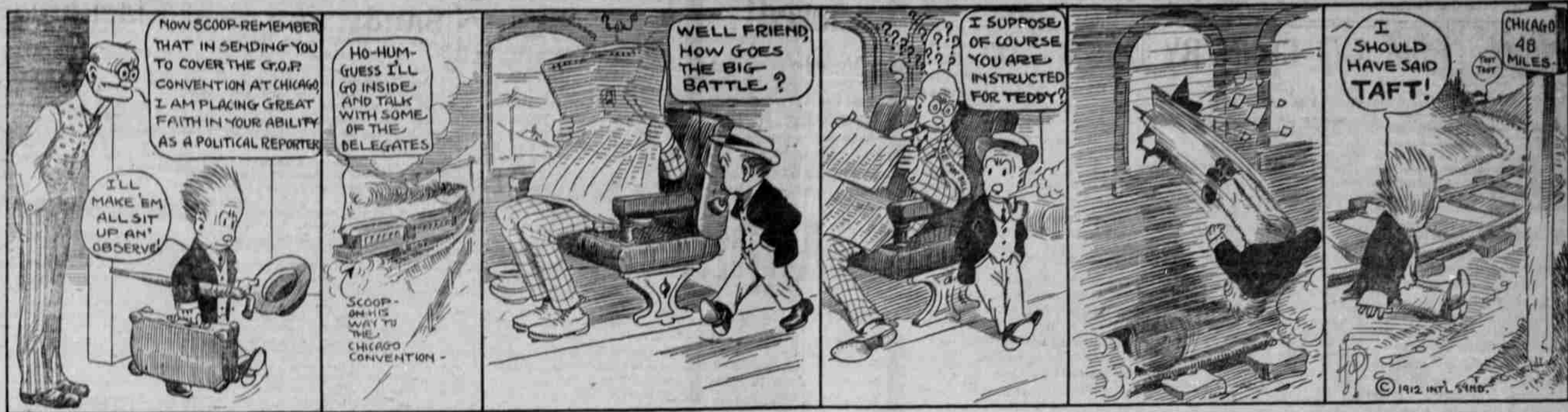


The Delegate Was Not Instructed for Scoop



Baby Dromedary In London Zoo And His Juvenile Admirers



Photo by American Press Association

ONE of the most popular of the sights of London is the zoo adjoining Regent's park, which boasts one of the finest wild animal collections in the world. Many of the beasts and birds are gifts of the royal family, for King George and King Edward, like the presidents of the United States—particularly the last but one—have frequently been the recipients of what would have proved "white elephants" if they had been obliged to maintain them in private collections. One of the most recent arrivals at the zoological gardens is the baby dromedary, born of a mother in captivity. The interesting infant is a great drawing card, particularly to the juvenile patrons of the gardens. It may be worth stating that the variety of camel with one hump is called a dromedary, while two humps entitle their possessor to the title of Bactrian camel, so named from the country of its origin, in Central Asia.

A FEMININE PROPOSAL

By MARY D. VINCENT

Margaret Vincent had a great many suitors that she didn't want. These suitors were mostly fortune hunters, and even if they were not there was not one among them that she would marry. Miss Vincent had attended lectures at a college, and one of the assistant professors or instructors had caught her fancy. That was when she was seventeen, and an impression made upon a girl's heart at that age is liable to take a very strong root. Whether he felt it or not Miss Vincent could not tell. All she knew was that he never passed the bounds of a platonic friendship. She suspected that what drew her suitors—her for time—acted as a stumbling block to the professor, she suspected at times that he would like to make love to her, but having nothing but a small salary with which to match her half million of dollars refrained.

Professor Twining took great interest in the customs of eastern people, especially those of India, and naturally interested Miss Vincent in the same subject. So she read all the books she could find about India and how the people there passed their daily lives. One item that she came upon interested her especially. It was this:

"In India a man often remains unmarried longer than he would desire simply because he cannot afford to pay the sum the father of a desirable daughter demands of his would-be son-in-law. Widows, however, are cheap, and a wily father who finds his daughter getting on in years while suitors marry takes advantage of this fact. He marries the girl to a bunch of flowers, which he then throws into a well. Thus the lady becomes technically a widow, and as such she is a bargain in the marriage market. Thus the flower widow is secured as a wife by a suitor who would not have dared offer a small sum for her before her so-called marriage."

Now, it occurred to Miss Vincent that Professor Twining, being familiar with the habits of the people of India, had met with this same information. It struck her fancy to use it as a hint that she would look kindly on a proposition

acceptance of the proposal Mrs. Twining never has told any one, though she has told the story to her daughters, who think their mother as a girl must have been very lovely and delicately sensitive. And they think that their father must have been just the man to appreciate such a feminine proposal.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

LONG DISTANCE CRIME.
You can sit in a leather cushioned office chair in New York and kill a man in Lincoln, Neb.
You can commit a crime by telegraph or by long distance telephone. And not only is it easier to murder men in this way, but it is much safer than if you were on the ground.
What do I mean?
Well, say a switchman is killed in the railroad yards at Indianapolis because of lack of proper equipment or a brakeman is crippled at Cheyenne because of the lack of safety appliances required by law. Who committed the crime?
The division superintendent? Probably he has called the attention of the general manager to this very lack. And probably the manager has urged the board of directors to provide for the equipment. Who then is guilty?
The men who sit about the mahogany table in New York.
And the crimes are committed for the best of all motives—money. The men who must make dividends or stockholders must have their money, though it be wrung from quivering human flesh.
Or, again:
Here are legal infants sorting coal over a long chute and are being slowly choked to death, or for lack of timbers in the mine slate falls upon the head of a family and kills him, or for lack of ventilation men die of tuberculosis, or a fire breaks out in a mine room, and there are no cutoff doors, and miners die in the tunnels.
Who is to blame?
The pit boss or the superintendent? In all likelihood the owner's attention has been called to the needs, and he has replied that "more economies must be used in operation of the plant."
Or, again:
Here are hundreds of children under legal age working in a big cotton factory. There is a law on the statute books against child labor, but it is not enforced.
Who is guilty?
Somebody miles away who is sending his family to Newport or to Europe for the summer.
Criminals?
Think you they are the only thieves and murderers who slouch through back alleys or who fill the benches of the police court or who scowl through

Teacher's Examinations.
Notice is hereby given that the County Superintendent of Clackamas County will hold the regular examination for applicants for State and County papers at High School, Oregon City, as follows:
For State Papers
Commencing June 15 at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Saturday, June 22, at 4 p. m.
Wednesday Forenoon—U. S. History, Physiology, Writing.
Wednesday Afternoon—Physical Geography, Reading, Composition, Methods in Reading, Methods in Arithmetic.
Thursday Forenoon—Arithmetic, History of Education, Psychology, Methods in Geography.
Thursday Afternoon—Grammar, Geography, American Literature, Physics, Methods in Language, Thesis for Primary Certificate.
Friday Forenoon—Theory and Practice, Orthography, English Literature.
Friday Afternoon—School Law, Botany, Algebra, Civil Government.
Saturday Forenoon—Geometry, Geology.
Saturday Afternoon—General History, Bookkeeping.
T. J. GARY,
County School Superintendent.

Plutarch's Lives. "What are you reading?" "Plutarch's Lives." "Get what! How many did he have?" "Plutarch's Lives."
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DIAMOND BRAND
LADIES!
Ask for Bristle for CHEICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHEICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
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What Is the Moon Made Of?

By MARTHA B. EDGARTON

Miss Madeline Rogers, a very beautiful and attractive American girl, went to Paris with letters that gained her the entry to the American colony there.

There was something very original, something unique, about Miss Rogers that captivated the young French bloods, nearly all of whom straightway proceeded to fall in love with her. Whether it was this or because she was far more natural and unconventional than the women she associated with, certain it is that many of them hated her. That the men, on the contrary, both respected and loved her is evident from the fact that they all wished to marry her.

The young lady was a good deal of a flirt, but it is questionable if she realized in a young man's company she was giving him encouragement. The poet hath said, "Loving seemeth like breathing." In Miss Rogers' case flirting was quite as natural a process. She treated the young men with whom she was pleased in a way that made them think that a proposition would be immediately accepted. This she did unintentionally and unconscious of the interpretation that might be put upon her acts. She was as heart free as a bird, and when the men responded to her soft looks and words she supposed they were treating her as they treated their other women friends. In other words, she did not suppose that what passed between them was serious.

One evening Miss Rogers awoke as from a series of pleasant dreams. A lady who thoroughly understood her and was consequently very fond of her took her aside and said to her:

"My child, do you know that when the sun rises tomorrow morning three of our prominent Parisian young men are going to fight for you on the Bois de Boulogne?"

"Fight for me?" exclaimed the astonished girl, turning pale.

"Yes, each claims to be the point of becoming engaged to you and resents the other's attentions."

"For heaven's sake who are these men?"

"There is Edouard de Four."
"Well."
"The Count de Lany."
"He too?"

"Yes, and the third is Maitre Fallansbee, the rising young jurist."
"But how can the three fight a duel? I thought duels were fought by two, one on each side."

"So they are. Du Four has challenged the other two. He first fights with de Lany, and if he kills the count he then fights with Fallansbee."

"Oh, my goodness gracious! How do you know this?"

"My husband learned of it and told me as a secret, especially enjoining me to tell no one. I have come to you with it because I consider it best for you to take measures to stop it."

"How can I do that?"

"I fear it is too late to do anything tonight, but you might be on the ground in time to choose between them."

"I'll be there in time to choose none of them. Will you chaperon me?"

"If you wish it."
"I most assuredly do."
"You must be ready to start early."
"How early?"

"Three o'clock."
The next morning long before the people of Paris were stirring, especially in the Bois de Boulogne, the two ladies drove up to the dueling ground, where they saw the three lovers, accompanied by three seconds and three surgeons, preparing to prick one another with long thin swords.

"Will you kindly tell me," said Miss Rogers, "what you gentlemen are here for?"

"The eye is simply the visual organ of the brain. Hence to M. du Four it is cheese, to the Count de Lany it is pudding, and to M. Fallansbee it is jelly."
A burst of laughter broke from the seconds and the surgeons, while the principals stood stiff as ramrods, glaring at each other and the rest of the party.
"Gentlemen, good morning," said Miss Rogers, and, getting into her carriage with her friend, she was driven away.
The others soon followed without a fight.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

THE PULL THAT PULLS.
"But I have no pull."
That was what my young friend said when I advised him to apply at a certain place for a job.

I did not say to him what I thought. No pull?
Why, he had a pull—a tremendous pull. He had a pull on his own strength and persistence and skill and manliness and self respect—on his own pluck and patience and push.

He was asking special favors. Did he know the danger of special privileges?

Nine times in ten there is a string tied to such preferences. Beware of the pull, young man.

You are expected to return exceptional favors extended to you. And when it comes to trading favors what guaranty have you that you will receive as much—or more—in the exchange?

He who grants you one concession is likely to ask of your civility two in return.

Besides—
In the many attitude of him who asks no preferential chance beyond that he merits there is great force. To him who succeeds of himself there comes a sense of self respect that never comes to him who courts the never and aid of others.

"I have no pull."
The expression, which is all too common, reveals a habit of looking for exclusive privilege that is wrong in principle and vicious in practice.

Equality of opportunity is of the substance of democracy. No man has the right to demand more than a fair chance and an open field.

No pull?
Why should you receive some extraordinary friendship denied to others? Why should you be excused from requirements for which others are made to pay?

The pull that you use may become the pull back once you exercise it. Merit! Merit alone!

When you pull that string something must move. When you pull that string the other end of it is not to be found in the hands of some other than you.

The Child, Father of the Man.
The late Thomas B. Reed when a lad was requested to bail out a small boat that had been leaking badly and was almost full of water.

"I can't do it," replied Tom. "It's unconstitutional."
"What do you mean?" inquired the owner of the boat.

"The constitution of the United States says," replied the future statesman, "that excessive bail shall not be required of any man."—Youth's Companion.

Olfactory Nerves.
The olfactory nerves are rendered useless for an hour by simply rinsing with cold water, and other fluids may destroy their efficiency far more. The anatomist Hyrtl, who drew an infusion of tea into his nose with the idea of curing a cold, suffered loss of the power of smell for six months and throughout his life never completely recovered it.

The Best of Reasons.
Hobbs why did the cashier leave the country? Hobbs—I've only reason was that he couldn't take it with him.

THE BEAUTIFUL.
We ought to acquaint ourselves with the beautiful, we ought to contemplate it with rapture and attempt to raise ourselves up to its height, and in order to gain strength for that we must keep ourselves thoroughly unselfish. We must not make it our own, but rather seek to communicate it—indeed, to make a sacrifice of it to those who are dead and precious.—Goethe.

Private Brittan's Bath

By ARTHUR A. MURLOCK

Bob Brittan, private in the 4th Pennsylvania infantry, was advancing with his regiment over a tobacco field in Virginia in a thin skirmish line when a strong force of Confederates issued from a wood beyond and scattered the Pennsylvanians like chaff. Bob fled with the rest till the noise was some distance behind him, and, fearing to be followed and taken prisoner, he looked about him for a place in which to conceal himself. Under some shade trees he saw a plantation house, and there he went. Hearing sounds that led him to believe the Johnnies were coming and spying a well near the house, he ran for it. The bucket was hung on a balanced pole. Between a ducking and a term in a southern prison Bob did not hesitate, and, catching the bucket, he jumped into the well.

He went down in a hurry and when he rose to the surface, realizing that the other end of the balance pole would give him away, let go his hold, emptying the bucket which went up to the well house.

Even in hot summer weather well water affords a pretty cold bath. Bob shivered up out of it and by bracing his feet and clutching with his fingers managed to maintain a position above the surface. There he remained for an hour, when he heard some one above, and the bucket was lowered. When it had been filled and was being raised, he looked up and saw a girl's face bending over the well.

As he had preferred a cold plunge to a Confederate prison, so he now preferred a girl to continued shivering. The girl passed him on its way up he emptied it and proposed with its assistance to climb up and trust to the muscles of a feminine enemy. With one hand on the bucket and the other clutching the stones, getting his toes in the cracks, he was making the ascent when he heard the girl exclaim:

"Lordy! How heavy!"
Nevertheless the young soldier maintained his hold and slowly mounted to the well house. The girl, seeing that instead of drawing up a bucket of water she had pulled up a man, released her hold, and had not Bob with both hands caught the top stones he would have gone back to where he came from.

Southern girls of that period were used to startling events, and this one recovered herself rapidly. Indeed she caught on to the situation that a man was in danger of falling into a well and, lending a hand, assisted him on to terra firma. Bob stood before her dripping and shivering.

"Well, I declare!" were her first words.
Bob said he was sorry to spoil the water for drinking purposes by making a bathtub of the well, but it was either that or Libby prison, and from what he had heard of Libby it was not a desirable residence.

"Have you heard any soldiers moving about here?" he asked, looking about him fearfully.

"There were some of our boys here looking for Yankees about an hour ago, but they've all gone. Are you a Yankee?"

"Yes. Are you going to give me away?"

"I don't know. I suppose I ought to."
"Don't."
There was no reply to this, but the girl didn't look as if she could turn over the unfortunate youngsters to be harshly dealt with, and Bob, encouraged, asked her if she couldn't find a more comfortable hiding place than a well. She said the chicken house might serve; it was dry and not very clean, but the chickens were all out of it for the time being, and there would be room such as it was. Bob said he would prefer a chicken house to a prison so the girl took him there temporarily till she could find something better for him. She said that if the man—her father and brother—knew of his presence on the place they would march him in. Since he had parted with his musket and his pistol had been in the well with him he would be very easily marched.

The chicken house not being cleanly after dark Bob went out and got some sleep under a tree. In the morning the girl brought him something to eat and told him that the Confederates were occupying the region round about. Her father and brother had taken their squirrel guns and had gone to help drive the Yankees out of Virginia, and he might come to the house if he wanted to. So the men of the place having gone after Yankees, a Yankee domestic cat hid himself in the stable and was made comfortable by the daughter of the family.

About a week after this a young Virginia gentleman, sporting a gold head and cane, walked into the camp of the 4th Pennsylvania and was looked at curiously by the boys till one of them

exclaimed:
"By gum! It's Bob Brittan!"
Bob gave an account of his adventures and straightway doffed his gun. He finally returned, provided the gold-headed cane to the colonel and reappeared in the ordinary dress of a private.
After the war Bob went down to Virginia to visit that well, he told his friends, but they noticed that he brought back a wife. The only circumstance that rendered the married life of Mr. Brittan distasteful was that his wife would always be telling of his appearance when she drew him out of the well, and she always spoils the story by tirades of great length.

REAL ESTATE

Estacada Lodge No. 175, I. O. O. F., to A. A. Darling, lot 1 of block 1, Lone Oak cemetery; \$25.
Jefferson F. Leonard to Eugene H. Pomeroy, land in section 21, township 5 south, range 1 east; \$1.
Ella Morris to F. V. and Sylvia J. Moser, lots 8, 9, 10, block 5, Apperson's Subdivision of block 5, 6, 7, Park-place; \$325.

Joseph James and Mary R. Ryan to F. C. Wimbles, land in section 20, township 3 south, range 1 west; \$1.
R. C. and Pearl Danton to George Henry and Cora M. Hanson, 74 acres of section 34, township 2 north, range 2 east; \$10.

J. W. and Louisa A. McNulty to Gustav Kelm, block 11, Clackamas Heights; \$242.
Martha Ross to Henry Opperman, lot 6 of block 13, Willamette Falls; \$1.
C. T. and Mary Howard to Frank Manning and Catherine Manning, land in sections 16 and 17, township 4 south, range 2 east; \$500.

Ange and Christine Anderson to Charles Keep, land in section 25, township 1 south, range 2 east; \$10.
August and Thille Warner to George and Artina Ross, lot 15, Jennings Lodge Tract; \$2500.

Nils Fosmark to Silvert Hinderlie lots 11, 12, Canby Gardens; \$200.
Charles N. Wait to Canby Hand lot 6 of block 14, Canby; \$490.

George H. and Florence Pellers to Katie N. White, land in section 28, township 3 south, range 1 east; \$1250.
Frank E. and Mabel C. Allen to Perry Meeks, lots 6 and 7 of block 2, Dedman's Addition to Canby; \$300.

Perry and Mary Meeks to E. G. Wilson, land in section 3, township 4 south, range 1 east; \$2500.
Eugene I. Sias and Esther Sias to Canby Lodge No. 134, A. F. & A. M. lot 5 of block 2, Canby; \$3000.

America Scandinavian Realty Company to Ernest Rickson and Anna Rickson, land in sections 14, 15, 22, 23, township 2 south, range 2 east; \$4,300.

Emma and Hubert Munhoven to Matthew J. Lynch, 80 acres of section 7, township 4 south, range 4 east; \$1.
Josie V. Felts to John A. Huffstatter, 15 acres of section 29, township 3 south, range 1 west; \$2900.

H. B. and May Rockwell to Martha Ross, lots 15, 16, block 34, Gladstone; \$10.
A. K. and Anna Riggs to Mrs. Jallo C. McBroom, land in sections 9 and 16, township 4 south, range 1 east; \$1000.

Agnes N. and Homer L. Mumford to Peter G. and Emma Wells and Thomas and Sallie Gault, lots 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, block 28, Gladstone; \$1.
Hazel Toose to Nicholas Mosser, and in D. L. C. of A. B. and Nancy Holcomb, land in A. B. and Nancy S. Holcomb, township 2 south, range 2 east; \$10.

Peter G. and Emma K. Wells, and Thomas and Sallie Gault to Agnes N. Mumford, lots 3, 4, 5, 6, block 7, Gladstone; \$1.
Ella and S. N. Gilbert to Portland Pacific Investment Company, land in sections 16, 17 township 3 south range 3 east; \$10.

W. E. and Nellie McMinden to W. R. Henderson, land in section 29, township 3 south, range 5 east; \$10.
N. R. Henderson to Henry Harrison, land in section 29, township 3 south, range 5 east; \$10.

Gladstone Real Estate Association to Brenton and Bertha Vedder, land in Gladstone; \$1.
Alberta and H. P. Disher to R. F. and C. M. Love, land in Fruitdale; \$10

George and Mary Malowski to E. D. and Leola Van Aulken, 55 acres William D. L. C., No. 33, township 3 south range 2 east; \$10.
S. C. Fletcher to George E. Waggoner, land in section 32, township 4 south, range 4 east; \$1.

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