

## Knees Became Stiff

**Five Years of Severe Rheumatism**  
The cure of Henry J. Goldstein, 14 Barton Street, Boston, Mass., is another victory by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine has succeeded in many cases where others have utterly failed. Mr. Goldstein says: "I suffered from rheumatism five years, it kept me from business and caused excruciating pain. My knees would become as stiff as steel. I tried many medicines without relief, then took Hood's Sarsaparilla, soon felt much better, and now consider myself entirely cured. I recommend Hood's." Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

### Strange Hobby.

William James, probate court deputy, tells of a peculiar hobby that comes about that office. She is a woman, a middle-aged, heavy-jawed person, who comes around shortly after she has read in the paper of the death of a prominent man. And she comes because she wants to read the dead man's will as soon as it is probated. She has no hopes of receiving a bequest in any of the wills. She just likes to look them over. Reading wills is her hobby.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Better Look Outside.

If you want to make the best of your life, don't spend much time in looking within and wondering if your feelings are all right. Look outside instead, and see what you are doing for others, what you are saying about other people, how you are behaving to those around you. If you are behaving kindly and truly to your neighbor you will not go far wrong.

### Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, itching feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

### Doing Well.

"How's your boy getting along in the big city?" asked a neighbor. "Fine," replied the farmer. "He gets his name in the papers almost every day now. He's one of them joy riders you read so much about."

### Pettit's Eye Salve for Over 100 Years

has been used for congested and inflamed eyes, removes film or scum over the eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Equality of the Sexes.

Traveling in the country, I observe with indignation that the scarecrow in every field is represented as a man! The flapping of a woman's skirt, the waving of her feathers, would assuredly be as effective for the purpose as is the dangling of a coat? We will eventually displace man in every field.—London Truth.

### Honor Trees and Plants.

The Siamese always offer libations to trees before cutting them down. The natives of Sumatra pay special honor to certain trees supposed to embody the wood spirits, while the inhabitants of the Society Islands pay similar respect to some plants.

**HOOD RIVER ORCHARD LAND** for sale by owner; choice ten acres 9 1/2 miles from city, elevation about 1,600 feet, almost level, red soil, two acres six-year-old trees; balance raw state. Price \$1,700, easy terms. To reliable party will give work clearing and caring for adjoining ten acres, amount to apply on purchase price. Address P. O. Box 131, Portland, or phone A 5374.

## RELIABLE DENTISTRY

**REASONABLE RATES**  
Full Set of Teeth only... \$5.00  
Bridge-work or Teeth with metal... \$3.50 to \$5.00  
Rubber Plates only... \$7.50  
Gold or Porcelain Plates only... \$5.00  
Gold or Porcelain Crowns... \$3.50 to \$5.00  
Gold or Porcelain Fillings, \$1 up  
Silver Fillings only... \$0.50 to \$1  
Painless Extractions only... 50c  
FREE when plates are ordered.

**OUR WORK GUARANTEED PERFECT**  
Special attention to out-of-town patients. Drop in a postcard for appointment. Our dentures were completed in a day. No better work anywhere. Modern equipment. Every operator a specialist. Lady attendant.

**THE NEW YORK DENTISTS**  
DR. H. A. STODOLSKY, M.D.  
Have 5 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Sunday, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.  
R. E. Cor. Fourth and Harrison. Portland, Oregon

### The Real Injury.

"You know the fate of the pitcher that goes to the well too often." "Going to the well never hurt a pitcher yet. It's going to the corner saloon that sends him back to the bush leagues."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Our New Hair Vigor

Ayer's Hair Vigor was good, the best that was made. But Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is better. It is the one great specific for falling hair. A new preparation in every way. New bottle. New contents. Ask your druggist to show it to you, "the new kind."

Formulas with each bottle show it to your druggist. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

As we now make our new Hair Vigor it does not have the slightest effect upon the color of the hair. You may use it freely and for any length of time without fear of changing the color. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

## INJURIES BY BARBED WIRES

**Many Valuable Horses Ruined or Blemished—How to Treat Wounds in Proper Manner.**

(By C. L. BARNES, Colorado Agricultural College.)

More good horses have been ruined or blemished from the introduction of barb wire than from any other cause. When a horse gets his foot over a wire, instead of trying to avoid injury to the leg, the animal will struggle violently.

The wounds made by barb wire are always infected, so that healing takes place by the formation of granulation tissue. This being the case the wound sometimes heals too fast and a large tumor forms. The skin cannot grow over this tumor, and a raw, bleeding surface remains. The common locations of barb wire cuts are in front of the hockjoint, below the fetlock, along the cannon bone and across the breast. Wire cuts in front of the hockjoint are often very serious, the wound usually extending through the tendons and into the joint.

In treating a wire cut, the wound should be kept absolutely clean and exposed to the air and sunshine. When the wound starts to heal, it should not be irritated by washing the raw surface or by removing scabs which have formed. Liquid disinfectants are best applied by allowing the fluid to be poured onto the raw surface, not by rubbing the wound with cotton saturated with the disinfectant.

Follow this disinfection by covering the wound with some good healing powder that is both astringent and disinfectant. Should the wound heal too fast, use some form of caustic to remove the excessive granulation tissue.

## SOIL FERTILITY IS WANING

**Lands of Mississippi Valley Being Subjected to Unwise Treatment, Says Secretary Wilson.**

Despite the work of the soil survey, the multiplication of agricultural experiment stations and the warnings of the scientific experts, the American farmer has not fully learned to conserve the richness that is in the land. Secretary Wilson, speaking in New York, said: "The major part of our people in the east are being fed from the Mississippi valley, and the states of the south draw much from the same source. I am well satisfied that the soils of that valley are being subjected gradually to the same unwise treatment that so seriously reduced the soils of the Alleghenies and south of the Ohio."

There are records upon German farms that show that gains in the yield of grain have been made in every decade for a century. The plains of Normandy have become famous for their marvelous fertility. Yet German and French farmers passed through their experience with gradually lowering harvests, with a starved soil and the abandonment of fields. They stood face to face with the problem of ruin and though many French and German families fled their farms for the hope of prosperity in the new world, others stayed and wrestled with nature for her secrets, says Toledo Blade. They won. Their acres now give in plentifulness and promise more with every succeeding season.

That same battle with nature must be fought by the American farmers. They have vast advantages over their fellow tillers abroad and the victory is assured. The point the secretary of agriculture makes without actually saying it, is that our farmers should hurry and get their individual battles over with.

### CARE OF CALVES.

Give clean bedding, and in abundance.

Are the calf's quarters dry, clean, light and warm?

In teaching the calf to drink, exercise patience. It will pay.

Good, clean water should be available for the calf at all times.

Feed the dairy calf for dairy points and the beef calf for beef points.

Shelled corn fed from the hand teaches kindness and starts a good ration.

The calf intended for baby beef must be pushed from birth to maturity.

When a calf is four months old, try feeding ensilage with oats, hay and bran.

Push the veal calves with the whole milk. Give them just enough to satisfy and thereby prevent overfeeding.

Give the heifer careful attention; she is not a full-grown animal, and consequently needs more food than does the mature cow.

### Burning Cornstalks Wasteful.

The old practice of burning cornstalks in the field is still practiced in some localities, and its wastefulness does not seem to be understood. While stalks may have but little value as manure, they have a good deal in the production of humus, and farming on land devoid of humus is a heartbreaking proposition. The cutting and plowing under of the stalks involve no more labor than do the breaking and burning, while the former process saves all their value to the land. Ashes from corn stalks do not make good manure.

### Keep Early Hatched Pullets.

Don't sell those early hatched pullets. You are exchanging a dollar for 50-cent pieces when you do. They are all winter layers, the paying kind.

# Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON  
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### CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

She knew that Mrs. Copeland had entrusted Leighton with no such message, for she was on telephonic terms with Zelda, and Morris Leighton was of rather heroic proportions for an errand boy.

"Mrs. Copeland would never forgive me if I forgot," said Morris, wishing to prolong his moment at the door.

"I shall come if I can," said Zelda, raising her voice slightly, so that her father might hear.

"And I apologize again for disturbing. But I feared Mrs. Copeland's wrath," and Morris grinned rather foolishly.

"You are a faithful messenger, and I thank you very much," said Zelda, formally; but when the door closed on him and she heard his step on the walk the tears sprang to her eyes in her joy at the thought that he had remembered!

When she went back to her father he was poring over his papers at the table.

"It was that Leighton fellow. I don't like him," said Dameron, sharply.

"I'm very sorry," said Zelda.

"I don't like him," the old man repeated; and he did not raise his eyes, but kept them upon the papers.

"I think you're dreadful hard on me, you and I, Ezra Dameron," she said, going back to her old post by the mantel.

"You have used language to me that is infamous, blasphemous, from a child to a father."

"Very likely," she said; "but I can't discuss these things with you any further."

Leighton's appearance had broken the spell; it had given her new courage and assurance, though it had not lifted the burden from her heart. Her father was loath to part with her; there was the extension of the trusteeship to be effect; he was about to make an appeal to her, throwing himself on her mercy, when she said, haltingly to go:

"You need not be afraid—I will sign your deed. And I have not the slightest idea of holding you to account for any of your acts. Only—only—and her eyes filled and her voice broke—"only you must never speak my mother's name to me again!"

"Yes; yes, I understand," he said, absently; though it was clear that he did not know what she meant.

She turned and looked at him mutinously, with a composure that was complete; but a barrier in her heart broke down suddenly.

"My girlhood, the beautiful ignorance of life, has all gone now. It began to go as soon as I came home to live with you; but I wish—I wish—it had not gone—so wretchedly, so cruelly. Good night."

She spoke with difficulty, and he saw that she was deeply moved; and even after the rustle of her skirts had died away in the hall above he stood looking after her, and listening and wondering. Then he opened a bundle of papers containing his computations and ever them in deep absorption.

"She will sign it; she will sign it," he repeated, though he did not raise his head.

He went in and closed the door, muttering, "The corn! The corn!"

### CHAPTER XXI.

At midnight Leighton sat in the old house in Seminary Square debating the situation with Rodney Merriam.

"What we said to her this afternoon evidently failed to arouse her. She either doesn't understand, or she doesn't care."

"She understands perfectly," said Merriam; "but it's quite like her to wish to shield him. Her mother did it before her. It's a shame for the money to have gone so; but it was inevitable, and I'm glad it's over now."

Morris was silent. Rodney Merriam was growing old and the thought of it touched him deeply, for Rodney Merriam was his best friend, a comrade, an elder brother, who stood to him for manliness and courage, much as Carr represented in his eyes scholarship and professional attainment.

"You never saw Zelda's mother?" asked Merriam, presently.

"No."

"Your father and my sister were once engaged to be married," said Merriam. "Your father was my intimate friend, Morris. We were boys together at college—it's your college and mine, too. I'm glad you went there. Your father would have liked it so. Some of the fellows who taught us, taught you. When you saw them you saw gentlemen and scholars. They gave up the chance of greater things to stay there among the elms and maples of the old campus."

"Your father moved here. He was an ambitious man. There was every likelihood of his taking a high place at the bar; and he had, too, a taste for politics. Then he met my sister. She was the youngest member of our family—only a girl at the end of the war. She was a very beautiful woman, Morris. She and you are much alike; but you have marked traits of her own. I don't quite account for them. Her mother was a quick-witted woman, well educated for her day. You are a woman of the world than her mother was and she has more spirit."

Merriam opened a drawer in his table and drew out a miniature painted on porcelain. He put on his spectacles and studied it intently for a moment before handing it to Leighton.

"It was understood in the family that they were to be married, though there was never any formal announcement. Your father meanwhile was establishing himself. Then—Margaret went East to visit a friend of hers. When I got back, a little later, I found it was all off between her and your father. The girl had never been away from home before, and the people she visited put her through lively paces. It was easy to admire her, and the admiration from strangers went

in those days, and Margaret had missed a good deal of the social life that she was entitled to."

The old man paused, lost in thought, and Morris was glad of the silence. He was trying to construct for himself the past—to see his father as Rodney Merriam had painted him, and to see, too, Margaret Merriam as she had been when his father knew and loved her.

"There's no use going into it. She stopped writing to your father without any warning that she had changed. She was completely carried away with the excitement of her New York experiences. She was not ready to settle down yet a while, she told him. I supposed it would all come right, for I had faith in her. She was a true-hearted, gentle woman, but she was headstrong; and your father had his pride, too. I don't blame her for taking it hard. He closed his office here and went back to Tippecanoe. I don't believe they ever saw each other again. I'm not afraid but that you will do what is right. You are the son of your father. I don't believe you take things as hard as he did. Don't do it. And don't remember what I have told you to-night. It's a queer story. And it hasn't any moral at all. Your father missed something out of his life—the fine air of his younger manhood, maybe. But he had your mother and he had you. It wasn't he that was punished."

He was silent a moment, and then blurted out:

"What does Zelda think of Pollock?"

"I don't know!" Morris rose and walked the length of the room.

"What does she think of you, then?" demanded Merriam, looking directly at Morris.

"I think she hates me," said Morris. He turned and left the house abruptly, leaving the old man alone with his memories.

### CHAPTER XXII.

Ezra Dameron sat in the sitting-room as he always did, waiting for Zelda to come to breakfast; but as she stood by the threshold, when she had often called her good morning, he did not look up from the newspaper with his usual smile. She was touched by the pathos of his figure. He seemed older, more shrunken; his profile, as the early light gave it to her, was less hard. His lean cheeks had the touch of color they always wore in the morning from his careful shaving, and his long hair was brushed back with something more than its usual uncompromising smoothness. A certain primness and rigidity in him which had often vexed her, struck only her pity now.

"Father!"

He rose and turned toward her with a pathetic appeal in his eyes.

"Good morning, Zee," he said. Habit was strong in him and they usually went to breakfast as soon as she came down. He took a step now toward the dining-room.

"Father, I wish to speak to you a moment," she said, kindly; and he paused.

"I am sorry for what happened last night. I was not quite myself. I said things that will always trouble me if you—unless you can forgive me. I was wrong—about everything. You must let me help, if I can help you—in any way."

He said nothing, but stared at her.

"What angered me was that you weren't quite frank, father. I didn't care about the money. It wasn't that—but if things haven't gone well with you, I wish to share the burden. No—I mean it—that I am sorry—let us be quite good friends again."

She went up to him quickly and took his hand.

"Father," she said.

"Zee, my little girl—my little girl," he began brokenly, touching her cheeks with trembling hands.

"Yes, father," she said, wishing to help him.

"I have been very wicked; I have led a bad life. I must not harm you; I am not fit."

"You are my father," she said, and touched his forehead with her lips, wondering at herself.

She led him to the table and talked to him brightly on irrelevant matters. The situation was now in her own hands, and she would not fall again. She usually visited the kitchen after breakfast to make her list for the grocery; but this morning she went back to the sitting-room with her father. The autumn morning was cool, and she bent and lighted the fire.

"Now," she said, rising quickly and smiling at him, "there are those bothersome business matters that we were talking about last night. I wish to sign that paper."

He shook his head.

"You can't do it, Zee." The deed had been torn to pieces and thrown upon the kindling in the grate—half had already been destroyed.

"That is probably just as well. We shall make a new one," she said, in a matter-of-course tone. "I wish you would tell me, so that I may understand, just what it is that has happened."

"It's a long story. I thought I should be able to make a great fortune for you. It was my greed—my greed. What I proposed about the deed was purely selfish—to shield myself. It is a grave matter—I have betrayed you—I have betrayed your mother's trust. I have robbed you."

"I haven't been robbed, father, and I don't intend that anybody shall use such words to me. We shall make the deed; no one need ever know that anything has happened."

"You are kind; you are more than generous, Zee; but I was mad when I asked you to re-create the trust last night. I am a bad man; I must face my sins; I have lived a lying, evil life. I am a thief, worse than a thief."

"My father can't be a thief," she said.

"I am a thief—your uncle will see that I am punished. And it will be

better so—if only I did not drag you down, smirch your name."

Her strength—her readiness to meet the situation grew as she saw his weakness.

"How bad is it, father; have we anything left? Don't be afraid to tell me. It's concealment you must avoid. If we haven't a thing—"

Her tone reassured him; he lifted his head with more courage.

"This house—the place in the country—they are free. They are yours today. My investments—he hesitated and blinked at the word—they can not come back to injure you."

"Then this house and the farm are still ours."

"They are yours, not mine. I have wasted so much! It was a fortune—nearly half a million dollars when I began throwing it away."

"I don't believe that," very much. "When you haven't a million you're—you're not in it!" and she laughed. "The loss of anything else isn't worth crying over. And then, you might have made a great deal more out of it."

He flinched, knowing how culpable he was; but her generosity and kindness were lifting his spirit.

"I have given you an option on a piece of ground—you may know it—out by the creek, and have received a thousand dollars on account of it. It may be binding on you. It grew out of my necessity. It is not fair for me to talk to you of these things at all. You should take advice of some one else—just as though there were no sort of tie between us."

"We are not going to do it that way," said Zelda, decisively. "We are going to understand this between ourselves. Now this strip of ground that has been practically sold. What is there about that?"

"The money should be returned, or offered to them. Balcomb was managing it—"

"Mr. Jack Balcomb?—then of course it wasn't regular."

"It was my fault, Zee."

"I don't believe it. He was contriving a pitfall—that is what might have been expected of him. And he came to our house, and pretended to be our friend!"

"Yes; he pretended that; but I pretended much more. Deceit is something that feeds on itself."

(To be continued.)

### Comb Dries Hair Easily.

Numerous devices for drying women's hair have been designed recently, the majority consisting of complicated electrical fans or contrivances, which proved perfectly satisfactory in every way but entirely impractical in the ordinary home. Some simple arrangement, similar to the one recently devised, serves the purpose much better.

It consists of a combined comb and hair dryer which in appearance closely resembles a pair of curling irons. The comb is metallic and has a hollow back, fitting into which is the heating iron. The latter is in two parts, forming a spring to hold it in place when slipped within the hollow back of the comb. In using this hair dryer the heating iron is held over a gas jet or other flame until hot and inserted into the comb.

The heat is transmitted to the teeth of the comb, drying the hair as the comb is drawn through it. With this device the hair can be very quickly and easily dried at the same time as the necessary operation of combing the hair.

### If Julia Sneezed.

Julia Marlowe once yielded to the insistent demands of an ambitious girl admirer who had deluged the actress with sweet notes begging an interview, and told her to call at the hotel on a certain afternoon, when she would be glad to see her.

"I saw you in Romeo and Juliet last Monday night," said the young woman, "and have just been insanely curious to ask you a question."

"Well, what is the question?" said Miss Marlowe.

"In the potion scene I want to know what you are thinking about when you lie there supposed to be in the deep sleep from the effects of the drug you took."

"I'm not thinking," said the actress; "I'm hoping."

"Hoping?"

"Yes, hoping that I won't sneeze."

### Eagle Carried Trap 300 Miles.

A few days ago an eagle was killed at the Ellison ranch near Edgewood in the upper part of Siskiyou county. On one of its feet was attached a No. 3 steel trap which had apparently been on the big bird's talon about two weeks.

It has just been learned that on November 22 an eagle got into a No. 3 steel trap belonging to N. Greenstate of Plymouth, Amador county, and carried the trap away with it. It is believed that the eagle killed at Edgewood, which is about 300 miles from Plymouth on an air line, is the same that escaped with Greenstate's trap about ten days before.

### Lightning.

Although there is a hidden law underneath, each lightning flash is as freakish and capricious as antics of women. Some of the incredible actions of lightning read like mysterious dreams of Poe. Superstitious savants still seem to endow it with a kind of intelligence, an intelligence that seems midway between the rough, lurching intelligence of the universe and the discriminating intelligence of animals. Keen, capricious, malicious or stupid, farseeing or blind, behold it squirming, writhing, twisting out into space, harmlessly flickering among man and trees, or loaded up to the clouds with instant death and destruction.

Women are like babies; they have to cry for nearly everything they want.

interesting people.

The interesting people do not pose. They do not rave. They do not strut and swagger. They walk normally and talk unexcitedly. They do not become soulful in a few seconds after you meet them. They do not talk shop or parade the distinguishing labels and sarmarks of their craft. They are more likely to dodge behind pillars than to jump in front of cameras, nor do they contend with the other play-folk on the world's stage for the star or the leading lady's share in the limelight.

### Bachelors Confined to Skirts.

It was once the custom in Korea that a man was not allowed to attain to the dignity of trousers until he married. The bachelor was forced to wear skirts as one who possessed no definite position in society. Moreover, the law prohibited marriage unless the man was able to support a wife in the station to which she was used, so that the skirt also served as an index of income.

## A TRULY BENEFICIAL AID

in cases of Poor Appetite, Headache, Heartburn, Sour Risings, Bloating, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Biliousness and Malaria, Fever and Ague, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For over 57 years it has been assisting sickly and run down people back to health, and its friends are therefore legion. You really ought to try this wonderful remedy at once and be satisfied that it is the only one you need to keep you healthy.

### Proper Fumigation.

To fumigate a room after sickness, paste strips of newspapers over cracks of windows and doors. Remove all living things. Loosen the bedding and carpets. Burn two or three formaldehyde candles (obtained at drug stores) according to directions on the box. Leave room closed six or eight hours. Open and air.

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

"Mabel, I don't propose."

"Well, George, I've noticed that, but daddy says you'd better propose before long or there will be doin'."

"When you interrupted me, Mabel, I was about to say that I do not propose to wait any longer to learn whether you do or do not return my love."

"Oh, George! This is so sudden!"—Houston Post.

### Sand Grains Travel Far.

The travels of grains of sand have long been a matter of scientific record. Years ago it was established that particles picked up on the coast of Pas de Calais had their origin in the rocks of Brittany, from 120 to 150 miles distant. Another standard fact is the discovery on the coast of Denmark of chalk dust which undoubtedly came from the cliffs of Normandy.

### Watch Your Temper.

A kind-hearted person's rage soon cools when he looks into the terror-reflexing eyes of a child or a dog, and sees what wonder, what fear, what protest, his storm has awakened. He sees the infantile of his display of feeling. Each one can discover a recipe for anger-cooling and each one should quickly discover and speedily apply it.

### The Flash of Genius.

A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within more than the luster of the firmament of stars and ages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts, they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty.—Emerson.

### It Would Seem So.

The subjoined item appeared in a French newspaper: "There was found in the river this morning the body of a soldier cut to pieces and sewed up in a sack. The circumstances seem to preclude any suspicion of suicide."