

SYMBOLISM DID NOT APPEAL

Belinda Rejects Proposal of Charlie to Be Joined Together Like Hands of Clock.

"Charlie," sorrowfully sighed the young lady in the parlor of the concrete house, on Washington avenue, "it is nearly 12 o'clock."

"Yes, Belinda," was the breathing response of her poetical companion, who was sitting on the sofa beside her, "the minute hand is drawing closer and closer to the hour hand, and when the time of midnight is chimed the two hands will be even as one. Oh, darling Belinda," he continued, as he literally simulated the action of the minute hand, "may not the coming together of those two hands be symbolical of us?"

She broke away and stood firmly on her feet. "No, Charles Henry Smith," she retorted, angrily, "those two hands will remain as one but a single second, and then the minute hand will divorce itself and go on its way alone. No, Mr. Smith, a minute hand that doesn't stick isn't the kind of symbolism I want!"

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Globe Trotting to Avoid Sutor.

Mrs. Helen Beryl Graydon, who obtained a divorce from Tom Graydon, the light haired young man who made such a powerful fullback on the Harvard football team several years ago, has gone to Europe to escape a persistent sutor, who says he is a Russian nobleman. Mrs. Graydon, who is the daughter of J. Parker Whitney, has been spending the greater part of her time on her father's ranch in Placer county, California. Employed on the ranch was an expert horticulturist. He was presented to Mrs. Graydon and almost instantly fell in love with her. He sought to follow up socially an acquaintance that came about simply through his employment. He wrote letters and telephoned constantly to her. Finally Mrs. Graydon left the ranch and went to San Francisco. The "nobleman" followed and continued his letter writing and telephoning. His pursuit became so arduous that Mrs. Graydon left San Francisco and has sailed for Europe.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Japanese Is Hardest to Learn.

The Japanese language is claimed to be the hardest of all to learn. Even the Japanese find it hard, and several American army officers have found it impossible to master it. It takes the Japanese child seven years to learn the essential parts of the alphabet, and one must become familiar with 214 signs to learn this simple part of the language alone. The 214 signs serve as the English initial letters in our alphabet. To be able to read any of the higher class of Japanese newspapers one must be the master of from 2,500 to 3,000 ideographs.—Albany Journal.

The Pity of It.

"Tis one of the saddest things of married life."

"What is?"

"The fact that the wife can't think of anything new for dinner, and the husband, while dissatisfied, can't suggest anything."

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

Her Mistake.

The young woman was hastening to the subway station en route to the railway train. Looking about for a boy to carry her heavy suit case, she espied a stalwart youth and asked him if he would take it for her to the station. He hesitated a moment, as he had been headed in an opposite direction, and then complied. At the ticket window there was an unusual crowd. The boy pushed forward, bought a ticket for the young woman, put it in the box and handed her the suit case. As she proffered him the dime which seemed about adequate for his services he smiled at her peculiarly, shook his head, lifted his hat gracefully and was gone before the young woman had time to protest or really to understand what had occurred. Then the appalling thought came to her with conviction that he was undoubtedly a college boy putting in vacation time at some kind of employment which necessitated his wearing quite ordinary working clothes.

"And how dreadful," she thought, squirming with mortification, "he actually paid my fare, too!"

Bad Breath

"For months I had great trouble with my stomach and used all kinds of medicines. My tongue has been actually as green as grass, my breath having a bad odor. Two weeks ago a friend recommended Cascarets and after using them I can willingly and cheerfully say that they have entirely cured me. I therefore let you know that I shall recommend them to any one suffering from such troubles."—Chas. H. Halpern, 114 N. 7th St., New York, N. Y.

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Zelda Dameron

By
MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Merriam tapped his riding boot with the whip he had kept in his hand.

"Yes; the war's over," he said, "our war. There's been another since, but it's preposterous to call that Spanish dress-parade and target practice war."

The two men went out together, and Major Congrieve twitted Merriam about the thoroughbred's pedigree.

"I'll see you again before you go. Luncheon to-morrow at the Tippecanoe Club? That is well. Good-morning!"

As Merriam rode out toward the street, Captain Pollock came from one of the storehouses and walked briskly across the grounds in the direction of the office. A curve in the path brought him face to face with Rodney Merriam, who saluted him with his right hand.

"Good-morning, Mr. Merriam!" and the young officer lifted his hat.

Captain Pollock's eyes followed the houseman to the gate.

"I don't know who you are, Mr. Merriam, or what you do," he reflected, "but the sight of that horse makes me homesick."

"He's a nice little fellow," Merriam was saying to himself, as he passed the gate and turned toward the city. "He's a nice little fellow; and so was his father!"

As the thoroughbred bore him rapidly back to town, Rodney Merriam several times repeated to himself abstractedly: "He's a nice little fellow!"

CHAPTER VII.

It is no longer so very laudable for a young man to pay his way through college; and Morris Leighton had done this easily and without caring to be praised or martyred for doing so. He had enjoyed his college days; he had been popular with town and gown; and he had managed to get his share of undergraduate fun while leading his classes. He had helped in the college library; he had twisted the iron letter-press on the president's correspondence late into the night; he had copied briefs for a lawyer after hours; but he had pitched for the nine and hustled for his "frat," and he had led class rushes with ardor and success.

He had now been for several years in the office of Knight, Kittredge & Carr at Marion, only an hour's ride from Tippecanoe; and he still kept in touch with the college. Michael Carr fully appreciated a young man who took the law seriously and who could sit down in a court room on call mornings, when need be, and turn off a demurrer without paraphrasing it from a text-book.

Mrs. Carr, too, found Morris Leighton useful, and she liked him, because he always responded unquestioningly to any summons to fill up a blank at her table. Young men were at a premium in Marion; and in most other places, and it was something to have one of the species, of an accommodating turn, and very presentable, within telephone range. It was through Mrs. Carr that Leighton came to be well known in Marion; she told her friends to ask him to call, and there were now many homes besides hers that he visited.

An errand to a law firm in one of the fashionable new buildings that had lately raised the Marion skyline led him one afternoon past the office of his college classmate, Jack Balcumb. "J. Arthur Balcumb" was the inscription on the door. Leighton had seen little of Balcumb for a year or more, and his friend's name on the ground-glass door arrested his eye.

Two girls were busily employed at typewriters in the anteroom, and one of them extended a blank card to Morris and asked him for his name. The girl disappeared into the inner room and came back instantly followed by Balcumb, who seized Morris' hand, dragged him in and closed the door.

"Well, old man!" Balcumb shouted. "I'm glad to see you. It's downright pleasant to have a fellow come in occasionally and feel no temptation to take his watch."

Morris cast his eyes over the room, which was handsomely furnished. There was a good rug on the floor and the desk and table were of heavy oak; an engraving of Thomas Jefferson hung over Balcumb's desk, and on the opposite side of the room was a table covered with financial reference books.

"What is your game just now, Jack? If it isn't impertinent? It's hard to keep track of you. I remember very well that you started in to learn the wholesale drug business," said Morris.

"Oh, tush! don't refer to that, as thou lovest me! That is one of the darkest pages of my life. Those people down there in South High street thought I was a Jay, and they sent me out to help the shipping clerk. Wouldn't that jar you! Overalls—and a hand truck. I couldn't get out of that fast enough. Then, you know, I went to Chicago and spent a year in a broker's office, and I guess I learned a few up there. Oh, rather! They sent me into the country to sell mining stock and I made a record. They kept the printing presses going overtime to keep me supplied. Say, they got afraid of me; I was too good!"

"What's your line now? Real estate, mortgages, lending money to the poor? How do you classify yourself?"

"You do me a cruel wrong, Morris. A cruel wrong. You read my sign on the outer wall? Well, that's a bluff.

There's nothing in real estate. And the loan business has all gone to the bad—people are too rich; farmers are rolling in real money and have it to lend. There was nothing for little Willie in petty brokerages. I'm scheming—promoting—and I take my slice off of everything that passes."

"That certainly sounds well. You've learned fast. You had an ambition to be a poet when you were in college. I think I still have a few pounds of your verses in my traps somewhere."

"And then, you remember," Balcumb went on, in enjoyment of his own reminiscences, "I wooed the law for a while. But I guess what I learned wouldn't have embarrassed Chancellor Kent. I really had a client once. I didn't see a chance of getting one any other way, so I hired him. He was a coon. I employed him for two dollars to go to the Grand Opera House and buy a seat in the orchestra when Sir Henry Irving was giving 'The Merchant of Venice.' He went to sleep and snored and they threw him out with rude, insolent and angry hands after the second act; and I brought suit against the management for damages, basing my claim on the idea that they had spurned my dusky brother on account of his race, color and previous condition of servitude. The last clause was a joke. He had never done any work in his life, except for the State. My client got loaded on gin about the time the case came up on demurrer and gave the snap away, and I dropped out of the practice to avoid being disbarred. So here I am; and I'm glad I shook the law. I'd got tired of eating coffee and rolls at the Berlin bakery three times a day."

One of the typewriter operators entered with a brisk air of business and handed a telegram to Balcumb, who tore it open nonchalantly. As he read it, he tossed the crumpled envelope over his shoulder in an absentminded way. Then, to the girl, who waited with note-book and pencil in hand.

"Never mind; don't wait. I'll dictate the answer later. How did it work?" he asked, turning to Leighton, who had been looking over the books on the table.

"How did what work?"

"The fake. It was a fake telegram. That girl's trained to bring in a message every time I have a caller. If the caller stays thirty minutes, it's two messages—in other words, I tip a boy in the telephone office to keep me supplied with blanks. It's a great scheme. There's nothing like a telegram to create the impression that your office is a seething caldron of business."

"You have passed the poetry stage, beyond a doubt. But I should think the strain of keeping all this going would be wearing on your sensitive poetical nature. And it must cost something."

"It does, but Carr keeps a whole corps of rascals to spread apple-butter on the Legislature corn-bread."

"You'd better speak to him about it. He'd probably tell Mrs. Carr to ask you to dinner right away."

"Oh, that will come in time. I don't expect to do everything at once. You may see me up there some time; and when you do, don't shy off like a colt at the choo-choo. By the way, I'd like to be one of the bright particular stars of the Dramatic Club if you can fix it. You remember that amateur theatricals are rather in my line."

He looked at his watch and gave the stem-key a few turns before returning it to his pocket.

"You'll have to excuse me, old man. I've got a date with Adams. He's a right decent chap when you know how to handle him. I want to get them to finance a big apartment house scheme. I've got an idea for a flat that will make the town sit up and gasp."

"Don't linger on my account, Jack. I only stopped in to see whether you kept your good spirits. I feel as though I'd had a shower bath. Come along."

Several men were waiting to see Balcumb in the outer office and he shook hands with all of them and begged them to come again, taking care to mention that he had been called to the Central States Trust Company and had to hurry away.

He called peremptorily to the passing elevator-car to wait, and as he and Leighton squeezed into it, he continued his half of an imaginary conversation in a tone that was audible to every passenger.

"I could have had those bonds, if I had wanted them; but I knew there was a cloud on them—the county was already over its legal limit. I guess those St. Louis fellows will be sorry they were so enterprising—here we are!"

And then in a lower tone to Leighton: "That was for old man Dameron's benefit. Did you see him jammed back in the corner of the car? Queer old party and as tight as a drum. When I can work off some assessable and non-interest bearing bonds on him, it'll be easy to sell Uncle Sam's Treasury a gold brick. They say the old man has a daughter who is finer than gold; yea, than much fine gold. I'm going to look her up, if I ever get time. You'd better come over soon and pick out an office. So long!"

Leighton walked back to his office in good humor and better contented with his own lot.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Well, I butted in all right," said Balcumb, cheerfully. "I suppose you're saying to yourself that it's another case of the unfailing Balcumb cheek."

"You're a peach, Jack, and no mistake, as I've said before. I wish I had your nerve."

"But say, they just had to have me in this show! It proves how every little thing helps as we toll onward and upward. You know I was tenor on the glee club at college, and you'll remember that when we came over to town and gave that concert for the benefit of the athletic fund I was a winner, all right. Well, I'm going to throw my whole soul into this thing."

"You'll leave an aching void if you do."

"Thanks, kindly. As I was saying, I'm going to do myself and Mrs. Carr proud. She's one of the grandest women we ever had in this State. Mrs. Carr knows that all this woman's suffrage business is so much Thomas Rot. She works her sisters just for fun, and they never catch on a little bit. She just has to be president of things, and she's an ornament in the community."

Leighton thanked his stars that Mrs. Carr had discovered her tenor without his help. He and Balcumb were standing in the Carr library, where the last undress rehearsal of "Decelvers Ever" was about to begin. Leighton, who was stage manager, also sang in the chorus, which appeared in one act as foresters and in the other as soldiers. Mrs. Carr always had a reason for everything she did. Her reason for insisting that the Dramatic Club, of which she was president, should give a comic opera was thoroughly adequate, for at this time she was exploiting a young musician who had lately appeared in Marion, and who was not, let it be remembered, a mere instructor in vocal music, but a composer as well.

He was a very agreeable young man, who wished to build up a permanent orchestra in Marion, and Mrs. Carr was backing this project with her accustomed enthusiasm. Nothing could help matters forward so well as a social success for Max Schmidt. He had written an opera, which many managers had declined for the reason that the music was too good and the book too bad.

"Decelvers Ever" was the name of the work, and Mrs. Carr was preparing to produce an abridged version of it on the night before Thanksgiving. The scene was set in Germany, and there were six men—the gay decelvers—all of them officers in the army. The chief girl character was the daughter of a new commandant of a post, but at a ball given in his honor she changed places with her maid, and no end of confusion resulted. Mrs. Carr had urged Zelda to take the principal role, and Zelda had consented, with the understanding that Olive Merriam was to be elected a member of the club and given a part in the opera.

While Leighton and Balcumb stood talking in the library, Herr Schmidt, in the drawing-room, lectured the rest of the company in his difficult English. He now fell upon the piano with a crash and nodded to Zelda, who began one of her solos. When this had been sung to his satisfaction, the director called for Olive and Captain Pollock.

Pollock was greatly liked by the people he had begun to know in Marion. The men about the Tippecanoe Club had the reputation of scrutinizing newcomers a little superciliously, in the way of old members of a small club, who resent the appearance of strangers at the lounging-room fire-side. But Pollock fitted into places as though he had always been used to them. He told a good story or he sang a song well, when called on to do something at the grill-room Saturday nights. Mrs. Carr had given him one of the best parts in the opera.

The young officer and Olive carried off with great animation a dialogue in song into which Herr Schmidt had been able to get some real humor.

"You haven't told me how much you like my cousin," said Zelda to Leighton, when he sat down by her in an interval of parley between the director and Mrs. Carr. "I expect something nice."

"Nothing could be easier. She's a great hit! She's a discovery! She's an ornament to society!"

"Humph! That sounds like sample sentences from a copy-book. A man with a reputation as an orator to sustain ought to be able to do better than that."

"Not having such a reputation—" "Not even thinking one has—" "Oh, I'm conceited, am I?"

"I hadn't thought of it before, but no doubt it's true," said Zelda, looking across the room to where Jack Balcumb was talking with his usual vivacity to a girl in the chorus whom he had never met before. He was perfectly at ease, as though leaning against grand pianos in handsome drawing-rooms and talking to pretty girls had always been his mission in life.

Morris did not follow Zelda's eyes; he was watching her face gravely. He had tried in many ways to please her, but she maintained an attitude toward him that was annoying, to say the least.

(To be continued.)

Pictures and Print.

"I see you have sent for a lot of seed advertisements."

"Yes," answered Mr. Crosslots. "I always read a lot of catalogues."

"You are fond of gardening?"

"That isn't gardening. That's art and literature."—Washington Star.

It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man, that his earthly influence, which has a commencement, will never, through all ages, were he the meanest of us, have an end.—Carly.

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The Modern Way.
"Has he asked your parents for your hand yet?"
"My, no. That's an old fashioned custom that's no longer observed. My father may consider himself lucky if we decide to send him an invitation to our wedding."

Boared by the Cooking.
Little Willie—Say, pa, when poverty comes in at the door, what window does love fly out of?
Pa—It probably flies out of the dining-room window, my son.

Unrest.
"Is Mr. Bliggins at home on horse-back?"
"I should think so," replied Miss Cayenne. "He seems equally uncomfortable in either place."

A Painful Fact.
It takes a lot of waiting to bob up precisely at the moment a certain girl comes along

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An Embarrassing Word.
"Then," said the reporter, "I'll say several pretty songs were rendered by Miss Packer."
"Oh, gracious no!" replied the hostess; "you mustn't say 'rendered.' You see, her father made all his money in lard."—Catholic Standard and Times.

IT IS REALLY ABSURD

to think that you can cure your weak stomach and get back your health again by dieting or experimenting with this or that remedy. You need Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and nothing else. For over 57 years it has been making people well and keeping them so and it will do as much for you. Try a bottle today for indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Cramps, Diarrhoea and Malaria, Fever and Ague. It never fails.