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Importers of the famous Pilsener Beer, and other fine liquors. Also, the famous "Home Wing" brandy. 105 Commercial street, Salem, Oregon.

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LES ROSES DE SADI. This morning I vowed I would bring thee my roses. They were thrust in the hand that my bodies incline. But the breast knots were broken, the roses went free. The breast knots were broken; the roses to cheer Flashed forth on the wings of the wind and the weather. And they drifted afar down the streams of the sea. And the sea was as red as when sunset inclines. But my raiment is sweet from the scent of the roses. Thou shalt know, love, how fragrant a memento can be. —Andrew Lang.

A MILD ORIENTAL.

If you consider the circumstances of the case, it was the only thing that he could do. But Pambé Srang had been hanged by the neck till he was dead, and nobody cared whether he was right or wrong.

Three years ago, when the Elsass-Lothringen steamer Saarbrück was coaling at Aden and the weather was very hot indeed, Nurkeed, the big fat Zanzibar stoker who fed the second right furnace 30 feet down in the hold, got leave to go ashore. He departed a "See-dee boy," as they call the stokers. He returned the full blooded sultan of Zanzibar—his royal highness Sayyid Burghash—with a bottle in each hand. Then he sat on the fore hatch grating eating salt fish and onions and singing the songs of a far country. The food belonged to Pambé, the serang, or head man of the lascar sailors. He had just cooked it for himself, turned to borrow some salt, and when he came back Nurkeed's dirty fingers were spading into the rice. A serang is a person of importance, far above a stoker, though the stoker draws better pay. He sets the chorons of "Hya, hulla! Hooah, heh," when the captain's gig is pulled up to the davits. He heaves the lead, too, and sometimes, when all the ship is lazy, he puts on his whitest muslin and a big red sash and plays with the passengers' children on the quarter deck. Then the passengers give him money, and he saves it for an orgie at Bombay, Calcutta or Pulo Penang.

"Ho, you fat, black barrel, you're eating my food!" said Pambé in the other lingua franca which begins where the Levant tongue stops and runs from Port Said eastward till east is west and the sailing brigs of the Kurile islands gossip with Hakodate junks. "Son of Elbis, monkey face, dried shark's liver, pig man, I am the Sultan Sayyid Burghash and the commander of all this ship! Take away your garbage," and Nurkeed thrust the empty pewter rice plate into Pambé's hand. Pambé beat it into a basin over Nurkeed's woolly head. Nurkeed drew his sheath knife and stabbed Pambé in the leg. Pambé drew his sheath knife, but Nurkeed dropped down into the darkness of the hold and spat through the grating at Pambé, who was staining the fore deck with his blood.

Only the big white moon saw these things, for the officers were looking after the coaling and the passengers were using in their close cabins. "All right," said Pambé, and went forward to tie up his leg. "We will settle the account later." He was a Malay, born in India, married once in Burma, where his wife had a cigar shop on the Shwe Dagon road; once in Singapore to a Chinese girl and once in Madras to a Mohammedan woman who sold fowls. The English sailor cannot, owing to postal and telegraph facilities, marry so profusely as he used to do, but five sailors can, being influenced by the barbarous inventions of the western world. Pambé was a good husband when he happened to remember the existence of a wife, but he was also a very good Malay, and it is not wise to offend a Malay, because he does not forget anything. Moreover, in Pambé's case blood had been drawn and food spoiled. Next morning Nurkeed rose with a blank mind. He was no longer sailor of Zanzibar, but a very hot stoker. So he went on deck and opened his jacket to the morning breeze till a sheath knife came like a flying fish and stuck into the woodwork of the cook's galley, half an inch from his right armpit. He ran down the fore deck before his time, trying to remember what he could have said to the owner of the weapon. At noon, when all the ship's lazars were feeding, Nurkeed advanced into their midst, and being a placid man with a large regard for his own skin he opened negotiations, saying: "Men of the ship, last night I know that I behaved unbecomingly to some one or another of you. Who was that man, that I may meet him, face to face and say that I was drunk."

Pambé measured the distance to Nurkeed's naked breast. If he sprang at him, he might be tripped up, and a blind blow at the chest sometimes only means a gash on the breast bone. His are difficult to thrust between and so the subject is seldom. He said nothing, nor did the other lazars. Their faces immediately dropped all expression, as is the custom of the orientals when there is killing on the carpet or any chance of trouble. Nurkeed looked long at the white eyeballs. He was only an African and could not read characters. A big, slight, stout, green, lanky man from him, and he went back to the furnace. The lazars took up the conversation where he had interrupted it. They talked of the best methods of cooking rice.

Nurkeed suffered considerably during the run to Bombay from lack of fresh air. He only came on deck to breathe when all the world was about and then then a heavy breeze came stopped from a direction within a foot of his head and an apparently laden grating on which he sat his feet began to turn with the intention of dumping him on the coast every 15 feet below, and one inopportune night the steamship dropped from the top of the world and this time it fell back to the ground, and the steamship landed on the beach, and the world's steamship landed among 800,000 people

and did not sign articles till the ship had been a month gone from the port. Pambé waited, too, but his Bombay wife grew clamorous, and he was forced to sign in the Spicerian to Hongkong, because he realized that all play and no work gives Jack a ragged shirt. In the foggy China seas he thought a great deal of Nurkeed, and when Elsass-Lothringen steamers lay in port with the Spicerian inquired after him and found he had gone to England via the cape on the Gravelotte. Pambé went to England on the Worth. The Spicerian met her by the Nore Light. Nurkeed was going out with her to the Calicut coast.

"Want to find a friend, my trap mouthed coal scuttler?" said a gentleman in the mercantile service. "Nothing easier. Wait at the Nyanza docks till he comes. Every one comes to the Nyanza docks. Wait, you poor heathen. The gentleman spoke the truth. There are three great doors in the world whereat, if you stand long enough, you shall meet any one you wish. The head of the Suez canal is one, but there death comes also. Charing Cross station is the second—for inland work—and the Nyanza docks are the third. At each of these places are men and women looking eternally for those who will surely come. So Pambé waited at the docks. Time was no object to him, and the wives could wait, as he did from day to day, week to week, month to month, by the Blue Diamond funnels, the Red Dot smokestacks, the Yellow Streaks and the nameless dingy gypsies of the sea that loaded and unloaded, jostled, whistled and roared in the everlasting fog. When money failed, a kind gentleman told Pambé to become a Christian, and Pambé became one with great speed, getting his religious teachings between ship and ship's arrival and 6 or 7 shillings a week for distributing tracts to mariners. What the faith was Pambé did not in the least care, but he knew if he said, "Native Ki-lis-ti-an, sar," to men with long black coats he might get a few coppers, and the tracts were vendible at a little public house that sold shag by the "dottle," which is even smaller weight than the "half screw," which is less than the half ounce and a most profitable retail trade.

But after eight months Pambé fell sick with pneumonia, contracted from long standing still in stink, and much against his will he was forced to lie down in his two and sixpenny room, raging against fate. The kind gentleman sat by his bedside and grieved to find that Pambé talked in strange tongues, instead of listening to good books, and almost seemed to become a benighted heathen again, till one day he was roused from semistupor by a voice in the street by the dockhead. "My friend—he," whispered Pambé. "Call now—call Nurkeed. Quick! God has sent him!" "He wanted one of his own race," said the kind gentleman, and going out he called "Nurkeed!" at the top of his voice, and an excessively colored man in a rasping white shirt and brand new slaps, a shining hat and a breastpin turned round. Many voyages had taught Nurkeed how to spend his money and made him a citizen of the world.

"Hi! Yes!" said he when the situation was explained. "Command him—black nigger—when I was on the Saarbrück. Ole Pambé. Good ole Pambé. Dam laaser. Show him up, sar," and he followed into the room. One glance told the stoker what the kind gentleman had overlooked. Pambé was desperately poor. Nurkeed drove his hands deep into his pockets, then advanced with clinched fists on the stoker, shouting: "Hya, Pambé! Hya! Hoo, ah! Hulla! Heh! Takiloi! Takiloi! Make fast ah, Pambé! You know Pambé. You know me. Dek ho, jee! Look! Dam big fat laazy laazy!"

Pambé beckoned with his left hand. His right was under his pillow. Nurkeed removed his gorgious hat and stooped over Pambé till he could catch a faint whisper. "How beautiful!" said the kind gentleman. "How these orientals love like children!" "Spat him out," said Nurkeed, leaning over Pambé yet more closely. "Touching the matter of that fish and onions," said Pambé—and sent the knife home under the edge of the rib bone, upward and forward.

There was a thick, sick cough, and the life of the African slid slowly from the bed, his clenching hands letting fall a shower of silver pieces, which ran across the room. "Now I can die!" said Pambé. But he did not die. He was nursed back to life with all the skill which money could buy, for the law wanted him, and in the end he grew sufficiently unacquainted to be hanged in due and proper form.

Pambé did not care particularly, but it was a sad blow to the kind Christian gentleman.—St. James Gazette.

Helmholtz's Remarkable Brain. In order to satisfy scientific men as to the real cause of Professor Helmholtz's death, says the London Telegraph, the Berlin correspondent, a post mortem examination was made of the brain of the deceased. The chief results of which are as follows: As a consequence of the paralytic stroke the left portion of the brain was considerably softened, while the right portion was perfectly normal and moist. The brain displayed unusually numerous cerebral sinuses, such as are known to be generally situated by the veins of persons of very great intellect. The physicians and pathologists who conducted the examination were extremely interested in what they saw, and a cast of the brain was immediately taken. Other signs of the lately observed signs of disease, but in the Helmholtz case the disease had not expressed any intercurrent symptoms.

Struck by Wind Power. An Irish Railway—I met, good, how is it going so fast today? "Why wouldn't it, sar? There was the wind behind us, sar."—London Globe.

QUEER ASTRONOMY.

THAT OF THE CHINESE, FOR IT IS AS YET MERELY ASTROLOGY.

There is No Telescope in the Peking Observatory, but Many Elaborate Instruments of No Apparent Use—Wonderful Bell in the Observatory Tower.

Astronomy in China is in a very primitive condition. The observatory at Peking is the only one belonging to China which is of any importance. It is situated upon a terrace, which runs along the fortifications of the city and could, if necessary, be used as a fortress.

The instruments which it contains are remarkable for their historical interest and artistic beauty rather than for their scientific value. Perhaps the most interesting of these is the huge bronze quadrant sent by Louis XIV to the Chinese Emperor Kang Hi in the seventeenth century. It is probably the most modern and consequently the most accurate instrument in the whole collection. The chief piece of the observatory is an extremely ornate bronze instrument which was constructed by the chief astronomer of the Emperor Kublai-Khan in the thirteenth century. The form of the instrument somewhat resembles a modern equatorial, but its use is problematical. This astronomer, whose name was Kou Shou King, may be called the Napoleon of Chinese astronomy, for he was the first to construct instruments of any practical value, and the observatory owes to him nearly all its astronomical appliances. The gigantic celestial sphere is another object of interest. Though 6 feet in diameter and weighing more than a ton, yet it can be easily rotated by a child, so carefully is it balanced.

The instruments are all of very ornamental construction. Utility was a secondary consideration to appearance, and the native workmen who constructed them were far more concerned about the dragons with flames issuing from their mouths and the hideous figures adorning the instruments than they were about the accuracy of the divisions.

The number of men employed by the Celestial government to manage the observatory is very large. Including all the officials and salaried students, there are 200. There is a chancellor at the head, and after him are directors, sub-directors and assistant sub-directors without number. A post in the Peking observatory, though honorary, is considered to be a very important position, and the present chancellor is an uncle of the emperor.

His subordinates are also men of rank, the two directors having a right to the button of precious stones and a jeweled image of the sea raven, which is worn on the heart. Their offices are hereditary (about the only ones in China which are), because they alone have the calculation tables which the Jesuits introduced in the seventeenth century, and they keep them carefully hidden away.

One of the principal features in a modern observatory is a telescope. In the Peking observatory there is not a single telescope, and there never has been one, or at least there is no record of it. This is not astonishing in view of the use which the Chinese make of astronomy. The only real value it has for them is to determine their numerous fast days and the dates of idolatrous feasts which the superior periodically holds at the various temples when he executes the sacrifices and performs the rites laid down in the sacred books.

The astronomy of the Chinese was in fact and is yet merely astrology. The duty of fixing these dates falls upon the officials of the observatory, and the council of the board also meets on the last day of every year, and at midnight the chancellor solemnly ascertains the direction of the wind and informs the board. They then draw their conclusions, and the result is circulated far and wide.

The most favorable direction of the wind is from the northwest, and should this wind prevail every sort of happiness may be expected during the ensuing year. The Chinese year begins Feb. 14. On that date, 1894, the wind was from the southeast.

The clocks used in the observatory are all water clocks, like the ancient clepsydra of the Romans, and so important part of the duties of the observatory officials is to ring the changes of the night watches on the great bell of Peking, which hangs in the bell tower and weighs 130,000 pounds, is 14 feet high, 34 feet in circumference and is made of bronze 2 inches thick. It is struck by a wooden beam, so that the noise made by it is not proportionate to its size.

In the drum tower are kept the immense sticks, which are continually kept burning and which mark the passage of time in conjunction with the water clocks. Such are the primitive means which the Chinese possess for becoming acquainted with astronomical subjects, and though the history of Chinese astronomy begins with that of the empire yet the vast majority still believe that the earth is the immovable center of the world.—New York World.

Struck by His Lunatic. An old dandy was out yesterday promenading the streets with a stick of fish for sale. "Here's your fish!" said he. "Buy from the old man who has got nobody in the world except some children." A crowd of sympathy to the benefit of many was touched by the old man's plainness of language, and he soon had all of his fish disposed of.—Florida Times Union.

In 1901 the narrative of the adventures of a high-wayman was found in the old city of Boston with the inscription outside: "His line Waltham's cable company set." This book was found in the skin of Waltham.

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Dyspepsia, Headache, Etc.



Mr. & Mrs. Elijah Buck. Saen, Maine. "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: For years I have had dyspepsia, growing worse, and became so discouraged that I thought of selling my farm and going to California. Added to my misery were the painful effects of a fracture on the end of my backbone, which resulted from a constant accident when a boy. I happened to read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to take two bottles, and before the last one was gone, I could eat a hearty meal without any distress. The fracture of my backbone is also healed and I do not have any lameness. I can truly say I am now well, and I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla Saved My Life.

It has also been a great benefit to my wife, who had distress in the stomach and severe headaches. She said the first dose Hood's Sarsaparilla seemed to go to the right spot. Now she enjoys good health." ELLIJAH BUCK, Box 496, Saen, Maine. Hood's Pills cure sickheads, biliousness, and all liver ills. 25 cents.

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SCHOOL TEXT-BOOK PETITION.

To the State Board of Education—Protest Against Changes in Text-Books or any Contract fixing prices for the next six years: Governor Penney, Secretary of State McBride and State Superintendent of Public Instruction McElroy, acting as the State Board of Education of Oregon.

Sirs:—Your petitioners, patrons of the public schools, taxpayers and citizens of Oregon, respectfully petition you to take no action to bring about adoption of new series of public school text-books under the law passed by the last legislature, nor to enter into any contract at present publishers prices adopting the text-books now in use, or those that might be authorized by your board at present prices, such prices to be fixed and maintained by the publishers for the next six years, as specified in that law.

In view of the fact that by state publication the people of California are obtaining public school text-books at an average price of about 30 cents apiece for the entire series needed in the common schools, or about one-half what we pay in Oregon, we demand state publication at the earliest day possible.

Names. NAMES. (Cut out the above form of petition, sign and address it to one of the State Board of Education, or mail it to THE JOURNAL, and it will be published and forwarded to the board with others. Men and women should sign this petition in protest against perpetuating the present system of high-priced text books for six years to come.)

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