

**Ribbon Cookies.**  
Mix five, after your favorite recipe a batch of white cookies flavored with lemon. In another dish mix a batch of chocolate cookies, flavoring with vanilla. Roll out chocolate cookies quite thin, then roll out white ones, same as chocolate. Place one on top of the other and roll as jelly roll. Take a sharp knife and cut slices from the roll, turn them over and lay them in baking pan. When cookie they are a delight to the eye as well as the palate.

Make molasses cookies, cutting them in strips with sharp knife, about the length and width of lady fingers. When baked and while warm spread with good jelly and press two together, making a dainty cookie sandwich.

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**The Red Shawl.**  
There lives in Atchison a woman who has been happily married 40 years and who has raised five children. Recently she was out walking when she caught sight of a peculiarly bright red shawl. The men will sniff at what happened next: The woman felt a twinge at her heart; the shawl had reminded her of a girl who had stolen her first lover. The girl always wore red of that shade. Then the old woman went home, took out her false teeth that she might not swallow them in her grief, and gave herself up to sad memories. We will bet no woman will sniff. An incident like this appeals to the women.—Atchison Globe.

**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

**Red, Weak, Watery Eyes.**  
Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. See at Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

**Peaches in Turkish Mode.**  
Peaches cooked in Turkish fashion are served with boiled rice. Peel the peaches by plunging them in boiling water, then remove the stone through slit in one side, without injuring the shape of the peach. Fill hollows with seeded raisins and arrange in baking dish; sprinkle liberally with sugar and set in hot oven 20 minutes. Have ready a dish lined with boiled rice. Spread over it peaches, and serve with dressing made of coconut milk thickened with cornstarch and sweetened with granulated sugar.

**The Artless Query.**  
"Yes," said the poultry fancier, "these chickens are too expensive to eat."  
"Indeed!" rejoined the young lady from the city. "Then why are you feeding them?"

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# Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON  
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**CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)**  
He was a little fellow and he was angry; but was a gentleman, too, and seeing that Rodney Merriam was really surprised, he relented 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 gruff 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 ampiest possible explanation."

"This is wholly unnecessary," exclaimed Pollock, rising. "This is wholly uncalled for, 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 nieces 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 used constantly. At the college to which he referred in terms of rallery 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 the real bloom of learning. Leighton was not at all glad to see Balcomb on night. His friend's eternal freshness palled upon him. But it did not occur to Balcomb that Leighton might not be delighted to have him for a traveling companion. He thought his conversation was shortening the distance for Leighton. Balcomb had been making social history fact. He had, in his own phrase, "buted 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, abruptly, as the car skimmed through a strip of woodland, "just between old college friends, what's your game, anyhow? Which is it?"

"Which is what?" demanded Leighton, who had been enjoying a moment with his own thoughts, while Balcomb stared out upon the darkling landscape.

"Which girl, I mean? There are two out here."

Leighton took off his hat and laughed.

"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 dumpling, all right. But say, the little cousin's a gem of purest ray serene. She ain't so stand-offish, some way, as her cousin; she jollies easier."

"I think I've noticed that"—and the irony this time was meant for himself.

"They say olives are a cultivated taste," persisted Balcomb; "but lawsy, I knew right away that girl was a good thing. And to think that she has to 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 our stop."

The two men jumped out into the highway and started for the Dameron farm.

"I think a man ought to marry early," Balcomb announced, as they tramped along the road. "There's nothing like a woman and a home to put snap into a man," he continued, noisily. "A man fools away a whole lot of money in his bachelor days. Doing social stunts is expensive. Have you any idea what my carriage bill was last March? Eighty-four dollars! I honestly believe it would pay me to own a hack. But, I say, the man who will drag a girl to the theater in a street car is fit for treason, stratagems and the stone pile. It ain't enough to put 'em on four wheels when it's snowing; no, I make a specialty of hacks under the starry hosts of heaven, and eke the pale and haughty moon. There's no better way than that to get solid with a girl. There are some that put their faith in bonbons and a new novel now and then; but there isn't a girl in Marjona to-night that wouldn't rather go to see a good show in comfort than do anything else under the sun. I say, about hacks, don't give it away, but I've just got a transfer company pass—Wilson, the president, and I are pretty thick, and I do a little quiet work for the company occasionally. I helped 'em beat the vehicle tax before the Council last winter, and I have an annual now that gives me power of life and death over all the company's rolling stock night and day. And you bet I won't use it or anything!"

Leighton's silence did not disturb Balcomb; he talked for the joy it gave him. They reached the Dameron gate and followed the winding path toward the veranda.

"Aho, O bower of beauty!" Balcomb called cheerily when they were within hailing distance of the veranda. "Friends draw near bringing tidings."

On the veranda, as Balcomb's voice smote upon the air, two girls fell on

each other's necks in mock ecstasy of grief.

"They're there, all right," announced Balcomb.

"If you yell at them again, they'll undoubtedly bolt," said Leighton, whose thoughts since they had left the car had been far away from Balcomb's babble.

"If you're not afraid of the June-bugs, we'll stay here," said Zelda, when she and Olive had shaken hands with the men.

"There's nothing better; it's the center of the universe right here," Balcomb declared. "I brought some poison for the June-bugs with me. I will place it on yonder rail, lest we forget, lest we forget."

This was Balcomb's happy idea of minimizing the value of his gift. He was relieved to find that Pollock was not there, and as it was past the usual calling hour in the latitude and longitude of Marjona, the army officer was not likely to appear. Ever since the unpleasant incident on the stairway at the Athenaeum building, Balcomb had been in the ungrateful attitude of dodging Captain Pollock, though he had said, during Pollock's absence from town, exceedingly cruel things about the officer.

Mr. Dameron came out and shook hands with the young men, addressing a few words to each. Balcomb had called upon him repeatedly in reference to the purchase of the tract of land on the creek, but without encouragement. Dameron had just been wondering how he could communicate with the promoter without seeking him directly, and this call gave him an opportunity.

"By the way, Mr. Balcomb," said the old man, pleasantly, "some time when you are passing, I'd be glad if you'd call at my office. There's a matter of mutual interest that I'd like to speak to you about. A beautiful night, gentlemen. Very much cooler here than in the city, as you may have noticed." And he went down the steps and out upon the highway for his usual evening walk.

"A remarkable man, your father, Miss Dameron. He's quite the ideal business man of the old school," said Balcomb. "We youngsters are quicker on the trigger, but our aim isn't so sure. No, siree; your father is an ideal business man."

He had spoken impressively. He would, in his own language, "make himself solid" when he had a chance. Leighton was talking to Olive, and Balcomb set about entertaining Zelda. He ran on monotonously. He was anxious to make an impression at once without relinquishing the floor.

"I suppose you and Miss Merriam do a lot of reading out here. What are the books one ought to talk about?"

"We don't read much—except the cook-books," replied Zelda.

"Ha! ha! That is rich—from the great Miss Dameron, too. I like that! I suppose as a matter of fact you really spend your morning with the classics."

"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 sure here is all new. It's delightfully exciting."

"Wouldn't that jar one? I say, I want to speak right now for an autograph copy of the first edition of that book."

"Olive will be delighted," said Zelda. "It's designed, you know, for the very young."

"There it goes again. Everybody has it in for me! Oh, well! My time will come!"

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," said 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 Mr. Balcomb's seat there by the railing, if you like," said Zelda to Pollock.

"You do me too much honor," said the officer, as he shook hands with Leighton.

"Oh, I don't know!" and Olive's imitation of Balcomb's intonation was so true to life that they all laughed.

"I don't see why any one should laugh," said Zelda.

"I'm sure I don't," declared Pollock. He put back his arm against the railing, knocking down the box of candy that Balcomb had left behind him.

"Ah, I beg everybody's pardon!"

"Mr. Balcomb's feelings might be hurt if he came back," suggested Zelda.

"He won't come back; I'll wager another box he won't," replied the officer, blandly, as he fumbled with the string. "Miss Dameron, permit me—I'm sure they're delicious. Chocolates, I fancy, from the bonquet—and, Miss Merriam, you will not decline. Mr. Leighton, 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 parting 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 subterfuge. 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 seemed to have difficulty in finding it, although it was a white

thing that one could not miss in 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 abroad."

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 unfailing 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 Michael 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.

"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 great deal to me."

"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, gravely.

"I never did. But I heard you sing it once, and it has haunted me."

"Is that the one?" she asked. "Yes; it is about dreams."

"That is the one I meant. It is the most wonderful thing in the world! Yes, it's only about dreams—a dream; but it's the sweetest dream in the world, it means—"

"A dream!" and she laughed, but it was a mirthless little laugh.

He paused and looked out over the moonlit cornfield; his heart was beating fast. She felt for a moment that she must turn and fly from him; but he started forward again and she followed.

"It is more than a dream. I am building upon it as though it were a veritable rock."

"A dream—to build the real upon? The architects of fate don't like that plan, do they?"

"But we must hold to our dreams," he said, soberly.

"I suppose we must, even though they are things of air that only lead us astray. I didn't think you were sentimental. I'm afraid I can't sympathize exactly, for sentiment was left out of me 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 person, and yet I have my dreams—my dream!"

Olive and Pollock were stinging again. They were far in advance and their voices stole softly upon the night. Zelda stopped to listen. Her heart was in a tumult of happiness and wonder. The splendor of the moonlight upon the fields about them, the gloomy shadow of the woodland beyond, the man beside her hesitating, yet ready to tell her of his love. There stole across her spirit the tremulous awe of a girl to whom love has come for the first time as it can never come again. Leighton drew close to her.

"Zelda," he said, "Zelda!"

"No, Oh, no! You must not!" she cried.

"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; I can not lose it—I must not."

"You have talked of dreams and love," she said, hurriedly, 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 waited, idly and trying their voices, and chaffing each other over their failure to carry a tune.

(To be continued.)

**Characteristic National Meal.**  
It is not only in Scotland that breakfast is the characteristic national meal. Travel where you may, the first meal of the day is the one that strikes the foreign note, luncheon and dinner having gradually absorbed cosmopolitan qualities that are not even confined to hotels. But you never feel so much of an Englishman, says a London paper, as when Switzerland gives you rolls and butter and honey, and nothing more, with your coffee; or when France makes this into one exquisite crumbling "croissant" with an inch or two from a yard-long loaf, or when Denmark adds cream instead of milk to the coffee and a dangerous piece of pastry to the black bread and round white roll. Yet the English breakfast became an institution only in the eighteenth century. Before that only royalty breakfasted off meat, bread and cheese and ale. The commoner, such as Pepys, took merely a morning draught of buttered ale.

**Touchy.**  
"This paper says," observed the long, lanky passenger, "that Senator Blank is a wise, conservative statesman, who never slops over." "Slops over"—where the dickens have I read that phrase before?"

"Not in Dickens, I am sure," said the passenger with the monocle and the mutton chop whiskers. "It probably emanated, sir, from some blawsted Yankee vulgarian."

**Housekeepers' Hands.**  
If the hands are thoroughly greased with vaseline before using dyes it will prevent the stain penetrating deeply into the skin.

After washing clothes the hands are generally disagreeably rough. If a little olive oil is rubbed well into the skin and left for ten minutes, then rubbed with a cut lemon and well washed with hot water and soap, the hands will become smooth and white again.

**MACAROON DESSERT**  
DELICIOUS LITTLE CAKE IS USED IN VARIOUS WAYS.  
Pounded Crumbs Most Delightful Addition to Many French Desserts—Delicious Recipe for Pudding—Numerous Other Ways Given.

A macaroon, plain and unadorned, is such a delicious little cake that many housewives will consider it useless labor to elaborate it further. Nevertheless, it serves as a foundation for or an addition to many dishes which seem particularly appropriate for summer dinners.

In the hands of the up-to-date confectioner the macaroon has been dressed up beyond recognition. Some of these little cakes are flavored with chocolate and almond and decorated on top with citron. Others are flavored with almonds only and filled with a combination of candied fruits. Still others have pink and white bonbons embedded in them or are decorated on top with a crown of yellow and white frosting, often in fancy shape. Sometimes, too, macaroons are pressed together, with fancy colored icings between them.

Pounded macaroon crumbs are a most delightful addition to a great many French desserts, either sprinkled over the top or used as a thickening instead of bread-crumbs. With their crisp, almond flavor they are a distinct addition to a dessert. Bavarian creams, ice cold custard and many ice cream dishes may be improved by a sprinkling of pounded macaroons, while the popular ice cream croquette is made by rolling croquette shaped moulds of ice cream in powdered macaroon crumbs until they are thoroughly coated and are exact reproduction of real croquettes.

Here is a delicious macaroon dessert: Whip half a cupful of cream till stiff and sweeten with three level teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar. Flavor with a little vanilla and stir in six macaroons that have been broken into small pieces—not powdered. This will serve three persons. Pile it into three sherbet glasses and decorate each with three or four candied cherries.

For another macaroon dessert take half a dozen macaroons in just barely enough cold milk to cover them. Prepare a pint of corn starch custard in a double boiler and add the soaked macaroons to it. Stir it well to insure smoothness and remove from the fire. Sprinkle the bottom of a pretty dish with half a cupful of sugar. Pour the custard pudding into it and sprinkle another scant half cupful of sugar over the dessert. Peel three large ripe and finely flavored peaches and slice them, over all while the pudding is still hot. Other summer fruits may be used, but the peaches seem to be the best. Properly made this is a delicious and refreshing sweet. It should be thoroughly chilled in the refrigerator before serving.

**FOR THE VEGETARIAN.**  
Desert.—A pretty desert for a vegetarian dinner may be made in the following manner: Cook rice in water without stirring and form it in circles on fruit plate. Fill in the center with fresh strawberries and pour over all a ladleful of pineapple juice which has been sweetened. Serve very cold.

Diced Beets.—To three-fourths cupful of cooked diced beets take one-fourth cupful of bread crumbs. Place these in alternate layers in a baking dish, arranging the crumbs on top. Then pour over them one-half cupful of hot milk, to which has been added one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Bake 20 or 30 minutes.

**Vegetarian Pie.**—Take any one of the flaked, ready cooked breakfast foods and mix with about half the quantity of rich cream to form a moist paste. With this line a well greased pie plate, molding it around the edges as you would pie crust. Pour in a filling of custard, coconut, cream, lemon, or apple, and bake as an ordinary pie. While the filling is cooking the cereal will bake out dry and crisp, becoming firm enough to hold the pie when cut. The indigestible qualities of an ordinary pie crust are missing and a delicious light pastry is the result. A meringue should be placed on top instead of a crust.

**Make Your Mirror Bright.**  
To clean looking glasses take off the dust, then dip a sponge or clean cloth into hot water, wring it dry and dip it into some spirits of wine and rub well over the glass. Now dust the glass with some powdered blue or whiting crushed fine and sifted through muslin, wipe the powder quickly off again, rub the glass once more and then polish with a bit of silk or chamols leather. This method takes very little longer than when the glass is cleaned in the every day way, and keeps clean much longer and looks infinitely nicer.

**Washing Crepe de Chine.**  
Washing crepe de chine is so very difficult that to wash a frock of crepe de chine is a triumph. It is so delicate that it is washed with soap and 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, 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.

**Sweet Omelets.**  
Sweet omelets are varieties of plain omelet in which sugar is used instead of salt and pepper and in which fillings and garnishings consist of sweets, equally appropriate for any meal and a grand resource as emergency desserts. With a simple omelet as the basis any material amount may be used, so its possibilities are practically without limit.

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