

## Knees Became Stiff

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The cure of Henry J. Goldstein, 14 Barton Street, Boston, Mass., is another victory by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine has succeeded in many cases where others have utterly failed. Mr. Goldstein says: "I suffered from rheumatism five years, it kept me from business and caused excruciating pain. My knees would become as stiff as steel. I tried many medicines without relief, then took Hood's Sarsaparilla, soon felt much better, and now consider myself entirely cured. I recommend Hood's." Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

### Better Look Outside.

If you want to make the best of your life, don't spend much time in looking within and wondering if your feelings are all right. Look outside instead, and see what you are doing for others, what you are saying about other people, how you are behaving to those around you. If you are behaving kindly and truly to your neighbor you will not go far wrong.

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**Allen's Foot-Ease**, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. B. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

### Doing Well.

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Traveling in the country, I observe with indignation that the scarecrow in every field is represented as a man! The flapping of a woman's skirt, the waving of her feathers, would assuredly be as effective for the purpose as the dangling of a coat? We will eventually displace man in every field.—London Truth.

### Honor Trees and Plants.

The Siamese always offer libations to trees before cutting them down. The natives of Sumatra pay special honor to certain trees supposed to embody the wood spirits, while the inhabitants of the Society Islands pay similar respect to some plants.

**HOOD RIVER ORCHARD LAND** for sale by owner, choice ten acres 3/4 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. Address P. O. Box 131, Portland, or phone A 5374.

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"You know the fate of the pitcher that goes to the well too often." "Going to the well never hurt a pitcher yet. It's going to the corner saloon that sends him back to the bush leagues."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Our New Hair Vigor

Ayer's Hair Vigor was good, the best that was made. But Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is better. It is the one great specific for falling hair. A new preparation in every way. New bottle. New contents. Ask your druggist to show it to you, "the new kind."

*Does not change the color of the hair.*

**Ayer's**

As we now make our new Hair Vigor it does not have the slightest effect upon the color of the hair. You may use it freely and for any length of time without fear of changing the color. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

# Zelda Dameron

By  
**MEREDITH NICHOLSON**  
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### CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

She knew that Mrs. Copeland had entrusted Leighton with no such message, for she was on telephonic terms with Zelda, and Morris Leighton was of rather heroic proportions for an errand boy.

"Mrs. Copeland would never forgive me if I forgot," said Morris, wishing to prolong his moment at the door.

"I shall come if I can," said Zelda, raising her voice slightly, so that her father might hear.

"And I apologize again for disturbing. But I feared Mrs. Copeland's wrath," and Morris grinned rather foolishly.

"You are a faithful messenger, and I thank you very much," said Zelda, formally; but when the door closed on him and she heard his step on the walk the tears sprang to her eyes in her joy at the thought that he had remembered!

When she went back to her father he was poring over his papers at the table.

"It was that Leighton fellow. I don't like him," said Dameron, sharply.

"I'm very sorry," said Zelda.

"I don't like him," the old man repeated; and he did not raise his eyes, but kept them upon the papers.

"What dreadful bars we are, you and I, Ezra Dameron," she said, going back to her old post by the mantel.

"You have used language to me that is infamous, blasphemous, to a child to a father."

"Very likely," she said; "but I can't discuss these things with you any further."

Leighton's appearance had broken the spell; it had given her new courage and assurance, though it had not lifted the burden from her heart. Her father was loath to part with her; there was the extension of the trusteeship to be effect; he was about to make an appeal to her, throwing himself on her mercy, when she said, half-turning to go:

"You need not be afraid—I will sign your deed. And I have not the slightest idea of holding you to account for any of your acts. Only—only"—and her eyes filled and her voice broke—"only you must never speak my mother's name to me again!"

"Yes; yes, I understand," he said, absently; though it was clear that he did not know what she meant.

She turned and looked at him musingly, with a composure that was complete; but a barrier in her heart broke down suddenly.

"My girlhood, the beautiful ignorance of life, has all gone now. It began to go as soon as I came home to live with you; but I wish—I wish—it had not gone—so wretchedly, so cruelly. Good night."

She spoke with difficulty, and he saw that she was deeply moved; and even after the rustle of her skirts had died away in the hall above he stood looking after her, and listening and wondering. Then he opened a bundle of papers containing his computations and over them in deep absorption.

"She will sign it; she will sign it," he repeated, though he did not raise his head.

He went in and closed the door, muttering, "The corn! The corn!"

### CHAPTER XXI.

At midnight Leighton sat in the old house in Seminary Square debating the situation with Rodney Merriam.

"What we said to her this afternoon evidently failed to arouse her. She either doesn't understand, or she doesn't care."

"She understands perfectly," said Merriam; "but it's quite like her to wish to shield him. Her mother did it before her. It's a shame for the money to have gone so; but it was inevitable, and I'm glad it's over now."

Morris was silent. Rodney Merriam was growing old and the thought of it touched him deeply, for Rodney Merriam was his best friend, a comrade, an elder brother, who stood to him for manliness and courage, such as Carr represented in his eyes scholarship and professional attainment.

"You never saw Zelda's mother?" asked Merriam, presently.

"No."

"Your father and my sister were once engaged to be married," said Merriam. "Your father was my intimate friend, Morris. We were boys together at college—it's your college and mine, too. I'm glad you went there. Your father would have liked it so. Some of the fellows who taught us, taught you. When you saw them you saw gentlemen and scholars. They gave up the chance of greater things to stay there among the elms and maples of the old campus."

"Your father moved here. He was an ambitious man. There was every likelihood of his taking a high place at the bar; and he had, too, a taste for politics. Then he met my sister. She was the youngest member of our family—only a girl at the end of the war. She was a very beautiful woman, Morris. She and Zee are much alike; but Zee has marked traits of her own. I don't quite account for them. Her mother was a quick-witted woman, well educated for her day. Zee is more a woman of the world than her mother was and she has more spirit."

Merriam opened a drawer in his table and drew out a miniature paint-

ed on porcelain. He put on his spectacles and studied it intently for a moment before handing it to Leighton.

"It was understood in the family that they were to be married, though there was never any formal announcement. Your father meanwhile was establishing himself. Then Margaret went East to visit a friend of hers. When I got back, a little later, I found that it was all off between her and your father. The girl had never been away from home before, and the people she visited put her through lively paces. It was easy to admire her, and the admiration from strangers went to her head. Mariona wasn't very gay in those days, and Margaret had mixed a good deal of the social life that she was entitled to."

The old man paused, lost in thought, and Morris was glad of the silence. He was trying to construct for himself the past—to see his father as Rodney Merriam had painted him, and to see, too, Margaret Merriam as she had been when his father knew and loved her.

"There's no use going into it. She stopped writing to your father without any warning that she had changed. She was completely carried away with the excitement of her New York experiences. She was not ready to settle down yet a while, she told him. I supposed it would all come right, for I had faith in her. She was a true-hearted, gentle woman, but she was proud and headstrong; and your father had his pride, too. I don't blame him for taking it hard. He closed his office here and went back to Tippecanoe. I don't believe they ever saw each other again. I'm not afraid but that you will do what is right. You are the son of your father. I don't believe you take things as hard as he did. Don't do it. And don't remember what I have told you to-night. It's a queer story. And it hasn't any moral at all. Your father missed something out of his life—the fine ardor of his younger manhood, maybe. But he had your mother and he had you. It wasn't he that was punished."

He was silent a moment, and then blurted out:

"What does Zee think of Pollock?"

"I don't know!" Morris rose and walked the length of the room.

"What does she think of you, then?" demanded Merriam, looking directly at Morris.

"I think she hates me," said Morris. He turned and left the house abruptly, leaving the old man alone with his memories.

### CHAPTER XXII.

Ezra Dameron sat in the sitting-room as he always did, waiting for Zelda to come to breakfast; but as she stood upon the threshold, whence she had often called her good-morning, he did not look up from the newspaper with his usual smile. She was touched by the pathos of his figure. He seemed older, more shrunken; his profile, as the early light gave it to her, was less hard. His lean cheeks had the touch of color they always wore in the morning from his careful shaving, and his long hair was brushed back with something more than its usual uncompromising smoothness. A certain primness and rigidity in him which had often vexed her, struck only her pity now.

"Father!"

He rose and turned toward her with a pathetic appeal in his eyes.

"Good morning, Zee," he said. "Habit was strong in him and they usually went to breakfast as soon as she came down. He took a step now toward the dining-room.

"Father, I wish to speak to you a moment," she said, kindly; and he paused. "I am sorry for what happened last night. I was not quite myself; I said things that will always trouble me if you—unless you can forgive me. I was wrong—about everything. You must let me help, if I can help you—in any way."

He said nothing, but stared at her.

"What angered me was that you weren't quite frank, father. I didn't care about the money. It wasn't that—but if things haven't gone well with you, I wish to share the burden. No—I mean it—that I am sorry—let us be quite good friends again."

She went up to him quickly and took his hand.

"Father," she said.

"Zee, my little girl—my little girl," he began brokenly, touching her cheeks with trembling hands.

"Yes, father," she said, wishing to help him.

"I have been very wicked; I have led a bad life. I must not harm you; I am not fit—"

"You are my father," she said, and touched his forehead with her lips, wondering at herself.

She led him to the table and talked to him brightly on irrelevant matters. The situation was now in her own hands and she would not fall again. She usually visited the kitchen after breakfast to make her list for the grocery; but this morning she went back to the sitting-room with her father. The autumn morning was cool, and she bent and lighted the fire.

"Now," she said, rising quickly and smiling at him, "there are those bothersome business matters that we were talking about last night. I wish to sign that paper—"

He shook his head. "The deed had been torn to pieces and thrown upon the kindling in the grate—half had already been destroyed."

"That is probably just as well. We shall make a new one," she said, in a matter-of-course tone. "I wish you would tell me, so that I may understand, just what it is that has happened."

"It's a long story. I thought I should be able to make a great fortune for you. It was my greed—my greed. What I proposed about the deed was purely selfish—to shield myself. It is a grave matter—I have betrayed you—I have betrayed your mother's trust. I have robbed you."

"I haven't been robbed father, and I don't intend that anybody shall use such words to me. We shall make the deed; no one need ever know that anything has happened."

"You are kind; you are more than generous, Zee; but I was mad when I asked you to re-create the trust last night. I am a bad man; I must face my sins; I have lived a lying, evil life. I am a thief, worse than a thief."

"My father can't be a thief," she said.

"I am a thief—your uncle will see that I am punished. And it will be better so—if only I did not drag you down, smirch your name."

Her strength—her readiness to meet the situation grew as she saw his weakness.

"How bad is it, father; have we anything left? Don't be afraid to tell me. It's concealment you must avoid. If we haven't a thing—"

Her tone reassured him; he lifted his head with more courage.

"This house—the place in the country—they are free. They are yours today. My investments—he hesitated and blinked at the word—"they can not come back to injure you."

"Then this house and the farm are still ours."

"They are yours, not mine. I have wasted so much! It was a fortune—nearly half a million dollars when I began throwing it away."

"I don't believe that's very much. When you haven't a million you're—you're not in it!" and she laughed.

"The loss of anything else isn't worth crying over. And then, you might have made a great deal more out of it."

He flinched, knowing how culpable he was; but her generosity and kindness were lifting his spirit.

"I have given you an option on a piece of ground—you may know it—out by the creek, and have received a thousand dollars on account of it. It may be binding on you. It grew out of my necessity. It is not fair for me to talk to you of these things at all. You should take advice of some one else—just as though there were no sort of tie between us."

"We are not going to do it that way," said Zee, decisively. "We are going to understand this between ourselves. Now this strip of ground that has been practically sold. What is there about that?"

"The money should be returned, or offered to them. Balcomb was managing it—"

"Mr. Jack Balcomb?—then of course it wasn't regular."

"It was my fault, Zee."

"I don't believe it. He was contriving a pitfall—that is what might have been expected of him. And he came to our house and pretended to be our friend!"

"Yes; he pretended that; but I pretended much more. Deceit is something that feeds on itself."

(To be continued.)

**Comb Dries Hair Easily.**

Numerous devices for drying women's hair have been designed recently, the majority consisting of complicated electrical fans or contrivances, which proved perfectly satisfactory in every way but entirely impractical in the ordinary home. Some simple arrangement, similar to the one recently devised, serves the purpose much better.

It consists of a combined comb and hair dryer which in appearance closely resembles a pair of curling irons. The comb is metallic and has a hollow back, fitting into which is the heating iron. The latter is in two parts, forming a spring to hold it in place when slipped within the hollow back of the comb. In using this hair dryer the heating iron is held over a gas jet or other flame until hot and inserted into the comb.

The heat is transmitted to the teeth of the comb, drying the hair as the comb is drawn through it. With this device the hair can be very quickly and easily dried at the same time as the necessary operation of combing the hair.

**Eagle Carried Trap 300 Miles.**

A few days ago an eagle was killed at the Ellison ranch near Edgewood in the upper part of Siskiyou county. On one of its feet was attached a No. 3 steel trap which had apparently been on the big bird's talon about two weeks.

It has just been learned that on November 22 an eagle got into a No. 3 steel trap belonging to N. Greenstate of Plymouth, Amador county, and carried the trap away with it. It is believed that the eagle killed at Edgewood, which is about 300 miles from Plymouth on an air line, is the same that escaped with Greenstate's trap about ten days before.

interesting people. The interesting people do not pose. They do not rave. They do not strut and swagger. They walk normally and talk unexcitedly. They do not become soulful in a few seconds after you meet them. They do not talk shop or parade the distinguishing labels and earmarks of their craft. They are more likely to dodge behind pillars than to jump in front of cameras, nor do they contend with the other play-folk on the world's stage for the star or the leading lady's share in the limelight.

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**Sand Grains Travel Far.**  
The travels of grains of sand have long been a matter of scientific record. Years ago it was established that particles picked up on the coast of Pas de Calais had their origin in the rocks of Brittany, from 120 to 150 miles distant. Another standard fact is the discovery on the coast of Denmark of chalk dust which undoubtedly came from the cliffs of Normandy.

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

"Mabel, I don't propose—"  
"Well, George, I've noticed that, but daddy says you'd better propose before long or there will be doins."  
"When you interrupted me, Mabel, I was about to say that I do not propose to wait any longer to learn whether you do or do not return my love."  
"Oh, George! This is so sudden!"—Houston Post.

If you ran a shoe store, would you like it if your clerks bought shoes of an opposition dealer?

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