CHAPTER XI.- (Continued.) thinking very hard, "that one simply has to have a mortgage; just as though It were measles or croup or scarlet fe-

"Oh, mortgages aren't at all serious not necessarily fatal-if you don't wished that Zeida would go. He take cold or expose yourself before it's not at all like the idea of having her

"How does one contract a mortgage?" sald Zelda.

"I caught mine at college," said Oi-"We blew our substance on education. I just found it out recently. Mother has been carrying the burden of it all by herself. The subject isn't when you're doing i pleasant. Let us talk of something What bank is it?

"Where do you keep your mortgage?"

"Ours seems to be in a bank just at present," answered Olive, evasively, That sounds formidable. But it's too bad that you have to move. Harstreet in town. I can't think of you as living anywhere else except i nthis

You'll have to, for me move almost at once, as they say in stories."

sum every month to her credit at the Good-by." bank, and money matters were rarely or never mentioned between them. She to avoid any clash with Rodney Merriam over the management of her the smallness of the sum he gave her compared with the full amount her property should have earned. Zelda was spoken of in Mariona as an heiress, and it was the general belief that would have not only the property left her by her mother, but the large estate which Ezra Dameron had been accumulating through many years. There, too, were Mrs. Forrest and Rodney Merriam, who were childless; both were rich by local standards.

When, one afternoon a week later, she decided to speak to her father about Olive's perplexity, she went to his office in the Dameron Block and made no effort to conceal the fact that she had come on business. Her father was poring over his accounts as she stood suddenly on the threshold of the

"Why, Zee, what brings you here?"

don't think your housekeeping is well done," she added, glancing about the

"It serves me very well," said the old man. "Business is only to be considered as business." "I have just heard that Olive Merriam and her mother are in trouble-

what is, money trouble." He looked at her quickly, and searched her with his sharp eyes. The Morriams had been trading on Zelda's friendship, he decided, and he smiled to himself as he settled back in his chair, determined to thwart any quix- tended speaking to you about," otic plan that Zelda might broad in

tle-very little," he said. I know nothing of their affairs; but ble.

I have just learned that they expect stand it-these she said they awed a debt they couldn't Do you happen to know what "Yes; I hold the mortgage. It's in

the bank for collection She didn't tell me that you held it. She said a bank had it. The money was borrowed to pay Olive's way

"To me as trustee," he corrected. 'is it, then, something of mine, fath-"Your surmise is quite correct.

hold, as trustee for you, several notes, given by Mrs. Merriam. They're now in default and in the bank for collec-

"I'm sorry I didn't know that earlier, father. I wish you had told me. I have been seeing a good deal of my Coustn Olive. I like her immensely; have been to her house familiarly, and she has been to see me pretty often, when she could get away from work. I didn't know, of course, that I was even remotely their creditor. The situation isn't exactly comfortable, now that I know it."

"I'm sorry that the matter should have risen; but there is no reason why they should transfer their burdens to your shoulders, Zee."

"I hope you understand that they have never mentioned this subject or hinted that they owed you or me. I only know that they feel they must leave the house. I fancy they are being pushed by the bank-to pay the

"The bank has, of course, no alternative in the matter. It's their business to collect,"

'Hut if the owner of the note doesn't want to push the people who made the

"It is very bad business to carry overdue paper. New notes have to be given in such cases."

It was clear to Zelda that her father had no sympathy with her liking for the Merriams or her wish to help them in their difficulty. She was sure that she could manage in some way to stop bear on them, and she hoped to do it her any money she might ask, after he had made a row about it. But it pleased her to carry the matter through with her father.

"What is the amount, father?" "Two thousand dollars-with interwith accumulated interest." Zelda smiled in relief. She could streets of Mariona. They were comprehend two thousaind dollars.

"About five thousand, possibly. But there is no market for such property just at present. The trend of real estate is all in another direction."

me in the trusteeship. cial favor?"

"But my own aunt and cousin!" He bent his head slightly; but he aweets of large enterprises. would gain the favor of Heaven.

will draw the notes from the bank said Zelda, who was and let the matter rest for the present, Zee, if you very much wish it.' "If that will save them further trou-

ble, that will do." "I shall give the bank notice in a day or two," said Dameron, rejuctantly. He visit him in his office, and to-day he was engrossed with important computations. He wished to be rid of her, but she rose so suddenly that he was startled.

"Why, father, I couldn't think of troubling you with a thing of this sort when you're doing it as a favor to me! The one where I keep my account? Oh, I know them over there. I'm going down that way asked Zelda, half-seriously. "How does anyhow, and I'll tell them you don't one get at the beast?" want those notes collected. Thank you ver so much."

"No. no: I'll have to see about it personally. You mustn't interfere in the too bad that you have to move. Har-rison street is the most charming her. But she had no idea of trusting him, and she walked straight toward the door, at which she turned.

"It's splendld of you to let me do it And please don't be late for dinner t once, as they say in stories."

Again to-night. It's a new trick of Zelda's father continued to pay a yours, and Polly doesn't like it at all.

Zelda went directly to the bank and sought Burton, the cashier, whom she did not understand how anxious he was had met several times at parties. He gave her a seat by his desk near the front window. He was sure that she property; and she did not appreciate had come to solicit for a charity, and she was so handsome that he rather

enjoyed his peril. I have come from my father to speak about a business matter. He is very sorry that he can't come him There are some notes here for collection, given by Mrs. Thomas Merriam to my father-He thought, or-I mean, they were to have been collected, but it was all a mistake about them. He wished me to say that nothng was to be done."

"Excuse me one moment, Miss Dam He went to the note-teller's cage and

rought the notes, which were pinned the mortgage.

"Your father wishes nothing done in the matter?" he asked, laying the slips of paper before Zelda. "No," she answered, slowly, eying

the notes curiously. "I suppose I may "I came on an errand," said Zelda. "I father the trouble of coming for them." "That's a little-irregular, I sup pose," said the young man, doubtfully but he laughed.

"I suppose it is," said Zeida, "but father was very anxious that nothing should be done, so I'll just take them along. Your bank is so big that some one might forget a little thing like thia."

The young man hesitated and was lost. Zelda crumpled the papers be-tween her gloved fingers and closed her

fist upon them. "There's something else I have insaid, dismissing the notes carelessly. "You haven't had any nice new money "I imagine that they have very litton. And old bills are perfectly horri-ble. I shouldn't think people would old, worn-out bills. to move, and when I asked Olive why. Suppose a new bank should start up with a lot of new money-you wouldn't last a day."

The cashier laughed; Miss Dameror had a reputation for saying amusing and unexpected things. "I'll ask the teller to keep a fresh

supply for you. We don't want to lose our account, Miss Dameron. Thank you, so much. And if fath-

r should come in, please tell him I have the notes. I might miss him, you Zelda locked the mortgage and notes

in her own deak, with no intention of giving them to her father, unless he should demand them.

CHAPTER XII. Jack Balcomb, walking through as alley that ran parallel with Jefferson street, marked the unmistakable figure of Ezra Dameron shead of him. This alley was called Ruby street for no reason that any one knew. It was lined with the rear doors of Jefferson street shops on one side and those of jobbing houses on the other, and, as it was narrow, its traffic was usually congested. A few saloons were squeezed nto corners here and there and in one large room opening directly on the alley a dealer in margins maintained an

"I bet a dollar you're going for drink," Balcomb remarked, under his breath; but the old man passed a saon and went on. He seemed to be in naste, and Balcomb stepped into th niddle of the alley and watched him, mtil he reached the broker's office which he entered without looking tround.

Balcomb whistled. "Worse than

rwn office. Balcomb's mind seethed with scheme: these days. He sought to give an air of seriousness to his business by carrying in the daily press an advertise-ment which read, "J. Arthur Balcomb Investment Broker," and he inscribed the same legend on his stationery. The the pressure that was being brought to solid business men of Mariona regarded him a little warily; but he had carthrough her father without going to ried through several enterprises with her uncle, who would, she knew, give considerable dash, and, as he cultivated the reporters, his name frequently appeared in the newspapers. illding of interurban trolley lines was bringing the surrounding towns more and more into touch with the capital The country banker and the small capitalist were now much seen in ing the lingo of metropolitan busi-'And how much is the house worth?" ness; many of them had found it convenient to enroll themselves as nonresident members of the Commercial Club, and Jack Balcomb's office proved

pleasant rendezvous, Here I want to carry this loan, if it has could use his stenographers, and the to be carried, personally. I want you long-distance telephone was theirs to ommand. The banks and trust comit out of my ahowance, or charge it to panies were a trifle large for these I suppose I interurban capitalists; but Jack Balmight buy it of you-that would be comb accommodated himself to great more businesslike; but I haven't more and small. Prosperous farmers, who than two hundred dollars. Maybe you'd were finding it pleasant to run into the sell it to me for that, father, as a spe- capital, now that the street car passed their door, learned much from Bal-"It is to guard you against just such | comb, who had the resy imagination philanthropy that I am your trustee, and sublime scal that they lacked. Bal You know nothing of these things, comb had organized the Patoka Land and Improvement Company to give the interurbanites a chance to taste the

was afraid to refuse to grant Zelda's Balcomb found a group of men wish; but perhaps in permitting her waiting for him in his office and he unfortunate relatives he sent them into his private room while he favor of Heaven.

his stenographers. It was a latter to a famous Wall street banking house and referred in large figures to a certain or uncertain bond deal which, from the terms of the letter, the "ew York ouse and Balcomb wers carrying on together. It was, to be sure, a letter that never would encumber the mails, but this made no difference to Balcomb, who gave it what he called the true ommercial literary finish.

He left the stenographers to themselves with the solemn injunction that he was not to be disturbed; then he entered his private office briskly and was soon talking breathlessly to half dozen auditors. He stood with a pile of architect's sketches before him, disclosing to his associates of the Patoka Land and Improvement Company his scheme for an ideal flat. He smoothed the blue prints on the table carefully

"You gentlemen will admit that there are plenty of apartment houses down-Every old corner is getting one. Every lone widow in the community takes her life insurance money and blows it into a flat and thinks it safer than government bonds. But I've got an idea worth two of the best of them. wish we could copyright it, it's so

good." He let a dreamy look come into his eyes while the grave incorporators of the Patoga Land and Improvement Company listened. It's had dropped the "we" in a casual way, but it had reached the right spot in the breasts

of the interurbanites.
"It's up to us to do something new; and it has struck me that a ten-story flat, with every comfort and luxury provided, located away from the heat and dirt of the city, but accessible by car line, is the thing we're looking for Instead of gazing out on smoke-stacks our tenants will look down on trees! Does it sound good to you?"

"But where are you going to get all this?" asked Van Cleve, his attorney, who frequently acted as interlocutor

at such meetings. "That's not so easy. You've got lo car line, an you've got to go north. Remember, there's a park system going out that way right up the creek. A park system and a boulevard would worth millions to us. There are only two or three sites possible and the best of all is the corner where High street crosses Ripple Creek. It nows awful good to me anywhere dong there. Twenty minutes from Jefferson street, gentlemen; all the comforts of the city; all the joys of the country. Now this is our scheme and we don't want a lot of little real estates fakirs crossing our trail. If I may be a bit confidential and philosophical, I'll varn you against three classes of men -plumbers, real estate agents and preachers in plug hats and shining almea coats who handle a line of Arisona mining stock on the side." (To be continued.)

CANADA'S ANTI-STRIKE LAW.

Provisions of an Act That is Both

Practical and Popular. Friendly settlements of labor disputes involving 57,000 workmen and effecting a saving in wages alone of more than \$3,500,000 are evidence that the Canadian industrial-disputes act works. The act provides, says Leslie's Weekly, that it shall be illegal for employes of a public utility or a mine o strike or for the employers to order a lockout until the issue involved shall have been investigated by a board, on each of which the disputant bodies shall have a representative and which shall be headed by an impartial Should the board fail to effect an amicable settlement it at once makes a public report, in which the issues are made known in plain language. After that they may strike if they wish. In those stubborn cases where an agreement is difficult to reach, public opinion is relied upon to compel an equitable settlement. this respect the Canadian law differs from the compulsory arbitration of Now Zealand, where the findings of the arbiters are enforceable at law. Without this compulsory feature, however, the Canadian method works admirably, for in seventy-four of the eighty cases thus far, or 95 per cent, the workingmen were agreeable to accepting the findings of the board and did not strike afterward, though at perfect liberty to do so. At present the act applies only to industries in the nature of public utilities-railways, telegraphs, telephones, mines, etc.—but so popular has it become with both labor and capital that it is now proposed to extend it to other industries.

How long shall we have to wait before our own country grapples the strike evil and adopts some such ber. For she had not come to twentymethod of dealing with it? Under a law similar to the Canadian act the a heart and a hero. great Philadelphia strike would have been practically impossible. After eight weary weeks of riot and bloodshed it was at last called off, leaving the traction company and the strikers less inconvenience, it fomented a general spirit of lawlessness, it resulted in injuries to hundreds of people and generally \$12,000,000-a pretty costly experience in both human lives and in money. Could we ask for a more con- church. vincing plea for an anti-strike law than the record which this eight weeks' strike presents?

Unanswered Yet. "How much is a kiss worth?" Ah,

well; ah, me! Though tearful news, I must break makes all the difference in the

world, you see, Whether it's given or whether you take it. -Boston Herald.

Condensed.

"Do you use condensed milk at your "I guess so. We order a quart a day, and the milkman squeezes it into a can that holds about a pint."-Cleveland Leader.

Delicate. "Light weight, is he?" "Well, if he ever steps on a match he'll be blown to atoms."-Kansas City

## Cousin Daisy's Advice

By HONORE SISSON

Aloysia had always believed that Arles was the most important place in the world, because it was the only place she had ever known anything about. She had been born there, and had lived there every one of her twenty-six years of her uneventful life. mother was a widow-a timid retiring friends and acquaintances, with whom larly, and sat very humbly in an unobserved corner. And Aloysia sat

The girl reflected her mother's attltude toward the world in general. She trembled if she so much as touched elbows with Arles great ones. Sometimes as she sat downcast, apparently attentive to the preacher's every word, she was in reality observing the people about her. There was Mrs. Forbes that lady. "Why you've been wearin her stylish rustling black, who came late and walked up the alsle as if she owned the whole church edifice; and there was Miss Corbin, very it's becoming to me, and you've worn haughty and very correctly gowned. it because I sent it to you and you who had gone to school with Aloysia, had to. Black is the worst thing you and had since forgotten her very existence; there was old Mrs. Blackeney and Anna Morrisy and Miss Bush, the popular milliner, who advertised her wares by wearing a new hat every Sunday—all these were Arles best persons, to be beheld with awe by such



as Aloysia and her mother, who were distinctly insignificant and unworthy of notice, who went nowhere and wore clothes fashioned badly from those which were passed on to them by a certain invisible cousin Dalay. In their simplicity, attributed great wealth, because she was able to have sides sending them her castoff clothes cousin Dalsy, whose husband was a lawyer in New York did not notice hem. But their poor little claim upon them. But their little claim upon her

was their one pride and pretension. Aloysia was conscious that she dressed badly and the people looked down on her for doing so. She and her mother owned their tiny house and had a bit of money in the bank But they were never asked out or had any company. They read continually books from the public library, and there was an old plane upon which Alcysia had learned to play. She sang a little too, old fashioned songs, which were suited to her light untrained voice. But what she and her mother really did was to make lace and they did this that they might live. They did exquisite work at absurdly low prices.

If Aloysia had but known, her life was sunless enough. As it was, she nade the best of it, and turned to her music and her books for her diversion. Sometimes as she played or read, vague, sweet dreams haunted ix years without finding that she had

Her hero was Dick Churchill. Big. blonde, good hearted, good-humored. lick who liked everybody and whom everybody liked, but who was as far evond her reach as the farthest star. just where they were before it began, She always saw him at church and ocinstead of having settled any real is casionally during the week, but he sue between the two. But the strike never saw her. There were too many did accomplish certain definite things. pretty, well dressed girls within close drink," he reflected, and went up to his It served to embitter the feelings of range of his vision. Yet somehow he each class toward the other, it put did not tarry. It was said that he a great city and its environs to need- was waiting to get money enough to build a house before taking a wife,

The girls smiled at him in vain and Dick smiled back, aware of their wiles the house was being built for Aloysia death to scores. In addition to this and knowing very well that whenever the traction strikers lost in wages he got ready he could take his pick \$450,000, the sympathetic strikers in of the lot. Aloysis knew that too, but the textile and other trades \$2,200,000, so long as he was unattached it was the Rapid Transit Company \$2,000,000 sufficient delight for her to admire and other employers and business men the poise of his head and the clear brown of his cheek and the fine line of his chin as he sat sidewise to her in

> But Dick never knew. Nor would he have cared if he had. After all she was just a pale little young thing of a girl who were abominable black hats that might have done for old Mrs. Jessup, who was 70 years old and dependent for the charity of the church. Thus Aloysia lived, and it seemed likely she was to live thus for the rest of her remaining years, when suddenly her mother was stricken with a sharp little pain in her left side and

within an hour was dead. Aloysia's first thought was of her Cousin Dalay. The stress of necessity tent her boldness. She had a telegram sent telling Daisy what had happened and asking her to come. Then she waited in the blackness of awful grief and uncertainty. Next day Cousin Daisy came. She was a big, florid woman, full of energy and worldly wis

she said, for the sight of Aloysia's than \$10,000,000, a twentieth of that stricken face touched her heart, however deeply it was buried under folds of silk and lace "You knew I'd come."

said to my husband: 'Ed, that child needs me and I'm golug.' And I came. Now, you leave everything to me." Aloysia was only too glad. She did

not question Cousin Dalsy's judgmen and ability, and, when after the funeral, cousin Daisy asked the girl to accompany her home, Aloysia went.

New York was a revelation to Aloya. For the first few days she lived in a whirl of swiftly changing impressions and startling discoveries. She was terrified, distracted, astonish ed, at what she saw. The change from quite Arles had come so suddenly that it was as if she had been swept from one world to another. Yet Her mother felt just as she did. Her it was a good thing for her. It dulled her sorrow and kept her from thinklittle soul, who constantly hid herself ing. Cousin Daisy was disposed to be in her home. She had made a few very kind to her in much the same way that she would have been kind to she was not very intimate, but they a half-dozen, half-starved kittens sufficed her. She went to church regu- which she had rescued from the street. For the moment Aloysia interested

"Now, you know," she said, "you can't go out until you have some clothes. Those you have might do for Arles, but you must remember you are in New York now."

Aloysia had some money and she gave it to Dalsy to spend for her. "No black on you, my dear," said ing mourning all your life; it is time you had a change. I wear black be-cause I'm stout and highly colored and could put on. What you want is red-

rich, dark red, and plenty of it." So Coustn Dairy bought her a long red coat with a big fur collar, and a big red hat and a veil, and a red dress. Lastly came shoes and gloves that were small enough, but these had to come out of Cousin Dalsy's money, for Aloysia's was quite gone.

"And to think you've been wearing my shoes, with feet like that,' Daisy said, laughing. She dressed Aloysia up very much as she would have dressed a doll and admired the effect she had produced. "And now," she concluded, "you want to do your hair over a rat, and use powder on your nose, and a little-a very little-rouge on your cheeks to relieve their pallor. "Rouge isn't wicked," she added firmly, as Aloysia opened wide her eyes. a good word for a man when he's "Neither is powder or anything else down. that helps nature out a little with a woman's looks."

But in spite of all Coustn Dalsy's kindness and all the bewildering as much wood as usual afore th' old charm of her new clothes, Aloysia began after a time to get very homesick. She endured the feeling as long as she could in silence and then she

spoke. "I want to go home," she said. Coustn Datey had become a little tired of Aloysia as a diversion. Warm weather was coming on and the flat was small. Besides she considered that she had done her whole duty by

Aloysia. "Well," she said, "you can go course, my dear, but what are you going to do when you get there?" "I shall go on making lace, I sup-

pose," Aloysia said sighing. "And get old and blind before your time, and lose any chance of marrying you might have here? Now see here, Aloysia, said Cousin Daisy im-pressively, "If I were you I'd rent that house and take a room somewhere and board. Don't you know enough to sell things over a counter, my dear?"

"I don't know," faltered Aloysia. "Then we'll see," said Daisy: "I'm

going home with you." In two days Cousin Daisy had acomplished all that she had set herself to accomplish. She had the house rented and Aloysia established in a nice family. Moreover, she had secured for Aloysia a place in one of the stores as saleswoman.

"Now," she said to the gtrl, "there's six dollars a week for you from the store, and two from the house, and you're only paying out four. You'll

get along I guesa." Aloysia had no time to be lonely after Daisy departed, for her time was fully occupied with her new interests. She got through her first day at the store creditably. She was beginning to have confidence in herself. New York and Cousin Daisy had done won ders for her. When she looked in the glass she hardly knew the stylish

young woman she saw there. At the dinner table the first night at her boarding place she looked up. startled, to see Dick Churchill sitting down opposite her. Presently the landlady introduced them.

"We're a small family here," she said comfortable, and we've got to

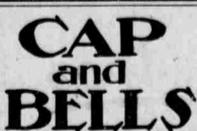
get along. Dick looked across at Aloysia and for the first time in his life he really saw her. He smiled and she smiled back. They were friends at once.

A week later he had moved to a place beside hers, where they could talk in lower tones. That summer he began to build a house, with a veranda and balcony and many windows. And that fall by the time the first

leaves were falling all Arles knew that Dick had at last made his choice of a

Criticizes Women's Clothes. Dr. Haig Ferguson in a lecture at the Edinburgh Royal infirmary the other day had some severe things to say about the clothing of the adult woman. It was hampered by 'ashion and superstition and nothing could be a greater tribute to the streng nerves and powerful muscles of women than the fact that their health had survived for centuries their habits of clothing A woman's clothing was the despair of the hygienist. Children and girls were more sensibly clad, but when girls grew up they were often clothed in a way which made them unable to walk, run or breathe. Weighty skirts, lownecked gowns, "pneumonia blouses," the modern hat, the big-heeled shoe with its pointed toe, were all condemned. But then women will have it so, and so it will remain.-Westminster Gazette.

The Rubber Plantation Fakir. One of our consuls in Mexico estimates that while American shareholders in rubber plantation schemes "You did right to send for me dear," | in that country have invested not leas





SUMMER GIRL HAD VISIONS Was Thinking of Matrimony,

While He Could Imagine Noth-Ing but Mosquitoes. It was not leap year, but she had visions of becoming a summer bride

and she was not backward by any means. "George," she whispered, nestling closer on the moss-grown log, "this is

summer. "What of it?" asked George, some what mystified. "Well, er-what does summer bring

that begins with an M?" Now, she was thinking of matri mony, but George was not. He sat in puzzled silence for a long while and then his face brightened.

"Oh, I know what summer brings that begins with an M." Ah, at last! Her beart throbbed with expectancy. "I knew you would catch on, dear

Now, what is it summer brings that begins with an M?" "Why, mosquitoes! Ha, ha!"
And the look she gave him would have frozen radium.

Always Praises. Gyer-That fellow Merriam reminds

me of a tombstone Myer-Because he is dead set in his ways, ch? Gyer-No: because he always has

The Scapegoat. Limpy Bill-I had to split up twice lady would gimme a hand-out. Blinky Bob-What's th' cause of

Limpy? Limpy-Th' increased cost of livin', s'pose

A Man of Sense, Mrs. Naggs—My husband is a man f sense, anyway, Mrs. Waggs-Oh, is he?

Mrs. Naggs-Yes. Every time

let him have his own way he sees afterward bow he could have improved upon it .

Domestic. Hubby-We must be economical. Wife-Why? Hubby-If I should die I wouldn't Liquid Form, 25c, 50c. Salve Tubes, 25c, \$1.00.

Wifie-That's right. Whereas, while

be able to leave you much.



Hix-We are in love with the same Nix-How shall we end the matter?

Hix-Suppose you propose to her. A Sense of Superiority. "How many times have you been as

rested?" asked the court. "A good many," replied Plodding Pete, "but only for small offenses. I never git pinched for violatin' de speed laws or failin' to blow a horn."

The Sageville Sage. "What is the secret of happiness?" asked the young person. "The secret of happiness," replied the sage of Sageville, "consists of being perfectly satisfied with what you

haven't got!" Picked Her Part. "What? My fatuer proposed to you? Gee whiz! What did you any, dear ?"

Can They Display the Givers? At a class dinner fifteen graduates of a woman's college exhibited en-

"I said I'd be a daughter to him.

higher education is no bar against a quick start toward the matrimonial Dry Cleaned Them. "Why is your grandpa's face bane aged?" asks the lady next door. "He was sleeping in his big chair,"

explains the little girl, "and Willie

turned the nozzle of the vacuum

cleaner against his whiskers." At the Opera. Usher-Ladies, the audience wishes you to keep still during the perform-

Ladies-Heavens! Is it possible

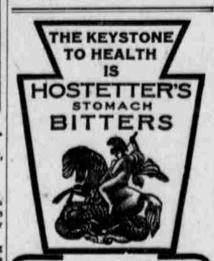
thaat the audience hasn't heard this

old opera before? A Come-Back. "Hello, old man!" "Pardon me, sir; I don't know you. You have the advantage of me." "Not at all. I know you. The dis-

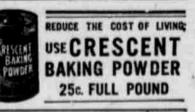
advantage is all mine."

an experienced Man. "How do you conquer your ele-phant when he goes on a rampage?" I asked the menagerie proprietor. "We avail ourselves of an experienced baggage man," he replied.

"An experienced baggage man?" I repeated with wonderment. "Yes," he explained patiently, although it was evident that he was nettled by my stupidity, "we get a man who knows how to smash



Its great merit alone has enabled the Bitters to continue before the public for over 57 years. You really ought to try a bottle for Poor Appetite, Indigestion, Headache, Cramps, Diarrhoea and Malaria.



At the Resort Grocery. "But you are charging just as much for your garden truck as they charge in the city," said the man to the summer resort grocer. "Sh," said the grocer, "I know it,

but it tickies the city folks to think they're getting it cheaper." Locating the Villain. "And who will be the principal vil-

iain of your production?" asked the "Oh, the first-night critic, I suppose," replied the manager, wearily.-Washngton Star.

Enterprise. Newsboy (to newcomer, as he turns round from signing hotel register)-Extra! Extra! All about your arrival and which hotel you're stopping at!"-

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