

Location of Garden of Eden.
The late General Gordon firmly be-
lieved the Coco de Mer to be the for-
bidden fruit, and the Seychelles is-
lands to be the site of the Garden of
Eden. This idea was so firmly fixed
in his mind that he caused soundings
to be taken of the surrounding sea, for
the purpose of tracing the courses of
the four rivers, and the results con-
firmed him in his belief.

Roots Barks Herbs

That have great medicinal power, are
raised to their highest efficiency for
purifying and enriching the blood, as
they are combined in Hood's Sarsapa-
rilla.
40,366 testimonials received by actual
count in two years. Be sure to take
Hood's Sarsaparilla

Get it today in usual liquid form or
chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

METHODICAL MR. BLINKOM.

His Mysterious Gain of Two Min-
utes Made Clear to Him.

"I am, I have been all my life," said
Mr. Blinkom, according to the New
York Sun, "a very methodical man.
I rise at a certain hour, take my
breakfast at a certain time and start
down town daily always at a certain
minute by the clock; but this day for
some unaccountable reason I found
myself starting two minutes early,
and really it quite disturbed me. I
couldn't understand how or where I
had gained that two minutes.

"But that wasn't the only bewilder-
ing thing that was to happen to me
this morning. At the office when I
took off my hat the office boy, before
he could check himself, started back
from me with a look of astonishment.
A man who came in to see me five
minutes later looked at me for a mo-
ment with what was clearly amaze-
ment, and another man who came in
a little later still started back a step
when he saw me with 'Er-r-r-hm-hm-
ha' before he collected himself and
got down to business.

"Then, at a later time yet, when I
sent for my stenographer, who is com-
monly very calm and sedate, why,
when she came in she all but laughed
at me this morning, and she seemed
to be quivering with merriment over
something all through my dictation.
What could it all mean? Really, I
was lost in wonderment over it all
until it came time to go out to lunch-
eon, when, as I was drying my hands,
I happened to see myself in a mirror.
Then I was ready to laugh after I had
got over my amazement.

"My head looked like that of the
wild man of Borneo, my hair was so
matted up and twisted and tousled. I
had somehow forgotten to comb my
hair this morning, and no wonder I
had created a commotion. But I was
glad of one thing. This made it all
clear to me how I had come to gain
that two minutes in starting away
from home, and that was a satisfac-
tion to me, anyway, for I am very
methodical."

Do not regard the flea with great
contempt; it is about the only crea-
ture which gets any work out of a dog.

HOWARD E. BURTON—Assayer and Chemist.
Leadville, Colorado. Specialties: Gold, Silver, Lead, H. Gold, Silver, Zinc, Copper, H. Milling envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Transfer work so-
lited. Reference: Carbonate National Bank.

EARN AN ORCHARD

HOOD RIVER ORCHARD LAND
for sale by owner; choice ten acres 94
miles from city, elevation about 1,600
feet, almost level, red shot 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. Ad-
dress P. O. Box 131, Portland, or phone
A 5374.

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WHEN WE MAKE
WASH DAY A HOLIDAY

and for the insignificant
sum of \$2.25, with the
Oregon Compressor-Air
Clothes Washer, the
little machine, which
works in an ordinary
wash tub with prac-
tically no effort, is child
can work it cleanses
a tub of clothes in three
minutes. It is the cir-
culation of hot water,
soap and air that does
the work.

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Tin Machine \$2.25
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Express prepaid.
Never sold in stores. Send for one today.
Agents wanted everywhere.
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and you will see that we offer you a substantial sav-
ing on all work and you cannot get better service
work anywhere, no matter how much you pay.

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bridge work for out-
of-town patrons in
one day if desired.
Painless extraction
work which places no
strain on the patient.
Examination free.
Nix Crowns \$5.00
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Good Rubber
Plates 5.00
Best Red Rubber
Plates 7.50
DR. W. A. WELLS, President and Manager. Painless Ext./Im. \$5.00
In these operations no pain. BEST METHODS
All work fully guaranteed for fifteen years.
Wise Dental Co., Inc.
Painless Dentists
Filling Building, Third and Washington, PORTLAND, ORE.
Office Hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays, 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.

Zelda Dameron

By
MEREDITH NICHOLSON
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CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

He repeated the words, "It feeds on
itself," as though he found satisfaction
in them. He was quite willing now to
yield everything to Zelda's hands. The
very way in which she asked questions
was a relief to him.
"Mr. Balcomb gave you a thousand
dollars to bind a bargain—is that what
you call it—for the sale of the creek
strip. I think I understand that. But
are there debts—are there other things
that must be paid? And if we still
have two houses we can get money for
them. We must face the whole matter
now—please keep nothing back."

"I have told you everything. I have
squandered your money in speculations
—gambling is the name for it; but I
have kept the farm and this house, un-
touched. Everything else has gone and
I have given an option for the sale of
that strip of ground on the creek. And
I sold a block of lots belonging to you.
In an irregular way. I could not sell
property without an order of court—
that was required by your mother's
will; but my necessities were great,
and Balcomb arranged an abstract to
suit himself—but I let him do it. I am
the guilty one; it is my crime."

"Let us not use unpleasant words.
It's my birthday. I'm quite grown up
and you must let me help—or find
help!"

"Yes; but not Rodney; not your un-
cle," he said, hurriedly. "He is vio-
lent, very violent. He would have no
mercy on me. And I am an old man,
and broken, very badly broken."

"I shall have to tell Uncle Rodney;
but you need have no fear of him, I
promise you that. Mr. Carr is your
lawyer, isn't he?" she asked.

"Yes; but he has been away. I took
advantage of his absence to do things
he would never have countenanced."

"There is Mr. Leighton," she said.
"No, no, not that man!" She had
tried to avoid any reference to the in-
terview of the night before, but the
mention of Leighton's name brought
the whole wretched scene clearly be-
fore her again. It was he, more than
her uncle, that she relied on.

"I'm sorry you feel toward him as
you do, father. I believe that we might
trust him. I look upon him as a
friend."

Erza Dameron was weak and the
talk was wearying him. He closed his
eyes and rested his head on the back
of the chair, moving it from side to
side restlessly. He was beaten and
he was not heroic in defeat. He was
stunned by the failure of his gambling
operations. He had lived so entirely
in dreams for a year that it was diffi-
cult for him to realize the broad day-
light of a workaday world. Echoes of
the harsh things that had passed be-
tween him and the child of his own
blood but a few hours before still
haunted him. She had summoned the
apparition of her dead mother and had
called him a liar; and he had insulted
her in the harshest terms he knew;
but he was now leaning upon her help-
lessly. He did not know, and he could
not understand, the motives that were
prompting her. He had thrown away
her money, and she did not arraign
him for it; she was even devising
means of covering up his ill-doings;
and the fact that one could overlook
and pardon the loss of a fortune was
utterly beyond his comprehension.

"Try to cheer up," she said, resting
her hand on his shoulder for a mo-
ment. "Don't talk to anybody about
business of any kind. I'm going down
to uncle's; and you needn't be afraid
of him, or of anybody."

Rodney Merriam greeted Zelda
cheerily.

"Am I not the early bird?" she de-
manded, walking into the library. "I
had hoped that you would congratulate
me in genial and cheering words. It's
my birthday, I would have you know."

"At my age—"

"You've said that frequently since we
got acquainted."

"As I was saying, at my age, birth-
days don't seem so dreadfully impor-
tant. But I congratulate you with all
my heart," he added, sincerely, and
with the touch of manner that was al-
ways charming in him. He drew out
the drawer of his desk. "Of course I
haven't any gift for you; but there's
some rubbish here—hardly worth con-
sidering—that I wish you'd carry away
with you."

He took out a little jeweler's box and
handed it to her.

"I've rarely been so perturbed," she
said. "May I open it now, or must I
wait till I get home—as they used to
tell me when I was younger."

"If you're interested in an old man's
taste, you may open it. I'm prepared
to see you disappointed, so you needn't
pretend you like it."

She bent over the gift with the en-
gerness of a child, and pressed the
catch. A string of pearls fell into her
lap and she exclaimed over them joy-
ously:

"Rubbish, did you say? Verily, I,
that was poor, am rich!"

She threw the chain about her neck
and ran it through her fingers hurried-
ly; then she brushed the white hair
from Rodney Merriam's forehead and
kissed him.

"You dear, you delicious old dear! I
know you hate to be thanked—"

"But I can stand being kissed. Put
those things away now; and don't for-
get to take care of them. You can
give them to your granddaughter on
her wedding day."

"I can't imagine doing anything so
foolish. I can see myself cutting her
off without a pearl."

The suggestion of poverty carried an
irony to the mind of both. Her father
was a rascal, who had swindled her
out of practically all of her fortune.
He was a lying hypocrite, Merriam said
to himself; and here was his daughter
as calm and cheerful as though there
were no such thing as unhappiness in
the world. His admiration and affec-
tion rose to high tides.

"I'm sorry if I seemed a little pre-
cipitate—yesterday," she said. "But I,

was all new and strange. And I have
known that you did not like father.
You will overlook whatever I did and
said yesterday, won't you?"

"It's a good plan to begin the world
over every morning. I want to you
in any way I can, Zee. I began at
the wrong end yesterday. The fault
was all mine!"

"Father and I have had a long talk
about his business. He approached it
last night on his own account. I have
told him that I was coming to you.
Father has met with misfortune. He
has told me frankly about it; he specu-
lated with the money that belonged
to me—and the money is all gone."

"Yes; I am not surprised."

"There is the house we live in and
the farm—they are still free. He says
they belong to me."

"If he has with pledged them for
debt in any way, they pass to your
possession to-day. They are yours
now."

"Yes; I understand about that. This
is my fateful birthday," and she
smiled.

"But there are some things that are
not quite right. Father has told me
about them. There is something about
an order of court, which affects a piece
of property that he has sold through
Mr. Balcomb. Father takes all the
blame for that. I suppose that is what
you wished to tell me last night. But
I'm glad I heard it from father. I hope
you will not be hard on him. He has
talked to me in an honorable spirit
that, that—I respect very much."

"Zee!" he exclaimed. "Zee, he isn't
worth it!"

"Please don't!"—and the sob clutched
her throat again—"I didn't come to
ask what it was worth; but to get you
to help me."

"Yes; yes; to be sure. It must be
done your way," he replied, quickly.
"But it's the right way. Now I want
you to tell me what to do. People have
bought property of my father, and he
failed to get the approval of the court.
I'm not sure that it was his fault—it
must have been Mr. Balcomb's way of
doing it. But it makes no difference,
and father takes all the blame. Now a
little given in this way is not right—is
that what you say?"

"We usually think that titles are good
or bad," and he smiled at her.

"But there must be a way of mak-
ing this good."

"Yes; perhaps several ways. That is
for a lawyer. You are the only per-
son that could take advantage of an
omission of that sort, I suppose."

"That is what I wish to know. And
it wouldn't be very much trouble to
make it right."

"We must ask a lawyer. Morris un-
derstands about it. He is considered a
good man in the profession. The ad-
vantage of calling on him is that he is a
friend and knows Balcomb."

"I told father I might ask Mr. Leigh-
ton to help us."

Rodney looked at her quickly. Erza
Dameron, Zelda's daughter, and Mor-
ris Leighton! The combination sug-
gested unhappy thoughts.

"Morris is coming up this morning.
He said 11, and he's usually on time.
That's one of the good things about
Morris. He keeps his appointments!"

"I imagine he would. Uncle Rodney,
I'm going to ask you something. It
may seem a little queer, but every-
thing in the world is a little queer. Did
you ever know—was there anything?"

It was the sob again and she frowned
hard in an effort to keep back the
tears—"I mean about mother—and Mr.
Leighton's father?"

The blood mounted again to the old
man's cheek, and he bent toward her
anxiously.

"Did he throw that at you? Did
Erza Dameron, after all your mother
suffered from him, insult you with that?"

"Please don't! Please don't!" and
she thrust a hand toward him appeal-
ingly. "I used to see the word past in
books and it meant nothing to me. But
now it seems that life isn't to-day at
all; it's just a lot of yesterdays!"

The old man walked to the window
and back.

"Was your mother's mistake; but
it must not follow you. When did your
father tell you this?"

"Yesterday—last night. I had pro-
voked him. It is all so hideous, please
never ask me about it—what happened
at the house—but he told me about
that."

"He's a greater dog than I thought
he was; and now he has thrown him-
self on your mercy! I've a good mind
to say that we won't help him. Mor-
ris' father was a gentleman and a
scholar; and Morris is the finest fellow
in the world."

"Yes; but please don't scold! It
won't help me any."

"No; I can't ever scold anybody. My
hands are always tied. I'm old and
foolish. Talk about the past coming
back to trouble us! You have no idea
what it means at my age; it's the past,
the past, the past! until to-day is eter-
nally smothered by it." And then the
bell rang and he went to open the door
for Morris.

"Morris," he began at once, "we can
omit the preliminaries this morning.
Mr. Dameron's trusteeship has expired.
His daughter is entitled to the prop-
erty left her by her mother, or its
equivalent. There has been a sale of
property that is not quite regular, and—"

"We wish to make it quite legal—
quite perfect," said Zelda.

"And we wish to avoid publicity. We
must keep out of the newspapers."

"I understand," said Morris.

Zelda had purposely refrained from
mentioning her father's own plan of
continuing himself as trustee to hide
the fact of his misfeasance; but with
Morris present, she felt that her uncle
was easier to manage.

"We have agreed to continue the
trusteeship, just as it has been. Father
and I have had a perfect under-
standing about it."

"No; not we won't do it that way,"
shouted Merriam.

But Zelda did not look at him. Her
eyes appealed to Morris and he un-
derstood that in anything that was
done, Erza Dameron must be shield-
ed; and the idea of hiding Dameron's
irregularities struck him as reasonable
and necessary.

"You can give your father a power of
attorney to cover everything he has
left of yours if you wish it," said Mor-
ris.

"I won't hear to it; it's a farce; it's
playing with the law," declared Rod-
ney.

"Uncle Rodney, I'm glad the law can
be played with. There's more sense in
it than I thought there was. You will
do it for me that way, won't you—
please? And there are some people
who have paid father for an option
on what he calls the creek property. I
wish to protect them, too."

"You needn't do that," said Morris.
"We can repudiate the option probably.
It's not your affair, as the law views
it."

"But I wish to make it my affair. I
wish to do it right away. I've heard
that important things can't be done
right away, but these things must be—
and she smiled at Morris and then at
her uncle.

"You understand, Zee, that if you
give this power of attorney you are
brushing away any chance to get back
this money."

"Yes; perfectly. And now, Mr.
Leighton, how long will it take?"

Morris looked at Merriam as though
for his approval.

"Uncle agrees, of course, Mr. Leigh-
ton. You needn't ask him—and the two
men laughed. There was no mak-
ing the situation tragic when the per-
son chiefly concerned refused to have
it so. She had accepted the loss of the
bulk of her fortune and the fact of her
father's perfidy without a quaver. She
seemed, indeed, to be in excellent spir-
its, and communicated her cheer to the
others.

"If this is final—" began Morris.

"Of course it's final," said Zee.

"I'll come back here at 4 o'clock and
you can sign the power of attorney if
you wish. But there's one thing I'm
going to do—on my own responsibility,
if necessary. I'm going to get back
that option on the creek strip that Mr.
Dameron gave my friend Balcomb. Bal-
comb's a bad lot, and I'm not disposed
to show him any mercy."

"I'd rather you didn't—if my father
pledged himself to sell—"

"Let Morris do it his way," begged
Merriam. "You may be sure Balcomb
won't lose anything."

"I'm afraid he won't," said Leighton,
and left them.

(To be continued.)

FACTS ABOUT COFFEE.

Java Plantations and the Mocha
found in Arabia and Abyssinia.

The old coffee houses have long since
disappeared, but the popularity of the
beverage remains, the Westminster Ga-
zette says. Only two plants of the spe-
cies are cultivated to any great ex-
tent, namely, Arabian coffee and Li-
berian coffee. As a rule the coffee
shrub first flowers in its third year
and then only bears a small crop of
fruit. The fifth year is usually the
time of the first considerable yield. In
Java three gatherings are made an-
nually, called the "early," the "chief"
and the "after crop," but only the sec-
ond is of great importance. The flow-
er enjoys only a very ephemeral exis-
tence, as the setting of the fruit gener-
ally takes place within twenty-four
hours and the petals wither and fall
off almost immediately. A coffee estate
in full flower is a very beautiful sight,
but its glory is very soon past.

The name Mocha coffee is applied
generally to the coffee produced in Ara-
bia and Abyssinia. The best portion
of the crop, it is said, goes to Turkey
and Egypt, being purchased on the
trees by traders, who themselves look
after the picking and preparation.

Abyssinia is the original home of cof-
fee and it is still grown there in its
native luxuriance and primitive abun-
dance. The finest coffee of Arabia is
grown in the Yemen province, and the
best beans are reserved for consump-
tion in the country or by the court of
the sultan of Turkey, the khedive of
Egypt or the shah of Persia—in other
words, by the principal rulers of the
Mohametan world. In the British
empire the chief coffee producing coun-
tries are India, Jamaica, British Cen-
tral Africa and Ceylon. Small quanti-
ties of the product are grown also in
Queensland, British Honduras and Na-
tali, while in almost every part of the
tropical regions of the empire one or
other species of coffee is cultivated for
local use.

For Renovating Goods.

A process for the renovating of
dress goods or other fabrics has been
invented by a Missouri man. The ap-
paratus consists

of a stand, like a
reading desk, with
a roller attached
to the lower end.
The goods are placed
on this stand and
drawn up as the
work progresses.

The actual work
of renovating done by a sand blast,
propelled through a tube with a fan-
shaped mouth. The sand is propelled
through the tube by compressed air,
which may be supplied by a foot pump
and is directed first against the direc-
tion of the nap of the fabric and af-
terward with the direction of the nap.
This results in a cleaning out of all
extraneous material, and after this is
done the particles of sand and other
substances can be easily removed by
brushing or by a blast of air. The ad-
vantage of using the sand is that it
works its way under the nap as air
would not do. After this treatment
the goods are chemically cleaned.

The standard of height in the Brit-
ish army is greater than in any other
army in the world.

Tobacco seeds are so minute that a
thumbful will furnish enough plants
for an acre of ground.

MODEL SMALL FARM

NEBRASKA MAN HAS SHOWN
WHAT CAN BE DONE.

By the Application of Swiss Intensive
Methods to a Rocky Hillside He
Is Rapidly Becoming a
Rich Man.

When a man's father has been a
farmer and has raised a family of ten
children on the products of six acres
of land twenty acres must seem a big
farm. It was that way with Arnold
Martin when he came to America 20
years ago from Switzerland and settled
in Pawnee county, Nebraska.

Martin is the ablest exponent of the
small farm theory in America, says a
writer in the Kansas City Star. His
farm has been written of extensively
and is the subject of a government bul-
letin. The land which Martin farms
was so rough and undesirable that it
was detached from the tract of which
originally it was a part. Martin bought
it for \$250. The first year his crops
paid him \$600. Since then his earn-
ings have grown to \$2,000 a year, ex-
clusive of the income from cash pre-
miums at fairs. Last year Martin won
\$1,025 at the Nebraska state fair and
at Electric park. At both he took first
prize for county exhibits. He also won
many individual prizes in agricultural
classes at both fairs.

"Hard work and a little thought,"
That's his answer when asked how
he makes farming pay. Martin sells all
his products in a little country town in
competition with his neighbors on big-
ger farms. An idea of the immense
amount of work Martin did in trans-
forming 20 acres of hillside into a pro-
ducing farm may be gained in the fact
that he took the curves out of a creek
which meandered through his property
and thereby gained another acre of
tillable land. He also made it the
source of a water supply. If it doesn't
rain Martin turns on his home-made ir-
rigation plant. Instead of the soil be-
ing washed down by rain Martin had
arranged his rows so that they hold
the moisture longer than bottom land
would if cultivated in the ordinary
manner.

Martin works his land all the time
except in winter. His is the intensive
method used in the rocky section of
Switzerland, from which he came. He
does all his own work and finds time
to work a little for his neighbors.
When the stones on his farm became
a nuisance he found a market for a
quantity and built his farm buildings
of what was left.

Martin hauls manure from towns
near him and uses it as fertilizer. His
land is growing richer each year in
spite of the fact that his crop rotations
are short. An instance of this is that
he plants corn in his potato patches
when giving them the last weeding.
Watermelon vines sometimes are ten
feet long in his onion patches by the
time the onions are ready for market.
Martin's opinion about the proper
size of a farm has been made an aphor-
ism. Here it is:

"A man can start on 20 acres; 40
acres will do; 80 acres are enough; 160
an abundance; 320 a misfortune and
640 a calamity."

Man's Great Problem.

Your greatest problem is yourself.
You are also your greatest treasure.
If you can get yourself determined
upon—find out what you are and what
you are for—and if you can discover
and develop the elements of value in
your nature your life will take on the
beauty of orderliness and your need of
the savings bank will be less and less,
for you will be your own riches. I say
if you can, for this procedure takes
wisdom, and wisdom is a fruit which
ripens slowly. Perhaps you are not yet
wise; perhaps you are still incapable
of self-analysis; perhaps you are con-
fused about the surfaces and appear-
ances of life; perhaps your code of con-
duct is based upon the customs of the
times and the sayings of the alleged
sages; perhaps you are disheartened
and discouraged—even in a frenzy of
retreat before the things in your life
which seem to oppose you and beat
you back. But even so, this is but a
condition or a mood which is not final.
The condition will right itself, the
mood will pass.—Richard Wightman in
Metropolitan Magazine.

No More Pining for Him.

"Why, John," she said, when she
had returned from the seaside after
having been absent for nearly three
months, "how well you look! And you
wrote that you were pining away."

"Well, I was pining away for a
while," he absent-mindedly replied,
"but the stenographer who left me
last spring to get married got tired of
her husband, and returned to me a
few weeks ago."—Judge.

The Pleasures of Hope.

She—Father believes in the pleas-
ures of anticipation.
He—Do you agree with him?

She—Oh, yes, indeed! In the summer
he promises to buy me a sealskin coat
the following winter if I'll give up
going to the seaside, and in the winter
he promises to send me to the seaside
the following summer if I give up the
sealskin coat. So, you see, I am always
happy.—Tit-Bits.

A Modern Elaboration.

"Can't I put on this new hobble skirt
and show it to some friends before I
buy it?" asked Mrs. Biddler.

"No," replied the saleswoman, firm-
ly; "you can't try it on. This is one of
our strictly pay-as-you-enter models."

SOUTH AMERICAN CITIES.

Modern Spirit Seen in Argentina,
Brazil, Chile and Peru.

The municipality of Buenos Aires
will have its own exhibit, but this will
not take into account the indescribable
attractiveness of the largest city in
the Southern Hemisphere. Here alone
is an object lesson of the progress and
accomplishment of South America. The
business and social life there is
equaled only by that of London, Paris
or New York. The luxury and display
are exceeded not even by these capi-
tals. But what is seen in the metrop-
olis of Argentina by no means ex-
hausts the astonishment of the individ-
ual who for the first time becomes
really interested in our sister con-
tinent, says Albert Hale in the Ameri-
can Review of Reviews. There is no
place in the exhibition for illustration
of the development of genuine civiliza-
tion in these cities of South America,
but in their way they express even bet-
ter perhaps than railways and trans-
portation all that is to the credit of