

Pear Sponges.
Cook some small pears, peeled, halved and cored, in a vanilla sirup till quite tender and till sirup is thick. Arrange in a glass dish some lady fingers, wet with a little sherry, lay in the pears; set away to get very cold, and when ready to serve heap whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla, on the dish.

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Washing Crepe de Chine.
Washing crepe de chine is no more difficult than to wash a frock of colored muslin. If tepid water and good soap are 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, and 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 the fillings and garnishings consists of sweets, equally appropriate for any meal and a grand resource as emergency desserts. With a simple sweet omelet as the basis any material at hand may be used, so its possibilities are practically without limit.

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Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON
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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

They all laughed and he sat down to give them a chance to ask him questions. Up to a certain point he always did all the talking; but he knew when to quit. He submitted himself to their cross-examination graciously. They were simple, hard-headed men, and he answered them patiently and carefully. He had accumulated a great fund of data relating to the life of such structures as he proposed building; the cost of maintenance; the heating and lighting questions and the matter of service. Much of this was wholly new to the country capitalists; it was novel and it was interesting and there was a glamour about it that charmed them.

"You'll go over to the club for luncheon, gentlemen," he said, when the whistles blew at 12 o'clock, and several of his syndicate drew out their watches—"with me," he added. "We'll go about 1."

After seeing them fed at the Commercial Club he parted with them, with the understanding that he was to search for a proper site for the Patoka Flats, as the apartment house was to be called, and report on a day fixed. He returned to his office for a further conference with Van Cleave, his lawyer. The flat project was uppermost in Balcomb's mind, and he was bent on pushing it through. His interurbans had already subscribed for considerable stock and he was reasonably sure of getting all the money he needed. Times were good; there was plenty of capital seeking investment, and the incorporation of the Patoka Land and Improvement Company were men of considerable influence in their several communities.

"I say, Van Cleave," remarked Balcomb to the lawyer, "we're going to make a big winner out of this. Some of the things I've put through are jolly rotten; but this flat scheme is away up and out of sight the best thing I ever tackled."

"Those farmers are stuck on it, all right," said Van Cleave. "You certainly know how to blow hot air."

"There's only one place for that flat," remarked Balcomb, musingly. "That old Dameron's place on the creek at High street. The malaria is all drained out of there now and it's getting more valuable every day. The extension of the park system along the creek and the building of the boulevard will give the region a whirl. It's only a country-town idea that apartment houses must be built on the court-house square; but we'll show them, all right."

He opened a plat book and pointed out to Van Cleave the location of the Dameron ground.

"I suppose the old man will throw a fit when I ask him for a price on the strip. Everybody seems to be afraid of Ezra Dameron; but I'm not half as much afraid of him as I am of his daughter, who's a pleasant rest for tired eyes, all right. Ezra's a queer old party, with a chilly manner and an alluring smile; but I rather flatter myself that I know how to handle difficult customers."

"I guess you can handle them if anybody can," said Van Cleave, admiringly.

CHAPTER XIII.

Captain Frank Pollock was, as many people had said at different times and in divers places, a little fellow; but there was a good deal of decision in his make-up. He walked to Rodney Merriam's house one afternoon with an exaggeration of his usual alert dignity.

Rodney Merriam was lying on a wide couch in his upstairs sitting-room when Pollock's card was brought to him. He put on a pair of low shoes and a blue serge sack-coat, and before he left the room stood on the threshold a moment, thinking deeply, and then went down stairs.

"Good afternoon, Captain Pollock," he said, courteously, taking a step toward his caller, but Pollock stood perfectly rigid and did not move. Merriam stood by his desk, his hand resting upon it.

"Mr. Merriam," began Pollock, "I was introduced to you by a gentleman in your club several months ago."

"That is correct."

"I have met you a number of times since—I needn't specify. Within a week you have refused to speak to me at the club; and yesterday, at Mr. Dameron's house, you acted toward me in an extraordinary way, to say the least."

Merriam nodded affirmatively.

"As I am likely to meet you, here and there, at the club, perhaps at houses of your friends, I have taken the liberty of asking you what I have done to offend you. I resent being cut before my friends by a man whom they have a right to assume I know."

"I fear that you exaggerate, Captain Pollock. I doubt whether cutting a man's acquaintance can be construed as an insult."

"That is a matter of opinion, sir. I choose to take it that you have deliberately snubbed me, and among other people, before your niece, Miss Dameron and Miss Merriam. If I am not fit to enjoy your acquaintance, I am not a fit person for them to know. I have come, sir, to ask an explanation of your singular conduct. I am not in the habit of being treated in this fashion by a man of any age."

His effort to be respectful in his anger showed a quality of character that touched the old man, who looked at the erect, uncompromising figure with liking in spite of himself.

"I am not in the habit of giving reasons for things I do, Captain Pollock, and it would pain me very much to be obliged to explain why I may have seemed to treat you with discourtesy. I beg of you to dismiss the matter as one of the aberrations, let us say, of old age. I am considerably your senior. My living you or not liking you is not an important matter—unless, well, it is conceivable that some situation might arise in which it might become important."

"As a mysterious character in this community you may act as you please with your townspeople, but you can't do it with me! I'm not a child, and I don't propose to be treated like a baby. I want to know what I have done to offend you."

"You will pardon me if I sit down, Captain Pollock"—and Merriam dragged a chair forward and sank into it, while Pollock remained standing and glaring at him. "Nothing can be gained from me by bluster. You are in my house, by your own invitation!"

"Quite so! There was no other way of seeing you. I did not care to stop you in the street, and you have already made it impossible for me to speak to you in your club. I hope this explanation is satisfactory."

"Entirely. Pray have a seat, to oblige me."

Pollock sat down reluctantly. The house was very quiet; it was a hot day and the air in the room was tense.

"Captain," said the old gentleman, quietly, with his black eyes resting kindly on the visitor, "I regret very much that you have come to me with this question—because you have never in the world done anything to offend me—not in the slightest. As far as I know, you are a gentleman beyond any question, and worthy of the highest consideration in all places."

"Then, sir—"

"Please wait! I regret very much that I should have led by a feeling, which I should prefer not to explain, into treating you discourteously. A man of my age should have better control of himself—better manners, if you will. I should very much prefer to dismiss this matter. As I have said, I have no grievance against you personally. I am perfectly willing to apologize and to meet you in a friendly spirit. To repeat, I have let an old prejudice get the better of my good sense. I trust this will be satisfactory."

"Not a bit of it, sir," snapped Pollock, with fresh asperity. "If you haven't anything against me personally, I should like to know what you are hinting about so darkly. Your air is insufferable. You may well go to the bottom of this now and here. I'm not a child, as I have said before!"

"My dear sir, I trust that it will be quite enough to say that your name is one that is associated with an unpleasant incident in my life. It doesn't concern you at all. It was a matter between your father and myself."

"I don't suppose you ever saw my father in your life. He's been dead fifteen years!"

"Quite that," said the colonel. "I could, from my papers here, give you the exact date if it were important. Your father and I were somewhat acquainted—during the Civil War—and the recollection is unpleasant. I beg you to drop the matter. I am an old man—"

"You are mad, you are perfectly mad!" declared Pollock, his voice ringing out in the room. "You not only insult me, but you drag my dead father into this romance. If you didn't like my seeing your niece, why didn't you say so in a straight manly way and not invent a lot of fanciful tales to back you up? It's wholly possible that you knew my father. He was a man of honor! His name is a good one in his own State. I am proud of it. And I used to count something for me that I am an officer in the army that he fought against. I would warn you, sir, that my father's name is a sacred thing to me!"

"I'm sure that is so, Captain Pollock. And that's why I beg of you to accept an apology and let me alone."

"Unless you want to be branded as a liar, you will tell me what this is before I leave the house. There's a place where a man's age ceases to be his protection."

"Please be seated, and don't, I beg of you, alarm me with this trouble and before I begin I want to apologize for doing so. And when I finish—it will take but a moment—I'm going to apologize to you again. I am 60 years old, Captain Pollock, and I don't remember that I ever apologized to any one before. The most comfortable thing a man can have is a bad memory. My trouble is that I never forget anything. It was after we had captured Donelson. I had been sent back here to Marion, my home, on an errand to the Governor, who was having a time of it, fighting Copperheads and getting troops into the field. The old railroad station down here was a horrible sight the night the Donelson prisoners were brought in. Many of them were sick and they were taken from the cars and laid out on the floor until they could be carried to Camp Burnside, which had been turned into a rebel prison."

"I was down looking over the prisoners when I struck a little chap who was badly used up. He said his name was Hamilton. He was a Confederate private, but evidently a man of education and breeding. He was on fire with fever, and the whole situation at the station was so forbidding that I got permission to take him to my father's house. That's where Mr. Dameron lives now. The officer in charge of the prisoners was a friend of mine; and when he let me take Hamilton away, as a favor, I gave him some of my civilian clothes so that he could go down into town. There seemed to be nothing unusual about him. He was a forlorn young fellow—a prisoner, far from home, and my father and the rest of them at the house liked him. We used to call him our little rebel."

"One day the commandant at the prison sent a guard to the house to arrest Hamilton, but he had disappeared. We learned then that he was all kinds of a bad lot—a dangerous spy who had been captured at Donelson purely by accident, but he had turned his capture and illness to good advantage. Marion was the headquarters of a daring

band of Southern sympathizers, and Hamilton had established lines of communication with the leaders. There was a scheme afoot to assassinate the Governor, and he was to have done the act. His line of retreat to the Ohio had been carefully managed."

"Hamilton had warning of the discovery of the plot—there was a Cop- perhead behind every loyal man here in those days—and got away safely. But you can see that, having vouched for him and harbored him, I was put in a nice position with the authorities. I offered to submit to arrest, but they wouldn't have it. The Governor sent for me and told me to go and find Hamilton."

"I was captain of artillery and my chances of advancement were good; but I resigned my commission and spent a year looking for him. He became notorious as a spy, who slipped in and out of our lines with astounding daring. He found out that I was after him, and we used to exchange our compliments at long range. As I think of it now I got a good deal of fun out of the chase, and—the old man smiled—"I fancy the other fellow did, too."

"The story is long and it wouldn't interest you. I never caught him. I went once into a circle of men in the Galt House at Louisville where he sat. I thought I had him sure, but he jumped up and bolted, I following. We had a mad run for it there in the street, but he got away. He gave me this"—and Merriam threw up his hands. The sleeve and cuff slipped back from his right arm, showing an old bullet scar on the wrist; and the old gentleman eyed the spot for a moment reflectively.

"He gave me that," he said, and smiled. "Hamilton's real name was Pollock—your father—and Merriam bent his keen gaze on the young man before him. 'I think I may be pardoned for not caring greatly for the family. This business ruined my career in the army. There are a great many things that might have been different, if I hadn't seriously compromised myself in that matter. The contemptible thing was the abuse of hospitality and confidence. I probably saved the man's life; and he betrayed us all in the most infamous fashion possible.'"

Pollock rose abruptly. He had listened with a puzzled look on his face to Rodney Merriam's recital. He laughed now, the nervous laugh of relief.

"This man was a spy, sent out by the Confederate War Department on special errands for the Confederate President. Is that right?" he asked.

"That is correct. He became one of the best known spies in the South. I have no objection to him on that account. But he served me a soury trick—I ought to forget it, I suppose, but as I tell you, I'm an old man, and I look backward a good deal. Your father served me a nasty trick and your presence here has reminded me of it very disagreeably."

"That man, Mr. Merriam, was no more my father than you are."

"I can hardly be mistaken. Your father was a Confederate officer—he was a Tennessee man—"

"He was all that, sir. He was an engineer on duty at Richmond throughout the war and was never a scout or spy in his life. If you had been as careful as you pretend to be in looking up his record you would have found that out."

"But the name? It is your name."

The old man was greatly annoyed and perplexed, and he rose now slowly and stood facing the young officer.

"Frank Pollock, the spy, was a remote cousin of my father's. I don't believe father ever had any acquaintance with him. I was named for another connection of the family, who wasn't a Pollock at all. Your man Pollock got into a lot of scrapes after the war. I'll even grant you that he wasn't quite reputable. If you wish to verify what I say I'll refer you to a hundred men in Knoxville, Richmond, Memphis, Atlanta—who knew my father and who knew of this other man, too. Do you want my references?"

(To be continued.)

A New Kind of Gun.

Harlem has a rival of Maxim. His name is William Patten, and he has built a model of a gun to be discharged by a centrifugal force, instead of with explosives. His force is supplied by a central wheel which will be worked by a 50 horse-power motor when he builds a six-foot gun. But in his present 10-inch model, Patten turns this wheel by hand and he seems to do marvelous things with it. He needs no shell nor cartridge, but uses leaden bullets, the wheel firing them out as fast as they can be poured into the gun. A newspaper man vouches for the fact that the gun put 400 buckshot into a space five-eighths of an inch in diameter in less than a minute. The target was 40 feet away. Patten believes that his six-foot gun will fire 50,000 half-inch steel bullets a minute, with force enough to kill at 2,000 feet. The gun will revolve so as simply to rain bullets into anything within range.

Why Jones Was Sad.

Jones' rich grandmother died and Jones seemed unnaturally depressed and sad. His friends tried to cheer him.

"She left a last will and testament, I suppose," said Jenkins, carelessly.

"Oh, yes," said Jones, raising his head at last, "she left a will and testament!"

"Ah," chimed in Brown, "you were always a friend of hers! Of course your name was mentioned."

"Yes," answered Jones, bursting into floods of tears, "my name was mentioned, boys. I—I am to have—"

They hung back his words, more sobs choked his words.

"I," he declared, at last, "am to have the testament!"—Scraps.

Justly Incensed.

"Why did she get angry at that man who was spending his vacation in their neighborhood?"

"She asked him if he had met her daughter, and he said yes, that he had seen all the sights of the neighborhood."—Houston Post.

It is human nature to want to abuse some one occasionally.

PONDS SUPPLIED BY DEW

Mists From the Sea Aid in Keeping Hilltop Reservoirs Filled With Water.

The question why Jack and Jill went "up" the hill, instead of down, to fetch the famous pail of water has been solved by the latest dictionaries, in which may be found the word "dew pond." It was to one of these, which are always built upon high ground, that the two were bound, says the Scientific American, adding that probably it was located on the English downs.

Continuing, the writer says: "The hydrology of the down country is topsy-turvy, for a down is an upland, and the downs afford a bountiful supply of water even when the vales are parched. Hence the singular spectacle of cattle being driven to the hilltops and carts sent uphill to procure water."

"What is a dew pond? The word is only to be found in the two newest dictionaries—the New International and the Century Supplement, both published this year—though it has been used locally for a hundred years, perhaps much longer."

"Dew ponds date back to a prehistoric era. They receive water directly from the air—whether chiefly in the form of rain, mist or otherwise is a question still unsettled. Impervious bottoms enabling them to retain all the water they gather. The bottom commonly consists of chalk or clay, over which is strewn a layer of rubble to prevent perforation by the hoofs of animals. A layer of straw is often added. The ponds measure 30 to 70 feet across, and the depth does not exceed three or four feet."

"The theory that these ponds are fed by dew—by the condensation of the invisible moisture of the air—is supported by Edward A. Martin, who has been making extensive observations in Sussex, and who believes that he has found an important source of the water supply in the frequent mists from the sea. From the Geographical Journal of August, 1900, we quote the following:

"Everyone acquainted with the Sussex downs must be familiar with the sea fogs which sweep inland from the south. One's clothing quickly becomes covered with a deposit of dew-like beads. . . . On some of the downs in West Sussex the highest parts are chosen for pond construction, as being more exposed to the moisture-laden winds. Dew would not be deposited if the air were in rapid motion, but fog brought in from the sea would remain in spite of the wind, provided the temperature were sufficiently low."

"So the name 'dew pond' is a misnomer; but as Dr. Hugh Robert Mill has recently remarked, it would be a pity if this picturesque word should vanish from the language."

Ohio Man's Eyes Opened.

A man from Ohio who was recently in Seattle, Wash., having heard that the salmon run was on and that scowloads were being taken to the canneries every hour, called a waiter in a local hotel to him and said:

"Sam, go out and buy me the biggest and finest red salmon you can get, have it baked and served to me at dinner. Here is five dollars; keep the change."

When the meal was served that night the Ohio man sat down before a baked fish that stretched the whole length of a four-foot platter. He was amazed, and asked for an explanation. He was more surprised and better informed about the salmon family when the waiter said that he might have bought a 45-pound salmon instead of just a 40-pound fish had he been just a few minutes sooner. He also informed the Ohioan that there was no chance to be returned for the fish had cost \$4.50, and the waiter's carfare was ten cents, so he received nothing for the labor of carrying the big fish to the hotel.

To Provide for Convicts' Families.

An act to provide relief for the wives and children and other relatives who may be dependent upon prisoners committed to the state prison will be brought before the legislature at its next session, according to F. S. Wells, secretary of the Louisiana state board of charities and corrections.

Since the publication of an article "Is the Right Party Punished?" many inquiries have been received by Mr. Wells as to the number of destitute families in the city, and the number throughout the state, and it appears that there are many charitable persons interested in the passage of this act. It is said to be a simple matter of justice, not of charity; and every effort will be made to prevent the measure from being shelved at the next session.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Gay Life in Cairo.

Cairo has become one of the gayest cities in the world. Fancy dress balls are all the rage among society folk there, and every one strives to outdo every one else in originality of costume. An English officer's wife created a sensation there the other evening by appearing as a baby. Her baby clothes were made especially for her in Paris, and she hired a stately Arab to wheel her through the streets in a perambulator, and right into the center of the ballroom.

Matter of Taste.

"You know I have improved my wife's taste very much since I married her," said the conceited man.

"Well, do you know," replied the wife's friend, "she didn't seem to have very good taste when she married you!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Four Pellets of
MUNYON'S DYSPEPSIA CURE
every hour will heal, soothe and invigorate worn out stomachs, and relieve distress.

A Fat Reducer.

Before starting to starve or drug off your extra layers of fat try the effect of this simple exercise, which is a great reducer of adipose tissue.

Standing with knees close together, rise on the tips of the toes, and, at the same time, elevate the chest and force down the palms of the hands as if pushing hard on a board. Bend the hands up slightly so the muscular strain comes on the fleshy part of the hand close to the wrist.

Do this whenever you happen to think of it during the day, and you will soon notice a decided difference in your flesh, particularly in a prominent abdomen.

Protecting the Men.

"All women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall from after the passing of this act impose upon or betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's male subjects by accents, paints, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws now in force against witchcraft, sorcery and such like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."—An act of Parliament in the reign of Charles II.

Habit.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength, if also, in certain circumstances, our miserablest weakness. Let me go on once, scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook, and successfully arriving, my footsteps are an invitation to me a second time to go by the same way; it is easier than any other way. Habit is our primal fundamental law, habit and imitation; there is nothing more perennial in us than these two. They are the source of all working and all apprenticeship, of all practice and all learning in the world.—Carlyle.

Before and After.

The young Prince Tsai-Tao, during his visit to America, welcomed criticism of Chinese customs, and retorted politely with counter criticism of the customs of the United States.

The prince, at a fashionable luncheon in New York, sat beside a lady prominent in a rich and rather fast set.

"Prince," said this lady, "I think it's dreadful that in China a bride never sees her husband before the wedding day."

"Well," said the prince, with a grin, "here in America you never see him after it."

Change in Man.

Men are not the same through all divisions of their ages; time, experience, self-reflections, and God's merces, make in some well tempered minds a kind of translation before death, and men to differ from themselves as well as from other persons. Hereof the old world afforded many examples to the infamy of latter ages, wherein men too often live by the rule of their inclinations; so that, without any astral prediction, the first day gives the last; men are commonly as they were; or rather, as bad dispositions run into worse habits, the evening doth not crown, but sourly concludes the day.—Sir Thomas Browne.

To Make a Home.

What do you include when you think of housekeeping? If you take it to mean merely the work of the house which could be accomplished by a hired servant, then perhaps it does not matter that you should miss such things as opportunity for thought, daily reading, etc., says Home Notes. But if you make housekeeping mean home-making and home-keeping, the formation of a home into a center for the life of the soul and spirit as well as of the body, then you must cultivate your mind, not keep it always to the level of the mundane things of life.

Free from Alcohol

Since May, 1906, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been entirely free from alcohol. If you are in poor health, weak, pale, nervous, ask your doctor about taking this non-alcoholic tonic and alternative. If he has a better medicine, take his. Get the best always. This is our advice.

We publish our formulas
We banish alcohol from our medicines
We urge you to consult your doctor



Ayer's

A sluggish liver means a coated tongue, a bad breath, and constipated bowels. The question is, "What is the best thing to do under such circumstances?" Ask your doctor if this is not a good answer: "Take laxative doses of Ayer's Pills."

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