

SKINS ARE STUFFED

Roosevelt's Trophies Are Being Prepared in Washington.

Taxidermists Are at Work With the Specimens and Carpenters Are Erecting the Mounts in the National Museum.

Washington.—In an obscure corner of the national museum, on the mall, in Washington, half a dozen men are preparing the skins of the animals killed by Theodore Roosevelt and his party in Africa. Carpenters are building the framework on which the hides of the mammals will be mounted and taxidermists are working with the skins under the supervision of government naturalists.

In the department given over to the study of comparative anatomy, where the skeletons of the largest animals are suspended from the ceiling, are two glass cases. In these are the trophies of the \$250,000 Roosevelt hunt. The collection consists of the skins of a lion, cheetah, reed buck, mongoose, leopard, zebra, hyena, horse-tailed monkey, rhinoceros, Grant's gazelle, Thompson's gazelle and field mice. In another case are the skulls of a rhinoceros, giraffe, hippopotamus, wart hog, African buffalo and an antelope.

Few of the hundreds of tourists that visit the national museum each day pay much attention to the Roosevelt collection as it stands, the guards on duty say, and seldom does a sightseer ask where the Roosevelt collection may be found.

"It's a funny thing to me," remarked one of the curators of the museum, "why those skins and skulls don't make more of a hit with the public. The exhibit is labeled, as you see, and the word 'Roosevelt' in big letters on that placard vander ought to be an attraction alone. But it is not."

A number of the skins, those of hartbeests, elephants and hippos are still packed in hogsheads in which they were shipped from Africa. Brine is the principal preservative used and the skins are in such good condition, taxidermists say, that they may be kept indefinitely. As rapidly as the skin of one animal is stuffed it is set aside, in the rough, and work is begun on another. "Finishing touches are left to the naturalist and his work is important."

"Perhaps you never thought much about it," said an employe at the museum, who is a student of natural history, "but animals have a wonderful lot of expression—facial expression, I mean. They have their moods just as we do, and it is a knack coupled with a certain artistic sense, to 'build' up a skeleton, clothe it with a pelt and make it appear as it did in life. Particularly in the case of our larger wild animals, the very kind we are working with now in getting together the Roosevelt collection."

"Lower classes of animal life are not so difficult to handle, birds and reptiles being comparatively easy to stuff and mount. It is in posing the subjects that the real difficulty is encountered. There are many details to be looked after. For example, it is a good day's work to select and fit the right kind of glass eyes for just such specimens as we are now working with. It's not hard to pick out elephant eyes from those of a lion or an antelope, but it is a job to select the right shade and size and it is not altogether practicable to follow models too closely. Of course, the general contour of the specimen is the principal thing to pay attention to, but there are any number of little details to be looked after that makes the work tedious."

"The Asiatic elephant and the African elephant, while they are first cousins and in a general way look a good deal alike, have distinguishing features. Almost everyone knows that their ears vary in size and shape and that their eyes differ in shape and often in color. It rests with the naturalist to put the finishing touches to a specimen after the taxidermist has done the rough work."

The larger animals that go to make up the Roosevelt collection will have ribs of wood. By the first of the year, specimens will be on display in the national museum.

EFFICIENCY IS REQUIRED.

The order signed by President Taft placing in the classified service assistant postmasters and such clerks in certain classes of post offices as are not now within the civil service, does not take effect until December 1. An important feature of the order is that assistant postmasters who cannot present an efficiency record will not have the advantage of the order. The official text of the order is as follows:

"It is hereby ordered that the position of assistant postmaster in post offices of the first and second classes, and also the position of clerk, of whatever grade, in post offices of the first and second classes, not hitherto classified, shall be included in the classified service, provided that no assistant postmaster or clerk appointed without examination prior to this examination shall be classified who fails to establish to the satisfaction of the post office department his capacity for efficient service in the position held, and Schedule A of the civil service rules is hereby amended accordingly. This order shall take effect December 1, 1910."

The civil service commission is not required to make a definite statement

as to the number of persons who will be brought into the competitive classified service until a further analysis of the effect of the order has been made. There were on July 1, 1909, 2,105 assistant postmasters in first and second class post offices, and on the date named there were 614 second class post offices in which city free delivery had not been established, in which there were employed 1,746 clerks who were unclassified. A considerable number of these second class offices have since been classified by the establishment of city free delivery, thus reducing the number of clerks who are classified and who will be affected by the present order. It is probable, however, that the total number of persons affected will be in the neighborhood of 3,600.

Some regret is being expressed by civil service reformers that the president did not accompany this new order with one covering all the fourth class postmasters in the country into the classified service. At present the fourth class postmasters of 14 states—the territory east of the Mississippi river and north of the Ohio river—are in the classified service. The number of fourth class postmasters in these 12 states is about 24,000. The total number of fourth class postmasters in the country is 52,942, so as will be seen, not quite half the postmasters in this class are in the classified service.

It was said at the civil service commission recently that the policy will undoubtedly be to fill the places of assistant postmasters by the promotion of postoffice employes already in the classified service. Postmaster General Hitchcock desires that this policy shall be pursued rather than a policy under which men unfamiliar with the duties of the office would be brought in through competitive examinations, and the civil service commission supports the postmaster general's views.

WANT U. S. TO BOOST GOOD ROADS

Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture has received a petition signed by eight American delegates who attended the recent international road congress at Brussels requesting that his department consider the advisability of the United States government becoming a member of the Permanent International Association of Road Congresses. The office of public roads is a part of the department of agriculture, and for this reason the matter was put up to the secretary for his consideration.

The special significance of the petition is that it discloses the fact that the United States, which has the most extensive system of roads of any country in the world, has been one of the three slowest nations to join the International Road association now formally adhered to by 26 governments. Italy and England are the only other large countries which have not joined.

The nations of Europe have gone a long way ahead of the United States in road work, particularly in the matter of administration and road maintenance, and experts say that for this reason this country will benefit immensely in the advantage of collaboration made possible by membership in the International congress. France, for instance, with its almost perfect system of roads, sends one and one-half times as much freight over her public highways as is carried by the railroads. The freight traffic on the roads of other European countries is almost as heavy. In this country conditions are reversed and it is estimated that the railroads carry nearly four times as much freight as the public roads. Yet railroad development depends, engineers say, on the good roads which open up and make accessible the country adjacent to the lines.

The department of agriculture now has the petition under consideration and, if approval is given, congress will be asked this coming winter for the small appropriation necessary for this country's membership dues.

RENOVATING THE CAPITOL.

The capitol has recently undergone a thorough house cleaning and renovating. Over 200 workmen have been laboring with paint brush, mallet and chisel for months to improve the building. Among the numerous big changes is that of using the power plant of southeast Washington, which will transmit heat and light through more than a mile of tunnel to the capitol, the office building and the congressional library.

All the rooms, stairways, etc., have been painted and varnished. For year after year paint and varnish have been put on the walls and stairways until it will no longer stick, but peels off, leaving unsightly spots. This year the cleaning went so deep that all of the old paint was sanded off and the new coats put directly on the walls. The painting of the dome and capitol combined has been an enormous task. It has been estimated that if one man only were to tackle the job it would take him about five years to complete it.

MOONSHINERS IN THE CAPITAL.

An illicit whisky still almost in the heart of the national capital! Now, what do you think of that? The revenue officers made it discovery a few days ago that in the southwest section of the city is an illicit still with a capacity of 100 gallons of whisky a day, and it has been there for nearly a year. Some important arrests have been made, and it has been discovered that several of the wholesale liquor houses in this city were getting their supply of whisky from this still.

Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON
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CHAPTER XXIV.

"I think I have begun to live," said Zelda the next afternoon.

She sat in the parlor at home, talking to her Uncle Rodney. Her father was out walking about the neighborhood. He had not been down-town since the crisis in his affairs, which had left him much broken. He had been disposed to accept his brother-in-law's kind offices warily at first, but Zelda had reassured him as to her uncle's friendly intentions, and it was a relief to him to be able to shift the responsibility of adjusting his affairs to other shoulders.

To all intents and purposes nothing had changed, and beyond the short-lived gossip of business men who knew him personally, Ezra Dameron's losses passed unnoticed. Olive, who was Zelda's closest friend, never knew just what had happened. Zelda merely told her cousin that her father had gone through some business trouble, but that it had all been straightened out again. Mrs. Forrest knew even less than this; there was, Rodney Merriam said, no manner of use in discussing the loss of Zelda's fortune with his sister, and talking about family matters was a bore anyhow. Rodney was surprised at his own amiable acceptance of the situation; but it had resulted in linking him closer to Zelda's life; she was dependent on him now as she might never have been otherwise; and as for Ezra Dameron, he was a pitiful object, whose punishment was doubtless adequate. It was possible for Rodney Merriam to sit in the parlor of the old house in which he had been born, and talk to Zelda with an ease and pleasure that he had not known since she came home and went to her father instead of going to live with her aunt or with himself, which would have been the sensible thing for her to do.

"I think I have begun to live," repeated Zelda.

"I hope you are happy, Zee. To be happy's the main thing. There is nothing else in the wide world that counts; and I say it, whose life has been a failure."

"You shouldn't talk so! You must remember that I'm letting you be good to me, kinder and more helpful than any one ever was before to anybody, just because you said you couldn't be happy any other way."

"Yes; I'm going to lead a different life," she said, ironically. "It doesn't pay to cherish the viper of enmity in one's bosom. But I suppose there's even a certain fun in hating people, even though you never get a chance to even up with them."

"You still have a little lingering paganism in you. But it's disappearing. Olive tells me that you and Captain Pollock have quite hit it off. He ought to have called you out and made you fight for the snubbings you gave him."

"Bah! I'm a little absent-minded, that's all." But Merriam smiled when he remembered Pollock. "By the way, I've accepted his invitation for to-morrow afternoon to drive out to the post office with him. I believe you are asked; and Olive and Morris? Which wing of our family is Pollock trying to break into, will you kindly tell me? He has shown you rather marked attention, it seems to me."

"You are quite likely to have a niece in the army. I fancy that it's all arranged; of course, it's been Olive all the time. She hasn't told me yet—but she doesn't have to tell me!"

It rained the next day and Pollock telephoned to the members of his party that the excursion would be postponed. Zelda hoped that Olive would come up to the house, and when the bell rang she thought it was her cousin and called to the black Angeline, who still acted as Polly's assistant, to bring Miss Merriam directly up stairs. But it was Morris Leighton whom the girl announced.

"I'll be down in a moment," she said, but she waited, sitting at the table, where she had so often pondered great and little matters during the year, a troubled year. The fact that her mother and Morris' father had once been lovers, as blurted out by her father in his rage and confirmed by her uncle, had impressed her profoundly; she was not a morbid girl, but there seemed something uncanny in the story, and she had determined that Morris should never again speak words of love to her. It was all too pitiful; she had no right to any happiness that Morris might bring her; and here again her mother's memory seemed to follow and lay a burden upon her. She was sorry that she had not asked the maid to excuse her, but it was too late and she went down to the parlor with foreboding in her heart.

Morris was standing at the window watching the rain beat upon the asphalt in the narrow street outside. He turned quickly as he heard her step.

"You are a brave man to venture out in a storm like this! Of course, you knew that our excursion is off? Captain Pollock telephoned that we'd wait until a better day."

"I understood so. But I was keyed to vacation pitch and I thought you wouldn't mind if I came—if I didn't stay very long."

"Of course—if you don't stay very long; but you needn't stand—all the time!"

"You wouldn't have had me keep my office a dreary afternoon like this. It's rather cheerless in our office on rainy days, I should like you to know."

Her father came to the door and hesitated. "Won't you come and share our fire, father?" Zelda asked.

"No, oh, no! I'm quite busy. It's a very bad day, Mr. Leighton." He turned and they presently heard him climb the stairs to his room.

near; there was in his presence in the house at this unwonted hour of the day a suggestion of something intimate and new. She was looking away from him into the fire when he rose and drew close to her.

"I have come to ask you to do something for me," he said. "I want you to sing me the song—my song—the one that means—so much—that means everything."

"I can't, I can't! Please don't ask me"—and she clenched her hands upon her knees.

"You hurt me once—when you knew you did, when you wished me to be hurt, when I spoke to you of the song—of my song—of our song! But I want you to sing it to me now, Zee, and if you can sing it and then tell me that you don't care—that you don't know what love is—then I shall never again speak to you—of love—or anything."

"No; I don't know—the song. I can't sing it—ever again!"

"Is it because you are afraid—is that it? You can't wound me now by anything that you may say; but if you will sing me the song and then tell me that your words will always be no, then I shall be away, Zee, and I shall never trouble you again."

She remembered, as she listened with her head bowed over her hands, the first time she had heard his voice, that was deep and strong. It was only a year ago, in Mrs. Carr's drawing-room.

She rose and walked away and looked out through the window upon the rain-swept street; she saw the wet leaves clinging in the walk; it was a desolate picture; and something of the outer color, the change of the year, touched her.

"I can't sing your song—any song!" and she turned to him suddenly with laughter in her eyes. "My throat is very painful," she added and laughed.

"Zee"—and he drew still nearer, so that he could have put out his hand and touched her.

"Please, please, please, please, please!" she begged, grave again, "please forget all about the song—and me! I wish you to—very much. There are reasons—a great many reasons—why you must forget all about the song you liked, and everything that I may suggest to you. Won't you believe me—please?"

"There can't be any reasons that make any difference."

"You can be kind if you will," she said, "and merciful."

"There is a reason; there is myself. I'm not fit to call your name or to stand near you. I have little to offer; but I love you, Zee—and the sincerity of his plea touched her, so that she did not speak for a moment, but stood staring at the rain-beaten pane with eyes that saw nothing.

"You could spare me—if you would," she said.

"I would give my life for you," he answered, steadily, unyieldingly. "But I can't let you put me aside—for any idle fears or doubts. You must tell me what troubles you; you have not told me that you did not care. I shall not go until you tell me what it is that weighs against me. I have a right to one of the other."

She looked at him suddenly; it would be easy to say that she did not care; but her eyes filled at the thought, and she turned to the window again. The beat of hoofs upon the hard street struck her with a sense of the world's vastness and the wind in the cedars sang like a mournful prophet of the coming winter. She could not tell him that he meant nothing to her, when he meant so nearly all; but if she should set up a barrier, it might be enough and he would go.

"You know we have had trouble—that my father has met with losses—and he needs me. My duty is here; that must be a sufficient reason."

"No," he said, instantly, "that is not a reason at all, Zee. You are doing for your father all that you could be asked to do—and I should not ask you to do less."

"I must do all I can," she said. "There must be no question of loyalty. And now"—she turned to him smiling—"it's very disagreeable outside; let us be cheerful indoors."

"Zee," he began, gravely, "I'm not so easily reassured as that. There's something that I want to say, that I shouldn't dare say to you, if I did not love you. I knew months ago that you were showing a cheerful face to the world while you suffered."

"Please, oh, please!" and she lifted her hands to her face. "It is not kind! You must not!"

"You made light of things that you knew were good; you said things often that you did not mean; but you were brave and strong and fine. I understood it, Zee. But now that is all out of the way. There is no use in thinking about it any more."

"No; but you must know that I talked to you as I did because—oh, because I hated goodness! I tried to hate it! It was because—father—but I mustn't speak of it."

"I understand all about that, Zee." "But I am very old," she went on, plyingly; "I am very old, and my strength—it all went away from me last year—and every day I had to act a part, and I did so many foolish things—you must have thought—"

"That I loved you, Zee," he declared, refusing to meet her on the ground she sought.

"The sweetest thing in the world," she said, "must be—not to know—of evil; not to know!" and there was the pent-up heartache of a year in the sigh that broke from her. "Zee; but we'll find better things ahead—I'm sure of it."

She was not ready to look into the future. Her mind was still busy with the year that had just ended.

"I said so many things that I did not mean, sometimes, and I was hard on you, when you meant to be so kind; but I'm sorry now."

"You were a little hard on me now and then, but I think I liked it. Some day I shall laugh about it."

"I hope—I know—you will be a successful man," she said, slowly, "and now let us be good friends."

She turned as though to sit down and be quit of a disagreeable topic forever, but he drew a step nearer and took her hands.

"Zee"—and the smile was all gone from his eyes—"there isn't any such easy escape for you. Your reasons are no reasons. You have said all that there is to say, haven't you? But you haven't said that you do not love me. If you will say that I shall go away, and if that is so I must know it now."

She struggled to free her hands, but he held them tight. She drew away from him, her face very white.

Suddenly she raised her eyes and looked at him.

"You must let me go. I can't tell you why; but there can be nothing between you and me."

"I love you, Zee," he said, steadily. "You must let me help you—if there is any trouble—if your father has met with some new difficulty—"

"Oh, you don't understand! It isn't father—alone—I mean. I can't tell you—I can't speak of it—it was my mother—and your father—their unhappy story; but there is a fate in these things! It's not that I don't believe in fate; it's because I have grown afraid of happiness! And it is all so strange, that you and I should meet here and that I should have hurt you last summer—maybe—as my mother hurt your father. And that was before I knew their story."

"I love you, Zee," he said, simply and sincerely, as a man speaks—who does not use words lightly. He put his arms about her and drew her close to him. The tears sprang into his eyes as he saw how wholly she yielded her girl's heart to him and how little there remained to win. He felt her breath, broken with happy little sobs, against his face.

"We have our own life to live, Zee; there is no fate that is stronger than love," he said.

Midnight had struck. The rain had ceased, and the autumn stars looked down benignly upon the world. It was very still in the Dameron house. Zelda sat dreaming before her table, her mother's little book lying closed before her. A new heaven and a new earth had dawned for her on the day just ended, and in her heart there was peace. She rose and lighted a candle and went down through the silent old house, carrying the book in her hand. In the parlor a few coals still burned brightly in the fireplace and she knelt before it, holding the book against her cheek. Then she poised it above the flames, hesitated a moment and let it fall where the embers were brightest. She watched the leather and paper curl and writhe until they ceased to be distinguishable, and still her eyes rested for a moment upon the place where they had been.

She rose and held the candle close to a photograph of her mother that stood upon the mantel and studied it wistfully.

"Mother, dear little mother!" she whispered. "Morris!"

Then with a smile of happy content showing in the soft light of the candle, she went out into the dark hall and up the long stair to her room.

(The end.)

A Few Don'ts for Women.

Don't begrudge your husband a few hours spent with his men friends. You meet friends. Be considerate and give him the same privilege.

Don't bother him with troublesome trifles that happen during the day.

Don't whine and complain over household difficulties.

Don't overwork and be tired and cross when he comes home. Your husband will see you tired and irritable where he will not be conscious of a few grains of dust which you may have dissipated at the expense of your strength.

Don't let yourself get old and ugly. Take time to keep yourself young and to cultivate good looks. If you can't be beautiful try to be interesting.

Don't forget to cultivate your mind. Read about what is going on in the great world, so that if he makes a remark on current events you will be able to answer him intelligently instead of giving him a blank stare.

Don't inquire how his business is unless you are sure from his face that he has something pleasant to tell you.

A Good Guesser.

"If you want an answer to any question under the sun," said Robert Eifson, "ask a small boy. Did you ever hear about the mother of a lad boy who asked James Russell Lowell to write in her autograph album? The poet, complying, wrote the line:—"

"What is so rare as a day in June?"

"Calling at this woman's house a few days later, Lowell idly turned the pages of the album till he came to his own autograph and saw this answer:—"

"A Chinaman, with whiskers."—Young's Magazine.

Rubber and Gutta Percha.

There are important distinctions between India rubber and gutta percha, and in the majority of purposes for which they are employed one cannot replace the other. While the trees yielding India rubber are well distributed over the tropical parts of the world and may be cultivated with more or less facility, the tree which furnishes gutta percha is to be found only in Borneo, Sumatra and the Malay archipelago generally.

Alas! the Poor Poet.

Editor.—We would very much like to use your poem, sir, but the fact is, we are not in a condition to buy verse.

Poet.—But you may use it for nothing; I would much like to see it in print.

Editor.—Well, you see, we have a rule here that anything that isn't paid for isn't worth printing.—Boston Herald.

Records in Size.

The largest theater is the Paris Opera house, covering three acres; the largest bronze statue, that of Peter the Great in St. Petersburg, weighing 1,100 tons. The biggest stone statue is in Japan, 44 feet high; the largest college is in Cairo, with over ten thousand students and 310 teachers. Damascus has the honor of being the oldest city.

Terrible Suffering

Eczema All Over Baby's Body.

"When my baby was four months old his face broke out with eczema, and at sixteen months of age, his face, hands and arms were in a dreadful state. The eczema spread all over his body. We had to put a mask or cloth over his face and tie up his hands. Finally we gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a few months he was entirely cured. Today he is a healthy boy." Mrs. Inez Lewis, Barling, Maine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood diseases and builds up the system. Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

Restoring Ivory.

To restore ivory carvings that have become discolored, expose them under glass to the rays of the sun, after having removed the dust by brushing them with warm water and soap. Turn them from time to time, so that all sides will be equally bleached.

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

Leaders in Their Line.

The greatest bank, says Harper's Weekly, is the Bank of England, in London; the oldest college is University college, Oxford, founded in 1050; the largest library, the National in Paris, containing nearly three million volumes.

If It's Your Eye Use Pettit's Eye Salve for inflammation, styes, itching lids, eye aches, defects of vision and sensitive to strong lights. All druggists or Howard Bros.

Money and Earning.

Fads of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardy brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.—Joseph Addison.

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