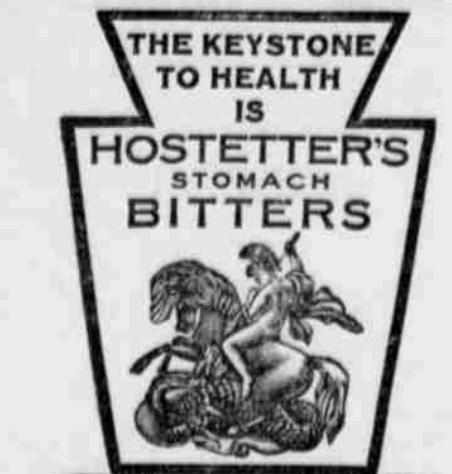


**Pear Sponges.**  
Cook some small pears, peeled, halved and cored, in a vanilla syrup till quite tender and till syrup is thick. Arrange in a glass dish some lady fingers, wet with a little sherry, lay in the pears; set away to get very cold, and when ready to serve heap whipped cream, sweetened and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

**THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS**



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 flock 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 press on the wrong side with a medium hot iron. If of a delicate color the garment must be dried in a shady place after pressing.

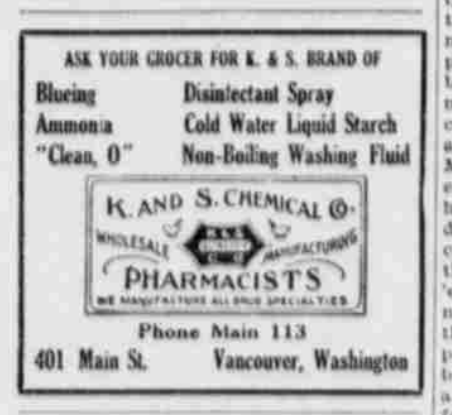
**Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes.**  
Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine for Your Eye Trouble. You will like Murine. It soothes, it cures. Write for Free Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

**Gave Them Away.**  
Once upon another time a fair maid 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 understand.

**Instant Relief for All Eyes**  
that are irritated from dust, heat, sun or wind, PITT'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

**The Straws That Showed.**  
Mother—Do you think that young man has matrimonial intentions, my dear?  
Daughter—I certainly do, mamma. He tried to convince me last night that I looked prettier in that two-guinea hat than in the three-guinea one.—Scraps.

**GOLDEN WEST COFFEE TEA SPICES BAKING POWDER EXTRACT JUST RIGHT**



**NURSERY CATALOG**  
New Handmade, Instructive, Up-to-date, Descriptive.  
FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, VINES, ROSES, BERRY PLANTS, ETC.

**OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE**  
Trains for success in the industries. Provides practical and liberal education. Strong Faculty. Modern Equipment. Offers courses in Agriculture, Forestry, Domestic Science and Art, Engineering, Commerce and Pharmacy.

**Wise Dental Co.**  
Painless Dentists  
Dentists  
Dentists  
Dentists

# Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Copyright, 1904, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

**CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)**  
He was a little fellow and he was angry; but he was a gentleman, too, and, seeing that Rodney Merriam was really surprised, he reëntered toward the old soldier, who had thrust his hands into the side pockets of his coat, looking as foolish as it is possible for a fine old gentleman to look.  
"Captain Pollock," he blurted out, suddenly, "I haven't a doubt that you are telling the truth. I don't care whose son you are, I like you anyhow!" And then snatching his hands from his pockets he held them out to Pollock, demanding with a great kindness, "Will you shake hands with me?"  
"Certainly, Mr. Merriam."  
A few hours later the usual crowd lounged in the smoking-room of the Tippecanoe Club. Pollock had just finished telling a story when Rodney Merriam appeared in the doorway. The old gentleman advanced upon the little group, returning their greetings and thanking them all for the proffer of their seats.  
"Gentlemen," he said, standing by his chair, "I wish to make you an explanation. Owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding, due wholly to my own stupidity, I recently showed Captain Pollock a slight in this club. I wish to make the amplex possible explanation."  
"This is wholly unnecessary," exclaimed Pollock, rising. "This is wholly unbecoming, Mr. Merriam."  
"I wish to say before all of you," Merriam 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 niece at the Beeches and made his peace with them.

**CHAPTER XIV.**  
Leighton always hated himself for laughing at Balcomb, whose loquacity was so cheap it was pathetic. Everything Balcomb knew he had contented himself with the words "Balcomb 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 niece at the Beeches and made his peace with them.

**CHAPTER XV.**  
It came in an unexpected way. Captain Pollock was riding up the driveway. He was on very good terms at the Beeches, and had been told that while there were lights there was a hope of finding some one at home.  
Here comes another messenger bearing tidings that Balcomb, in his most cheerful note, "I hope it isn't bad news."  
"No, it's Captain Pollock. That horse of his is a beauty, isn't it? I wish he would trade with me," answered Zelda.  
Leighton groaned inwardly at the sight of Pollock, whom he liked well enough ordinarily. He did not understand the reason for Balcomb's hurried flight, so that the humor of the situation did not strike him.  
"You may have heard that, Miss Merriam, a little candy now and then is relished by the wisest men. I propose Mr. Balcomb's health, to be eaten sitting and in silence."  
"It isn't polite to treat the gift of a party guest in that way," protested Olive. "I'm surprised at you, Captain Pollock."  
When a man is in love, he becomes a master of harmless deceit and subtlety. Morris Leighton had sought Zelda Dameron to-night with a great hope in his heart. He did not intend to miss a chance to talk to her alone, if he could help it. He had taken her wrap from her, and purposely dropped it; and he had assumed to have his eye on the moonlight, unless one were blind. But Zelda paused when they reached Pollock's horse, which whinnied and put out its nose to her in a friendly way.  
As they reached the road, which lay white in the moonlight, Ezra Dameron came toward them, walking slowly, hat in hand, and the two watched him—his queer shuffling walk, his head bent, his gray hair touched with the silver of the moonlight.  
"Won't you come with us, father?" said Zelda, as they met in the road.  
"No! No, I thank you, Zee. I have had my little constitutional. Don't go too far—there may be malaria about."  
Leighton looked furtively at Zelda. She had greeted her father kindly, happily; but there was something repellent in Ezra Dameron. Leighton never felt it more than to-night. That such a girl should have a father so wretched seemed impossible; but the thought quickened his love for her. There was something fine in her conduct toward her father; her unfeeling gentleness and patience with him had impressed Leighton from the time of her homecoming. She made a point of speaking of him often and always with respect. Leighton was well aware that no one else, with the single exception of Mitchell Carr, ever spoke of Ezra Dameron in anything but derision. Rodney Merriam never mentioned him at all, which was doubtless the safer way. Farther along the road Pollock and Olive were tentatively singing a popular song of the hour.

# 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 hundred years. Some of them had been carpenters and blacksmiths and cobblers, as the major discovered in tracing the Temple tree, but he could not do that; they still had been gentlemen.  
Major Temple was a gentleman. He had also been a soldier. So far, so 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 Aileen told him so, but he stood behind his loaded guns.  
Among the young men calling at the Major's, attracted by the daughter, was Barton Reed. He was twenty-four years old, and had been mentioned in the little daily paper of the suburban town as a rising young lawyer. For several months the Major made no objection. Then he thought he saw an interest on the part of the daughter, and his blue blood came to the surface. He didn't take a club to Mr. Reed. He didn't take. Like a gentleman who could trace his ancestry back six hundred years, he called at the office of the rising young lawyer and in quiet but firm tones said it could never be.  
Mr. Reed's ancestry ran back two hundred years and then suddenly stopped 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 advantage on the side of the Major. In all such cases the first advantage is on the side of the father. He can command the daughter. He can order her

# MAJOR TEMPLE'S DEFEAT

By DONALD ALLEN

management of the musical comedy entitled "A Night on the Bowery," had signed a new song and dance artist named Aileen Temple, and that great things were expected of her.  
"Well!" asked mother and daughter together as they looked up from the paper.  
"Disgraced forever!" shouted the major as he brought his fist down on the arm of his chair.  
"But how?"  
"Three different men have already asked me if it is you, Aileen!"  
"But everybody must know it isn't, she answered. "The girl has taken my name, but I can't help that, can I?"  
"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 besmirched after 600 years! I'll demand blood for this!"  
If the major hadn't been so perturbed 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 she volleyed and thundered and talked about lawsuits and challenges. He would go up to the city in the morning, and that actress girl should change her name to Hannah Jones or take the consequences. He did go. Through a theatrical manager he found Aileen Temple's boarding house. He also found her. She was curling blonde wig, but she was not so busy that she could not stop and talk to him. The major's ancestors turned in their graves. Aileen Temple even called him "Charlie!" He threatened—indeed he swore—but he made no impression.  
As if it hadn't been rubbed into the major enough, the evening papers of that day contained another item. Aileen 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. He would go up town on the morrow and consult a lawyer. Aileen Temple of the chorus should become Hannah Jones or Sarah Brown if he had to spend his last dollar.  
He went, and he paid out \$50 to learn that Aileen 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 he offered her to become Hannah or Sarah or Betsy 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 a 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 with something new about Aileen Temple. When he did get up he made up 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 in 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 reply.  
"Look at these articles! Every one in town thinks my daughter Aileen has joined the chorus!"  
"Yes, I see."  
"And can nothing be done? I ask you professionally."  
"And I answer you professionally that something can be done."  
"As, 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 they have a good thing. After Major Temple got over shouting and stamping around the room, which was at the end of 30 minutes, he invited Mr. Reed to call socially. Some months later Aileen Temple of the chorus had the name all to herself.



He Threatened—Indeed He Swore.

to the garret or the cellar on bread and water. He can send her by train to New Hampshire, fifteen miles from the nearest railroad or post office.  
The rising young lawyer appeared to be squelched. No one seemed to know whether he had a last meeting with Miss Aileen 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 denizens very well. As a college student, before receiving his diploma and setting down to the serious business of life, he had been gay and frivolous.  
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 actress pawns her diamonds the agent is at hand to write up a column story about her being gaged, bound and robbed. It assists her to be a greater actress. Lawyer and caller called each other by their first names. They talked and grinned and chuckled. They agreed it would do, and it was the lawyer who handed a sum of money to the other. Three days passed. Then Major Temple returned from a run down town, and he looked so queer that his wife and daughter hastened toward him with inquiries of alarm. He waved them away. Then he waved a newspaper. Then he pointed with his finger at an item and hoarsely commanded them to read.  
The gist of the article was that the Philadelphia Playgrounds.

The establishment of the playground committee as an integral part of the municipal administration, with authority conferred upon it by ordinance to enlarge the extant facilities for public recreation in Philadelphia, has been earnestly sought by those most deeply concerned in the communal welfare, and is realized at last through the enthusiastic co-operation of the mayor and the members of the original playground commission appointed by him last year. In planning to make generous provision for recreational facilities Philadelphia will follow the example set by several other cities, and in turn will establish precedents for the emulation of various communities. In no other city of the United States has more heed been paid of recent years to legitimate popular diversion, and the establishment of the playgrounds committee means merely the enlargement of the number and scope of the present facilities for outdoor recreation, for the present benefit of the children and for the enduring good of future generations. The healthy, happy children of today will be the robust and cheerful men and women of the days to come.

# COLLIER & COLLIER

Lawyers  
Rooms in Holbrook Building.  
St. Johns, - - - - - Oregon

**JOSEPH McCHESNEY, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Day & Night Office in McChesney Bldg.  
Phone Jersey 551.  
St. Johns, - - - - - Oregon.

**ALBERT CAREY, M. D.**  
HOLBROOK BLOCK  
Residence 902 Fessenden Street.  
Office Hours: 10 a. m. to 1 p. m., 3 to 6 p. m.  
ST. JOHNS, OREGON.

**Daniel O. Webster, A. B. M. D.**  
Residence, 697 Dawson Street  
Office, Fliter Block.  
University Park, Portland, Oregon.

**DR. RAMBO**  
DENTIST  
Office Phone Richmond 51  
First National Bank Building.  
ST. JOHNS, OREGON.

**DR. W. E. HARTEL**  
DENTIST  
Phone Richmond 201  
Holbrook Block - - - - - St. Johns

**DR. J. VINTON SCOTT**  
DENTIST  
Open Evenings and Sundays by Appointment.  
Office Phone Woodlawn 703  
Res. Phone Woodlawn 1655  
D. E. HOPKINS  
DENTIST  
Office Hours: From 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m.  
682 Dawson street, University Park

**ST. JOHNS PIANO SCHOOL**  
Conducted by  
Mrs. Lillie Wells Carey  
602 Fessenden St. ST. JOHNS, ORE.

**H. S. HEWITT** E. S. WRIGHT  
112 Blue St. 104 S. Hayes  
**HEWITT & WRIGHT**  
CONTRACTORS and BUILDERS  
Estimates and Plans Furnished  
Houses for Sale. ST. JOHNS, ORE.

**J. R. WEIMER**  
Transfer and Storage  
We deliver your goods to and from all parts of Portland, Vancouver, Linton, Portland and Suburban Express Co., city dock and all points accessible by wagon. Piano and furniture moving a specialty. 109 E. Burlington; phone Richmond 61.

**LAUREL LODGE**  
No. 186 I. O. O. F.  
ST. JOHNS, OREGON  
Meets each Monday evening in Odd Fellows' hall, at 8:00. Visitors welcome.  
E. S. Wright, N. G. C. F. Gates, Secretary.

**HOLMES LODGE NO. 101**  
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS  
Meets every Friday night at 8:00 o'clock at L. O. G. O. F. Hall. Visitors always welcome.  
W. C. ALDERSON, C. C. A. W. FICKLE, K. R. S.

**DORIC LODGE NO. 132**  
F. and A. M.  
Regular communications on first and third Wednesdays of each month in Odd Fellows' hall.  
Visitors welcome.  
E. S. Harrington, Allen R. Jobsa, Secretary. W. M.

**CAMP 773 W. O. W.**  
Meets every Wednesday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall  
W. E. Coon, C. C. W. Scott Kellogg, Clerk.

**WOW**  
THE GIANT OF THE WEST  
W. E. Coon, C. C. W. Scott Kellogg, Clerk.

**Central Market!**  
HOLBROOK BLOCK  
See us for the Choicest Cuts of the Best Meats Obtainable.  
Order Filled and Family Trade Solicited.

**T. P. WARD, Proprietor.**

**St. Johns Sand and Gravel Co.**  
JACKSON & MUSGROVE, Props.  
General Contractors.  
We are prepared to do any and all kinds of excavating for street work and other purposes. We also handle sidewalk and building material.  
Newton and Fessenden Streets, St. Johns, Ore.  
Phone Richmond 1571.