

Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Merriam tapped his riding boot with the whip he had kept in his hand. "Yes; the war's over," he said, "our way. There's been another since, but it's preposterous to call that Spanish dress-parade and target practice war." The two men went out together, and Major Conyevie twitted Merriam about the thoroughbred's pedigree. "I'll see you again before you go. Luncheon to-morrow at the Tippecanoe Club? That is well. Good-morning!"

As Merriam rode out toward the street, Captain Pollock came from one of the storehouses and walked briskly across the grounds in the direction of the office. A curve in the path brought him face to face with Rodney Merriam, who saluted him with his right hand. "Good-morning, Mr. Merriam!" and the young officer lifted his hat.

Captain Pollock's eyes followed the houseman to the gate. "I don't know who you are, Mr. Merriam, or what you do," he reflected, "but the sight of that horse makes me homesick."

"He's a nice little fellow," Merriam was saying to himself, as he passed the gate and turned toward the city. "He's a nice little fellow; and so was his father!"

As the thoroughbred bore him rapidly back to town, Rodney Merriam several times repeated to himself abstractedly: "He's a nice little fellow!"

CHAPTER VII.

It is no longer so very laudable for a young man to pay his way through college; and Morris Leighton had done this easily and without caring to be praised or martyred for doing so. He had enjoyed his college days; he had been popular with town and gown; and he had managed to get his share of undergraduate fun while leading his classes. He had helped in the college library; he had twisted the iron letter-press on the president's correspondence late into the night; he had copied briefs for a lawyer after hours; but he had pitched for the nine and hustled for his "frat," and he had led class rushes with ardor and success.

He had now been for several years in the office of Knight, Kittredge & Carr at Mariona, only an hour's ride from Tippecanoe; and he still kept in touch with the college. Michael Carr fully appreciated a young man who took the law seriously and who could sit down in a court room on call mornings, when need be, and turn off a demurrer without paraphrasing it from a text-book.

Mrs. Carr, too, found Morris Leighton useful, and she liked him, because he always responded unquestioningly to any summons to fill up a blank at her table. Young men were at a premium in Mariona, as in most other places, and it was something to have one of the species, of an accommodating turn, and very presentable, within telephone range. It was through Mrs. Carr that Leighton came to be well known in Mariona; she told her friends to ask him to call, and there were now many homes besides hers that he visited.

An errand to a law firm in one of the fashionable new buildings that had lately raised the Mariona sky-line led him one afternoon past the office of his college classmate, Jack Balcomb. "J. Arthur Balcomb" was the inscription on the door. Leighton had seen little of Balcomb for a year or more, and his friend's name on the ground-glass door arrested his eye.

Two girls were busily employed at typewriters in the anteroom, and one of them extended a blank card to Morris and asked him for his name. The girl disappeared into the inner room and came back instantly followed by Balcomb, who seized Morris's hand, dragged him in and closed the door.

"Well, old man!" Balcomb shouted. "I'm glad to see you. It's downright pleasant to have a fellow come in occasionally and feel no temptation to take his watch."

Morris cast his eyes over the room, which was handsomely furnished. There was a good rug on the floor and the desk and table were of heavy oak; an engraving of Thomas Jefferson hung over Balcomb's desk, and on the opposite side of the room was a table covered with financial reference books.

"What is your game just now, Jack? If it isn't impertinent? It's hard to keep track of you. I remember very well that you started in to learn the wholesale drug business," said Morris.

"Oh, tush! Don't refer to that, as thou lovest me! That is one of the darkest pages of my life. Those people down there in South High street thought I was a Jay; and they sent me out to help the shipping clerk. Wouldn't that jar you! Overalls—and a hand truck. I couldn't get out of that fast enough. Then, you know, I went to Chicago and spent a year in a broker's office, and I guess I learned a few up there. Oh, rather! They sent me into the country to sell mining stock and I made a record. They kept the printing presses going overtime to keep me supplied. Say, they got afraid of me; I was too good!"

"What's your line now? Real estate, mortgages, lending money to the door? How do you classify yourself?"

"You do me a cruel wrong, Morris, a cruel wrong. You read my sign on the outer wall? Well, that's a bluff. There's nothing in real estate. And the loan business has all gone to the bad—people are too rich; farmers are rolling in real money and have it to lend. There was nothing for little Willie in petty brokerage. I'm scheming—promoting—and I take my slice off of everything that passes."

"That certainly sounds well. You've learned fast. You had an ambition to be a poet when you were in college. I think I still have a few pounds of your verses in my traps somewhere."

"And then, you remember," Balcomb went on, in enjoyment of his own reminiscences, "I wooed the law for a

while. But I guess what I learned wouldn't have embarrassed Chancellor Kent. I really had a client once. I didn't see a chance of getting one any other way, so I hired him. He was a con. I employed him for two dollars to go to the Grand Opera House and buy a seat in the orchestra when Sir Henry Irving was giving 'The Merchant of Venice.' He went to sleep and snored and they threw him out with rude, insolent, and angry hands after the second act; and I brought suit against the management for damages, basing my claim on the idea that they had spurned my dusky brother on account of his race, color and previous condition of servitude. The last clause was a joke. He had never done any work in his life, except for the State. My client got loaded on gin about the time the case came up on demurrer and gave the snap away, and I dropped out of the practice to avoid being disbarred. So here I am; and I'm glad I shook the law. I'd got tired of eating coffee and rolls at the Berlin bakery three times a day.

One of the typewriter operators entered with a brisk air of business and handed a telegram to Balcomb, who tore it open nonchalantly. As he read it, he tossed the crumpled envelope over his shoulder in an absentminded way. Then, to the girl, who waited with note-book and pencil in hand, "Never mind; don't wait. I'll dictate the answer later. How did it work?" he asked, turning to Leighton, who had been looking over the books on the table.

"How did what work?"

"The fake. It was a fake telegram. That girl's trained to bring in a message every time I have a caller. If the caller stays thirty minutes, it's two messages—in other words, I'm on a fifteen-minute schedule. I tip a boy in the telegraph office to keep me supplied with blanks. It's a great scheme. There's nothing like a telegram to create the impression that your office is a seething caldron of business."

"You have passed the poetry stage, beyond a doubt. But I should think the strain of keeping all this going would be wearing on your sensitive poetical nature. And it must cost something."

"It does, but Carr keeps a whole corps of rascals to spread apple-butter on the Legislature corn-bread."

"You'd better speak to him about it. He'd probably tell Mrs. Carr to ask you to dinner right away."

"Oh, that will come in time. I don't expect to do everything at once. You may see me up there some time; and when you do, don't shy off like a colt at the choo-choo. By the way, I'd like to be one of the bright particular stars of the Dramatic Club if you can fix it. You remember that amateur theatricals are rather in my line."

He looked at his watch and gave the stem-key a few turns before returning it to his pocket.

"You'll have to excuse me, old man. I've got a date with Adams. He's a right decent chap when you know how to handle him. I want to get them to finance a big apartment house scheme. I've got an idea for a flat that will make the town sit up and gasp."

"Don't linger on my account, Jack. I only stopped in to see whether you kept your good spirits. I feel as though I'd had a shower bath. Come along."

Several men were waiting to see Balcomb in the outer office and he shook hands with all of them and begged them to come again, taking care to mention that he had been called to the Central States Trust Company and had to hurry away.

He called peremptorily to the passing elevator-car to wait, and as he and Leighton squeezed into it, he continued his half of an imaginary conversation in a tone that was audible to every passenger.

"I could have had those bonds, if I had wanted them; but I knew there was a cloud on them—the county was already over its legal limit. I guess those St. Louis fellows will be sorry they were so enterprising—here we are!"

And then in a lower tone to Leighton: "That was for old man Dameron's benefit. Did you see him jammed back in the corner of the car? Queer old party and as tight as a drum. When I can work off some assessable and non-interest bearing bonds on him, it'll be easy to sell Uncle Sam's Treasury a gold brick. They say the old man has a daughter who is finer than gold; yea, than much fine gold. I'm going to look her up, if I ever get time. You'd better come over soon and pick out an office. So long!"

Leighton walked back to his office in good humor and better contented with his own lot.

CHAPTER VII.

"Well, I butted in all right," said Balcomb, cheerfully. "I suppose you're saying to yourself that it's another case of the unfeeling Balcomb cheek."

"You're a peach, Jack, and no mistake, as I've said before. I wish I had your nerve."

"But say, they just had to have me in this show! It proves how every little thing helps us we toil onward and upward. You know I was tenor on the glee club at college, and you'll remember that when we came over to town and gave that concert for the benefit of the athletic fund I was a winner, all right. Well, I'm going to throw my whole soul into this thing."

"You'll leave an aching void if you do."

"Thanks, kindly. As I was saying, I'm going to do myself and Mrs. Carr proud. She's one of the grandest women we ever had in this State. Mrs. Carr knows that all this woman's suffrage business is so much Thomas Rot. She works her sisters just for fun, and they never catch on a little bit. She just has to be president of things, and she's an ornament in the community."

Leighton thanked his stars that Mrs.

BATHING TROUBLES IN JAPAN

Unconventional Bathroom Arrangements in Country Towns.

The bath in Japanese inns was often something of a difficulty, says a writer in the Worldwide. Once we were invited to bathe in the kitchen, where the steaming bathtub stood amidst a little group of men, who had gathered in the room in the evening to gossip and smoke. Often the bathed had no door, and when it had it was not infrequently a glass one. Much as the country folk of Japan stare at foreigners, they do not, however, take advantage of these defenseless bath-rooms, so that the anticipation was always worse than the event.

Often at the busier inns, two people have to bathe together. I have often been invited to share the bathroom with a Japanese lady guest. To avoid this awkward necessity, Z—and I usually went to the bathroom together, and it was on these occasions that our little dog proved himself so useful. It is impossible to take anything but a cotton ukata to a Japanese bath-room, as there is scarcely ever a dressing room attached to the bath-rooms of the country inns, and the room itself is wet everywhere and contains neither peg nor shelf—in fact, all Japanese guests divest themselves of their garments outside the door. So we generally tied our moneybag round the dog's neck. He was a most ferocious little watchdog and never allowed anyone to enter our room in our absence without a noisy protest. Had we left him loose he would not have permitted anyone to enter without getting bitten.

Pictures and Prints.

"I see you have sent for a lot of seed advertisements."

"Yes," answered Mr. Crosslots, "I always read a lot of catalogues."

"You are fond of gardening?"

"That isn't gardening. That's art and literature."—Washington Star.

The turkey's real name was oocoo-coo, by which it was known to the Cherokee Indians, and so called from its call.

GIRLS PENNED IN CAR

TWO TOTS PRISONERS, HUNGRY AND THIRSTY 72 HOURS.

Ride From Buffalo to Hoboken Where Searching Railroad Officials Find Them Unconscious—Victims of Boys' Prank.

New York.—Two small girls who were penned in a pitch dark refrigerator car by boys whose sense of humor was abnormal were found lying in the car when it reached Hoboken from Buffalo.

They were not able to walk. It was some time before they could speak. They had been seventy-two hours without food or drink or sufficient air. That they were alive at all was a thing to wonder at.

Mary Mori is 10 and Nelsie De Forko is 8. Both girls live at 21 Indiana street, Buffalo. The two girls used every day to run around the Lackawanna freight yards in Buffalo.

Boys of their age and older hung around the freight yard. One morning a couple of these boys shouted out to the girls: "Hey! There's bananas in that car. Want some bananas? Back in that car you'll find some. G'wan, in."

It was an empty refrigerator car to which the boys pointed. The two girls clambered into it and began poking over the floor. They heard the heavy door bang to and found themselves in blackness. They rushed for the door and pounded on it. They could hear the boys outside laughing in derision.

The boys made no attempt to open the car door and the girls got frightened. They screamed a little and kicked with their bare feet. Pretty soon they heard the voices of the boys and knew they were to try to open the door. The door never budged. A little longer the two girls kicked and beat upon the door. Then Mary Mori heard Nelsie fall upon the floor of the car and begin to sob.

They heard an engine puffing louder every second. Bang; Mary was bumped to the floor. There was an interval of several minutes. Then the engine chugged, the car gave a jerk, and in the darkness they knew themselves to be moving. They were moving rapidly now. Mary coaxed Nelsie up into a corner. They sat there and sobbed as the train sped.

After a long time they felt hollow and hungry. Mary and Nelsie explored the floor of the car. They found nothing at all. The two girls found they were to be without food or water. Besides, it was so hot and stifling they found it a labor to breathe, and moving about was exhausting. They lay perfectly still, therefore, and in time the first faintness of hunger left them.

But it was intolerably hot, and their thirst grew. It was night now. The beam of light was gone. Yet neither girl slept. The roar of the train was loud and steady. Great tears rolled down their cheeks.

During the first night Mary made a perfect discovery, the only relief they hit upon the whole journey. She imparted it at once to Nelsie. You take your thumb and catch the tears on it. Then you sip the tears. They are salt and inadequate, but they cool the mouth. In experimenting with this discovery they passed the rest of the night.

At length the beam of light appeared, red and pleasurable. All that day the two lay on the floor of the car, jolted each minute and turning from side to side. Then night came on. It is possible the girls slept fitfully, though they could not recollect having done so. The second morning found them a little weaker. They no longer spoke to each other in one syllable words. Nelsie tried to repeat a prayer. She repeated "Ave Maria" to herself several times.

Then came night and as the beam of light faded Mary's consciousness faded, too, and Nelsie, who could cry no more, lapsed into quietness.

But when the two girls didn't come home the first night their parents had gone anxiously to the police. Some were found who had seen the children in the freight yard. F. H. C. Schoeffe, chief special agent of the Lackawanna, thereupon telegraphed Chief Beatty of the Lackawanna special police in Hoboken to peer instantly into every empty car reached Hoboken. For two days not an empty car reached Hoboken without being examined in a hurry.

On the third when a string of twenty-five empty cars came rolling in Yardmaster Dutton, who happened to be moving about the yard, pounced on refrigerator car No. 6986 and pried open the door. He jumped inside. There in the corner he found the two barefooted girls black with dirt. Nelsie was unconscious.

It took the doctor two hours to bring both girls to.

RAPID MARKET FOR POULTRY

Quicker Bird Can Be Brought to Marketable Size, Greater Profit and Fewer Losses.

I always push my young stock along as rapidly as possible until marketed, or until brought to maturity, says a writer in the Baltimore American. This it pays to do, even when I must buy feed and at a high price. The quicker a bird can be brought to marketable size or to the productive stage the greater the profit, to say nothing of quicker returns and shortened risk. Rapid growth is always cheapest and quick returns most satisfactory. There are always fewer losses in a flock kept growing vigorously than in one allowed to drag, and a shorter period in which chicks are a possible prey to hawks, rats and other enemies.

My young stock is never stinted. After it is removed from the brooder I continue to feed regularly and as generously as before. Feed for a considerable time consists largely of coarsely ground grains or fresh, sweet milk. For this I like corn and wheat principally at first. Later I add other grains, often omitting the wheat or feeding it whole by itself. Rye, although chicks will not eat it whole, is excellent cracked with other grains. Barley, also peas in small quantities, is good. As chicks become larger whole grains are gradually substituted for cracked. Rye, if fed whole, is cooked. In this shape chicks are greedy for it, and it furnishes excellent food. All summer I like to feed a little soft food now and then, either ground feed, shorts or bran, wet with milk or warm water. Grit I keep constantly before my flock, also pure water.

GREAT VALUE OF DAIRY SIRE

Important That Calf Should Have Good Percentage on Both Sides—Pure Breed Are Costly.

(By R. B. Roe.)

Raising the heifer calves of good, high-producing cows, is a great fundamental requisite for the best and easiest improvement of a dairy herd.

But those calves will take their qualities from both parents, and it is equally important that each calf should have good percentage on the male side. But an inspection of many dairy herds will show that comparatively little attention is paid to the quality of the sire.

I have too often seen herds in which the heifer calves were raised for future cows, but in which the bulls used were miserable little scrubs, and weaklings, obtained by simply saving a grade calf from the herd.

And of many other sires, fairly good as individuals, nothing is known of the actual milk production of their female ancestors.

There are as I view it two principal reasons for this. One is that under the custom of selling the calves for veal it does not make much difference about their breeding. But as this custom must be changed by successful dairymen and the best heifer calves raised for cows, it becomes necessary to provide good sires.

But another great reason is that the pure-bred sire costs more money. Underlying both these is the fundamental reason that many dairymen do not yet realize the wonderful improvement that can be wrought by a good head of the herd.

Good Fly Remedy.

The following is recommended as a good home-made fly remedy: Resin, 1 1/2 pounds; kerosene, two cakes; fish oil, half pint; enough water to make three gallons. Dissolve the resin in a solution of soap and water by heating, add the fish oil and the rest of the water. Apply with a brush. If to be used as a spray, add a half-pint of kerosene. This mixture will cost seven to eight cents per gallon and may be used on cows or calves. One-half pint of this mixture is considered enough for one application for a cow; a calf, of course, would require considerably less. Two or three applications a week will be sufficient until the outer ends of the hair become coated with resin. After that, retouch those parts where resin has rubbed off.

Making a Garden.

Keep the hoe going in dry weather and you will not need the watering pot often.

The wheel hoe will save many a backache and do the work of three hand hoes.

Plant the rows all one way—north and south—so the sun can strike both sides.

Do not plant short rows, but let them run the whole length of the garden if need be—why not?

Wild strawberries have the most delicious flavor. They are easily transplanted to the garden.

Spray Your Trees.

Spray your trees, fruit or no fruit. It will take grit, grace and greenbacks to spray a fruit tree without the fruit in sight. It's the next crop or crops that should interest you now. Be hopeful, be faithful, be timely, if you wish to be a successful orchardist.

The apple crop will be a short one in 1910 and not so evenly distributed as in 1909. Look for optimistic reports from the fellows who have axes to grind.

Rape for Lambs.

A good growth of rape is fine for the lambs, but some say when it is sowed in the corn it does more injury to the corn crop than it has value. How about it?

DOG BITES OFF BOY'S TONGUE.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Feeding his pet dog in a novel way, allowing the animal to take bits of food from his mouth, Francis Zoraskie, six years old, of 438 Wharton street, lost the tip of his tongue. The dog clipped off a bite in taking the food. The boy was taken to Mt. Sinai hospital, but is not seriously hurt.

Pussy's Rival.

Figgs—it's singular how those old writers live on and on. I can understand it in Plutarch, especially.

Foggs—Why Plutarch, especially?

Figgs—His lives outnumber those of a cat.

SYMBOLISM DID NOT APPEAL

Belinda Rejects Proposal of Charlie to Be Joined Together Like Hands of Clock.

"Charlie," sorrowfully sighed the young lady in the parlor of the concrete house, on Washington avenue, "it is nearly 12 o'clock."

"Yes, Belinda," was the breathing response of her poetical companion, who was sitting on the sofa beside her, "the minute hand is drawing closer and closer to the hour hand, and when the time of midnight is chimed the two hands will be even as one. Oh, darling Belinda," he continued, as he literally simulated the action of the minute hand, "may not the coming together of those two hands be symbolical of us?"

She broke away and stood firmly on her feet. "No, Charles Henry Smith," she retorted, angrily, "those two hands will remain as one but a single second, and then the minute hand will divorce itself and go on its way alone. No, Mr. Smith, a minute hand that doesn't stick isn't the kind of symbolism I want!"

Red, Weak, Weary, 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.

Japanese is Hardest to Learn.

The Japanese language is claimed to be the hardest of all to learn. Even the Japanese find it hard, and several American army officers have found it impossible to master it. It takes the Japanese child seven years to learn the essential parts of the alphabet, and one must become familiar with 214 signs to learn this simple part of the language alone. The 214 signs serve as the English initial letters in our alphabet. To be able to read any of the higher class of Japanese newspapers one must be the master of from 2,500 to 3,000 ideographs.—Albany Journal.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The First Year.

"Remember, my boy, that the first year of married life is always the hardest."

"That so?"

"Yes, it will take you all that time to give dinner parties to the relatives and friends who believe they ought to be invited to test your wife's cooking."

Effective Methods.

Wunder—Staylor is successful as a collector of bad debts.

Waring—That's because he takes a tent with him and camps out in front of the debtor's door.

A Painful Fact.

It takes a lot of waiting to bob up precisely at the moment a certain girl comes along.

ITCH CAN BE CURED

in a short time by using PLUMMER'S ITCH REMEDY

In 10-cent cans only. Address PLUMMER DRUG COMPANY Third and Madison Portland, Or.

PACIFIC EMPLOYMENT CO.

of Portland, Oregon FURNISHES HELP FREE TO EMPLOYERS

Main Office, 12 North Second St. Main 5670; A 1009 Ladies Dept. 303 1/2 Morrison St. Main 1082; A 2054 Phone or wire orders at our expense.

An Embarrassing Word.

"Then," said the reporter, "I'll say several pretty songs were rendered by Miss Packer."

"Oh, gracious no!" replied the hostess; "you mustn't say 'rendered.' You see, her father made all his money in lard."—Catholic Standard and Times.

IT IS REALLY ABSURD

to think that you can cure your weak stomach and get back your health again by dieting or experimenting with this or that remedy. You need Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and nothing else. For over 57 years it has been making people well and keeping them so and it will do as much for you. Try a bottle today for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Cramps, Diarrhoea and Malaria, Fever and Ague. It never fails.