

UNCLE WILLIAM'S PICTURE.

Uncle William, last July, Had his picture took. "Have it done, of course," says I, "Just the way you look!"

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed." And the manner of expressing desire may differ widely.

A Story from the American Indians. Many years ago a boy found a beautiful snake, so an Indian legend runs. He kept it in a bowl of water and took notice that small feathers dropped into the receptacle became living beings.

Commercial Women and Husbands. There are a number of commercial women traveling with their husbands, most of them for Chicago business firms, although a few represent houses in this city and Boston.

Why Sunsets are Red. A shower of a remarkable character occurred in Sicily on April 24, 1781. On the morning of that day every exposed place within an extensive district was found covered with a gray water, which being evaporated left a deposit nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness.

French Bread Laws. The French baker is not only required to conform to laws regarding weight, but he is also told at what price he must sell his bread. He is further required to deposit a certain sum of money in the hands of the municipal authorities as a surety of good behavior.

A Halloween Experiment. Halloween is sometimes called "nut crack night," because nuts have always taken a conspicuous part in its observance. Two nuts placed in the fire on Halloween are named for two lovers.

Delicacy of feeling is not confined to gentle people, commonly so called. It is well known, for example, by those who have to do with men confined in prison, that such convicts never speak the hated word "prison," but invariably use some euphemistic substitute, "this institution" being perhaps the one of tenet adopted.

When a Chinese compositor sets type he places them in a wooden frame twenty-two by fifteen inches. This frame has twenty-nine grooves, each for a line of type, and the type rests in clay to the depth of a quarter of an inch.

The first electric telegraph at all deserving the name was invented by Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone, and was laid on the London and Blackwell railway in June, 1837.

The Brilliant Student's Dilemma.

A Harvard student told me an amusing story about himself the other day. It seems that recently his mother had a young lady guest at their home on the Back Bay, and when he came from college in the afternoon he was introduced to her. At dinner also she sat opposite him at the table.

George said he immediately decided that, rather than risk speaking to the wrong person, he would stand still till the young lady spoke to him. So he gazed at her tickets for what seemed to him an age, but was probably only a minute, when Miss B. came up and said, "I fear you did not recognize me."

At will he could transform himself into a serpent, could become invisible and could travel at an incredible rate of speed. An arrow dipped into the liquid and shot at any living being, even if it did not hit its object, would nevertheless kill it.

The Amateur Actress. We had rather throw aside this pen forever than to write a word to discourage any woman who is conscientiously striving to earn a position on the stage; but there are other women—some in the profession, some in the audience—to whom it is grossly unfair to put forth an inexperienced amateur as a star.

The Evolution of the Sword. As men in early times fought hand to hand, the oldest specimens of the sword are short; in fact, the sword is probably but an evolution of the club, which at first made of hard wood was gradually sharpened on one end and then on both sides, so as to inflict a more deadly wound.

Unasked Sympathy. I cannot touch a piece of velvet with my fingers or permit the furry side of a peach skin to touch my lips without experiencing immediately a sort of cold chill all over my person. It is not so very severe, but it is unpleasant. Still I would prefer to live forever under the ban of such a chill than to be compelled to meet once a day one of those oleaginous bundles of insincerity and pretense, the unctuous and effusive chap who thinks you are not properly treated and never loses an opportunity to tell you so.

Helping One Another. A seventh ward man rises in the early dawn of Monday morning and does the family washing, because his wife has an organic heart trouble. After he goes to his daily toil, with the consciousness of having performed his duty, she goes over and does the washing for the minister's family.—Springfield Homestead.

Coolness in a Mixed College.

There is a coolness between the boys and the girls of the Stanford university. It all came about from a question of propriety. The boys gave a ball in their dormitory hall on Monday night, to which they invited all the girl students, as well as the professors.

Many of the fair students said they could see no harm in going to the ball as long as the professors were willing, but the more prudish damsels read a strong lecture on the evils of such doings, and, on a vote, there was a majority in favor of not attending the ball. So none of them went.

A Tremendous Barley Farm. We have now secured 250,000 acres of land in North Dakota for barley farms, and next spring we will send thousands of German emigrants to that state from Ohio, West Virginia and Indiana.

It is the opinion of the managers of this company that barley can be most successfully grown in that state, and they have the conviction of their belief sufficiently to purchase these lands and to send out emigrants from other states. The Germans are chosen on account of their knowledge of barley culture for this purpose.

To Celebrate the Marcellaise. Another effort is being made by the inhabitants of Choisy-le-Roi, outside of Paris, to observe with much solemnity and ceremonial what is vaguely called the "Centenary of the Marcellaise."

Blunders of the Teachers. A friend, himself for many years a teacher, writes: "The blunders of teachers of English literature are sometimes more amazing than any that are told of their pupils. I heard the other day of a woman at the west who, when a class was reading Tennyson's 'Day Dream,' explained to them that the happy princess, in following her lover 'deep into the dying day,' went to America!"

A Much Traveled Volume. In opening a package of books wrapped in tin, the custom house inspectors cut with a knife the binding, by Ruban, of a "Poor Richard Almanack." The importer made no claim for damage from the government, paid the duty, returned the book to Paris to be rebound and wrote an ode to Diana of Poitiers, goddess of book lovers, in gratitude for the miraculous escape of the text of his Almanack.

A Russo-Chinese Railway. A Russo-Chinese railway is reported as the objective point of negotiations now going on between Russian and Chinese representatives. Russia wants the right to build a railway from Vladivostok, the Pacific terminal of the proposed Siberian railway, across the northern boundary of Korea to Tien-Tsin, and thence to Shanghai.

Dr. John Piente, the amateur telescope maker, is now finishing a 30 1/2 inch silver on glass mirror for Allegheny college, which, when mounted, will give that institution the largest reflecting telescope in this country.

An immense flume is being constructed near Fresno, Cal., which will not only furnish water for irrigating purposes, but will be used to transport lumber needed by farmers living near by.

It is pretty hard to be told at the beginning of a long, cold winter that gold table services are coming in. It was hoped that they had gone out to stay.

KNOCKING OUT A JEHU.

Resentment of the Insults of a Big Stage Driver by a Little Dude. Colonel William Greene Sterrett, of the Galveston-Dallas News, tells this story:

"Once, a good many years ago," he said, "I was traveling in a stage in western Texas. It was long before the snort of the locomotive was heard on the prairies of that region, over which the buffalo yet roamed. At one of the stations a young Englishman and his wife got in. He was a little fellow and dressed as a typical Englishman—what we now call a dude. The driver was a big, raw boned six footer. He was a noted fighter. He had never been whipped and was a regular terror. He seemed to take a dislike to the little Englishman from the start. Presently he stopped the stage, got down, came back and threw open the door.

"Here," he said to the Englishman, 'you come out of that and get up on the seat with me. There ain't room for you in there.' The Englishman didn't move. 'Come out, I tell you,' roared the driver. The Englishman just sat still. 'If you don't come out, I'll haul you out by the legs,' shouted the Jehu. Then the rest of us expostulated with the driver. I was too tired to fight and couldn't get at my gun, so I just expostulated along with the rest. We told the driver there was plenty of room inside; that the Englishman was not crowding us, and that if he (the driver) insulted or injured any of his passengers he would be discharged by the stage company. The driver by this time was wild. He swore he was in command of that stage and that he proposed to run it to suit himself, and if that blankety blank cuss didn't come out he'd pull him out.

"All right," said the Englishman, at last. 'I will come out, and when I am out I will whip you soundly.' 'He got out slowly. We all felt sorry for him and sorry for his wife. She didn't seem scared or worried, though, and all she said was:

"Well, when the little Englishman got out he took his coat off and handed it back into the stage. Then he started toward the driver and the driver started toward him. We heard a sound a good deal like that made by hitting a steer in the head with an ax. Down in a heap went the driver. He was up as quick as a flash. Down he went again. Actually that little English dude knocked that burly six foot driver clean off his feet a dozen times. How it was done none of us could tell. The big fellow would rush at the little 'un with his arms going like flails. Suddenly the little fellow would make a dash, his right arm would fly out, and down would go the driver. After the dozenth round that driver called out:

"Hold on, stranger—hold on! I'm whipped and throw up my hands. You kin ride anywhere on this stage you darn please, outside or inside or on the horses. You're the boss now; but,' he added, glaring savagely at the rest of us, 'I kin lick anybody else on this stage.'

"We didn't expostulate. The Englishman climbed back into the stage as quickly as he got off. His wife was satisfied for 'Charley's' face wasn't even scratched. At the next station the driver explained that if he'd only have got hold of the little fellow he'd have hugged him to death like a bear; but,' he exclaimed, 'every time just as I was about to lay hands on him the ground'd fly up and hit me on the back of the head.'

More than this—thy name reminds me Of three friends; all true and tried, etc. "One writer suggested that they were Professor Cornelius C. Fulton, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Charles Sumner. Another thought that Louis Agassiz's name should stand in the place of Hawthorne's, and this was finally accepted by all concerned. Neither the editor nor any of his correspondents or readers appeared to see the absurdity of making the name of the river suggest friends whose names were other than Charles."

Making the Right Shade. Those who have sought in vain for laces to match the color of silk on lamp shades and other decorative articles may be able to produce the right shade by using some of the French tapestry dyes. One should experiment on a bit of lace, first to see if the dyes are properly thinned, so as to get the desired shade. Any of the thin laces in silk or cotton take the dyes nicely. Point d'Esprit and German Valenciennes looking very well when treated with the yellow shades. In the Valenciennes several delicate tints may be used on the light and the heavy part of the lace, bringing out the design with excellent effect. In preparing lace for the dye, brush and press it carefully, then stretch it upon a board, laying several thicknesses of paper underneath. Dip a small bristle brush in the dye and lay it on freely. When nearly dry, lay the lace on a padded board and press with a hot iron.—New York Post.

A Young Diplomat. Mrs. Brown—I'm afraid to let you have a bicycle. Little Johnnie—Don't feel that way, ma. Even if it did kill me, remember that it would be the last thing I ever asked you for.—New York Epoch.

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