-Zelda Dameron-

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER X.

day where his office was, he answered evasively that it was in the Dameron This was an old-fashioned office building, with a basement and a short stairway leading to the main cor-It was no longer fashionable, as the better class of lawyers and real estate brokers had sought building of a later type that offered electric lights and elevators. The Dameron Block and real estate men. In the basement below, a justice of the peace sat in book-shop, where the proprietor, a quaint figure with a great mop of iron-gray halr, sold pens and paper and legal blanks to Dogberry Row, as

Zelda strayed into this thoroughfare by chance one winter afternoon shortly before Christmas and was arrested her. She felt no temptation to make by the sight of some old books in the bookseller's window. The venerable side street that led to her father's bookseller came out into the barement area and spoke to her of the books, holding a volume meanwhile, with his forefinger closel upon the page he had been reading. Yes; he kept French books, and she went into the shop and looked over his shelves of foreign books.

"There is very little demand for them," he said. "Some of these are rare. Here is a little volume of Hupoems; very rare. I should be giad if you would take it for a dollarany of these poets for a dollar. But of course I can only offer. It is for you

"I shall take the Hugo," said Zelda. He wrapped it for her carefully, even regretfully, and held the packet for a moment, caressing it with his hands. while she produced a dollar from her purse and took it from him.

"Call again. I have been here for twenty years; Congdon, Dameron

"Yes, Dameron Block," repeated Zel-

The constables and loungers on the sidewalk in front of the justice's court stared at her as she came out and gianced for a moment at the upper windows of the building. A galvanized iron sign at the eaves bore the name "Dameron Block, 1870," in letters that had long since lost the false aspect of

Zelda went into the dim entrance and read the miscellaneous signs that were tacked there. One of them was inscribed "E. Dameron, Room 8"; and passing on she presently came to a frosted-glass door, where the same degend was repeated. It was late in the afternoon; possibly her father would

durned the knob. She entered a dark room on a courtway, evidently used as a place of waiting; there was another room beyond, reached by a door that stood half-open. Her father was engaged; his voice rose head and to her place. The old man from the inner room; and she took a chair by the outer door of the waitingroom. She looked about the place curiously. On a long table lay in great He bowed his head for the silent grace disorder many odds and ends-packages of garden-seed under dust that afforded almost enough earth to sprout them; half a dozen fence pickets tied escaped his sharp eyes. The old china together with a string; and several strata of old newspapers. On the floor in a corner lay a set of harness in a struck him at once. disreputable state of disrepair; and pasted on the walls were yellowed sheets of newspapers containing tables all cunning people he thought he did. of some sort. Zeida did not know what It was beginning to dawn upon him these were, though any of the loafers that Zelda was deeper than he had imon the curbatone could have enlightened her as to their character-they were the official advertisements of the sales self; or, he asked again, was sne not of tax titles. Ezra Dameron always playing some deep role-even laying a talked poor," and complained of the burden of taxes and street improvements; but he had been the chief buy-

er of tax titles in the county. "I'm sure that I've been very lenient. very lenient indeed," Ezra Dameron was saying. "I have, in fact, considered it a family matter, calling for considerate treatment, on the score of my friendship with your husband. If it in the chandelier overhead was lighthad been otherwise, I would have been ed; and was relieved to note that the obliged to take steps-steps toward safeguarding the interests—the interests of my trust, I should say."

"But another extension of two years

wish very much for Olive not to know that her schooling was paid for with borrowed money. She gives me all she earns. Her position is assured, and I am putting aside something every month to apply on the debt. We owe nothing else."

"But two of these notes are already In default, Mrs. Merriam. I have incurred obligations on the strength of them. A woman can't understand the requirements and exactions of busi-

"I am sorry, very sorry, Mr. Dameron. All I ask is this extension. It can't be a large matter to you!"

"I regret more than I can tell you that it is impossible. If it were myself if it were my own money that I advanced you, I could perhaps be less insistent, but as it is, this money belongs to another-in fact, it is part of my daughter's estate. She is perfectly helpless, utterly ignorant of business; it is necessary for me to exercise the greatest care in administering her affairs. It is a sacred trust, Mrs. Merriam, a sacred trust from her dear mother."

"I came to-day," said the woman's voice, apologetically, "hoping that payment could be deferred."

"Yes, to be sure; it's wise to be fore-handed. But the loan must be paid at the maturity of the last note, in May. I must close my wife's estate very I have timed all my loans to that end.

The purring voice stole through the om, where Zelda sat forward to her chair, listening with parted lips and wonder and pain in her eyes. The book in her lap fell to the bare floor, making a sharp clatter that startled her

She gave a little gasp and reached for When Zelda asked her father one it, scarcely stooping, so intent were her eyes on the door of the inner room: and when she had regained it, she ran into the hall and down the steps to the

street. She felt a great yearning for sympathy, for some one to whom she could confess her misery and heartache. It was growing dark, and when she reached her uncle's house, the lights shone brightly in his library. She knew faced the court-house square, and was he was there, and that she could, at a the habitat of divers small attorneys word, make his house her home and shake herself free forever from her father. The was always rebuffing and judgment next door to a musty old thwarting her Uncle Rodney in his efforts to help her. But at the gate she paused with her hand on the catch, and hurried on. She came to Mrs. Forrest's house. There, too, a welcome this quarter of the street was called awaited her; but the thought of the overheated rooms, of the cheerless luxury in which her aunt lived, stiffed any appeal there. She turned into a house and walked slowly homeward.

Without putting aside her wraps she dropped a match into the kindling in the fireplace of the living-room, and waited until the flames leaped into the throat of the chimney. Polly was in the dining-room, showing a new assistant how to lay the table for the evening meal, and she came to the folding doors and viewed Zelda with the interest that the girl always had for her. Polly was Zelda's slave, and she went about half the day muttering and chuckling over what seemed to her Zelda's unaccountable whims.

"Polly," said Zelda, "this is Julius Caesar's birthday-or Napoleon Bonuparte's or the Duke of Argyle's-do you understand?"

The black woman showed all her teeth in appreciation. "And we'll have out the candlesticks -those very high ones; and you may use that gold-banded china and the

real cut glass." Polly departed chuckling and Zelda went to her room. Her father was reading his newspaper by the fireplace when she came in upon his startled gaze an hour later. She had arrayed herself in a white silk evening gown. He had never before seen her dressed so at their family dinner-table. The long skirt added to her height. Her hair was caught up from her forehead stone given to them originally by gray in an exaggeration of the prevailing

> "Good evening, father! I thought I'd dress up to-night just for fun, and to get the crinkles out of my things. Isn't this gown a perfect love? It's real Parisian.

She swept past, the rich silk brushing him, and then-Polly having apgo home with her, she thought, and peared at the door with her eyes star-

ing from her head; "Now let us feast while we may," she

She passed before him into the dining-room with an inclination of her had not spoken and he sat down with painstaking care, finding apparently some difficulty in drawing in his chair. he always said, and raised his eyes with a look of sweet resignation to the with its gold band, and the cut glass that had not known service for years

Ezra Dameron did not understand

much about human nature, though like agined. Perhaps, he said to himself, she was as shrewd and keen as himtrap for him? He did not know that the moods of a girl are as many as the moods of the wind and sea. He remembered that his wife had been easily deceived. He had crushed the mother: but this girl would not so easily be subdued. The candles made a soft light upon the table. He lifted his eyes furnively to see whether the gas extravagance of the candles was not augmented there. He drew his bony fingers across the table-cloth, feeling its texture critically. He knew that it would be sufficient for me to pay. I had been taken from a forbidden shelf of the linen closet. Clearly his rule over the ancient Polly was at an end.

When they returned to the livingroom he tended the fire; and when he took up his paper nervously, from habit, he put it down again, and began to Almost for the first time since talk. Zelda's return, he showed an Interest in her foreign experiences, and led her to speak of them. And she exerted herself to be entertaining. He had supposed that Mrs. Forrest would prejudice Zelda against him during the years in which she had kept the girl away; but his daily scrutiny had discovered no trace of disrespect or conempt in her attitude toward him.

It had been on her tongue several times to ask him boldly about the debt of Olive's mother, even if it should be cessary to confess that she had overheard his conversation with Mrs. Marriam; but this might cause an unpleasant scene. No great haste was ecessary, she judged; and so she waited. She could probably persuade her aunt or uncle to help her in the matter when the time came, if no other

way should occur to her. When she went at last to her room, the old cedars outside her windows were mouning softly. She found a satisfaction in bolting her door, and then she drew from her writing-table the little book, tied with its faded ribbon, and opened it to the charge her mother had written-those last pitiful words-and read them over and over igain, until they seemed to be audible

whispers in the room: "Perhaps I was unjust to bim: It may have been my fault; but If she can respect or love him I wish it to be

She lay awake staring into the derk for half the night, with tearless eyes, one hand clasping the little book under her pillow.

CHAPTER XL

Zelda saw much of Morris during the winter. He went often to the old house in Merriam street in spite of the fact that he assured himself constantly that she did not interest him more than other girls. She continued to delight in plaguing him, particularly before her uncle, who learned, however, not to praise Morris to Zelda, Mrs. Forrest pretended to be a diligent chaperon, but Mariona social affairs did not amuse her, and she went out very little. Frequently Merriam took Zelda to the theater; now and then he connived with Morris to the end that Olive should be asked, and the four would go afterward for a supper at Merriam's house. Zelda brought Olive more and more into touch with her own life. She knew no happier day than Christmas, when Mrs. Forrest-not, however, without urging-gave a family dinner to which Ezra Dameron, Olive and her mother sat down at the same board, with Rodney presiding. There were times when Zelda's courage failedwhen the shadow of her mother's unhappiness fell darkly upon her; but she made no sign to the world. So the winter passed, and in the first bright wistful days she went forth with Zan to find the spring.

aunt and uncle of late," said Ezra mind is broadened. To expect a child Dameron to Zelda one day, after she had been for an outing with Olive. "I saw Aunt Julia this afternoon. She

isn't well; she suffers a great deal. She has asked me to go away with her again-she likes going about, and she has planned to visit a number of summer places."

"If you don't go, what will she do?" and the old man looked at Zelda with a gleam of humor in his small gray

"Well. I have asked her to come to the farm."

"I am very glad you dld. It would be a capital arrangement." "But she won't come. She does not like that sort of thing. She likes to be

where there's something doing." "Yes, yes; a worldly woman; a very work. woman"-and Dameron wagged his head as he buttered his roll. He was silent for several minutes, and when he spoke it was in a tone of

"And so you are coming with me, Zelda? I had hoped you would. I have wished it so much that I have not pressed you to commit yourself. I knew that your aunt would be likely to offer something more attractive than a summer at The Beeches."

'Yes, father; of course I shall go with you. I have never had any other intention."

"You are very good to me, Zee. I am grateful to you for many things. An old man is very poor company for a young girl. I had feared that you might not be satisfied here. Your uncle and aunt have never treated me fairly. We have nothing in common, I am glad to find that they have not estranged you and me; the paternal relation is a very beautiful one; very

Her father had spoken often during the winter of the farm. Zelda's willingness to go there was a great relief to him; and when she suggested that she should like to ask Olive to spend the whole of her vacation with them he made no objection.. He knew that she saw Olive frequently; Zee had asked her cousin to the house for meal several times since the Dramatic Club episode, and her father had treated Olive with his usual formal courtesy. The main thing with Ezra Dameron was to keep Zelda away from her aunt and uncle; and it flattered his vanity that she remained with him so steadfastly and took apparently so filial an interest in his happiness and comfort. Zelda went to Olive at once with her in-

"I'd be delighted, of course, Zee; but you mustn't make it hard for me to This is my busy summer; we refuse. have to move!"

"Oh!" sald Zelda.

We're mortgaged; that's the trouble with us; we're not only mortgaged, but ve can't pay! So we hope to find another house somewhere and get out of the way.'

(To be continued.)

Keep Your Feet Straight.

How many men know how to walk? Most men turn their toes in or out, a writer in the New York Press says. The toes should point straight ahead, so that the foot at the end of each a bird. step can give the body that upward, forward impetus that results in what is called a springy walk. This does not mean that a man should walk exclusively on his toes. The whole foot must be used in proper walking. The goose step of the German army is as absurd as the boy's prank of walking on his heels. The Almighty has not freighted the foot with a single superfluous part. Every inch of every foot is meant for use.

When a man walks in the right way -speaking literally-the back of the heel strikes the ground first. Then the rest of the heel comes down, after which the outer edge of the foot takes the bulk of the burden until the forward movement shifts the weight to the ball of the foot and finally to the toes. The ideal step is a slightly rocking motion. At no time should the entire foot be pressed against the ground. and see how much further and more garding its habits. easily you can walk. It's the Indian's way, and what Poor Lo doesn't know about footwork can go into the discard.

Not the Style, "There!" said her husband, "that

looks like a hat!" "It will never do in the world!"

"Why not?" "The hats that are in fashion now don't look like hats."-Houston Post,

Limited. "Your father informs me that we can only spend two weeks at the sea-

shore this summer." "Only two weeks. That means I shall have to become engaged to the first man I meet."-Detroit Free Press,

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

Pennsylvania Educationalist Thinks They Should Be Abolished.

Public school students have a champlon in the person of Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer, superintendent of public instruction in Pennsylvania, in their antipathy to examinations. Dr. Schaeffer has gone so far as to say that he hoped old and young, both summer and wintions would be abolished. "They are." he said, "like drugs, since they have in that they cause depression if kept

Dr. Schaeffer is himself a keen student and observer. He has profited connection with the public schools of the state and he knows whereof he speaks, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. But his opinion in this respect is not the result of deductions on the part of one man alone. There are many have noticed this more than once. whom have so expressed themselves and others who, while convinced themselves, are too timid to take a decided stand in the matter.

There is little doubt that the examination is in many respects a barbarous institution. Education is, in the last analysis, only a means to an end. "I have not heard you speak of your ment, a plan by which each day the a process of gradual mental developto pass successfully on details which it has used only as mental food and forgotten for five, six, seven or nine months seems not only unjust, but ridiculous. The consequence is that as examination time approaches there is a cramming of matter into the mind, mental indigestion ensues and, not infrequently, even the brightest students are injured physically.

> In the big world where results count, a man is not examined at the end of each year as to his work during the past 12 months. The caliber of his work and endeavor at the end of each day is what counts, and so it should be in the prepration for this real

FASHION HINTS



The way the embroidered and plain linen is combined here is very good style. There is a certain dash to it that's due part y to the plain little banding of a contrasting shade.

BIRD CHAT.

What species of bird lays the smallest egg in proportion to its size; like vide shade, wise the largest?

It has been computed that 300,000,-000 birds are annually slaughtered for plumes and other decorations. The Chinese eat "rotten" eggs-that

is, eggs preserved in lime until they get a consistency like that of hard butter.

A fosil rahphoryucus, a bird of 50, 000,000 years old, sold for \$9,000 recently, the highest price ever paid for

Cranes are used as watchdogs in Venezuela by the natives, who call for one twice as heavy in the fall, and them "yakanuk," and are said to be ex- much feed, work and risk saved. cellent guards of poultry.

Cardinals have been known to alight upon window sills of houses and peck at the panes, probably attracted by their reflection in the glass.

Birds are not the only higher animals that lay eggs, two quadrupeds, days, the duck-billed platypus and the Australian porcupine ant-eater, also lay them.

The rpir n'dooh, or "bird of death," is the only venomous bird known to science, but there is very little known accept both offsprings. When by her- W. H. McMONIES & CO. regarding its habits, and especially its self she is under better control and venomous qualities.

The hyacinthine macaw is one of the strongest as well as one of the upon the first indication of inactivity rarest birds of its kind. There is one and listlessness, denoting the approach in the New York Zoo. There appears of the lambing period, she should be Heel to toe is the movement. Try it to be absolutely nothing known re taken from the rest of the flock and

> Love's Market. She-Harold, do you speculate? Harold-Well, I'm engaged to you.-Life.

Cold Comfort.

"We shall be rescued. Don't lose you.

shore. "Oh. I'm keeping cool!" his companion feeds to better advantage than the As he shifted his seat on the ice once more.

Some people cannot bear to be left alone; they cannot enjoy their own

mpany. How do you feel about it?

POULTRY LIKE GREEN FEEDS

Regarded as Absolutely Necessary Where Fowls Are Confined In Summer.

(By MILLER PURVIS.) I regard green feeds as absolutely necessary to the welfare of poultry, ter. Where fowls are kept confined it must be supplied to them and where they have full liberty it may be fed trunks." a primary as well as secondary effect to them with profit during the months when vegetation is somewhat burned by the heat.

A letter from a friend exactly coincides with the experience. He writes by his years of experience since his that last summer he had a batch of rape which he cut and fed to his hogs. He says his hens ate this rape as greedly as they would if they had not been shut up where they could not be out to find grass for themselves. I

Throw out a lot of fresh lettuce leaves where the hens can get it and they will eat it up clean. Cabbage stumps thrown out to the hens will be picked clean, even where the hens run at large.

Those who must keep their hens confined will find that a small plat of rape will furnish a large quantity of

It will be large enough to begin cutting in five or six weeks and as soon as it is cut off will throw up new shoots, thus renewing itself constant ly, so the same ground my be cut over time after time.

Lettuce or dandelions make a very good green feed for laying hens or growing chicks. There seems to be some medicinal property about both these vegetables which promotes good health in the fowls. Both are easily grown and furnish

a good supply of feed if the tops are cut off instead of pulling the plants out by the roots when gathering the feed.

Turnips and beet tops, mustard, pea vines and all other tender green stuff will be relished, and save much feed of a more costly kind.

RUNNING THE DAIRY RIGHT

People Willing to Pay Big Price for Milk If They Are Sure That, It Is Clean.

(By R. M. STERLING) We take pains to let our customers and charge two cents more than we tomers pay it without grumbling, for Liquid Form, 25c, 50c. Salve Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. they know our dairy is immaculate and our milk pure and clean, and I believe we could get an extra two cents if we had the courage to ask for it. I know a farmer in New Jersey who has built up a dairy herd of 200 cows and by producing certified milk gets 20 cents a quart and cannot supply the demand. Of course he has a big market in New York, you say. That is true, but he manages to sell every gallon of his milk in towns surwhich they know to be absolutely clean, and at prices a great deal higher than they have been paying for ordinary stuff dipped out of a rusty can by slovenly milkmen.

POULTRY NOTES.

Keep no breeding stock that is Use the eggs while fresh for hatch-

Supply grit and fresh water. Pro-Do not overfeed or overfatten the

parent stock. Feed the ducklings not only grain, but meat or milk (protein food in

some form) and plenty of green food. Both mites and body lice accumulate very quickly in hot weather, and cause no end of trouble. Farm folks are seeing from their

more up-to-the-minute neighbors that good housing and feeding pay big returns on the work and investment. As a rule more may be obtained for a two-pound chick in the summer than

Handling Lambing Ewes. At lambing time a ewe desires quiet and isolation, and she should therefore be put in a pen by herself for a few

She is apt to do better if she is kept by herself.

Sometimes, in the case of twins, the ewe will abandon one and let it starve unless it is fed by hand. If penned by herself she is more apt to more easily handled.

The ewe should be watched, and kept by herself as much as possible. The appearance of the udder and other conditions also betray the condition of the ewe.

Feeds for Young Plg. Bran, milk and pasturage are some of the bulky feeds well adapted to the real young pig. They help to distend Said the traveler lost on the arctic the digestive system, which enables the pig to use cheaper and coarser

> Keep Cows for Profit. Keep cows for profit, not because you always have kept them and hesitate to make a charen

olg raised on concentrates.

An Experienced Man. "How do you conquer your ele-

phant when he goes on a rampage?" I asked the menagerie proprietor. "We avail ourselves of an experienced baggage man," he replied.

"An experienced baggage man?" I repeated with wonderment. "Yes," he explained patiently, although it was evident that he was nettled by my stupidity, "we get a man who knows how to smash



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It's Size. "The theme failed as a book and now it fails as a play. Yet the central idea is good."

"Quite right. I think you could boil it down into an anecdote and get ten dollars for it."

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