********** THE NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFOR

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER. Creator of "Wallingford," CHARLES W. GODDARD

Read the story and then see the moving pictures

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*********** CHAPTER V.

Wallingford Avenges Violet.

THEN you put on this crushed egg plant display you'll make Gladys there look like exphan Maggle out in the cold," declared Blackle Daw admiringly as the plump blond model awished haughtly past blue eyed Violet Warden. "Girlle, bring it back."

Violet flushed prettily at the frank compliment, then she giggled, and the plump blond model swanned back scross the floor of the pink and gray salon with the cold blank expression of a perfect lady. Violet, admiring the imported lavender creation, suddenly poped and picked up the hem crit-

"It looks as if it might have been worn," she suggested, and at that moment M. Perigord danced into the room with his perpetual air of having almost remembered something urgent. Only the briefest flashing glance between Blackle and Vlolet. This was the man whom they had come to study. "You didn't borrow this for the French models' ball, did you, sister?"

inquired Blackie loudly.
"No, monsteur," replied the girl in a rich east side accent, and she cast one corner of her eye on M. Perigord, who was burrying toward them.

M. Perigord, a dark little man with black freekles and a kinky beard, was shocked to the very center of his being. "Impossible!" he cried, both hands sloft. "The house of Mondeaux floes not permit it! The costume is new, it is exclusive, it is delicious! With mademoiselle's exquisite color the effect is magnificent."

"The color harmony is a cinch," agreed Blackie, smiling to Violet, "But looks to me as if this gown had paraded an ocean view plazza or so."

The distress of M. Perigord was pain ful to observe. "Ah, monsleur," he piteously implored, "you do not know the house of Mondeaux! Americans always think first of clever little tricks!" "That's a knock!" decided Blackie. "Only crooks and tollops get stung in

America, and we give medals for that." M. Andre Perigord bastened to reccify his mistake. "I am all admiration for Americans!" and he blew into the eir a kiss from his five finger tips. "I adore their clever little tricks! I wish to learn them-all. I, too, would be-come rich-quick!" He smiled dream-'Money-and no questions!"

Blackie, with a half grin beneath his polated mustache, was regarding M. Perigord keenly. "You've been reading bad literature,"

he observed. "There's no money in clever little tricks. Grafting is a sport, not a business."

Perigord amtled wisely. "One year in New York and I have several thousand dollars on the side for Andre Perigord!" he exulted.

Another quick glance between Blackle Daw and his pretty companion. They knew where Perigord had secured forty thousand of his "on the side" mon-His name was fifth on the list of that clique, headed by E. H. Falls, who had robbed Violet and Fannie Warden of their five million dollar fortune on the death of their father. And this amount Blackie Daw and his partner. J. Rufus Wallingford, had sworn to secure from the members of the clique for the beautiful orphana. Four names were already crossed off that list.

"Somebody 'B cotch you without you Reense number, Andre," warned Black



harmony is a of Blackie to Violet.

le dryly. "How about that Illac splash, Violet? Do you like it two hundred and seventy-five worth?"

"It's pretty," hesitated Violet. "Send it up," ordered Blackle lightly. Charge it to the expense fund."

Before the "lilac splash" came home Violent and Fannie Warden were called hastily out of town by the illness of their Aunt Patty, and they were gone ive weeks. On their return the girls made a bee line for the shopping district, and Violet wore her exclusive Mondeaux creation. As they stepped out of the new electric, which had been made possible by the half million or more already recovered, a large lady came up the avenue in a lavender walking costume, which was an exact duplicate of the "aplash," panels, buttons and all. As the girls approached the hig dry goods store they stopped. stunned, in front of the show window. There, on a lovely wax lady, with a bright toothed smile, was the same ex-

quisite lavender walking suit, panels, buttons and all, marked "\$85!" In a Broadway shop at noon they saw a throng of stenographers admiring a central display of a big show window, lavender walking suit with the fanillar panels and buttons, \$23.50! They started back uptown in a hurry, and as they crossed Fifty-third street saw a large flabby colored woman and a highly peroxided white woman pass anch other with glares of undying hatred. They both wore cheap taffeta lavender walking costumes, with the exclusive Mondeaux panels and buttons! In a show window on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street was a lavender dress-same panels and buttonal It was made of gingham, and

the price was \$4.98! When Horace G. Daw and J. Rufus Wallingford called at the Warden nome that evening they found Violet



A Large Colored Woman and a Per oxided White Woman Passed Each

with a headache and the demure Fannie sympathetically suppressing the twinkles of amusement in her brown

"If you make fun of me I'll pou beans in your saxaphone," warned Vio-let as she handed Blackle a large, flat pasteboard box. "This is the 'lilac splash!" and with bubbling indigna

tion she told them all about it. "Harpooned on the lavender lemon, grinned Blackie. "I guess the color blinded us. However it happened, though, I'll take this box down in the morning, and I'll bring you back your two hundred and seventy-five or old Paregorie's whiskers."

Wallingford had chuckled at first, but now he was thoughtful.

M. Perigord was deeply regretful that the beautiful Miss Warden's lavender n had been so extensively copied "It is because mademoiselle is so strik-ing-so attractive," he suavely explained. "Those clever American manufacturers have their designers everywhere. Regard their little trick! They behold a charming fashionable like Mile, Warden in a triumph like this exguisite lavender costume. They say: Volla! We walt no longer! We have found it!" They dash to their work shops. They make a sketch of the design-every botton, every thread. Pres-The artistic creation of the hous

of Mondeaux is in all the shops." "So that's the way it's done," mused Blackle. "What do you think of that for pure gall, Jim?"

Jim Wallingford's big shoulders heav-"It sounds like the explanation for black eye," he chuckled.

"One becomes clever in America," bonated Perigord, with a self satisfied smile, after he had agreed to refund the price of the dress. "I have learned the little trick to make money. Now I learn the little trick to invest with rapidness. With \$54,000 to start-voila! "Fifty-four thousand?" responded

Blackie, glancing at J. Rufus. Wallingford at the window suddenly wheeled and came back looking at his "I'm afraid I can't walt until you settle with M. Perigord," he stated, "What's your hurry, Jim," protested Blackie. "It won't take long. When

people pass money they part."
"I have to keep my eye on a certain rapid investment," said Wallingford Impressively "I'll see you tomorrow at the office and settle with you for the next pool. By the way, here's your \$1,000."

"Oh, give it to a newsboy," laughed Blackie, with a nonchalant wave of the hand.

"I don't care what you do with it," responded Wallingford gravely, producing a big red pocketbook. business is to pay you this \$1,000 in return for the \$150 you invested with me yesterday," and into the hands of the astonished Blackle be counted a \$500 bill and five \$100 bills.

"How much will you invest tomorrow morning?" "The wad," Blackle said promptly, and started to hand back the money.

lingford reprovingly reminded him. "A hundred and fifty is the limit in this pool, as I have often told you."

"Can't you let me go in for two hun dred?" argued Binckle. "I don't like to play for a piker bet like this."

"Then stay out," retorted Walling ford. "I offered to let you in on a \$50, 000 pool once, and you falled to mee me at 3:30, so now you take the little pools. Wait a minute," and he con sulted a red memorandum book. "You can only have a hundred today."

"All right," agreed Blackle reluctant "Here's your hundred," and he handed it over.

"Good day," said Wallingford, taking the money.

M. Perigord looked after him in stun ned perplexity. "Impossible!" be com-mented. "He invested \$150 for you resterday, and today he gives you back \$1,000."

"Yes, confound him," grumbled Blackie. "He's sore at me and won't let me in on his big game."

"Big!" repeated Perigord in astonishent, looking greedily at the money in Blackle's hand. "Do you call this

small?" "It's a tin horn proposition," scorned Blackle.

"But how does he make it?" "Wallingford won't tell," Blackle alf whisperingly confided. "He is one of our most clever Americans. Noody knows how much money he is worth. Nobody knows how much I am

I don't know myself." "And did Mr. Wallingford make you all your money?" "Every last \$1,000,000," asserted

Blackle "Ah!" breathed M. Perigord in wor ship. "I, also, would become rich-quick! So rich that I also could say of \$1,000, 'Give the tin horn to the newsboy.' M. Daw, would you truly give that much money to a newsboy, or was it what you clever Americans call

Joke ? Blackie's eyes widened in astonishent that such a question should be asked. "I'd give it to anybody," he stated, with a flash of inspiration. Would you like to have it?"

"Nine hundred dollars!" gasped M Perigord in terror.

"Is it \$900? Why, so it is," counted Blackle negligently. "Here, Perigord, take it and buy yourself a dinner, and, thrusting the bills into the hands of the dumfounded Perigord, he stalked out of the place.

"I forgot to get Miss Warden's check," explained Blackle the next day, walking into M. Perigord's with a saxaphone case in his hand.

"It is ready, monsieur," cordially stated the importer, greeting Blackle with the enthusiasm of an old friend He clasped his hands and bowed pro foundly. He delivered the check with a flourish. "It gives me great pleasur o make myself again honorable with mademoiselle."

"She'll appreciate it," grinned Blac kle. "Thanks, Perigord. Good day." and he started for the door. "Pardon, monsleur, one little mo

ent," began Perigord. Blackle, expecting that call, turned with slow reluctance. He looked at his watch.

"Your friend, M. Wallingford," in sinuated Perigord, "I am consumed with curiosity to know how much be gave you for your \$100 of yesterday." "Oh," returned Blackle, with a bored

xpression, "I don't know yet. As a matter of fact, I hadn't thought of inquiring about it. He probably has only six or eight hundred dollars for me.

"Ah, monsieur," protested Perigord. "even if it is only a little money like that to you, who are so rich, it should to give it to some friend."

ing. from 3 to 4. Would you like to go over

"I shall be transported!" exclaimed M. Perigord in a flutter of delight, this

being the boon for which he had been eager to ask He ran. He brought his silk hat. H

brought his gray gloves. He brought his little cane. He brushed his kinky beard. He tripped down the stairs two steps shead of Blackie Daw. Only when they reached the office did he hang back timidly,

That was a brand new office in a erand new skyscraper, and on the door was the legend: "J. Rufus Wallingford. Investments." M. Perlgord did not no ice that the paint was still fresh, for Wallingford himself had carefully dust ed and otherwise aged it. He had spent he morning on the job.

Inside was a small anteroom, to which there sat waiting a totally hald berded man and a man with a bushy beard and a large red necked man with mustache, one end of which had been chewed to a tasset. A spider legged boy guarding the entrance to the door of the private office greeted Blackle with a nod and turned an unfriendly stare on M. Perigord. Beyond the glass partition could be heard the loud and ingry voice of that peerless investor, J. Rufus Wallingford.

"No, Mr. Pollet, you can't get on the preferred list!" shouted the voice. "You have the gall of a burglar. I let you have a twenty-five dollar a day cor ner in this little pool practically out of charity. You've made an average of from \$200 to \$300 a day out of your in vestment, haven't you?

"Yes, sir," admitted Mr. Poliet. "The lowest you ever made me out of my \$25 was \$100. But I want to go on your larger list. Nearly all your cus omers are allowed to invest from \$100 to \$150 a day, and they make from four to six times as much as I do. It

isn't fair." "That settles it?" roared Wallingford, at the limit of his patience. "You get out! Your place on the list is vacant?"
"Please don't say that," pleaded the Wallingford Smiled Quizzically as He frightened Mr. Pollet. "I'm sorry." b

Wallingford. "Here's your \$275 for to-

"Please take my \$25," begged Mr. Pollet.

scraping of a chair. "Your account is closed!" roared Wallingford, "Get out!" There were other sounds. The door pened auddenly and out shot a peeped other money. chunky young man who wore thick spectacles. M. Perigord noted that he had money in both hands. He turned in the middle of the anteroo

"Go on out, you!" ordered the spider egged boy, as J. Rufus Wallingford ilmself slammed the door of the private office.

Mr. Pollet walked slowly out of the coom. The waiting investors looked nervous and apprehensive. A little bell ounced out again in a minute.

"W. O. Jones," he announced. The totally bald headed man shamoled in, casting a jealous look at M.

"Hello, Onlon Jones!" greeted Wal-

Perigord's eyes glistened. "Not the best day we've had, but I'm patisfied," laughed Jones. "I hear you're going to start a new pool, Mr. Walling- don't like odd change. Carry it yourford.

"Next week," returned J. Rufus, "Any chance of my getting a share "I think not, Jones," advised Wal-

lingford. "I won't split that pool into indicated the litter of money. shares. I plan to take in just one big "All right," agreed Jones. "I'm

tickled with anything you do. How much can I get in for tomorrow?" "One hundred," stated Wallingford. 'Just give me that hundred dollar bill."

The bell rang. The spider legged boy darted in. Mr. Jones shambled out with

his hand full of money. Andre Perigord's breath came quickly, "W. W. Williams," sang the boy.

The full bearded man went in. "Good afternoon, Chincuma, Barra ing the money carelessiy on to the Wallingford cheerily, "You got in for a hundred and fifty, didn't you? Well, with the other greenbacks, M. Perigord smiled and smiled, "How M. Perigord smiled and smiled, "How is a scale of the money carelessiy on to the with the other greenbacks, and the money carelessiy on the money carelessiy o to a hundred today."

"Sorry, sir," sald Williams. "By the way, is Pollet dropped from the pool?"
"Yes," snapped Wallingford. "I'd like to take up his share."

"No," snapped Wallingford. "Just as you say," hastily responded Chinchilla Williams. "Lord, I don't want you to get sore at me too." tion. "If I may intrude upon mon-"I guess I am a little grouchy," con-

'essed Wallingford, "but every time I sieur's courtesy, how does he make turn around somebody wants to hand me money. I'm tired of it." "I know," admitted Williams, "You

you dropped about half of us the rest of us could make more money." "If I dropped you all I could make the entire profit for myself," Wallingford reminded him. "That's what I'm

going to do on this next pool-take just one live partner with \$100,000 and split the profits." "I'll dig you up \$100,000 in a minate," quickly offered Williams.

"Nothing doing, Chinchilla," bluntly refused Wallingford. "I have to have ing." a partner I like. He must be generous, trustful and agreeable, and you won't do. Good day, Williams."

"Good day, sir," returned Williams sadly. The bell rang as he came out with

money in his hands. "Mr. Menzen," announced the spider legged boy.

The red necked man with the chewfew husky words. Wallingford did not man. He was profiting by American the private office was open, and he en-"Very well," agreed Blackle, yawn talk at all. Big Tim came out with his g. "Wallingford's office hours are bands full of money. Perigord was dreaming vast dreams

"Mr. Daw," announced the boy. The autocratic Mr. Wallingford frowned when he saw the stranger with Blackle Daw, but M. Perigord



Turned Away.

"You're too late," sternly returned did not see the frown. His astounded eyes were glued on the novel decorations of Wallingford's desk. These decorations consisted entirely of money-stacks of five dollar bills, of tens, twenties, fiftles, hundreds, five hundreds and thousands! There were packages of money still unopened, and from a slightly projecting drawer

> "Anybody else out there, Jesse James?" yelled Wallingford.
> "No, sir," replied the boy.

"Then lock the door," ordered Wallingford. "Mr. Daw, here's your \$1,-000," and he nonchalantly selected the money from the assortment on the "You may get in for a hundred

"All right," assented Blackle carerang sharply. The spider legged boy his hand. Passing Wallingford a hunlessly and held the money loosely in darted into Wallingford's room. He dred, he stuffed the rest in his vest pocket with his thumb. "Your tomorrow's pool all made up, Mr. Wallingford?

"All but a twenty-five dollar share," answered the clever investor. "I was going to let old man Dokes have that, lingford suavely. "I have \$1,100 for but he didn't show up. Moreover, I'm you. That leaves you \$1,000 clear afraid Dokes can't keep his mouth shut. If anybody tells about this root. shut. If anybody tells about this pool, out he goes. You may have Dokes' twenty-five."

"No, thanks," drawled Blackle. "I

"Me?" laughed Wallingford. "Why should I fuss with a twenty-five dollar share? Look at what I have left." And with a negligent sweep of his hand he

M. Perigord had been trying to speak but he had been too excited. "If it will be any favor to monsieur will take it," he offered. "Me, Andre

Perigord." "I don't like to let strangers in," hes itated Wallingford, with a frown, "but "There you are," returned Mr. Jones I think I shall let Mr. Perigord in on

contentedly. "Good day, Mr. Walling this pool, Mr. Daw; that is, until it closes next week." And Wallingford smiled quizzically as he turned away. "I am all gratitude!" fervently ex claimed M. Perigord, whipping out his pocketbook and planking down his \$25 in a hurry, lest Wallingford should

change his mind.

much shall I receive for my \$25?" he wanted to know. "I guarantee nothing," returned Wal

lingford, casting on him a cold look. "I may not make you over a hundred dollars. I may even lose your money." Both Blackie and M. Perigord laughed at that absurd proposition. Again M. Perigord ventured a ques-

such enormous profits?" "I never tell," declared Wallingford, "I know," admitted Williams. "You "Viola!" accepted Perigord. "M. Wai-have too much capital now. I guess if lingford, I thank you. M. Daw, I

thank you also. Shall I come over to morrow to get my money?" "No, don't bother me, I'll drop in and hand it to you," stated Wallingford carelessly. "Good day, gentlemen."

They filed out of the office, and Wallingford called Blackie back, and M. Perigord, listening intently, heard Wallingford say: "Your friend Perigord is very agree

able. He is generous. He looks trust-Andre Perigord's heart was glad.

What he did not hear Wallingford say was this: "Double right back, Blackle, and help me take care of this real coin. We'll leave the phony stuff here, but I'm

nervous since I had Onion Jones and Chinchilla Williams and big Tim Meazen in this room." . . . At last Andre Perigord was a happy man in America as his investing agent. desk. It was as bare as varnish could On the first day Wallingford handed make it. There was no money peeping

day Wallingford handed him \$300 for gord's heart was sinking fast. his \$25. On the third day Wallingford handed him \$275.

held his peace and took the money. If he could only invest in the larger and there was over \$15,000 added to business which Wallingford was about the expense fund, to launch, then he might be a million- "Ah!" exclaimed Andre. "You are aire quickly and go back to Paris and do nothing and be a gentleman and the Maison Mondeaux!" wear a different dress shirt every evening. He must be more agreeable to Mr. Wallingford, more generous, more trust-

"Well, Andre," said Wallingford on the fifth day, "the little pool is ended. Here is your last rakeoff-\$225."

"But there will be another pool," protested Andre. "Cannot monsieur make me a place in that, ever so little a place, only twenty-five or fifty or a mousieur, you have lost me not only all hundred dollars?"

"No," refused Wallingford kindly, the house of Mondenux." but firmly. "I've cut out the small shares. I've dropped about half my investors. I've carried lots of them along when I began in a small way. But now they've had enough. I don't like a cigar." to monkey with so many people. The \$250, and it's filled up."

Andre cleared his throat. "But there was a larger pool," he suggested, "just M. Wallingford and one agreeable partner.

Wallingford frowned. "I like you, but it would not be fair." he objected. "I do all the work and have all the responsibility. If you were to put up less than \$100,000 I would be compelled either to take in another small partner or put up some of my own money. "No, I must have \$100,000."

"Then I am in despair," worried Andre. "I cannot borrow \$43,750, even in the name of Mondeaux.

"I see." mused Wallingford. "Well, it's too bad, Andre, because you're a very agreeable gentleman, and exactly the kind of partner I would like to have. However, if you can't raise the money I shall accept some of my other applications."

"One moment," pleaded Andre. "How much money would this grand pool make me?" "I don't know," replied Wallingford.

"I guarantee nothing. I might make

us \$5,000,000. 1 might make us

"That is droll." laughed Andre. Wallingford, I am desperate to be come your partner. Look! Could you not yourself loan me the money and take back the \$43,750 out of the first day's profits?"

The big pink face of Wallingford brightened immediately, and his broad shoulders heaved. "By George, you're a genius, Andre!" he chuckled. "That was a happy idea. I'll take your money

"Viola!" cried Andre. "The bank will close too soon this afternoon, my friend Wallingford, but tomorrow morning I shall lay the amount in your handa."

"All right," agreed Wallingford "Bring it over to the office-in cash,

One day passed, two days passed three days passed, and Wallingford did



'No use to come, Andre," said Wal lingford, grinning. "You're broke."

not bring any millions! He did not, in fact, bring any money at all! Indeed. he did not come at all! Andre Perigord brushed his kinky

beard. He put on his silk hat, donned his

gray gloves, took up his little cane and

trotted over to the office of J. Rufus Wallingford, Investments. Some vague, cold presentiment pos sessed him as he entered the antercom There were no waiting investors. There cleverness, and he had the most clever tered. There was no money on the

him \$200 for his \$25. On the second from the half open drawer. M. Peri-In the big swivel chair sat J. Rufus Wallingford, a huge diamond glowing Andre Perigord smiled. He was be- in his cravat. He was contentedly coming clever. He knew now where smoking a big black clgar. Opposite Wallingford made these enormous prof- him, with his long legs sprawled under its-on the bourse, the Stock Exchange. the desk and his silk hat miraculously That was where these clever Ameri- poised on the back of his head, sat the cans made their quick fortunes. It grinning Blackle Daw, contentedly was the only place. But Andre Periguid a cigarette. They had sat thus gord was wise. He said nothing. He every day from 3 to 4 since Andre had joined the grand pool. They could af-It was a shame that the amount was, ford to loaf. The restitution fund of after all, so small. It was a tin horn, the Warden girls was richer by \$40,000,

here, at least. I have not seen you at

"No use to come, Andre," said Wallingford, grinning. "You're broke." Andre Perigord dropped into a chair. 'Broke!" he gasped. "You did not lose my money!"

ery cent. Besides that, you owe me \$43,750. I thought I wouldn't bother you for that just now."
"Mon Dieu!" grouned Andre. "Why. my money, but some of the money of

"You did," advised Wallingford. "Ev-

"Tough," commented Wallingford. "I suppose you'll now have to juggle with your books and rent the Mondeaux cresecause they were with me in the start, ations to the designers until you can replace their money in the bank. Have

Andre turned to the grinning face of smallest shares in this new pool are Blackle. "It is a graft!" he suddenly decided and jumped to his feet. "I go to the policet"

"And have me pinched and get all our names in the papers and let the house of Mondeaux find it out," sug-"Yes; that's my special pet," agreed Wallingford. "I need a man with \$100,000 for that."

"Monsieur, look!" begged Andre. "I have iaid my hands in the clever American fashlon. Now, M. Wallingford, could not this amount be made to do?"

To see of Mondeaux find it out." suggested Wallingford. "Whatever happens, Andre, I can see you in the pentite tentiary, with short hair and no necktile, learning to paste paper soles on waterproof ahoes. Look here, Andre; here are the proofs that you have cheated the house of Mondeaux. Shall this amount be made to do?"

I need a man with send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with fall instructions. Send no waterproof ahoes. Look here, Andre; here are the proofs that you have them?"

I need a man with send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with fall instructions. Send no waterproof ahoes. Look here, Andre; here are the proofs that you have the challed—the chances are it can see you in the pentite her today if your children to the pentite her today if your children to the pentite have been to the pentite her today if your children to the pent "Yes; that's my special pet," agreed gested Wallingford. "Whatever hap-wallingford. "I need a man with pens, Andre, I can see you in the peni-

The face of the juckless investor was

"It is true," Andre admitted. "I am what you call up against it." A short silence, and then the ever optimistic Andre brightened. "But I have learned. another American trick; also I am still clever, and I shall yet be rich. I shalf ot go to the penitenthry if they do not bear that I have lost so much money. Gentlemen, applaud me. I have already juggled the books. Volta!" And, highly pleased with himself, he strode

jauntily out. Blackle and Wallingford looked at each other dumbly. Blackle elevated his hands in the Perigord fashion.

"Volla!" he said (Continued next Saturday.)

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* * * * * * * * * * JAMES HUGHES DEAD.

James Hughes, 89 years old, a pio-neer of Oregon, died at Canyonville, Douglas county, Wednesday. Mr. Hughes was born in Tennessee, April 19, 1827, was married to Eliza-

beth Kitchmiller in 1854 and came to Oregon, settling near Salem in the Waldo Hills in 1877. He moved to Walla Walla, Wash., where he resided for five years. Returning to Oregon, he lived for three years at Corvallis, from whence he went to Canyonville where he has resided 31 years.

Mrs. Hughes died here two years ago. Three sons survive. Funeral services were held today.

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MAY LEAVE TUESDAY

New York, Dec. 17 .- Friends of the New York, Dec. II.—Friends of too recalled German attaches, Boy-ed and Von Papen, said today they plan to leave Tuesday on the Holland-American liner Noordam. Their announcement was made to dispose of rumors that Von Papen is planning to go to Mex-

也

It is possible that Boy-ed, however, may postpone his sailing if he does not dispose of certain pending matters in time.

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not care child wetting. There is a constituti for this trouble. Mrs. M. Bur