can wife. If you were to listen attentively | queer people he meant reformers of all | to shut my door upon you both. Really "Don't you know if there was not an- | who hasn't married and passed through kinds, not distinguishing the chaff from the thing is becoming too compromistorer man in the world I would not the great experiences of life." think of Monte in that way?"

"Then they say what is not true. "But don't you see, Monte, the awk- a man with a spice of genius in him, me with his advice and suggestions a made up of active business men who ex- of her superiority, social and mental. | ward position I am in? I stand between | with a touch of imagination or senti- to the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue in my lecture of the line I ought to pursue of the line I o

was that Mrs. White sent Aunt Ange- know perfectly well she is a very supe- forced laugh, "why, you talk like a ro- three years ago." mantic young schoolgirl. I don't sup- Louise had risen and was standing "Superior woman be" — And Monte pose you ever had a serious love affair near her friend. gulped down a very naughty word as in your life. It is really very funny the "Why, how pale you look!" Mrs. "There it is. You are both the most eringly triumphant. Her eyes gleamed. to fall on Miss Lancaster's face. White were high enough for two. She onciliation. Louise was Mrs. White's unreasonable, impossible people I ever She felt she had put down Louise and "I think I have a headache coming

like you, Louise. I declare solemnly to would put me in a better moral posi- the appearance of his womenkind when But she never descended to the vul- She had never married, but had gone you I'd do anything in this world to tion. I could assert myself with more he goes into public places."

again bending over her work. "Oh, I don't know. I have been thinking about it, and I can't see my heard her say as she shut the door.

"The spirit, the sentiment, the aro-"You see, Monte, how her perfect | ma, the inspiration, all are with me," self control contrasts with your bad tem- returned Mrs. White, "but how could I ever teach awkward little fingers to strum one, two, three-one, two, three?

No; I was not made for that. I have He had reached the door and was thought of typewriting and stenography, holding it part way open and said in but I am too original, too emotional, an altered voice: "Louise, there isn't a too instinctive to do copying-tedious,

three touches of her prettily gloved hand. | ful, exhilarating exercise it is."

he was coming here to lay his chapter making yourself independent as to pin holding her spoon in her left hand and help and support. Monte was a very

"No; I haven't, Louise. There's only "What may it be?" "To give parlor lectures on high over her apron?" themes to a select circle of kindred spir-

lowed me to explain that the dear old \$5 the course, and the subject, 'The spot burning on her cheek. lady took up spiritualism because she | Philosophy of the Passions and Emolonged for a message from her husband, | tions.' There I shall be at home. There | the children manners, Louise? a cross word or angry look between me, profound abysses, beautiful glow- into her mouth. them, it might have all blown over, and ing heights. I know, Louise, you are "For a person of your positive char-I could have got the people out of the mainly practical, with none of those soul acter," returned Monte, "you have fewhouse without an explosion. But, no; longings and hungerings after the ideal er opinions than any one I ever knew. Monte must go off half cocked and do that make the joy and misery of my There is one thing of which I am pera brutal thing and then try to make up life, but I do hope, out of friendship to feetly certain-it is that the cook has

spite Monte? You know if he were to the beautiful for a little and look after Miss Lancaster kept her lips sealed hear of it he would be furious. The that woman? Can't you give her a few and her eyes cast down, giving her whole | idea of your taking money for parlor | hints about how things should be done?" lectures when he is amply able to give 'She is your woman,' returned Helyou everything you need!"

What shall I say, Helen? You know me. He is not to know a breath about though I have more than once pointed "Oh, I see how it is, Monte. You I make it a point not to fetch or carry it until my success is assured. Then he out her incompetence." "You are cold and prudent and re- a man in the world who would be more would do very well with a little instruc-

now. If he will let me keep the boy, I Helen arose and stood before her, making a pretty pose with her bent

She swam off gracefully toward the "But they do say that at one time you door, then paused for a moment with her hand on the knob. "In getting up my lectures, Louise

character from Monte. I should choose | university, the great psychologist, to aid

had asserted her superiority over her on, Helen. Just the first symptoms, you

"That accounts for your love of "What could you do?" asked Louise, dress," Louise returned, with a comical little moue. "A nasty stab in the back," Louise a pleasant dinner we are making for Dr. Newcomb was sitting only two seats

way very clearly. I was fond of art Miss Lancaster wandered about all death, and I know she likes it rare." when I was a girl, and my master said I the remainder of the day, possessed, as did remarkably well. He praised my it seemed, of a restless demon. She took a tening to tell a white lie in the interlong country walk under a lowering ests of peace, "it is cooked exactly as I and then kissing and making up. Lou-"From nature" Louise asked with- November sky and found her nerves so like it. Do give me that outside bit." But Monte White was not the man to ry, she dressed well, even fashionably, there was Helen lecturing to them at a salable ones, which he let me copy as a look after the kitchen department?" willingly take a back seat in his wife's chariot and to be known as Mrs. Monchariot and to be known as Mrs. Monchariot and to be known as Mrs. Monthe house because I knew her influence

great favor. You think it would be rithe house because I knew her influence

"I am not so sure of that," returned the house because I knew her influence

when the curtain fell for the last time.

Miss Lancaster as she cut her meat in

Both Monte and Helen were pensive trose White's husband. He was stout and lot in life that had fallen to her share. over my wife was pernicious, but the drawing, or to put my work on the mar- Fortunately the road was solitary, and little bits and pretended to eat. "In when they came out of the theater and without fear of observation. At last it seems to work very well." Mrs. Monte, nor did he make any great effort to understand her. He believed ise had come to find herself placed betrying now to dabble in some form of right mind. She visited a poor fam- Helen are in a conspiracy to contradict ear: ily in which she was interested and everything I say." sigh. "I am afraid my Swiss moun- ager, and arrived at last, just 5 minutes bellion that made her invaluable to were counterparts." "And you would like me to let her tains, waterfalls and chalets might look of 6, at the door of the White mansion Helen.

> only knew it correctly, but having had self. He had been standing at the win- coming gray bonnet with pink plumes. derstand these things, as you have nev-"I suppose she has said terrible things great taste and facility in music I nev- dow and had seen her come up the steps. Monte, in spite of all disagreements, er been married, and now, of course

"It is you who never like to go alone One morning, as usual, Monte had It is far worse, that heavy, constrained vanish, to have your heart lacerated"— with me, Monte," said Helen, with spir-"Yes, yes," said Louise, a little it. She had come out into the hall and Mrs. White, turning back. Oftentimes it would be a positive relief | brusquely, "but what about music? You | was standing just behind them. "You | "Oh, nothing, dear! Monte is only less than ever and for the first time in his heart unoccupied by his horses. His hitching him to the post in front of if she would break out and begin to do not know it well enough to take pu- know we never admire the same things, admiring his wife. and you will not bear the least contra- Mrs. White took her place in the par- breakfast, and after giving several con-

swered good naturedly. "I said it was she loved to be admired, like a school- seemed an unusually difficult matter to my fault in the first place.' inherent difference."

turned his back and swallowed rather was inclined to be pensive and distrait. dressy, too much as if she were expect-She arose and bent gracefully to the lor. "You never have had the experi- their full value. Monte, in evening coat was not an old one. There was a pretty

would break stones on the road if I curls over her forehead with two or word. You don't know what a delight with grateful pride, looked like one of and the brown hair smoothly brushed "You see, dear, I am all fire and im- Fortunately Helen had stepped into a full blown juvenescence about Monte still the white wool was rejected, a gray came round to the Queen Anne cottage, pulse, impressionable, magnetic to the the dining room to order dinner served, in spite of his bald head and portly per-silk as well, and at last she put on a wearing a very becoming new bonnet tips of my fingers, feeling people's states and now, in a few minutes, they were son that made it impossible for people dark blue serge, extremely plain, withtrimmed with gray plumes, tipped with as if I could look into their souls. There seated at the table. Mabel, the young to believe in any sort of misfortune ever out an ornament of any kind, yet even are times when I can glance right daughter, was allowed to take her place coming to him. "I know Monte has been here," she through Monte and see his thoughts at at the family board. She was very large the play was one of those tender, padd in its severe tailor simplicity—in the ties when I can grante light at the family board. She was very large the play was one of those tender, padd in its severe tailor simplicity—in said as soon as she had insinuated her- work within him like the movements of for her age, with no trace of her moth- thetic little domestic dramas that touch fact, it was the most becoming of all. self into a favorite easy chair and a watch. Oh, it is dreadful to be consti- er's delicate beauty, merely a healthy, the chords of the heart and awaken old

petite. "So you have given up the idea of Mr. White noticed that Mabel was and with only their mutual love for

ward manner. one thing I can do, and for that I feel I gravity, "why don't you teach your he seemed hard as nails. He had a tendaughter to eat properly? Have you ob. der heart, easily moved to compassion served that she is spilling her soup all and touched and melted by a sad tale.

"And why don't you teach her, Mr. school 9:30 a m. Prayer meeting 7:00 p. the table service came up to a high you. You are placing me in a pretty and the money will make her so common. Thursday. S. E. Meninger, Pastor. fortable in her little home. If Monte lor, and Monte need know nothing about daughter as mine, and I think a little to betray his emotion to Louise, feeling had not been so enraged, if he had al- it, at least at first. The tickets will be more," returned Helen, with a bright it to be unmanly, afraid as he was of

who died last year, and who had lived I shall have all the great poets to assist "I don't know anything about it," with her over half a century, and never me. A new world opens already before returned Louise, putting a bit of bread moved to sobs, and naturally, to relieve

scorched the soup. Helen, can't you lay "And you are doing this, Helen, to by the pursuit of the good, the true and

Mrs. White, with gentle, solemn em- her out with you on the train and have | Monte in turn looked in her face with a phasis, "that he may learn to respect steadily refused to have her dismissed,

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

tion, and I say so still. By Jove, what them and to the fact that cynical old Louise! And here is the beef cooked to back and had scrowed his face into a

ut raising her head.

'Oh, no, from his pictures, the un
leaned up against stone fences and trees

'Louise, you must acknowledge it is mainder of the evening, and, in fact, the duty of the woman of the house to she fell into a reverie so long and ab-

ket, I see you do you, satirical old Lou- she could indulge her strange mood Italy the man manages the kitchen, and scarcely inclined to talk much. They

"No; I shall not seriously attempt called in at a board meeting of the in- Mrs. White beamed on her friend. It Monte had this evening, Helen! One fined rather a limited area for Mrs. not a little. It was Miss Lancaster's thinks me a brute in my treatment of that," returned Mrs. Monte, with a fant hospital, of which she was a man-

> "Now, this is kind of you, Louise," was very susceptible to his wife's you never will be. ed, "Isn't Helen looking well tonight?"

"Yes; she is lovely." "What are you two saying?" asked her two maids could not but remark the

tuted as I am! You don't know, Louise, romping girl with a well developed apmemories. It was the story of an aged Rosa, the waitress, "If a gentleman married pair overwhelmed by misery horseflesh and the unsympathetic air "Mrs. White," he asked, with great he could assume at home when at times

Now, as the play unfolded, Monte felt a suspicious rising in the throat and moisher critical eye. So he edged round toward his wife, drew out his pocket could. Mrs. White meantime had been her feelings without attracting too much the notice of her next neighbor, had turned toward her husband. Louise, fenced in by Monte's broad back, brushed away the dew that gathered on her own lashes and began quietly to watch between her two friends.

As the devotion of the old stage couple went on developing in all its simple proachful glance at her husband, as en, with biting calmness. "You selected much as to say, "See what the life of "I am doing it, Louise," returned her at the office in town; you brought a truly married pair should be," while glance of admiration that recalled the old spoony days of their first courtship. How it happened Louise never exactly will be as proud as Punch. There isn't 'I have always said, Helen, that she knew, but when she looked again they were sitting there hand in hand, like two children, in the prettiest state of

very peculiar smile. The doctor was a ise was glad to be neglected for the resorbing that she only came out of it walked home with Louise, and at her

"You dear old Louise," returned Hel-

The next morning Louise arose in a quet with quite a beaming face. In spite | tradictory orders she went to her own "Well, have it so, Helen," he and of her great aims and high aspirations room to change her morning gown. It girl. Monte placed himself between his decide among her various dresses as to "It isn't your fault, Monte; it's an wife and Louise, and at first divided which she should put on. She took a his attentions quite impartially. He white wool one out of the closet and "Inherent difference" -- And Monte noticed, however, that Miss Lancaster decided that it looked too young, too They had good seats in the middle of ing some one, and yet when she glanced He took a turn up and down the par- the house, where pretty toilets told for in the mirror the face reflected back know it perhaps, but it is the fact. I mirror, patting down the little fluffy ence, Louise, of fighting for the last and white choker, his face beaming flush on the cheek, the eyes were bright, the most prosperous of men. There was and banded showed no gray lines. But

the blue serge did not make her look She went down stairs and said to calls, Rose, you may show him into the

"And is it a strange gentleman ye are "madam" when talking of her to Louise. of grievances before you. He would try money and sundries?" Louise said rather conveying it to her mouth in an awkeyed placidity.

"No; I am not expecting anybody, but he might come just by accident, and I should not like to miss his visit. I have no reason to think he will come. Indeed I am almost sure he won't, at least today, but I thought I would tell you that if he did I will be up in my

Louise left Rose with her mouth gaping wide open and ran up stairs. She handkerchief and used it as gently as he hands about her knee and broke into an sat down in a low chair and clasped her idiotic hysterical laugh. For the first time it had occurred to her that she had not the slightest ground for expecting a visit from any strange gentleman; that for hours and hours she had been building a ridiculous castle in Spain, with no other foundation than air and moonthe little pantomime that was going on she buried her face in her handkerchief and began to sob. There she sat, motionless, hour after hour, listening to the beauty, Helen shot a gentle, half re-troochful clarge at her hypherid as It so chanced that it was just on the ing loudly crept out and listened over the balustrade. Rose was opening the door to a tall stranger with quite a distinguished head, the thick, black locks crisped with silver about the temples.

TO BE CONTINUED. 1



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