

**COTTAGE GROVE LEADER**

The paper that gives you what you want to read

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SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1914

**Notice to the Public**

All notices of entertainment where admission is charged or where there is a money consideration: all cards of thanks and resolutions of condolence will be charged for at the regular advertising rate—5 cents per line.

What a glorious thing it is to be just a common citizen without political aspirations. Just think of that ride up Salt Creek—not a lonesome trip this year to be sure—with nothing to eat on the journey but crow. But the defeated fellows have this consolation—they don't have to make good on the promises they have made. It's up to the winners in this fight to continue their worries until November and if they win again they are due to take all the "cussin's" for high taxes, dry weather, scarcity of money, bad roads and short crops.

Stop talking calamity! Dog on you, smile awhile, and see how much better you like it! You hate to meet a man with a grouch—you know you do! How do you suppose other people like your calamity wail? Did you ever know a grouchy whine to make anybody feel better? If you wanted to start a panic, continually beefing about "hard times" is the best way in the world to boost it. Join the "Don't Worry Club" and can your grouch long enough to thank the Good Lord that you're not a Mexican.

**Community Suicide.**

Statistics show that the big cities of the country are growing faster than the smaller ones. There are exceptions, but this is the rule.

One of the principal reasons for this ominous tendency is the lack of community spirit among so many people.

When a person buys supplies out of town, he helps some other place to grow. His support permits a merchant in some other place to enlarge his business, hire more clerks, and pay more taxes. The merchant thus favored does nothing in return, except to sell his goods at a price that usually can be equalled or bettered in a home store.

When you buy goods at home you help your home business men to increase their business, to draw more help from other places, to pay more taxes, and do more to support all home institutions. It pays to think what will become of your money after you spend it. Do you want it to help your own interests, or those of some larger city?—Salem Daily Statesman.

**Politeness.**

Mr. Schmaltz, noted for his table noises, hurried into a Broadway hotel at the lunch hour and took a seat.

"Come over here with us," called one of several acquaintances at a nearby table.

"Oh," said Schmaltz, "all I want is some soup."

"You can have soup at this table just as well as at that one," said the other. "And we'll give you a respectful hearing."—New York Press.

**Hard Lines.**

Circus Proprietor—What's the matter, Dave? You look worried to death. Sideshow Manager—I'm ruined. The town barber shaved the bearded lady by mistake when she was asleep, and there ain't a whiskered man in the troupe.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Saving Stamp Money.**

Patience—She says her husband is trying to economize now.

Patrice—How, I wonder?  
"By forgetting to mail her letters."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Matched.**

Knicker—They seem a well mated pair. Bocker—Oh, yes, botanically. She is a society bud, and he is a blooming idiot.—Town Topics.

It's the songs you sing and the smiles you wear that makes the sunshine everywhere.—Selected.

**FOUND IN THE SNOW**

A Rescue and a Romance

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Dell Pearson faced her father across the library table. Her face was pale and resolute, and her eyes shone strangely.

"Father," she said firmly, "you cannot make me marry Hugo Forest against my will. I am of age, and even if Cousin Fortescue did leave me \$500,000 with the understanding that I was to marry the son of his old friend I would forfeit the money rather than marry a man whom I do not love!"

"Bravo, my dear!" smiled her father approvingly. "While \$500,000 is not to be sneezed at in these mercenary days, still I'd rather have my girl marry a man who, though penniless, has very much the making of a man in him than a good for nothing gilded fool. Of course Fortescue has hinted that which ever one of the beneficiaries under his singular will declines to marry the other, according to his stipulations, that one will forfeit his money."

"I am glad that my refusal to marry Mr. Forest will not affect his enjoyment of his \$500,000," Dell sighed relievedly.

Mr. Pearson smiled dryly. His finger tapped an open letter under his hand.

"Your feelings are very creditable, my dear, and I am sure that young Forest would appreciate your position, only— He hesitated such a long time that Dell became impatient and prompted him.

"Only?"  
"Only, you see, Hugo Forest refuses to sell himself for \$500,000. He expresses himself very delicately. You may read his letter, my dear."

"Well, it is settled, then, daddy. And I am glad that you are worth a few millions yourself so that I am not causing you any distress by going my own sweet way."

Mr. Pearson looked at her keenly. "And if I told you that my millions had dwindled to a bare hundred thousand in the last year, daughter?" he questioned gravely.

Dell gasped faintly.

"Daddy Pearson—that changes the matter entirely—if you need it in your business"— She suddenly faltered and blushed and hid her face on his shoulder.

"If you need it I could marry him, father, but not unless you do."

"I wouldn't have you furnish me with money in that manner," said James Pearson, smoothing back the fair hair from her broad forehead and looking deep into her true, blue eyes.

"We can get along without the Fortescue money. And, besides, we forget that Master Forest has declined the honor!"

Della blushed scarlet.

"Of course! How stupid of me! Well, the incident is closed. And if evil times have fallen on the business, daddy, please tell me how to economize."

"I've thought it over. We must lop off all the motorcars save the limousine and your runabout. We must close up the house and lease it for a year, furnished, while I make that business trip abroad. When I return we will stop at a hotel until the year is up. Cousin Madeline will be glad to come on and chaperon you. I'd like to take you abroad with me, but I'll confess it would add mightily to my expenses."

"Don't mind; I've decided in an instant what to do with myself during your absence."

"And what is that, Miss Independence?" asked Pearson, kissing her pink ear.

"I'm going to Big Horn to pay a long promised visit to the Appletons."

Big Horn was a large town in Alberta, and the Appletons, who were Canadians and old friends of the Pearsons, welcomed Dell into the large family with a cordiality that brought tears to the girl's eyes.

"Now that winter is coming on you will enjoy all our snow sports," promised Alice as she lingered in Dell's room before going to bed that first night. "We have a fine slide beyond the pine forest. Father had it built. It's a mile and a half to the bottom. Wait until we have another heavy snowfall and a good freeze after it!"

"I can wait," laughed Dell, snuggling under the eiderdown comfortable.

But when snow came the very next day she could hardly wait for Alice to finish her music lesson and give her a first lesson on walking with snowshoes.

So Dell, who was adventurous, put on the pretty white tobogganing costume of white angora which she had provided, tossed a white fox stole about her throat and, swinging snowshoes over her shoulder, set forth in the midst of the snowstorm.

When she was out of sight of the house, where no one could observe her ridiculous maneuvers, she slipped on the broad shoes and made her way on the crust of new snow among the pine trees back of the house.

The sport was fascinating. Dell quite forgot the lapse of time. The location was strange, and she took no heed, and presently she took a wrong turning, lost her bearings and came to an open tract of unbroken snow bordered on three sides by forest.

"I'll cross this field to the trees, and then I'll go home. Alice will be surprised to find how well I have learned by myself," thought Dell proudly as she skimmed over the snow with all an amateur's heedless enjoyment of the treacherous snowshoes.

Before she reached the forest the ground inclined sharply to a deep gully. Dell was upon the brink before she realized the danger. Then it was too late. Her shoe caught in a half covered root, and she plunged down to the bottom of the gully, where she lay unconscious while the snow drifted silently over her like a pale blanket.

At dusk the Appleton home was in a frenzy of excitement. They had been searching for Dell Pearson for four hours, and no sign of her had been discovered. Mr. Appleton had telephoned to the mounted police and asked for assistance, and a searching party had set forth to look for the lost girl.

The little file of mounted policemen trailed out of the avenue and separated. The troopers, under orders from their captain, rode down to distant points on the road with the intention of beating back through the forest. Of course there was a limit to the distance the girl might have traveled, and the captain had taken this into consideration. For himself he had chosen the piece of snow covered country across which Dell had skinned so lightly on her new snowshoes.

And so it was the captain of them all who came tearing up the avenue and into the Appleton home with a silent white burden in his strong arms. He had applied restoratives as soon as he discovered the girl, and she had opened her eyes upon him once and smiled drowsily before trying to resume her slumber.

Dell was revived, and before the captain departed Mr. Appleton insisted that he come to dinner the next evening.

He accepted the invitation, and it was not until he had departed that the Appletons looked at one another and laughed.

"We don't even know his name," they cried. "But he'll come all right," added young Tom Appleton sagely. "He's struck all of a heap with Dell. Any one could see that with half an eye! Jove, but he's a big chap! They say he's brave and has no end of medals."

The next evening Dell was well enough to come down to dinner, and it was with a faint stirring of interest that she awaited the coming of the captain who had found her in the snow. She remembered a dark, strong face bending above her own, and she had felt a strange confidence in him as he picked her up in his strong arms with a murmured word of pity and carried her home.

Dell was alone in the room when Mr. Appleton came in from the library, where he had been entertaining the captain since his arrival. Dell in her white evening gown looked very lovely as she arose and held out her hand to her rescuer. He appeared more of a giant than ever in his well fitting evening clothes, and she wondered a little as Mr. Appleton made the introduction.

"Dell, let me present Captain Forest. Captain, I am sure Miss Pearson will want to thank you for saving her life."

"Captain—Forest?" faltered Dell wondering.

"And—Dell Pearson? Is it possible you are James Pearson's daughter?" asked the amazed policeman.

"Yes—and—oh, dear, but it's very amusing," bubbled Dell.

"Permit me to say that it's not amusing to me. It's a serious matter," corrected the captain. "I—I hope you didn't see that letter I wrote to your father."

"I did," admitted Dell as he came and sat beside her on the sofa, "and I want to tell you how much father and I liked the letter."

Captain Forest frowned and bit his lip.

"It was a hard letter to write," he said at last. "but if—I had known you first—well, pardon me, Miss Pearson, but I must tell you the rest another time."

Dell's heart was fluttering curiously. The remainder of the party had entered the room, and they were waiting the summons to dinner. There was a bustle of arrival in the hall and presently James Pearson was announced.

When the confusion of his greeting was over he explained that for business reasons he had been obliged to postpone his trip for another month, and he had come to join his daughter among the Canadian snows.

It was after dinner, while the men of the party were on their way to join the ladies in the drawing room, when Captain Forest laid a hand on Mr. Pearson's sleeve.

"Pardon me, sir," he said with his quiet smile, "I am wondering if I may retract the terms of the letter I sent to you."

"Why?" asked Pearson with Yankee directness.

"Because I've changed my mind," returned Forest.

"And you desire to marry for the Fortescue fortune?" rapped out Pearson with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Not exactly, sir. I wish to marry for love, and I'm afraid I'm going to get tangled up in that money after all," admitted the captain, "if I should be successful in my wooing."

"Ah!" smiled Pearson understandingly, for he had read their telltale eyes across the dinner table.

So it happened that the terms of the Fortescue will were carried out to the letter in spite of the fact that the interested parties married for love alone. And in addition James Pearson gained a son, such a son as he had always yearned for, and Dell won the man of her dreams, and Forest himself took to his manly heart his ideal woman whom he had found in the snow.



**SEASONABLE JELLIES.**

THESE may be prepared by the addition of gelatin, which will reduce their cost.

Rhubarb Jelly.—Take a quart of rhubarb after it has been cut up, a quarter of a pint of water, the juice of one lemon, the grated rind of a lemon, two tablespoonfuls of water, a pound of sugar, a half an ounce of gelatin and a few drops of cochineal. Wash, skin and cut into one inch lengths sufficient rhubarb to fill a quart basin. Put into a stewpan with the sugar, the juice and grated rind of lemon and a quarter of a pint of water. Simmer very gently until the rhubarb is thoroughly cooked. Dissolve the gelatin in two tablespoonfuls of water, strain and add it to the rhubarb. Beat the mixture for a few minutes, color it with a few drops of cochineal and pour it into a wet mold. When set turn it out and pour a little boiled custard round it.

**A Nutritious Dish.**

Egg Jelly.—Take half a pint of water, six ounces of loaf sugar, two lemons, two eggs, a half ounce of gelatin. Wipe and peel the lemons thinly, squeeze and strain the juice. Put the gelatin in a saucepan, add to the sugar, lemon peel, lemon juice and water. Beat up the eggs, add them to the other ingredients and stir over a moderate fire till the gelatin is melted, but be careful not to let it boil. Rinse some small molds with cold water, fill with the mixture and leave them to set. When firm turn out the jellies, arrange them in a glass dish, reserving one for chopping. Sprinkle a piece of paper with cold water, drop the jelly on it and sprinkle the chopped jelly in the bottom of the dish.

Prune Jelly.—Take six ounces of prunes, a half pint of water, an inch stick of cinnamon, an ounce and a half of powdered sugar, an ounce of gelatin, two tablespoonfuls of water and two cloves. Wash the prunes and put them into a saucepan with half a pint of water, the sugar, cinnamon and cloves. Simmer gently till the prunes are quite tender, then remove the cinnamon and cloves and beat the prunes briskly with a fork. Dissolve the gelatin in two tablespoonfuls of water, strain and add to the other ingredients. Color with a few drops of cochineal and pour into a wetted mold. When set serve with whipped cream.

**Made With Gelatin.**

Orange Jelly.—Take half a pint of orange juice, the juice of two lemons, two ounces of powdered sugar, a half pint of water, the rind of three oranges and three-quarters of an ounce of gelatin. Wipe and peel the oranges thinly, put the rind in a stewpan with the sugar, water and gelatin. Stir over the fire till the gelatin is dissolved, cover the pan, stand on one side and leave it for ten minutes. Strain the mixture, add the orange and lemon juice previously strained, mix well and pour into a wetted mold. When firm turn out and serve.

Annie Thompson.

**Brilliant Future.**

"How long have you been dieting now, Mr. Stout?"

"A little more than six months."

"Do you notice any beneficial results?"

"I should say I did. They are wonderful. I have lost fully two pounds. Think of it! I'll only have to keep at it for about eighteen years to get down to 200."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Anxious Author—What do you think of this play? Manager—You had better send it to a movie concern. Anxious Author—Why? Manager—Words cannot express the sadness of it.—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

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**Street Vacation Notice**  
Notice is hereby given that at a regular meeting of the Common Council of the City of Cottage Grove, to be held on the 1st day of June, 1914, a petition will be presented by the Oregon Pacific & Eastern Railway Company for the vacation of that portion of Washington Avenue which lies between the west line of Tenth Street and the right of way of the Oregon & California Railroad company, in said city.  
Dated this 30th day of April, 1914.  
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Something Doing All the Time  
3--Free Acts--3  
10--Big Shows--10  
2--Riding Devices--2  
**FIREMENS' WATER FIGHT SATUR. NIGHT**