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CHAPTER VII.

"Tomorrow We Disappear Into the Unknown."

I WILL not bore those whom this narrative may reach by an account of our luxurious voyage upon the ocean liner, nor will I tell of our week's stay at Para (have that I should wish to acknowledge the great kindness of the company in helping us to get together our equipment. I will also allude very briefly to our river journey up a wide, shallow, clay-tinted stream in a steamer which was little smaller than that which had carried us across the Atlantic. Eventually we found ourselves through the narrow of Obidos and reached the town of Manaus. Here we were rescued from the limited attractions of the local inn by Mr. Shortman, the representative of the British and Brazilian Trading company. In his hospital Caspiza we spent our time until the day when we were empowered to open the letter of instructions given to us by Professor Challenger. Before I reach the surprising events of that date I should desire to give a clearer sketch of my comrades in this enterprise and of the associates whom we had already gathered together in South America. I speak freely, and I have the use of my faculties to your own discretion, Mr. McArthur, since it is through your hands that this report must pass before it reaches the world.

The scientific attainments of Professor Summerlee are too well known for me to trouble to recapitulate them. He is better equipped for a rough expedition of this sort than one would imagine at first sight. His tall, gaunt, stringy figure is insensible to fatigue, and his dry, half-sarcastic and often wholly unsympathetic manner is unimpaired by any change in his surroundings. Though in his sixty-sixth year, I have never heard him express any dissatisfaction at the occasional hardships which we have had to encounter. I had regarded his presence on an expedition to the Amazon as an embarrassment to the expedition; but, as a matter of fact, I am now well convinced that his power of endurance is as great as my own. In temper he is naturally calm and skeptical.

Lord John Roxton has some points in common with Professor Summerlee and others in which they are the very opposite to each other. He is twenty years younger, but has something of the same spare, scraggy physique. As to his appearance, I have, as I repeat, described it in that portion of my narrative which I have left behind me in London. He is exceedingly neat and trim in his ways, dresses always with great care in white flannel suits and high brown mosquito boots and slaves at least once a day. Like most men of action, he is laconic in speech and sinks readily into his own thoughts, but he is always quick to answer a question or join in a conversation, talking in a queer, jerky, half-humorous fashion. His knowledge of the world, and very especially of South America, is surprising, and he has a whole-hearted belief in the possibilities of our journey which is not dashed by the sneers of Professor Summerlee. He has a gentle voice and a quiet manner, but behind his twinkling blue eyes there lurks a capacity for furious wrath and implacable resolution, the more dangerous because they are held in leash.

So much for the moment for my two white companions, whose characters and limitations will be further exposed as surely as my own, as this narrative proceeds. But already we have enrolled certain retainers who may play no small part in what is to come. The first is a gigantic negro named Zamboni, who is a black Hercules, as willing as any horse and about as intelligent. He was enlisted of Para on the recommendation of the steamship company, on whose vessels he had learned to speak a halting English.

It was at Para also that we engaged Gomez and Manuel, two half-breeds from up the river, just come down with a cargo of rubber. They were scarily fellows, bearded and shaven, as active and wiry as panthers. Both of them had spent their lives in those upper waters of the Amazon which we were about to explore, and it was this recommendation which had caused Lord John to engage them. One of them, Gomez, had the further advantage that he could speak excellent English. These men were willing to act as our personal servants, to cook, to row or to make themselves useful in any way at a payment of \$15 a month. Besides these, we had engaged three Mado Indians from Bolivia, who are the most skilled at fishing and boat work of all the river tribes. The chief of these we called Molo, after his tribe, and the others were known as Jose and Fernando. Three white men, two half-breeds, one negro and three Indians made up the personnel of the little expedition which we were to start at Manaus.

Manaos before starting upon its singular quest.

At last, after a weary week, the day had come and the hour. I ask you to picture the shaded sitting room of the Fazenda St. Ignacio, two miles inland from the town of Manaus. Outside lay the yellow, brassy glare of the sunshine, with the shadows of the palm trees as black and definite as the trees themselves. The air was calm, full of the eternal hum of insects, a tropical chorus of many notes, from the deep drone of the bee to the high, keen pipe of the mosquito. Beyond the veranda was a small cleared garden, bounded with cactus hedges and adorned with clumps of flowering shrubs, round which the great blue butterflies and the tiny humming-birds fluttered and darted in crescents of sparkling light. Within we were seated round the cane table, on which lay a sealed envelope. Inscribed upon it in the jagged handwriting of Professor Challenger were the words:

Instructions to Lord John Roxton and party. To be opened at Manaus upon July 15, at 12 o'clock precisely.

Lord John had placed his watch upon the table beside him.

"We have seven more minutes," said he. "The old deer is very precise."

Professor Summerlee gave an acid smile as he picked up the envelope in his gaunt hand.

"What can it possibly matter whether we open it now or in seven minutes?" said he. "It is all part and parcel of the same system of quackery and nonsense for which I regret to say that the writer is notorious."

"Oh, come! We must play the game according to rules," said Lord John. "It's old man Challenger's show, and we are here by his good will, so it would be quite bad form if we didn't follow his instructions to the letter."

"A pretty business it is!" cried the professor bitterly. "I struck me as preposterous in London, but I'm bound to say that it seems even more so upon closer acquaintance. I don't know what is inside this envelope; but, unless it is something pretty definite, I shall be much tempted to take the next down river boat and catch the Bolivia at Para. After all, I have some more responsible work in the world than to run about disproving the assertions of a lunatic. Now, Roxton, surely it is time!"

"Time it is," said Lord John. "You can blow the whistle." He took up the envelope and cut it with his pen-knife. From it he drew a folded sheet of paper. This he carefully opened out and flattened on the table. It was a blank sheet. He turned it over. Again it was blank. We looked at each other in a bewildered silence, which was broken by a discordant burst of derisive laughter from Professor Summerlee.

"It is an open admission!" he cried. "What more do you want? The fellow is a self-confessed humbug. We have only to return home and report him as the brazen impostor that he is."

"May I come in?" boomed a voice from the veranda.

The shadow of a squat figure had stolen across the patch of sunlight. That voice, that monstrous breath of shoulder! We spring to our feet with a gasp of astonishment as Challenger, in a round, boyish straw hat with a colored ribbon, Challenger, with his hands in his jacket pockets and his canvas shoes daintily pointing as he walked—appeared in the open space before us. He threw back his head, and there he stood in golden glow with all



"May I come in?" boomed a voice from the veranda.

his old Amazonian luxuriance of beard all his native insolence of drooping eyes and intolerant eyes.

"I fear," said he, taking out his watch, "that I am a few minutes too late. When I gave you this envelope I must confess that I had never intended that you should open it, for it had been my fixed intention to be with you before the hour. The unfortunate delay can be apportioned between a blundering pilot and an intrusive sand-bank. I fear that I have given my colleague, Professor Summerlee, occasion to blaspheme. You need no chart of directions now, since you will have the instinctive advantage of my own guidance. From the first I had determined that I would myself provide over your investigation. The most elaborate charts would, as you will readily admit, be a poor substitute for my own intelligence and advice. As to the small ruse which I played upon you in the matter of the envelope, it is clear that had I told you all my intentions I should have been forced to resist unwelcome pressure to travel out with you."

It was Aug. 2 when we snapped our last link with the outer world by bidding farewell to the Esmeralda, a steam launch which Lord John Roxton chartered to take us up the river. Since then four days have passed, during which we have engaged two large canoes from the Indians, made of so light a material (skins over a bamboo framework) that we should be able to carry them around any obstacle. These we loaded with all our effects and have engaged two additional Indians to help us in the navigation. I understand that they are the very two—Ateca and Ipetu by name—who accompanied Professor Challenger upon his previous journey. They appeared to be terrified at the prospect of repeating it, but the chief has patriarchal powers in these countries, and if the bargain is good in his eyes the clansman has little choice in the matter.

So tomorrow we disappear into the unknown. This account I am transmitting down the river by canoe, and it may be our last word to those who are interested in our fate. I have, according to our arrangement, addressed it to you, my dear Mr. McArdle, and I leave it to your discretion to delete, alter or do what you like with it. From the assurance of Professor Challenger's manner and in spite of the continued skepticism of Professor Summerlee I have no doubt that your leader will make good his statement and that we are really on the eve of some most remarkable experience.

When I wrote last we were about to leave the Indian village where we had been deposited by the Esmeralda. I have to begin my report by bad news, for the first serious personal trouble I pass over the incessant bickering between the professors occurred this evening and might have had a tragic ending. I have spoken of our English speaking half-breed Gomez—a fine worker and a willing fellow, but afflicted, I fancy, with the vice of curiosity, which is common enough among such men. On the last evening he seems to have hid himself near the hut in which we were discussing our plans, and, being observed by our huge negro Zamboni, who is as faithful as a dog and has the hatred which all his race bear to the half-breeds, he was dragged out and carried into our presence. Gomez whipped out his knife, however, and but for the huge strength of his captor, which enabled him to disarm him with one hand, he would certainly have stabbed him. The matter has ended in a reprimand, the opponents have been compelled to shake hands, and there is every hope that all will be well.

For two days we made our way up a good sized river, some hundreds of yards broad and dark in color, but transparent, so that one could usually see the bottom. The alluvia of the Amazon are, half of them, of this nature, while the other half are whitish and opaque, the difference depending upon the class of country through which they have flowed. The dark indicates vegetable decay, while the others point to clayey soil. Twice we came across rapids and in each case made a portage of half a mile or so to avoid them. The woods on either side were primeval, which are more easily penetrated than woods of the second growth, and we had no great difficulty in carrying our canoes through them. How small I ever forgot the solemn mystery of it! The height of the trees and the thickness of the boles exceeded anything which I in my town bred life could have imagined, shooting upward in insignificant columns until, at an enormous distance above our heads, we could dimly discern the spear where they threw out their silhouettes late Gothic upward curves which coalesced to form one great matted roof of verdure through which only an occasional golden ray of sunshine shot downward to trace a thin dimming line of light amid the majestic obscurity. As we walked noiselessly amid the thick carpet of decaying vegetation the hum fell upon our souls which comes upon us in the twilight of the abbey, and even Professor Challenger's full chest of notes sank into a whisper. Alone I should have been ignorant of the names of these giant growth, but on men of science related to the colors the great silk cotton trees and the red wood trees, with all that profusion of various plants which has made this continent the chief supplier to the human race of those gifts of nature which depend upon the vegetable world, while it is the most backward in those products which come from animal life.

CHAPTER VIII.

Evidences of Human Life.

AND yet there were indications that even human life itself was not far from us in those mysterious recesses. On the third day out we were aware of a singular deep throbbing in the air

rhythmic and solemn, coming and going fitfully throughout the morning. The two boats were paddling within a few yards of each other when first we heard it, and our Indians remained motionless, as if they had been turned to bronze, listening intently with expressions of terror upon their faces.

"What is it?" I asked. "Drums," said Lord John carelessly. "war drums. I have heard them before."

"Yes, sir, war drums," said Gomez, the half-breed. "Wild Indians, bravos, not mannos. They watch us every mile of the way. Kill us if they can."

"How can they watch us?" I asked, gazing into the dark, motionless void.

The half-breed shrugged his broad shoulders. "The Indians know. They have their own way. They watch us. They talk the drum talk to each other. Kill us if they can."

All day the drums rumbled and whispored, while their meaning reflected itself in the faces of our colored companions. Even the hairy, swaggering half-breed seemed cowed. I learned, however, that day, once for all, that both Summerlee and Challenger possessed that highest type of bravery, the bravery of the scientific mind.

Theirs was the spirit which upheld Darwin among the gauchos of the Argentine or Wallace among the head-hunters of Malaya. It is decreed by a useful nature that the human brain cannot think of two things simultaneously, so that if it is steeped in curiosity as to science it has no room for merely personal considerations. All day amid that incessant and mysterious menace our two professors watched every bird upon the wing and every shrub upon the bank, with many a sharp wordy contention, when the snarl of Summerlee came quick upon the deep growl of Challenger, but with no more sense of danger and no more reference to drum beating Indians than if they were seated together in the smoking room of the Royal Society's club in St. James' street.

That night we moored our canoes with heavy stones for anchors in the center of the stream and made every preparation for a possible attack. Nothing came, however, and with the dawn we pushed upon our way, the drum beating dying out behind us. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon we came to a very steep rapid, more than a mile long—the very one in which Professor Challenger had suffered disaster upon his first journey. I confess that the sight of it consoled me, for it was really the first direct collaboration



It was really the first direct collaboration, slight as it was.

slight as it was, of the truth of his story. The Indians carried first our canoes and then our stores through the brushwood, which is very thick at this point, while we four whites, our rifles on our shoulders, walked between them and any danger coming from the woods. Before evening we had successfully passed the rapids and made our way some ten miles above them, where we anchored for the night. At this point I reckoned that we had come not less than a hundred miles up the tributary from the main stream.

It was in the early forenoon of the next day that we made the great discovery. Since dawn Professor Challenger had been utterly uneasy, contentedly scanning each bank of the river. Suddenly he gave an exclamation of satisfaction and pointed to a single tree which projected at a peculiar angle over the side of the stream.

"What do you make of that?" he asked.

"It is surely an Assal palm," said Summerlee.

"Exactly. It was an Assal palm which I took for my landmark. The secret opened to half a mile onward upon the other side of the river. There is no break in the trees. That is the wonder and the mystery of it. These things you see light upon bushes in shade of dark green undergrowth, they have the great cottonwoods, that is to say private gate into the unknown. Push through and you will understand."

It was indeed a wonderful place. Having reached the spot marked by a line of light green rushes, we peered out two canoes through them for some hundreds of yards and eventually emerged into a placid and shallow stream, running clear and transparent over a sandy bottom. It may have

been twenty yards across and was banked on each side by most luxuriant vegetation. No one who had not observed that for a short distance reeds had taken the place of shrubs could possibly have guessed the existence of such a stream or dreamed of the fairyland beyond.

For a fairland it was, the most wonderful that the imagination of man could conceive. The thick vegetation met overhead, interlacing into a natural pergola, and through this tunnel of verdure in a golden twilight flowed the green, pellucid river, beautiful in itself, but marvellous from the strange tints thrown by the vivid light from above, filtered and tempered in its fall. Clear as crystal, motionless as a sheet of glass, green as the edge of an iceberg, it stretched in front of us under its leafy archway, every stroke of our paddles sending a thousand ripples across its shining surface. It was a fitting avenue to a land of wonders. All signs of the Indians had passed away, but animal life was more frequent, and the tameness of the creatures showed that they knew nothing of the hunter. Fuzzy little black velvet monkeys with snow white teeth and gleaming, mocking eyes chattered at us as we passed. With a dull, heavy splash an occasional carman plunged in from the bank. Once a dark, emmy tapir stared at us from a gap in the bushes and then lumbered away through the forest. Once, too, the yellow, sinuous form of a great puma whisked amid the brushwood, and its green, baleful eyes stared hatred at us over its tawny shoulder. Bird life was abundant, especially the wading birds, stork, heron and ibis gathering in little groups, blue, scarlet and white, upon every log which jutted from the bank, while beneath us the crystal water was alive with fish of every shape and color.

For three days we made our way up this tunnel of leafy green sunshine. On the longer stretches one could hardly tell as one looked ahead where the distant green water ended and the distant green archway began. The deep peace of this strange waterway was unbroken by any sign of man.

"No Indian here. Too much afraid Curupari," said Gomez.

"Curupari is the spirit of the woods," Lord John explained. "It's a name for any kind of devil. The poor beggars think that there is something fearsome in this direction, and therefore they avoid it."

On the third day it became evident that our journey in the canoes could not last much longer, for the stream was rapidly growing more shallow. Twice in as many hours we struck upon the bottom. Finally we pulled the boats up among the brushwood and spent the night on the bank of the river. In the morning Lord John and I made our way for a couple of miles through the forest, keeping parallel with the stream, but as it grew ever shallower we returned and reported what Professor Challenger had already suspected, that we had reached the highest point to which the canoes could be brought. We drew them up, therefore, and concealed them among the bushes, blaring a tree with our axes so that we should find them again. Then we distributed the various burdens among us—guns, ammunition, food, a tent, blankets and the rest—and, shouldering our packages, we set forth upon the more hazardous stage of our journey.

Advancing in single file along the bank of the stream, we soon found that it narrowed down to a mere brook, and finally that it lost itself in a great green morass of spongy mosses. The place was horribly haunted by clouds of mosquitoes and every form of flying pest, so we were glad to find solid ground again and to make a circuit among the trees, which enabled us to outflank this pestilent morass, which drowned like an organ in the distance, so loud was it with insect life.

On the ninth day after leaving the canoes, having done, as I reckon, about 120 miles, we began to emerge from the trees, which had grown smaller until they were mere shrubs. Their place was taken by an immense wilderness of bamboo, which grew so thickly that we could only penetrate it by cutting a pathway with the machetes and bill-hooks of the Indians. It took us a long day, traveling from 7 in the morning till 8 at night, with only two breaks of one hour each, to get through this obstacle. Anything more monotonous and wearying could not be imagined, for not even at the most open places, I could not see more than ten or twelve yards, while usually my vision was limited to the back of Lord John's cotton jacket in front of me and to the yellow wall within a foot of me on either side. From above came one thin knife-edge of sunshine, and fifteen feet over our heads one saw the tops of the reeds swaying against the deep blue sky. I do not know what kind of creatures inhabit such a thicket, but several times we heard the plucking of large, heavy animals quite close to us. From their sounds Lord John judged them to be some form of wild cat. Just as night fell we entered the belt of bamboo and at once found our camp, exhausted by the interminable

Early next morning we were again afoot and found that the character of the country had changed once again. Behind us was the wall of bamboo, as definite as if it marked the course of a river. In front was an open plain, sloping slightly upward and dotted withumps of tree ferns, the whole curving before us until it ended in a long, white-backed ridge. This we reached about midday, only to find a shallow valley beyond, rising once again into a gentle incline which led to a low, rounded sky line.

And now, my readers, if ever I have any, I have brought you up the broad river, and through the screen of

rushes, and down the green tunnel, and up the long slope of palm trees, and through the bamboo brake, and across the plain of tree ferns. At last our destination lay in full sight of us. When we had crossed the second ridge we saw before us an irregular, palm studded plain and then the line of high red cliffs which I have seen in the picture. There it lies, even as I write, and there can be no question that it is the same. At the nearest point it is about seven miles from our present camp, and it curves away, stretching as far as I can see. Challenger struts about like a prize peacock, and Summerlee is silent, but still skeptical. Another day should bring some of our doubts to an end.

Meanwhile, as Jose, whose arm was pierced by a broken bamboo, insists upon returning, I send this letter back in his charge and only hope that it may eventually come to hand. I will write again as the occasion serves. I have inclosed with this a rough chart of our journey, which may have the effect of making the account rather easier to understand.

(Continued next Saturday)

Your Liver Must Be Active

If you would be healthy. A lazy liver soon upsets the entire digestive system but you can avoid this condition with the assistance of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

ODE TO A SKELETON.

Behold this ruin. 'Tis a skull, Once of ethereal spirit full; This narrow cell was life's retreat, This space was thought's mysterious seat.

What beauteous visions filled this spot, What dreams of pleasure long forgot, Nor joy, nor grief, nor hope, nor fear, Has left one trace on record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy, Once shone the bright and busy eye; Yet stare not at the dismal void, If thy love that eye employed, It is no lawless fire it glared, But through the dens of kindness beamed.

That eye shall be forever bright, When stars and sun are sunk in night. Within this hollow cavern hung, The rosy, swift and tuneful tongue; If falsehood's honey is disdain'd, And when it could not praise, was claimed.

If bold in virtue's cause it spoke, Yet gentle concord never broke, That silent tongue may plead for thee, When Time unveils Eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine Or with its envy rubies shine? To how the rock or wear the gem Can little now avail to them; But if the page of truth it sought, Or comfort to the mourner brought, These hands a richer meed shall claim Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod, These feet the paths of duty trod; If from the bowers of ease they fled To seek affection's humble shed? If grandeur's bulwark bribe they spurned And home to virtue's nest returned, These feet with angel's wings shall vie And tread the palace of the sky. —Selected.

GET A TRANSFER.

If you are on the Gloomy line, Get a transfer. If you are inclined to fret and pine, Get a transfer. Get off the track of doubt and gloom, Get on the sunshine train; there's room.

If you are in the weary train, Get a transfer. You must not stay there and complain, Get a transfer. The cheerful cars are passing through, And there's lots of room for you, Get a transfer.

If you are on the grumpy track, Get a transfer. Just take a happy special back, Get a transfer. Jump on the train and pull the rope, That leads you at the station Hope, Get a transfer. —Selected.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

Clarence A. Bloom and Hazel Honsey; Ernest Douglas and Susie E. Ramsey; Irvin A. John and Grace M. Bennett; Wilbert Flood and Maud M. McKinney.—Polk County Register.

BIN SIN Best Chinese Dishes

Noodles10c Chop Suey25c Rice and Pork10c

410 FERRY STREET

SANTA MIDY CAPSULES. These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Capilla, Cubeb or Sassafras and RELIEVE in 15 to 24 Hours the same ailments without inconvenience. Sold by all druggists.

Digestive Troubles

cause headache, biliousness, constipation, impure blood and other unpleasant symptoms. If these troubles are neglected they weaken the body and open the way for serious illness. Many chronic diseases may be traced back to indigestion that could have been immediately

relieved by

Beecham's Pills. This well-known home remedy has proven itself dependable, safe and speedy during sixty years' use. The fame of having a larger sale than any other medicine in the world proves the dependable, remedial value of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold Everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

SEEKS TO RECOVER DAMAGES

The case of N. C. Swanson against the Southern Pacific railroad company, in which the plaintiff seeks to recover damages for the killing of a horse and calf by one of the defendant company's locomotives on the Salem & Falls City branch, will be heard before Justice Hardy Holman within the next few days. The railroad passes through Mr. Swanson's farm, east of Dallas, and the right of way is not fenced at this point. The claim is set up by the defendant that the public service commission granted permission to leave the track there without this safeguard, and hence that it is not liable for damages. Mr. Swanson asks that he be given a verdict for \$100 for the killing of the horse and \$125.00 for the calf.—Dallas Observer.

PREPARES STATISTICAL MAP

For the use of the convention of the West Willamette Association of Baptist churches which will be held in Newberg, June 12, 13 and 14, Edw. Himes has reported a map of Polk county showing its school districts, the exact location of school houses, the number of school children, and the school districts in which religious services are held. Mr. Himes has about completed the map which gives all this data for the 74 school districts of Polk county. Among the Dallas people who are expected to attend the convention are: Rev. and Mrs. W. T. Tappett, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Nelson, Miss Amy Hubbard, Henry Johnson and William Jackson.—Dallas Observer.

PEDEE SELLS SHIP KNEES

With the revival of the wooden ship building industry on the Pacific coast comes a renewed demand for fir ship knees, as evidenced from the order given Parker Brothers, of Pelee, for 13 cars of fir knees to be delivered to Aberdeen, Wash. Four cars have already gone through Dallas and about 10 empties await loading by Parker Brothers at Pelee. Otto T. Brandt, traveling freight agent of the Union Pacific, was in Dallas recently investigating the ship knee possibilities of this section. Ship knees are made from the graded and twisted grain stumps of tree stumps. The natural curve of the stump makes an ideal curve for the ship hull.—Dallas Observer.

DALLAS CONTRACTORS GET JOB

Four Dallas contractors, Arthur P. Starr, Lou Muscott, James V. Chitty and Joe Tito, who were given the contract by the Tillamook and Yamhill county courts in a recent meeting for rock for the "Bear Grant road, a \$15,000 job, will start work about the first of the month. In all about 9,000 yards of crushed rock will be put on the 10 mile piece and the longest haul is seven miles. The improvement is a cut-off around Dulph hill. The road work commences at the Bee ranch. The Dallas contractors will use two auto trucks and some teams in doing the work.—Dallas Observer.

MAXWELLS GOING IN FRANCE

In a letter to the export department of the Maxwell Motor company at Detroit, N. E. O'Connor, special representative in Paris, France, says that Maxwell cars are giving excellent satisfaction in France. He writes that in spite of keen competition, the demand for Maxwells is increasing daily.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hally's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface. Hally's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifier, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients in what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Price 75c. Takes Hally's Family Pills for constipation.

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