

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

LOVE'S COUNTERFEITS.

Another harebrained youth, smitten by a girl who rejects him, follows the girl, nags her, makes her life a torment, then kills her.

It is called a "love tragedy." A weak souled woman whose vanity is played upon or whose trivial grievance is fostered by an affinity is persuaded to leave her husband and children and run away.

It is called a "love story." Or a man of family deserts a good wife and children, leaving a heritage of shame, and goes philandering with some foolish miss who has infatuated him.

He is "blinded by love." To paraphrase the utterance of Mme. Roland, "O love, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Many so called love affairs are libels on love.

Love is more than infatuation. Love is more than passion or desire. Love is, first of all, clean. And love will protect its own and not kill it. Love will die to save the loved one. Love puts above all else the happiness of the loved at the sacrifice of self. It is the divinest thing known to humans.

Love seeks not its own. It flitches nothing from honor. It rejoices in purity. It endures forever.

Love is more than sentimentality. Its language is not the speech of the silly, so called "love letters" read for the delectation of the multitude in the divorce courts.

The speech of genuine affection may sometimes be betrayed into the word of extravagance or impulsive expression, but it is never the language of insincerity. The stuff of which many love speeches are made is the veriest froth on the cup of affection.

Being divine, love abides. Love must keep its own forever and a day. It is stronger and sweeter when the wrinkles mar the face of the loved one, when the hair is silvered and the frame is bent, than in the younger days of the cheeks' rounded contour and the body's stately carriage.

Love seeketh not its own. Unselfishness is its essence. Love sacrifices, denies itself. It is long suffering and kind.

Call you that love which deceives, which lures for its own desire, which brings dishonor, which turns its back upon those who should be dear, which brings humiliation and shame and remorse?

That sort comes up from the depths. True love comes down from above.

An Obstructed Order.

Owens—How do you do, Mr. Shears? What can you show me in the way of a new suit today?

His Tailor—Your bill, sir. That is decidedly in the way of a new suit.—Boston Transcript.

Mutual Regrets.

"Does your wife regret that she married a poor man?" "Not as much as I do."—Judge.

FRANK J. GARDNER.

Charged With Conspiring to Gain Brooklyn Man's Estate.



Old Time Versatility.

Henry Watterson, in an interview in Washington on one occasion, praised the American journalist of the old school.

"The journalist of the old school," said Mr. Watterson, with his hearty laugh, "was remarkable above all things for versatility. He, unlike you college bred journalist of today, never knew when he turned up at the office whether he'd be handed a mop, an opera ticket or a pair of shears, and he was equally at home with all three."

The Father of Terror.

"The father of terror" is the name the Arabs have given to the sphinx. It stands today even as it has done for thousands of years, though the exact date or century of its construction none can say. It is not only the oldest monument in the world, but the largest as well. It is carved wholly from a mass of solid natural rock, with the exception of the forepaws, which are built up with blocks of stone. It measures more than a hundred feet in length and is impressive and awe inspiring because of its stupendous size.

CAPRON SPEEDY BOY.

Former Football Star, Now With Pittsburgh, Is Promising Ball Player.

Ralph Capron, the University of Minnesota's former football hero, may not stick with the Pittsburgh Pirates all season, but it is a sure thing that Clarke will keep a string to him.

Capron has never had any minor league experience. For all that, he showed constant improvement in the practice games this spring. He is probably the fastest man in the National league getting down to first; also a swift man in the outfield, a good batter and his arm is O. K.

SPOT HOP MARKET SHOWS IMPROVEMENT

The situation in the hop trade is much better both for spot goods and for contracts. The first crop damage news of the season has been received and strange to say it comes from Europe, where the first news of trouble appeared from last year.

A special mail advice says that in Styria (Steyermark), which is in the southern part of Austria, severe damage has been done the vines by cold weather. The district is a very early one, and as heretofore the damage can be more safely estimated than in most other sections.

From Germany comes word that the frosts there have put the crop backward, with some signs of damage.

A London advice says that the hop yards of the lowlands have been damaged by the flooding of the ground, which for weeks at a time was under water, and our roots are feared. The advice says that whenever this condition has appeared there the crop has never been heavy.

Thirty-nine cents is freely offered for hops, but growers are not offering below 40c, and it is doubted if even that figure will secure a supply.

With the approach of warmer weather in the east brewers of that section are becoming interested in hops. The small holdings in Oregon leaves but little chance to buy. It is estimated that 1800 bales are held by growers of this state, while dealers hold not more than 500 bales. This would make the total supply in this state available for market 2300 bales. Holdings in California are light.

Prevailing Oregon City prices are as follows:

DRIED FRUITS—(Buying)—Prunes on basis of 6 to 8 cents.

Fruits, Vegetables.

HIDES—(Buying)—Green hides, 7c to 8c; salted 6c to 7c; dry hides 12c to 14c; sheep pelts, 25c to 75c each.

HAY, Grain, Feed.

EGGS—Oregon ranch eggs, 18c case count; 20c conoiled.

SACK VEGETABLES—Carrots, HAY—(Buying)—Timothy, \$12 to \$15; clover, \$8 to \$9; oat hay, best, \$10 to \$11; mixed, \$9 to \$11; alfalfa, \$15 to \$16.50.

OATS—(Buying)—\$27.50 to \$35.50 wheat \$1 bu.; oil meal, selling \$35; Shady brook dairy feed, \$1.30 per 100 pounds.

FEED—(Selling)—Shorts, \$28; bran \$28; process barley, \$41.50 per ton. FLOUR—\$4.60 to \$5.50.

POTATOES—Best buying \$1.00 to \$1.40 according to quality per hundred.

Butter, Poultry, Eggs.

POULTRY—(Buying)—Hens 13c to 14c; spring, 17c to 20c, and roosters 8c. Stags 11c.

Butter—(Buying)—Ordinary ordinary butter, 20c to 25c; fancy dairy, 26c roll.

Livestock, Meats.

BEEF—(Live Weight)—Steers, 5 1/2 and 6 1/4; cows, 4 1/2; bulls 3 1/4c.

VEAL—Calves 10c to 12c dressed, according to grade.

MOHAIR—33c to 35c.

MUTTON—Sheep 3c to 3 1/2c. lambs, 4c and 5c.

The Answer Was Easy. Old Roxleigh—You must be less extravagant. How do you expect to get along when you are my age? His Son—Well, father, I suppose by this time I shall have your money to get along with.—Boston Transcript.

A Case of Identity

An Officer of the Cuban War Who Died Comes to Life

By EUGENE WHITING

The Spanish-American war was ended, and the troops had been removed from Santiago on transports. A few invalids remained who were too ill to travel, under the care of Surgeon Edward Ferguson, who stayed behind for the purpose of caring for them and settling up the affairs of the medical department of the army. A gunboat under command of Ensign White of the navy had been ordered to remain for the purpose of bringing away those who needed transportation when everything had been cleaned up, when those who were to get well were able to be carried aboard ship.

Now, the Santiago campaign was something to be heartily sick of, and after it was over to be left in the cursed place to clean up was worse yet.

Ensign White was a bad selection for the purpose, for his fiancée was waiting

for him to come home to marry her, and he was in a terrible hurry to accommodate her. He had taken care of everything there was to do, and nothing remained except to bring home those left in hospital. Calling on Surgeon Ferguson, he asked him the condition of things in his department.

"There are two men who can't live twenty-four hours. As soon as they are dead we can get out of this beastly country and go home."

"Are you sure they're both going to die?" asked White.

"They've both got the fever, and I can't see any chance for either of them," said Surgeon Berkeley.

"Doctor, one of those cases is dead, and the other has disappeared."

The surgeon uttered an exclamation of impotence. He had expected to get off within an hour, and here was a complication that might cause no end of delay.

"How the dickens can a man at the point of death disappear?" he asked impatiently.

"Don't know."

"You go hunt for him and let me know which man has died. I suppose it is Berkeley. White is crazy to be off, and if I'm not on hand at the minute I'm afraid he'll go without me."

Half an hour later the steward came back and reported that the missing man had not been found and the dead man was Berkeley. Ferguson was so sure that Berkeley would not live that he did not question the man in the matter, especially as he was about stepping into an ambulance to take him to the shore, where a boat was waiting for him to put him on board the ship.

He told the steward to see that the lieutenant had a decent burial and made a mental note to put the deceased's name down on the dead list as soon as he boarded the gunboat.

All these persons were young. Ferguson was an assistant surgeon, holding only the grade of first lieutenant. White was but an ensign, graduated a few days before the breaking out of the war at the Naval academy. Berkeley, who was reported dead, was but twenty-three years old and the hospital steward not much his senior. To the youth of the persons concerned is due the want of care in the matter that has been mentioned.

Youngsters are not to be trusted as older officers, who would not have been likely to hurry away from the duties committed to their care, leaving one sick man roaming no one knew where and another to be buried without making sure as to who he was.

From the time that Surgeon Ferguson entered the name of Lieutenant Berkeley on his death roll he thought no more of him. He worried about Sergeant Moore, whose disappearance the hospital steward had reported, fearing that, since the man had been in his charge, something might turn up to bring out his failure to remain in Cuba and discover what had become of him. But as for Berkeley, he was safe underground and could not in anyway stir up the army regulations against the doctor.

Five years after the Spanish-American war a party of young persons was making merry together at Fort Mon-

roe. One of the young ladies, Miss Julia Hulet, was receiving some attention from a young officer, Captain John Foster, who had been promoted from the ranks, or, rather, Captain Foster, was offering his attentions, which Miss Hulet was chary of accepting.

Since it was near the hour for dress parade, one of the party proposed that they go into the fort and see the ceremony. As they moved along a gentleman joined Miss Hulet, who seemed very much pleased to meet him. She introduced him to her friends as Mr. Berkeley.

On hearing the name Captain Foster looked fixedly upon Berkeley as though trying to recall some memory concerning him. From the moment of the latter's arrival he devoted himself to Miss Hulet, who received his attentions graciously, evidently to the annoyance of Captain Foster. The Spanish-American war was mentioned, and Berkeley spoke of having participated in the affair.

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Berkeley," Foster spoke up; "with what corps did you serve in Cuba?"

"The 4th New Jersey infantry."

"There was a Lieutenant Berkeley of that regiment, but he died in Cuba."

"I was the only Lieutenant Berkeley in the regiment," replied the other, "and I did not die in Cuba." The words were spoken sharply since Foster had implied that Berkeley was passing under false colors.

"I'm sorry to differ from you as to Lieutenant Berkeley's death," said Foster insultingly. "I know for a fact that Lieutenant Berkeley of the 4th New Jersey died in Cuba. The reason I know it is that I came home with the last departures from Santiago, and Surgeon Ferguson, who was with us, spoke of Berkeley's death, regretting that he was unable to remain in Cuba to attend to the officer's burial."

"I will call upon you tomorrow," replied the man who claimed to be Berkeley, "and will convince you that Mr. Berkeley is alive and very much in evidence."

This ended any further reference to the matter at the time, but there was not a person in the party who did not think about it intensely. Miss Hulet was the one principally affected by it, and during the time the party were witnessing the parade she showed by her manner that she took sides with Mr. Berkeley, being especially gracious to him and cool to Captain Foster.

After the parade was finished and the party were walking toward the hotels Berkeley stopped to speak to an officer whom he had met in Cuba.

"Who is this Captain Foster?" asked Berkeley.

"He was a hospital steward during the war. After it was over, through influence at Washington, he received an appointment as lieutenant in the regular army. He has recently been promoted to be captain."

That was enough for Berkeley. The same evening when a party were gathered in the principal hotel, Foster and Berkeley being present, Berkeley said:

"Captain Foster, do you remember going into a ward in a hospital in Santiago where two men were supposed to be suffering with fever?"

Foster started, but made no reply.

"I had been in that ward at the point of death, but in the gray of the morning the fever left me, and I craved water. I got up to go for it. Where I went I don't know, but a few days

later I found myself in a Cuban hut, not knowing how I got there. I learned long afterward that a hospital steward had reported me dead and that the other man, a sergeant in a cot beside me, had been buried under my name.

"After my return to the north it became necessary to prove my identity, which I did to the satisfaction of a court. But I believe that to the present day I am on the rolls of the dead of the army at Santiago."

While Mr. Berkeley was making this statement Miss Hulet kept her eyes fixed on Captain Foster. When Berkeley finished Foster stammered something about an "unlikely story," then turned and began to talk incoherently with one of the young ladies of the party. Miss Hulet, with a look of contempt at him, walked away with Berkeley.

Thus ended an episode due to the hurry of two officers to get away from a beleaguered land, one of whom was eager to meet his fiancée and the other to avoid being left behind. The third man—the hospital steward—was doubtless too lazy to make certain as to the identity of a dead man.

Nevertheless the saying "murder will out" is true in less important matters. The story that has been given here was repeated in the army, and Foster was finally called to account for a delinquency of several years before. Surgeon Ferguson was involved, and both officers after an investigation were reprimanded.

Work on the reservoir and pumping station at Gladstone will be started in a few days and the plant will be in operation by July 1.

The contract for the erection of the pumping station has been awarded to Catto & Nelson, of Gladstone. The contract for building the reservoir and laying the pipes has been let to the John Contracting Company, of Portland. There will be more than three miles of piping, the main pipes to be laid along Allington, Dartmouth and Hereford Streets.

The water will be pumped from a well on the Clackamas river into a reservoir, near Chautauqua Park, to have a capacity of 300,000 gallons. The pump house will be constructed of reinforced concrete and will be 14x23 feet. The well, which will be of brick with concrete facing, will also be constructed for within a few days. It will be arranged so that the water will be allowed to pass through gravel for filtration.

Superintendent of City Schools Toozee will address a parent-teachers meeting at Needy Saturday. His subject will be "Educational Values," and his address will deal with common-sense work. Mr. Toozee recently addressed a parent-teachers meeting at Needy on "Educational Ethics" and he made such a fine impression that he was urged to deliver another address there in the near future. He will devote his address to reciting the practical phases of educational work.

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PROFESSOR TOOZE TO SPEAK AT NEEDY

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STOP! LOOK! Listen?

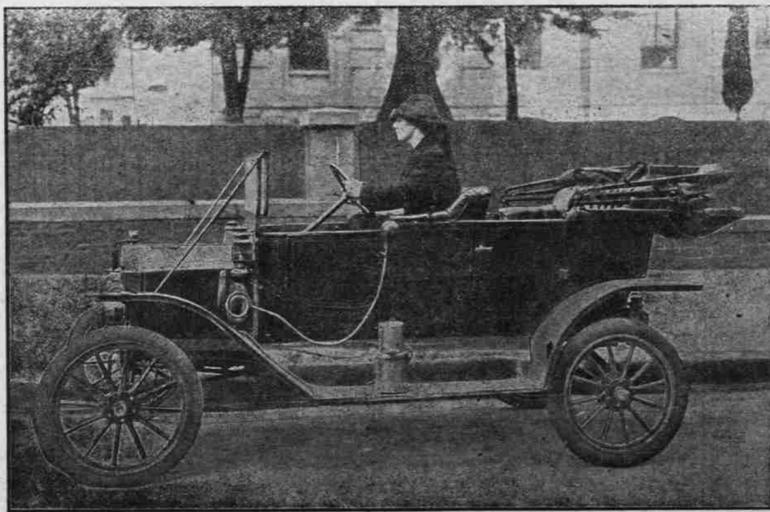
Working for the other fellow and Get Busy for Yourself

What can be won with a little work a fine prize every 10 days BESIDES THE AUTO

To what people are saying and you will see how popular you are THEN GET IN AND WIN



Yours for the asking



Don't it look good to you

To stimulate interest in the voting and give each one a chance to profit by their work we will give a prize every ten days. These prizes will not affect the final count in any way as all votes will count on

THE GRAND AUTOMOBILE

These prizes will be given to the one that hands in the largest number of votes very ten days.

\$100 In Gold

We will give \$100 to the contestant who makes the second best showing. If you don't think you can win the car get in and win the \$100. Just think; \$100 for a few week's work in the evening or before work.