Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTOR

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his per-Sonal supervision since its infancy.

Sonal supervision since its infancy.

All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but

Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of
Infants and Children—Experience against Experiments.

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C. E. ALBIN, General Agent, Salem, Oregon, W. E. COMAN, General Freight and Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.

A Vision of Bread

joy, is the dream of all good house- ness." ing when we can do better.

Cowardice Court

GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

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Near the river trad she came upon the man, but he puld no heed to her approach. He sat with his face in his hands, and-she could not believe her eyes and cars-he was sobbing bitter-ly. For an instant her lips curied in the smile of scornful triumph, and then something like disgust came over her. There was mockery in her voice as she called out to him: "Have you stubbed your toe, little

He looked up, dazed. Then he arose, turning his back while he dashed his hand across his eyes. When he was smiling. But she also saw some

'So it is real war?" he said hoarsely, his face quivering. "Your pitiful cow-ards want it to be real, do they? Well, that's what it shall be, hang them! They shall have all they want of it. Look! This is their way of

fighting, is it? Look!" dered eyes saw that his band was bloody and a deathly sickness came over her. He was pointing to the outstretched, innnimate form of the dog that had been his friend and comrade. She knew that the beast was dead and she knew that her brother's threat had not been an idle one. A great wave of pity and horror swept over her. Moisture sprang to her eyes on the moment.

"He-he is dead?" she exclaimed. "Yes; and killed by some cowardly brute whose neck I'd like to wring. That dog-my Bonaparte-who knew no fend, who did no wrong! Your brother wants war, does he? Well, I'll give him all"-

"But my brother could not have done a thing like this," she cried, slipping



"Accident! Don't come near me."

from her saddle and advancing toward him quickly. "Oh, no, no! Not this! He is not that sort, I know. It must have been an accident aud"-

"Accident! Don't come near me! mean it. God, my heart is too full of vengeance. Accident? Is this blood on my arm accidental? Bab! It was a deliberate attempt to murder me!" "You-you, too?" she gasped, reeling "Yes: they've winged me, too, Oh

God, if I only had been armed. There would have been a killing." "Let me see, let me belp you!" she

cried, coming up to his side, white faced and terrified. "I won't stay away! You are hurt. Please, please. am not your enemy."

For a long minute be held back, savagely resentful, glowering upon her: then his face softened and his hand there when you came out on the lawn went out to clasp hers.

"I knew you had nothing to do with it. Forgive me-forgive my rudeness. Don't be niarmed about me. Two or and going pale. three scattered shot struck me in the arm. The fellow's aim was bad when it came to me. But he-he got the dog! abruptly, if you remember." Poor old Bonaparte! It's as if he were and be loved me."

"You must let me see your arm, 1 you not afraid of being discovered? will not take no for an answer. It How imprudent of you!" must need attention"-

tied my handkerchief about it-two lit. left the place. It was dark, and be riddled the dog. But I forgot. I am couldn't wait to see if you returned to plans and specifications heretofore still on your sister's land. At any minute I may be shot from behind some tree. 1-1 couldn't help crying, Miss his turn to be relieved Drake. It was cruel-flendish! Now. if you'll permit me I'll take my dead

"Stop! I must know about it. Tell me; how did it happen?"

"I can't talk about it to you." "Why not? Do you think I condone this outrage? Do you think I can sup-

Drake, you were not one of them!"

instructions of which this was the re-

"We can't discuss it, Miss Drake. Some one from your side of the line killed my dog and then fired at me. I'll admit I was trespassing, but not until the dog was shot. He was on Lady Bazelhurat's land when he was shot It was not until after that that I trespassed, if you are pleased to call it such. But I was unarmed, hang the The way he said it conveyed much to her understanding.

"I've had murder in my heart for

"Tell me, please.

half an hour. Miss Drake. Somehow you soothe me." He sat down on the log again and leaned his head upon his With his eyes upon the dead dog he went on, controlling his anger with an effort: "I rode down the river road this morning for a change, intending to go up later on to our trysting place through the wood." She heard alm call it a trysting place without a hought of resentment or shame. "When I came to the log there I stopped, but Bonnparte, lawless old chap, kept on. I paid no attention to him, for I was thinking of-of something else. He had raced around in the forbidden underbrush for some time before I heard the report of a gun near glanced back at her he saw that she at hand. The dog actually screamed like a bumen being. I saw him leap up from the ground and then roll over. thing in his face that drove the smile away. Absolute rage gleamed in his of course, I—well, I trespassed. Withto where the dog was lying. He looked up into my face and whined just as he died. I don't remember how I got off the horse. The next I knew I was rushing blindly into the brush toward a place where I saw smoke cursing like a flend. Then came the second shot He pointed to his feet. Her bewil- and the stinging in my arm. It brought me to my senses. I stopped and a moment later I saw a man running down along the bank of the stream. I-oh. well, there isn't any more to tell. don't know who fired the shots. couldn't see his face."

"It was Tompkins," she cried. know it was. He had his orders"- but she checked herself in confusion.

"His orders? Do you mean to sayhim to kill me?" She qualled beneath

"I-I can't say anything more about it, Mr. Shaw," she murmured, so pit-eously that he was touched. For a seemingly interminable length of time his hard eyes looked into hers, and then they softened.

"I understand," he said simply. "You annot talk about it. I'll not ask any

"My brother is weak in her hands," she managed to say in extenuation. "After all, it isn't a pleasant subject. If you don't mind we'll let it dropthat is, between you and me, Miss I hope the war won't break

"Don't suggest it, please. I'd rather you wouldn't. We are friends, after I thought it was playing at war, and I can't tell you how shocked I

"Poor old Bonaparte!" was all he said in reply. She stooped and laid ber hand on the fast chilling coat of the dog. There were tears in her eyes as she arose and turned away, moving toward her horse. Shaw deliberately lifted the dead animal into his arms and strode off toward his own land. She followed after a moment of indecision, leading the horse. Across the line he went and up the side of the knoll to his right. At the foot of a great tree he tenderly deposited his burden. Then be turned to find her almost beside him.

"You won't mind my coming over thoughtlessly with his blood covered fingers. It was not until long afterward that she discovered his blood upon the hand from which she had drawn ber riding glove.

"You are always welcome," he said. "I am going to bury him here this afternoon. No: please don't come. I'll bring the men down to help me. I suppose they think I'm a coward and a bounder over at your place. Do you remember the challenge you gave me yesterday? You dared me to come over the line as far into Bazelhurst land as you had come into mine. Well, I dared last night."

"You dared? You came?" "Yes, and I went farther than you have gone, because I thought it was play, comedy, fun. I even sat upon your gallery just outside the billiard -and smoked two cigarettes. You'll find the stubs on the porch ralling if her ladyship's servants are not too exemplary." She was looking at him in wide eyed unbelief. "I was

with the Frenchman. "Did you bear what he was-what we were snying?" she asked nervously

"No. I was not eavesdropping. Besides, you returned to the house very

"It was a bit risky, but I rather en "Believe me, it is nothing. I have joyed it. The count spoke to me as I

renow the tete-a-tete"-

CHAPTER IV.

In Which the Truth Trespasses.

ORD and Lady Bazelburst, with the more energetic members of their party, spent the day in a so called hunting excursion that is always light, white and tooth- port such means of warfare? You do to the hills south of the villa Toward some, that every one will eat and entoy, is the dream of all good bosses.

And apply to said Common Council on the dream of all good bosses.

In the dream of all good bosses. keepers. You can realize that vision "By Jove, do you mean it?" His anger, had spent the afternoon in her by trying our bread. Once you use it on your table you will never want to be without it. Why bother with bakcerned. She was at least seeing things "My brother-Cecil would not have from Shaw's point of view. Her repermitted this," she tried to apologize, sentment was not against the policy remembering with a cold heart that of her brother, but the overbearing, Phone 884 Lord Bazelhurat had given the very petulant tyranny of her American als-

Superfluous Hair Removed



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fer-in-law. From the beginning also and disliked Evelyn; now she despised With the loyal simplicity of a sister she absolved Cecil of all real dame in the outrage of the morning itiributing everything to the cruelty and envy of the despot who held the ourse strings from which dangled the diable fortunes of Bazelhurst. The Bazelhursts, one and all-ancestors thrown in-swung back and forth or the pendulum of her capriciousness Penelope, poor as a church mouse, was almost wholly dependent upon her brother, who in turn owed his present affluence to the more or less luckless movement of the matrimonial market. The girl had a small, hadequate in so small that it was almost worth jesting about.

Here was Penelops, twenty-two, beautiful, proud, fair minded and healthy, surveying berself for the first ime from a new and an entirely different point of view. She was not pleased with the picture. She began to loathe herself more than she pitled her brother. Something like a smile came into her clouded face as she spec ulated on Randolph Shaw's method of handling Evelyn Banks had she fallen to him as a wife. The quiet power in that man's face signified the presence of a manhood that-ah, and just here It occurred to her that Lady Bazelhurst felt the force of that power even though she never had seen the man. She hated him because he was strong enough to oppose her, to ignore her, to laugh at her impotence.

The smoldering anger and a growing sense of fairness combined at length in the determination to take her brother and his wife to task for the morning's outrage, let the consequences be what they might. When she joined the people downstairs before dinner there was a red spot in each cheek and a duke to neglect woefully the conversation he was carrying on with Mrs. Od- quires a constitutional treatment. well.

an hour while four of the guests finished their "rubber." Penelope observed that the party displayed varying motions. It afterward transpired that the hunters had spent most of the afternoon in her ladyship's distant lodge playing bridge for rather high stakes. Little Miss Folsom was pitifully unre-sponsive to the mirth of Mr. Odwell. She could ill-afford to lose \$600. Lady Bazelhurst was in a frightful mood. Her guests had so far forgotten themselves as to win more than \$1,000 of the Banks legacy, and she was not a cheerful loser, especially as his lordship had dropped an additional \$500. here, will you?" she asked softly. He they winners were rictously happy reached out and clasped her hand. They had found the sport glorious. An ver given to deductions might have noticed that half of the diners were immoderately hilarious, the other

half studiously polite. Lord Bazelhurst wore a hunted look and drank more than one or two highballs. From time to time he cast furtive glances at his wife. He laughed frequently at the wrong time and

mirthleasly. "He's got something on his mind," whispered Odwell in comment.

"Yes; he always laughs when there is anything on his mind," replied Mrs. De Peyton. "That's the way he gets

After dinner no one proposed cards. The party edged off into twos and threes and explained how luck had

Continued on Page 6.)

Notice of Assessment for Oak Street Improvement, Winter Street to Twelfth Street.

Notice is hereby given that the Common Council of the City of Salem, Oregon, will at or about 8 o'clock p. m., on the 26th day of August, 1912, at the Common Council chambers in the that came to her check. "But were parcel of land liable for its proportionate share of the total actual cost of Twelfth street in the City of Salem. tle shot, ther's all. The first charge mistook me for one of your party. | Oregon, made in accordance with the adopted for said improvement and on "I did not return," she said. It was file in the office of the City Recorder, and in accordance with the contract heretofore executed for said improve-

ment are hereby notified to appear at E-M-F said time before the said Common Council and present their objections, if any they have, to said assessment. 1912, to equalize their proportionate INDIAN MOTOR share of the actual cost of making INDIAN CYCLES Penelope, full of smoldering 1912, to equalize their proportionate said improvement and their said as

sessment. Adopted by the Common Council this 19th day of August, 1912. Attest:

Chas. F. Eigin, City Recorder.



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Barr's Jewelry Store

it came to me. But he—he got the dog! abruptly, if you remember." she said, a sign of Bonaparte! It's as if he were a—a brother, Miss Drake. I loved him of relief accompanying the warm glow of relief accompanying the warm glow. of improving Oak street from the west line of Winter street to the west line of Winter street to the west line

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