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The Cookbook.

Whipped cream is a good accompaniment to ice cream, as it modifies the intense cold of the frozen mixture.

Sprinkle a little white sugar over sponge cake just before setting it in the oven to bake. It will form a delicate crust over the top.

The addition of a teaspoonful of chopped nut to every pint of milk in a rice pudding not only makes it creamy, but also greatly improves the flavor.

Matrimonial Maxims.

Wedlock is a padlock.
Better be half hanged than ill wed.
Man's best fortune or his worst is a wife.

He that tells his wife news is but newly wed.
Good management is better than good income.

Short Stories.

Oil lamps were used in 1921 B. C.
The Chinese claim to have discovered America in 449.

Red snow and hail, with red dust, fell in Tawany on March 13 and 14, 1813.

In a year or two there will be a macadamized belt road system around the island of Hawaii.

It is said that there are but twenty-five or thirty white persons living on the island of Borneo, which is nearly ten times as large as the state of Iowa.

Collection of Rare Coins.

A collection of Chinese and Japanese coins, dating as far as 500 B. C., is the latest addition to the museum in the public library in Kansas City. The collection is owned by Edward Butts, says the Kansas City Times.

The coins are of every conceivable shape, and nearly all of them have a hole in their square or round in the center. There is one long string of about fifty coins. Hundreds of them have been worn together into a sword about two feet long. This sword bears the name of Tao Kang and is dated between 1820 and 1850.

Rules of Snob Society.

Mack—I understand that Van Dyke has been dropped by society. Wyld—Yes; he made himself unpopular because he paid his debts instead of his social obligations.—Puck.

SPOILING A ROMANCE

And Turning It Into a Commonplace Affair.

By CLAUDE PAMARES.

The broker's private secretary looked up in astonishment as the gray haired old broker, who was frigidly itself, hailed the visitor with:

"Well, well, Tom, but where did you spring from this morning?"

And Tom, who appeared to be fully as old and frigid and gray haired as the other, replied:

"Ray, Jim, it's good for sore eyes to see you. The G. and S. road wants a thousand new freight cars, and I'm in the east to raise a loan. How are you anyhow? Feeling pretty gay, old boy?"

And then the broker and the general manager sat down for a chat over old days at college and talked of this and that for an hour before the broker said:

"By the way, Tom, I've got a boy out on your road."

"You don't say! He hasn't been near me with a letter."

"But he's there. You remember my boy Dave? Always fussing around with machinery since he was a kid. I wanted to make a broker of him, but a couple of years ago, after going through the Polytechnic against my wishes, he threw me over. He wanted to go rail roading, and I wanted him here and so we had a falling out."

"You don't say?"

"I didn't drive him from the house, but he left just the same. Said he was going to make his own fortune and all that hooey. Haven't had a cent of his income from me in over a year. He writes to his mother, but I never hear direct from him. Got brains, I think, but he's self-willed and inclined to be an ass."

"Don't be too hard on him. If it isn't his way to skin the lambs let him try some other. I believe you used to be known as 'Old Obstinance' once upon a time."

"Yes, I remember. If you happen to come across the boy and he deserves a lift give it to him. No petting or pampering, though. Let him have all the roughing it he wants."

Away out west on the G. and S. railroad there was a young man of twenty-two working as fireman on an engine drawing a local. Two years before, when he had applied to the superintendent of motive power for something to do, the "super" had looked him over in contempt on account of his white hands and patent leather shoes and replied:

"Want work, eh? Well, I'll give it to you. Go up to the roundhouse and tell Sam to set you to work as a wiper. The pay will be \$20 per month, and if you get grease spots on that dandy suit of yours the company won't pay for the cleaning."

The official turned away with a grin, thinking that that was the last of the young man, but he was mistaken. When three days had passed the boss of the roundhouse reported:

"Jay, you sent me a Jim dandy of a wiper. Hanged if he don't seem to know something about machinery."

"What! Did the young fellow show up?" asked the "super" in surprise.

"Been working right along, and he's the handiest chap I've had since my time here. You'll be promoting him out of the house in a month."

The young man was watched closely and kept track of. He had been put at the very dirtiest work and given the poorest pay, but he made no complaints. His time came when an engine was telephoned for in a hurry and there was nobody to run her out of the house and up the yard. He stepped into the cab and had the table turned for him and turned the engine over without comment. He was going back to his work when the superintendent asked:

"Did you ever fire an engine?"

"No, sir."

"Think you could?"

"I'm ready to give it a trial."

Two weeks later he was put on a yard engine. The engineer meant to find fault with him because he was a "dandy," but no opportunity occurred. He was kept in his place for six months, as there were many to be promoted in advance of him, but he was finally given a place on the local. When this engineer was asked to report on his "cab" he said:

"He's a peach in his way, but I dunno how he'll pan out in the end. He's one of these book engineers. He thinks he could take an engine to pieces and set her up again by the books, and I'm lookin' to see his head get swelled until the road has to bounce him."

Things were in this shape when the general manager returned from New York. He had forgotten about David Holmes for the moment. He wanted to go down the road for a few miles, and so he took the local.

He was accompanied by his daughter Nettie, but not in the car. It was said of this pliant girl of eighteen years that she ran the G. and S. road by running her father. She wanted to go down on the engine, and she had her way about it, and the meeting between her and "the handsome fireman," as Dave was called, had consequences. He had on his jumper and was grimy, but she saw beyond that. Her heart was beating faster before she had been in the cab five minutes.

During the next month that cab ride was repeated three or four times on one excuse and another, but the engineer grinned and said nothing. What might be called a clandestine correspondence followed. Perhaps there were clandestine meetings in the park when Dave had his days off. The very fact that an employee of a railroad dared to fall in love with the daughter of the general manager is a clandestine act.

The general manager had not yet hunted up the son of his old friend, being busy about those new cars and having to smooth down the backs of several directors who believed that the road was going into bankruptcy, when the motive power department promoted the fireman to be engineer and gave him a local of more importance.

It can't be said that Dave and Nettie were waiting for this thing to happen that something else might be brought about, but they were not long in taking advantage of it. The silly young couple planned an elopement.

It was given away by Miss Nettie's maid, and the general manager laid his little plans accordingly. The girl and her maid were allowed to depart for Royalston in the cab of Dave's engine, and at the first stop the G. M. left the passenger car in which he had been ensconced and appeared in the cab.

The way the maid shrieked out, added to the way the daughter turned pale and the engineer turned red, was sufficient evidence of guilt. The G. M. meant to be an avenging father. His intent to control his daughter to faint away with remorse and the engineer to drop on his knees and beg pardon for living until he could reach the next station and get off his engine. In fact, the G. M. had a gun with him, and there is never any telling what a man who doesn't know the muzzle of a revolver from the butt may do when he gets to playing heroics.

"Young lady"—he had begun in his sternest tones when Dave interrupted to take all the blame. While he was taking it he gave his name and spoke of his father.

"Then—then you are David Holmes?" asked the G. M. as he put up his gun.

"I can identify myself satisfactorily, sir."

"Then why haven't you done so long ago?"

"I wanted to succeed by my own efforts, and I think I have done fairly well."

"Yes, I think you have," said the official as he looked at his daughter with a grim smile on his face.

"Father, Dave has invented a new firebox for engines, and it's bound to be a great success," said Nettie, with an appealing look.

"And is this eloping in an engine cab one of his inventions as well?"

"And, papa, dear, he has invented a new kind of frog—one you can't get your foot fast in and he run down—and he's got a jack by which one man can lift five tons, and you don't know how much coal and oil and labor he's going to save. He's one of the brightest and smartest and dearest!"

"That will do for just now," interrupted the father as he laid a hand on her arm. "Young man, do you think you could find my house if you tried very hard?"

"I do, sir," replied Dave.

"Then I will get off at the next station with the girls and be looking for you tomorrow evening. I believe you have the evening off. I want to talk with you about these new fireboxes, frogs, jacks and elopements."

Dave found the house without going far astray, and there was a conversation. The waybills of the G. and S. road don't show whether the couple had to wait three months or six, but they referred to David Holmes a year later as a division superintendent, and he did not stop there. When the marriage took place the father's face wore a smile as he kissed the bride, but the bride pointed and said:

"Now, papa, how mean of you to spoil our romance and make us get married in this stupid and old-fashioned way?"

The Average Man.

However loosely one may use the expression "the average man," however plausibly another may argue that no such personage exists, the average man has a very distinct reality. He exists not in imagination, but in the actual world of physical objects. The impossibility of identifying him is no argument against his being. The average man is a monarch, the only monarch we have in a democracy. Before him all other men bow down. His word is law, indisputable, inescapable. From this decree there is no appeal and no redress. He courts suggestion, but not interference. To this real but unnamed person politicians must make their appeal and statesmen look for support. He combines radicalism with healthful conservatism, is not often carried away by the passions of the moment, but if he is his mental equilibrium is quickly restored. He may occasionally be wrong, but never for long. In the end his judgment is correct and infallible.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Masked Mountain Climbers.

The natural conclusion upon meeting a masked man in an unfrequented location is that we are in for an encounter with a highwayman, but this is not necessarily the case, for the person might be a scientist engaged in exploration work. Mountain climbers have found that some such protection is required to ward off the pain and inconvenience of snow scald. Along the Pacific slope there are several organizations of amateur mountain climbers, and the advantage of some protection for the skin of the face was first appreciated by them.—Exchange

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon,
September 24th, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that Donald V. Mackintosh, of Bend, Oregon, who, on November 1st, 1906, made homestead entry, No. 1539 serial No. 8007, for 1/2 sec. 34, sec. 39 and 1/2 sec. 36, section 30, Township 17 South, Range 13 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Bend, Oregon, on the 14th day of November, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses, Hugh H. Davies, Ross H. West, George Brosterhouse and Michael J. Kelley, all of Bend, Oregon.

H. C. ELLIS, Commissioner.
D. V. MACKINTOSH, Register.

I. O. O. F.

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Visitors welcome
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H. J. Eggleston, Secretary.

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M. W. of A.

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Visiting Neighbors always welcome.
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W. W. Orcutt, Clerk.

Deschutes Lodge No. 103
K. of P.

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Chas. D. Rowe, C. C.
K. M. Ladewig, K. R. & S.

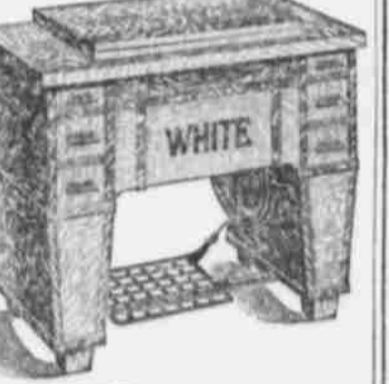
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Announcement

The Jones Warehouse Company

HAS secured the contract to handle all the freight of the Oregon Trunk and Deschutes Railroads at Bend. The Moody system at Shaniko will be employed, and merchants of Bend and interior towns will get their shipments without inconvenience. Have your freight consigned in care of

JONES

Jones Warehouse Co., Geo. A. Jones, Manager,
Bend, Oregon.