Pear Sponge. Cook some small pears, peeled,

halved and cored, in a vanilla strup till quite tender and till sirup is thick. Arrange in a glass dish some lady fingers, wet with a little sherry, lay in the pears; set away to get very cold, and when ready to serve heap whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla, on the dish.



When the digestion is bad you need something that will not only relieve but will strengthen the digestive organs and assist them back to their normal condition. This calls for the Bitters first of all. Try it

Washing Crepe de Chine.

Washing crepe de chine is no more difficult than to wash a frock of colored muslin. It tepid water and good soap are used with care it will come from the laundry as triumphantly as a piece of white linen. Do not let it lie in the water longer than is absolutely necessary, rinse thoroughly, and when half dry praus on the wrong side with a medium het fron. If of a delicate color the garment must be dried in a shady place after pressing.

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Gave Them Away.

Once upon another time a fair mate and a man-just to help along the rhyme-each acquired a coat of tan. Yet only her left cheek and his right were tanned, during their vacation week-but of course, you'll under

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that are irritated from dust, heat, sun or wind, PETTIT'S EYE SALVE. All truggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo,

The Straws That Showed. Mother-Do you think that young man has matrimonial intentions, my deart

Daughter-I certainly do, mamma. He tried to convince me last night that I looked prettler in that twoguinea hat than in the three-guinea one.-Scraps



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Wise Dental Co. ter of the universe right here," "There's nothing better; it's the cencomb declared. "I brought some poi-Painless Dentists the Sudden Third & Westington POSTLAND carees place it on yonder rail, lest we forget,

Zelda Dameron-

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Copyright, 1904, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

This was Balcomb's happy idea of

minimizing the value of his gift. He

Mr. Dameron came out and shook

hands with the young men, address-

ing a few words to each. Balcomb had

called upon him repeatedly in reference

to the purchase of the tract of land

ing how he could communicate with the

"By the way, Mr. Balcomb," said the

tlemen. Very much cooler here than in

the city, as you may have noticed."

upon the highway for his usual even-

Miss Dameron. He's quite the ideal

business man of the old school," said

He ran on monotonously. He was anx-

lous to make an impression at once

"I suppose you and Miss Merriam

"We don't read much-except the

"Ha! ha! That is rich-from the

great Miss Dameron, too. I like that!

suppose as a matter of fact you real-

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, but our

mornings are spent with cook-books

My cousin is writing a cook-book and

we're reading all the old ones to be

"Wouldn't that jar one? I say,

want to speak right now for an auto-

graph copy of the first edition of that

da. "It's designed, you know, for the

"Olive will be delighted," said Zel-

"There it goes again. Everybody has

It came in an unexpected way. Cap-

tain Pollock was riding up the drive-

while there were lights there was a

"No; it's Captain Pollock, That

orse of his is a beauty, isn't it? I

wish he would trade with me," an-

Leighton grouned inwardly at the

sight of Pollock, whom he liked well

enough ordinarily. He did not under-

stand the reason for Balcomb's hur-ried flight, so that the humor of the

"You may have Mr. Balcomb's seat

here by the railing, if you like," said

"You do me too much honor," said

"Oh, I don't know!" and Olive's imi-

"I don't see why any one should

"I'm sure I don't," declared Pollock

He put back his arm against the rail

ing, knocking down the box of candy

hat Balcomb had left behind him.

"Ah, I beg everybody's pardon!"

tation of Balcomb's Intonation was so true to life that they all laughed.

officer, as he shook hands with

ituation did not strike him.

comes another messenger

hope of finding some one at home.

are the books one ought to talk about?"

without relinquishing the floor.

ok-books," replied Zelda.

'A remarkable man, your father,

ing walk.

exciting."

very young."

swered Zelda.

Zelda to Poliock.

laugh," said Zeida.

usiness man."

CHAPTER XIII .- (Continued.) He was a little fellow and he was anry; but he was a gentleman, too, and, was relieved to find that Pollock was eing that Rodney Merriam was real-surprised, he relented toward the calling hour in the latitude and longiold soldler, who had thrust his hands tude of Mariona, the army officer was into the side pockets of his coat, look-ing as foolish as it is possible for a unpleasant incident on the stairway at fine old gentleman to look.

"Captain Pollock," he blurted out, suddenly, "I haven't a doubt that you dodging Captain Pollock, though he are telling the truth. I don't care whose son you are, I like you anyhow!" And from town, exceedingly cruel things then snatching his hands from his about the officer, pockets he held them out to Pollock, Mr. Dameron emanding with a gruff kindness, "Will ou shake hands with me?"

"Certainly, Mr. Merriam." A few hours later the usual crowd ounged in the smoking-room of the on the creek, but without encourage-Tippecanoe Club. Pollock had just fin- ment. Dameron had just been wonderished telling a story when Rodney Merriam appeared in the doorway. promoter without seeking him directly. old gentleman advanced upon the little and this call gave him an opportunity group, returning their greetings and thanking them all for the proffer of old man, pleasantly, "some time when their seats. you are passing. I'd be glad if you'd

"Gentlemen," he said, standing by his chair, "I wish to make you an explanation. Owing to an unfortunate to you about. A beautiful night, gen-misunderstanding, due wholly to my tiemen. Very much cooler here than in wn stupidity, I recently showed Capin Pollock a slight in this club. I And he went down the steps and out wish to make the amplest possible explatton-

This is wholly unnecessary," exclaimed Pollock, rising. "This is wholly uncalled for, Mr. Merriam." I wish to say before all of you, Marriam continued, "that I was wholly in the wrong, and that Captain Pollock is a gentleman, who is an honor to his friends and to his profession."

And the next day, in the same spirit of scrupulous honor, Rodney Merriam sought his pieces at The Beeches and made his peace with them.

CHAPTER XIV. Leighton always hated himself for

lughing at Balcomb, whose loquacity was so cheap it was pathetic. Everything Balcomb knew he used constant ly. At the college to which he referred in terms of raillery or contempt he had picked the nearest and gaudiest flowers; but he wore them all in an amazing bouquet that did not fail to impress many of his acquaintances as ly spend your morning with the clasthe real bloom of learning. Leighton was not at all glad to see Balcomb our night. His friend's eternal freshness palled upon him. But it did not occur Balcomb that Leighton might not sure hers is all new. It's delightfully be delighted to have him for a travel-ing companion. He thought his conersation was shortening the distance for Leighton. Balcomb had been mak-ing social history fact. He had, in his own phrase, "butted in"; and since the performance of "Deceivers Ever" he had been included in most of the gatherings of the Dramatic Club circle.

"I say, old man," he began, abrupty, as the car skimmed through a strip it in for me! Oh, well! My time will of woodland, "just between old college friends, what's your game, anyhow? "Which is what?" demanded Leigh-

ton, who had been enjoying a moment with his own thoughts, while Balcomb stared out upon the darkling landscape.

Leighton took off his hat and laugh-

"I haven't decided yet," he said, presently, with an irony that was quite lost on Balcomb. "I'm a good fellow, though, and I'll take the one you leave."

"Miss Dameron's certainly a peach lumpling, all right. But say, the litle coustn's a gem of purest ray se-She ain't so stand-offish, some vay, as her cousin; she jollies easier. "I think I've noticed that"-and the

rony this time was meant for himself. "They say olives are a cultivated taste," persisted Balcomb; "but lawsy, knew right away that girl was a good thing. And to think that she has to Leighton.

teach a lot of grimy little muckers how to cook." "It is too bad, isn't it? But I don't

think you need be sorry for her,"
"She's as proud as Lucifer. Here's

The two men jumped out into the highway and started for the Dameron 'I think a man ought to marry ear-

nd then; but there isn't a girl in Mar-

I've just got a transfer company pass

Wilson, the president, and I are pret-

for the company occasionally. I helped 'em beat the vehicle tax before the

'ouncil last winter, and I have an an-

and death over all the company's roll-

houghts since they had left the car

"If you're not afraid of the June-

bugs, we'll stay here," said Zolda, when

she and Olive had shaken hands with

won't use it or anything!

e veranda.

alcomb

babble.

the men.

thick, and I do a little quiet work

Balcomb's feelings might be iy," Balcomb announced, as they tramped along the road. "There's "Mr. hurt if he came back," suggested Zelnothing like a woman and a home to "He won't come back: I'll wager an put snap into a man," he continued, nother box he won't," replied the offi-"A man fools away a whole lot of money in his bachelor days. Doing sover, blandly, as he fumbled with the "Miss Dameron, permit mectal stunts is expensive. Have you any idea what my carriage bill was last I'm sure they're delicious. Chocolates fancy, from the bonquet-and, Miss Eighty-four dollars! I hon-Merriam, you will not decline eatly believe it would pay me to own a back. But, I say, the man who will Leighton, a little candy now and ther is relished by the wisest men. I prodrag a girl to the theater in a street se Mr. Balcomb's health, to be eater car is fit for treason, strategems and sitting and in silence." the stone pile. It ain't enough to put "It isn't polite to treat the gift of 'em on four wheels when it's snowing; parting guest in that way," protested no, I make a specialty of hacks under "I'm surprised at you, Captain the starry hosts of heaven, and eke the Olive, pale and haughty moon. There's no ctter way than that to get solld with girl. There are some that put their ith in bonbons and a new novel now

When a man is in love, he becomes master of harmless deceit and subter-Morris Leighton had sought Zelda Dameron to-night with a great hope in his heart. He did not intend iona to-night that wouldn't rather go to see a good show in comfort than do to miss a chance to talk to her alone if he could help it. He had taken her auything else under the sun. I say, about hacks, don't give it away, but wrap from her, and purposely dropped it; and he seemed to have difficulty in nding it, although it was p thing that one could not miss in the moonlight, unless one were blind. Zelda paused when they reached Pollock's horse, which whinnied and put nual now that gives me power of life out its nose to her in a friendly way As they reached the road, which lay white in the moonlight, Ezra Damero in hand, and the two watched him-

too far-there may be malaria abroad. She had greeted her father kindly, hap each other's necks in mock ecstasy of pily; but there was something repel lant in Eara Dameron. Leighton "They're there, all right," announced felt it more than to-night. That such a girl should have a father so wretched "If you yell at them again, they'll seemed impossible; but the thought indoubtedly bolt," said Leighton, whose quickened his love for her. There was something fine in her conduct toward had been far away from Balcomb's her father; her unfailing gentleness babble. Leighton from the time of her home coming. She made a point of speaking of him often and always with respect

ive were tentatively singing a poputar song of the hour.

"Sing it all-don't pick at it that way," called Zelda.

Sing it yourself, if you don't like it," came back the answer from Olive.
"There is only one song that I should care to hear to-night," said Leighton, after a moment of silence. "It's the only song that ever meant a groat deal

"Oh, I know! One of Herr Schmidt's from his great operatic triumph of last winter. Your taste is only fair, then." "It goes back a little farther than that, It's Traume-Tristan and Isolde, wasn't it? Do you remember?"

"I have heard it sung, beautifully, in Berlin," she said, evasively.
"I never did. But I heard you sing

"Is that the one?" she asked. "Yes; it is about dreams," "That is the one I meant. It is the the Athenaeum building, Balcomb had most wonderful thing in the world! been in the undignified attitude of Yes, it's only about dreams-a dream;

t once, and it has haunted me.

had said, during Pollock's absence world, it means-"A dream!" and she laughed, but it was a mirthless little laugh. He paused and looked out over the

poniit cornfield; his heart was beating fast. She felt for a moment that must turn and fly from him; but he started forward again and she fol- so, but he stood behind his loaded "It is more than a dream. I am

"A dream-to build the real upon?

"But we must hold to our dreams," call at my office. There's a matter of e said, soberly. mutual interest that I'd like to speak

"I suppose we must, even though they are things of air that only lead us ne utterly;" and she hated herself for the bravado with which she spoke.

"I can't believe that! Every one has it. I'm a thoroughly practical per-"We youngsters are quicker dream!"

on the trigger, but our aim isn't so Olive and Pollock were singing sure. No, siree; your father is an ideal They were far in advance and again. He had spoken impressively. He would, in his own language, "make Zeida stopped to listen. Her heart was in a tumult of happiness and wonder. himself solid" when he had a chance. The aplender of the moonlight upon Leighton was talking to Olive, and the fields about them, the gloomy shadow of the woodland beyond, the man beside her hesitating, yet ready to tell Salcomb set about entertaining Zelda. her of his love. There stole across her do a lot of reading out here. What drew close to her.

"Zelda," he said, "Zelda!" "No. Oh, no! You must not!" she

"I love you, Zelda!" he said. "No; you must not say it!" And there was a sob that caught her throat. "You are the dream. It is too sweet; can not lose it-I must not."

"You have talked of dreams and love," she said, burriedly, but with a lingering note of contempt on the last word that stung him as though she had struck him in the face, I wonder what love is!" and hastened away toward her cousin and Pollock, who walted, idly and trying their voices, and chaffing each other over their fallure to carry a tune. (To be continued.)

FASHION WAS VINDICATED.

Linne de Pougy's Large New h. Causes Lawsuit for Assault.

St. Germain, one of the most peace way. He was on very good terms at The Beeches, and had been told that ful places in Europe, entirely inhabited by retired functionaries and the trades people who cater for them, woke up in a ferment this morning, the Lon-"Which girl, I mean? There are two bearing tidings," said Balcomb, in his don Telegraph's Paris correspondent most cheerful note. "I hope it isn't writes. Mme. Liane de Pougy was due appear in the court of the of the peace with a prince from the Balkan peninsula, and to bring with her, either on her head or carried by four stalwart porters, the corpus delicti alleged, viz., a hat which she wore on Easter Sunday last.

On that day she walked on the terrace in St. Germain, with the prince by her side and the hat on her head. Two of the retired functionaries of the town, with their wives, passed by St. Germain is about a dozen miles from Paris, but Paris fashions travel thither much more slowly than they do to New York. The ladies looked at Mme de Pougy's hat, and looked again. They had never seen anything like it before, and they said so. They even passed loud remarks about the hat and the tone of their observations seemed, to Mme. de Pougy at least, derisive.

Her escort, however, could not let the matter pass unnoticed and spoke had been gay and frivolous. to the ladies' husbands. What followed is a subject for controversy. The two functionaries say that the prince referred slightingly to their wives' appearance, to their wives' hats in particular and to the level of taste and breeding reached by the inhabitants. The prince says that he merely expostulated and that the two functionaries fell upon him. What is certain is that there was a battle, the functionaries actress. Lawyer and caller called later Alleen Temple of the chorus had apparently fighting with umbrellas as weapons, and the prince with a number of parcels which he was carrying for Mme. de Pougy. Luckily, the three

with hatpins. odged a complaint, which was down queer that his wife and daughter hasfor hearing to-day. All the leading re tened towards him with inquiries of ired functionaries and their wives, in alarm. He waved them away. Then he newest bonnets, made by St. Ger- he waved a newspaper. Then nain milliners, were in court awaiting the arrivals. The lady had already declared publicly that the fusa about her hat was absurd and argued provinciality in the ladies of St. Germain. It could not by any stretch of imagination be called a cartwheel; it was really about the size of a small wastepaper basket and also, judging by the main waited in vain. The prince turnbehalf a doctor's certificate was produced, proving her to be laid up. whether or not owing to emotion was and is realized at last through the ennot said, and St. Germain will have to thusiastic co-operation of the mayor wait at least a fortnight before seeing and the members of the original playthe lady with her hat in court.

"This paper says," observed the long, anky passenger, "that 'Senator Blank is a wise, conservative statesman, who

The small boy makes a home run when he hears his father calling him. **MAJOR TEMPLE'S** DEFEAT

By DONALD ALLEN

That was Major Temple's strong point-the blue blood of the Temples. They had been aristocrats for six hun dred years. Some of them had been carpenters and blacksmiths and cobblers, as the major discovered in tracing the Temple tree, but he could and did insist that they still had been

gentlemen. Major Temple was a gentleman. He had also been a soldier. So far, so but it's the sweetest dream in the good. The Temple tree ended right there so far as the coal man, the ice man, the grocer and the butcher were concerned. Cash down tells the story. The Major's strong point was therefore his weak one. His wife told him so, and his daughter Alleen told him guns. Among the young men calling at the

building upon it as though it were a Major's, attracted by the daughter, was take the consequences. He did go. Barton Reed. He was twenty-four years old, and had been mentioned in The architects of fate don't like that the little daily paper of the suburban He also found her. She was curling town as a rising young lawyer. For several months the Major made no obinterest on the part of the daughter, astray. I didn't think you were senti- and his blue blood came to the surf-I'm afraid I can't sympathize ace. He didn't take a club to Mr. exactly, for sentiment was left out of Reed. He didn't shout. Like a gentleman who could trace his ancestry back six hundred years, he called at the office of the rising young lawyer that day contained another item. son, and yet I have my dreams-my and in quiet but firm tones said it could never be.

Mr. Reed's ancestry ran back two hundred years and then suddenly their voices stole softly upon the night, chopped off. He had always contended that it was good enough for him, but he was to learn that it was not good enough for the father of the girl he was in love with. No hard words. No covert threats. Just a quiet talk between two gentlemen, with the advanspirit the tremulous awe of a girl to tage on the side of the Major. In all whom love has come for the first time such cases the first advantage is on Jones or Sarah Brown if he had to as it can never come again. Leighton the side of the father. He can command the daughter. He can order her



He Threatened-Indeed He Swore to the garret or the cellar on bread and water. He can send her to her

aunt's in New Hampshire, fifteen miles from the nearest rallroad or post of fice

The rising young lawyer appeared to be squelched. No one seemed to know whether he had a last meeting with Miss Alleen or smuggled a letter to her by the hands of the grocer's delivery boy. But the girl was soon posted on what had happened and was going to happen. Then young Mr. Reed had rather a strange caller at his office one day. He knew the city and its denisens very well. As a college student, before receiving his diploma and setting down to the serious business of life, he

If Major Temple knew this he had not brought it forward in the argument. Perhaps his ancestors for 600

years had done the same thing. The caller at the lawyer's office was a theatrical press agent. When an they have a good thing. After Major actress pawns her diamonds the agent about her being gagged, bound and robbed. It assists her to be a greater Reed to call socially. Some months each other by their first names. They the name all to herself. talked and grinned and chuckled. They agreed it would do, and it was the lawyer who handed a sum of money adies did not join in the fray armed to the other. Three days passed. Then Major Temple returned from a The upshot was that the prince run down town, and he looked so pointed with his finger at an item and sings one of the poets. Generally peohoarsely commanded them to read. The gist of the article was that the about.

Philadelphia Playgrounds.

The establishment of the playground committee as an integral part of the municipal administration, with authorpictures, of that shape. But St. Ger- ity conferred upon it by ordinance to enlarge the extant facilities for public ed up, but no Mme. de Pougy. On her recreation in Philadelphia, has been earnestly sought by those most deeply concerned in the communal welfare, ground commission appointed by him last year. In planning to make generous provision for recreative facilities Philadelphia will follow the example set by several other cities, and never slops over. Slops over where in turn will establish precedents for the dickens have I read that phrase the emulation of various communities. In no other city of the United States "Not in Dickens, I am sure," said the has more heed been paid of recent passenger with the monocle and the mutton chop whiskers. "It probably and the establishment of the play-emanated, sir, from some blawsted grounds committee means merely the enlargement of the number and scope of the present facilities for out-ofdoor recreation, for the present benefit of the children and for the enduring

management of the musical comedy entitled "A Night on the Bowery," had things were expected of her.

ter together as they looked up from the paper.

he arm of his chair.

"But how?" "Three different men have already asked me if it is you, Alleen!" "But everybody must know it isn't,

she answered. "The girl has taken my name, but I can't help that, can "But it's got to be helped, and I'll help it! The name of my daughter dragged on the vaudeville stage! The name of Temple beamirched after 500

years! I'll demand blood for this. If the major hadn't been so per turbed he might have wondered a bit that the daughter took the matter so calmly. She argued that no one could make a mistake between the two, and he volleyed and thundered and talked about lawsuits and challenges. would go up to the city in the morning, and that actress girl should change her name to Hannah Jones or Through a theatrical manager blonde wig, but she was not so busy that she could not stop and talk to jections. Then he thought he saw an him. The major's ancestors turned in their graves. Alfeen Temple even called him "Charlie!" He threatened

> impression. As if it hadn't been rubbed into the major enough, the evening papers of Afleen Temple was the daughter of a prominent citizen, and had had to encounter great opposition to get on the stage. It was 50 minutes after getting home before the major could talk. Then he talked for twice 40 minutes without giving wife or daughter a resting spell. He had been temporarily driven back-not defeated. would go up town on the morrow and consult a lawyer. Alleen Temple of the chorus should become Hannah spend his last dollar.

-indeed he swore-but he made no

He went, and he paid out \$50 to earn that Alleen of the chorus could take any name she pleased, and he was powerless to help himself. Even the sacred name of his dead grandmother could be linked with the blonde wig. He called on her again. This time she was mending a pair of pink slippers. She saluted him with a "Hello, Charlie!" and resumed her frivolous conversation. Three hundred good dollars the major offered her to become Hannah or Sarah or Betay something or other, but she demanded \$3,000. He asked her to think of the Temples for 600 years past, and she grinned. He besought her to think of his daughter, and she suggested that the daughter change her name to Jane. He threatened her with all the power of the army and navy, and she whistled the refrain of

topical song. Major Temple had a close call from apoplexy getting home. The doctor was sent for and the patient was kept in bed for three days and ordered not to speak-not to speak, and yet the papers were coming out every day ething new about Alleen Tem- by wagon. Piano for lost time. He shouted. He roared. He pranced around. In his travail a bright thought came to him. One lawyer had turned him down, but why not consult another? Why not consult a rising young lawyer to hopes a suggestion could be found? The idea was turned over and over, and then the warrior entered Mr. Barton Reed's office and said:

"Mr. Reed, this is a purely professional call." "I shall so consider it," was the

"Look at these articles! Every one in town thinks my daughter Aileen has joined the chorus!"

"Y-e-s, I see." "And can nothing be done? I ask you professionally." "And I answer you professionally

that something can be done." 'Au, that's good. What is it?" "Your daughter can change her name to Mrs. Barton Reed, sir, and

then she will no longer be confused with Aileen Temple!" All retired army officers are cranky and irascible, but they know when

Temple got over shouting and stampthe end of 30 minutes, he invited Mr. Down the Old Road.

Jack-Dearest, just one kiss? Eva-And would you peach on me if gave you one? Jack-Of course not. Do you think would peach on a peach?

"I have lived and I have loved," ple try to have something else to boast

be the robust and cheerful men and Order Filled and Family Trade Solicited women of the days to come. Probably First Electric Engine,

A model electric engine, built by Thomas Davenport, a poor blacksmith of Brandon, Vt., and operated on a small circular track in 1884, probably was the first electric railway in the world.

Frankness. Scottish Bachelor-Will ye hae some

Visitor-Oh, please don't trouble. Bachelor-It's no the trouble, it's just the expense.-Punch.

Revenge. "Revenge is sweet," said the pesal-

"Yes," rejoined the optimist, "but it is always sought by persons who have sour dispositions."

> Hold Many of 'Em. When sitting in her hammock The Willes all grew bolder, Which was the very reason She called it her spoonholds:

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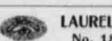
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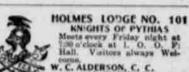
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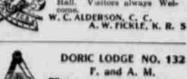
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signed a new song and dance artist named Alleen Temple, and that great "Well?" asked mother and daugh

"Disgraced forever!" shouted the major as he brought his fist down on

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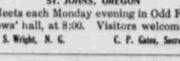
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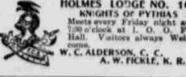
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St. Johns Sand and Gravel Co.

ing stock night and day. And you bet came toward them, walking slowly, has Leighton's silence did not disturb Balcomb; he talked for the joy it gave his queer shuffling walk, his head bent, They reached the Dameron gats has gray hair touched with the silver nd followed the winding path toward of the mounlight. "Won't you come with us. father? 'Ahoy, O bower of beauty!" Balcomb said Zeida, as they met in the road. 'No! no, I thank you, Zee. I have alled cheerily when they were within natiling distance of the veranda had my little constitutional. Don't go "Friends draw near bringing tidings." On the veranda, as Balcomb's voice Leighton looked furtively at Zelda smote upon the air, two girls fell on

Leighton was well aware that no one else, with the single exception of Mi-

chael Carr, ever spoke of Esra Damer

on in anything but derision. Rodney Merriam never mentioned him at all,

which was doubtless the safer way.

If cleanliness is next to goddiness good of future generations. The next tramps must be agnostice healthy, happy children of today will most tramps must be agnostics