

AN AVERAGE MAN.

A realistic story
Without any flash or glory,
With no sentimental lilt
And no firework display,
'Bout a poor old ignoramus
Who was never rich nor famous,
And who couldn't ignite the river,
And who worked out by the day.

A very common fellow
Was this Ebenezer Weller,
With the usual share of virtues,
And with vices two or three;
He'd no fatal gift of beauty,
But an average sense of duty,
Neither very good nor evil—
Just about like you and me.

And he wed an average woman,
Very nice and very human,
Just about like Ebenezer,
Neither very good nor bad;
Often they would scold and squabble,
But they loved each other dearly,
And they couldn't continue mad.

Never had enough on Monday
To supply the house till Sunday,
Never made enough in April
To support themselves in May;
If they worked hard in November,
They must work hard in December,
And the coarse bread of tomorrow
Was the hard work of today.

They worked on, grew gray and grayer,
Yet they never made him mayor,
And she plucked no social honors,
And his wages still were small.
Then the load of years grew weighty,
And they died when they were eighty,
And they put them in the graveyard,
And they left them there. That's all.

A realistic story
Without any flash or glory—
Yet this fellow Ebenezer
Represents the human clan;
His the average share of pleasure,
His the average lack of leisure,
His the average joy and sorrow
Of the common average man.
—Sam Walter Foss in Yankee Blade.

MIGGLES' SPEECH.

Griggs was washing himself, and was in a hurry. The telegraph had run heavy all afternoon; unusually heavy. "Nothing startling," Griggs said, when the editor asked him how the wires were working, "only the news seems to pour in from all quarters." Griggs was glad when supper time came. He had an engagement that evening and anticipated pleasure.

Suddenly a change came over Griggs' face. His hands, dipped into the water to lave his face and neck, were withdrawn suddenly and placed on the edge of the basin, as he listened to the voice of the editor, who was standing at Griggs' desk.

"Are you there, Griggs? Here's a dispatch from Grand Hog's Glory. From Miggles. On his way to Pompey Smash. Look here a moment, Griggs."

Griggs snatched at the towel, dried himself as he approached his room and faced the editor.

"Griggs, this is of the very first importance."

Griggs' manner indicated earnest attention.

"I may tell you—in confidence, Griggs—that Miggles' speech must go in tonight. No matter what else is crowded out, on no account must you permit Miggles' speech to be abbreviated by so much as a line. I would remain myself, but I have an engagement that can't be broken—as important, in fact, as this speech of Miggles', which is the turning point in the canvass for the district. A change of forty or fifty votes—yes, twenty—at Pompey Smash, will elect or defeat him. Griggs, I predict it will make Miggles'."

"All right," said Griggs as the editor left his room. He was putting on his coat when Simmott returned.

"Put a good head on it, Griggs—something that will catch the eye." Simmott was moving away the second time when he halted, turned back, and dropping his voice said: "I may as well tell you. It will be known soon anyhow. Miggles' election means a good deal, a vast deal, to me. So keep a sharp lookout. See that the speech goes in all right—no mistakes or ridiculous errors."

"All right," said Griggs. He glanced at the dispatch Simmott had laid on his desk as the editor and proprietor of The Morning Star hastened away. Then he whistled up to the composing room and inquired if Daggs was there. Daggs was there, and in answer to Griggs' request hurried down, as by previous agreement.

"See here, Daggs; we've a dispatch from Miggles. He has ordered us to print his speech—the speech he will make at Pompey Smash this evening. Here it is." Griggs pulled a drawer out, brought out three proof slips and handed them to Daggs. "Now, as you are going to run this thing tonight for me, I want you to be sure there are no errors in it. I guess I'd best crack a head on it for you before I go—the main thing is to see that it goes in. That is Simmott's imperative order. No matter what is left out—if the president dies you mustn't leave Miggles' speech out. I'm sorry it so happens I must be off tonight, but it's all plain sailing. You've run my desk often enough to know just what to do. That's all, Daggs. I'll send the head up—take the speech and give it to the foreman to get in hand at once."

"When Daggs withdrew, Griggs sat down, dashed off a few lines, looked at them, whirled them up the elevator and went out. He was engaged; was to be married in a fortnight, and as a matter of course dismissed The Morning Star, Miggles and his speech from his mind before he reached the corner. What young man would not who was on his way to his supper, with the certainty of enjoying an evening with his affianced at the theater?"

"See here, Burton," said Daggs, as he re-entered the composing room hastily, "Griggs gave me imperative orders—from Simmott—to get this in hand at once. Best run it out first thing. Mind—no matter what else is left out—Miggles' speech goes in."

"All right," answered Burton. The foreman took the proof slips, clipped them up into twenty-one pieces, lit a fresh cigar, and inside of ten minutes Miggles' speech was in the hands of twenty-one printers. The foreman was enjoying a minute's rest, when a whistle

disturbed him. He rose and answered the call.

"That you, Burton?"

"Yes—what's wanted?"

"It's me," said a voice from the counting room. "In a hurry—going out of town a few miles unexpectedly—won't be back. Get Griggs to look after things for me. Ta-ta!"

"All right," Burton answered, in blissful ignorance of the arrangement Griggs had made with Daggs.

Almost at the same moment the night clerk, who was in the rear of the business office, was calling by the telephone:

"Hello, there, Star office!"

"Well," said the clerk, fumbling for his pencil, and making ready for a new advertisement.

"That you, Baker?"

"Yes, sir."

It was the proprietor's voice. He had popped into a drug store to speak to the night editor.

"Parker there?"

"No, sir."

"Well, tell him when he comes to see Griggs at once. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have given Griggs special orders. Tell him. Got that?"

"Yes, sir. To tell Mr. Parker you've given special orders to Mr. Griggs, and for Mr. Parker to be sure and see Griggs."

"That's all."

The night clerk went to his desk and was soon immersed in his labors. In the upper story of The Star establishment the foreman was discussing in a desultory way Bigger's chances against Miggles for the congressional plum.

"What sort of a place is Pompey Smash, anyhow? Daggs? Ever been there?"

"No; but Griggs has. There's a lot of moss backed Democrats over there—the sort that vote for Jackson and Van Buren, and opposite there is another lot of straight laced, stiff backed Presbyterians—no surrender written all over 'em."

"Anything in this speech of Miggles'?"

"Blest if I know."

"What's the point—what makes him go out to Pompey Smash to fire off?"

"Oh! Why, it's a mighty close vote, you know. As near as I can make out, the idea is to tickle the people there—to honor them with the opening speech—to have the people talk about the speech Miggles made at Pompey Smash. A hundred votes, one way or the other, will settle it; everybody knows that."

"I see," said the foreman.

Then he turned around, and lifting his voice said in tones that could be heard by all in the composing room:

"Boys, pull out on Miggles' speech. I want to get it in early."

Then there was silence in the composing room.

The wires worked well that night. The night was a repetition of the day. Daggs was up to his eyes in news from all quarters. "Nothing stunning," as he called up to the foreman; "just a steady glut of slush from all sources that could be chopped off any place and never be missed."

When a newspaper office is in order it's surprising how smoothly everything runs. The Morning Star was run on a sound system; so thorough that although the proprietor and editor, business manager and telegraph editor were absent they did not seem to be missed.

Along about 3 o'clock in the morning Daggs thought he would run up stairs once more and see how the speech looked in type.

"Looking for Miggles' speech?" asked the foreman. "There it is—three columns."

Daggs glanced over the form. It was all right.

"You read the proof—I sent it down to you—or, rather, the revise."

"I looked at it—I guess it's all right," and Daggs returned to his desk, whistling.

Just then a messenger laid a fresh dispatch on his table. Daggs glanced at the clock. "Two fifteen." He handed the boy back his book after acknowledging the receipt of the message, and began to whistle again as he tore it open. Daggs' lips retained their position, but no sound escaped them. The message was from Pompey Smash, and contained four words:

"Don't print Miggles' speech."

Daggs was dumfounded. He rushed to the pipe; he was going to call to the foreman, when he bethought himself. He turned the dispatch up to the light. It was filed at 8:30. What did it mean? There was an initial appended—what it was he could not make out. Possibly it was a ruse—a trick of the opposition.

He ran up stairs and laid the mysterious message down before the foreman.

"What do you think of that, Burton?"

"I don't think anything. There's only one meaning—it says plainly, 'Don't print Miggles' speech'; and here we are printing it."

"Well, but Griggs' orders were to print it. What made Simmott be so particular about this speech? Why, he must have suspected a trick. Anyhow—my orders are imperative."

"Take my advice—no, I'll have to consult Parker. He's night editor, and he is the man to decide."

The foreman whistled to the counting room:

"Mr. Parker there? Send him up at once."

"Not here."

"Where is he?"

"Hasn't been here tonight. Thought he was up there."

"Do you know anything about this speech of Miggles', Baker?"

"No; never heard of it."

"Look around—see if there's a note or message there for me—anybody!"

A minute elapsed.

down to the pressroom, brought up a handful of papers, returned to the composing room and laid them down before Burton.

"Looks all right, Burton."

The foreman picked the paper up, held it in his hand a moment, glancing over it with a critical eye, then laid it down.

"A pretty good first page. The head looks first rate. You can pop a head on with Griggs, Daggs."

"It's Griggs'. Taint mine."

A footstep sounded near. It was Griggs.

"In fact, I was detained later than I expected, Daggs, so just stepped around to see how you were getting on. That confounded speech of Miggles' has run in my mind all night."

"Nothing else?"

Burton and Daggs laughed.

"Oh, I see it's all right."

"What's that, Griggs?"

It was the night editor.

I got back earlier than I expected, and run up to see if everything is right. What's this?"

"Miggles' speech, delivered over at Pompey Smash. Mr. Simmott gave me special orders to get it in tonight."

Griggs held a paper up and read:

ZIP! ZIP!! ZIP!!!

FIRST BALL OF THE CONGRESSIONAL CAMPAIGN SET IN MOTION BY THE HAND OF ALONZO ADOLPHUS MIGGLES.

POMPEY SMASH IN A BLAZE OF UNPARALLELED ENTHUSIASM.

A Masterly and Lucid Analysis of the Monotonous Questions Involved in the Issue of the Seventy-seventh District.

"Reads all right, Griggs," said Parker, "but if I had been here I'd have left that 'and' out. If it was masterly, of course it must have been 'incid'—see?"

"No, I don't see," said Griggs.

"I've—"

What Griggs was going to say is lost to the world, for at that moment Editor Simmott looked over their shoulders.

"What is it, Parker?"

His gaze was riveted—double riveted, in fact—on The Morning Star. His eyes were held by the type as the poor bird is said to be fascinated by the snake before it devours it. Then he slowly lifted his hands. His mouth opened—but no words came from it. His emotions overpowered him, rendered him speechless. Then there was a sound like the cracking of heavy paper, and the torrent came. For at least two minutes and a half—possibly a second more—not one of his auditors knew what Simmott said.

Then the blizzard of adjectives lessened to a gale, from a gale to a spanking breeze, from a steady breeze to the gust that tosses the leaves between the fitful raintrops.

"Didn't you get my message, Parker?"

"I was not here; was away all night."

"You—you got it, Griggs?"

"No, sir. I was off, too—I got Daggs to run my desk."

Simmott groaned. Daggs looked like a boy caught in the act of stealing a melon.

"Did you get my message, Daggs?"

"Yes, sir; but—"

"Stop! I won't hear a word," said Simmott.

"Yes, you will, Mr. Simmott," said Griggs, with a white face but resolute eye. "Your orders were imperative. I told Daggs so. No matter what came, he was to print Miggles' speech."

The calm that ensued was much more impressive and disagreeable than the blizzard that preceded it.

"Let me see the message."

Daggs brought it out, and Simmott turned it over in an absentminded way in his hand.

"What is wrong, Mr. Simmott?"

The editor gave the night editor one glance. It spoke volumes.

"Nothing—nothing—only Miggles was delayed; did not get to Pompey Smash at all. Consequently he did not make a speech. His cousin, Bill Carruthers, met me and told me he telegraphed us not to print. This will defeat him. The papers will never let up on it. The people at Pompey Smash will never forgive Miggles for making them ridiculous. It's had enough to assume that his bald-headed could influence them or turn a vote. It's worse to palm off a speech on the public he never made at Pompey Smash or anywhere else. Miggles is ruined now and forever."

It was true. A hundred Morning Stars were flying to Pompey Smash with Miggles' great effort as the editor spoke.

There was war along the line for three ten days. Not a man in Pompey Smash voted for Miggles. There was war in The Morning Star office, but peace came over it speedily and calmed the disturbed elements like a dose of soothing sirup.

The editor, Parker, Griggs—everybody had the good sense to see and acknowledge it was a concatenation of circumstances unavoidable in the best regulated families, and today, when anything whimsical or humorous stirs The Star, Simmott or Parker or Griggs, his partners, will refer to "Miggles' Great Effort."—David Lowry in Pittsburg Bulletin.

One Form of Marriage Ceremony.

The following is a southwestern Missouri form of marriage ceremony: "By the authority vested in me as a squire in the state of Missouri; by the golden fields of corn and wheat that wave to and from the gentle summer breeze; by the great droves of stock that are continually finding their way to the different markets of the world; by the monotonous song of the cat on the backyard fence, and by the pumpkin vine whose climbing tendrils shade the entrance of a summer kitchen; by the whole earth and sea and all that is in them, I pronounce you man and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls."—Yankee Blade.

Candy Stores and Savings Banks.

The funds in the school savings banks would increase much more rapidly if confectioners could be induced to locate off the direct avenue to public schools. As it is, the child who safely runs the gantlet of all the saccharine temptations set in his daily path and deposits his pennies intact in the school bank, will make a citizen who may perhaps be trusted with the funds of a larger bank at some later day.—Boston Commonwealth.

An American Girl.

She knows no Latin, she knows no Greek, But the purest American she can speak; She knows the use of her and she, And the proper places of I and me, She doesn't use big words to tell A story, although she can use them well; In short, she's a girl without pretense, With an ample supply of common sense. And I'd rather have her any day Than the girl who can parley yoo longsay. —Brandon Buckshaw.

AS TO TOBACCO.

A Scientist Says Several Good Words in Favor of the Weed.

From All The Year Around:

It has long been a popular opinion that tobacco is an antiseptic, and the belief seems to have some solid basis of fact. Professor Vincenzo Tassinari, of the Hygienic Institute of the University of Pisa, recently made some very interesting experiments on the supposed germicidal virtues of tobacco smoke, which seems to show that it really had a destructive action upon the growth of bacilli, those minute organisms which are said to be the cause of a vast number of bodily ills that flesh is heir to. Professor Tassinari observed the action of the fumes upon seven different kinds of bacteria—the so-called cholera bacillus, the cattle distemper bacillus, the pus coccus, the Finkler-Prior bacterium, the typhus and pleuropneumonia bacillus and the blue pus bacillus.

Wishing to imitate as closely as possible the process going on in a smoker's mouth the professor passed tobacco fumes through a horizontal tube into a receptacle kept moist by damp cotton wool, which contained also a colony of bacilli. The result showed that the smoke retarded the growth of others. The tobacco experimented with was that which is used in making the large Cavour cigar, much favored in Italy, and it was proved that its fumes retard the growth of pus bacilli by seventy-two hours, and of cattle distemper bacilli by one hundred hours, while they absolutely arrest the growth of the so-called cholera and typhus bacilli. If Professor Tassinari's results may be relied upon it is evident that not only is tobacco not the deadly enemy of man—and it is singular with what eagerness man takes to so many of his deadly enemies—but in many instances it is his great friend, not only by way of solace, but as a warrier off and destroyer of deadly germs that insist on colonizing his body and turning it to their own uses.

Her Equals in Rank.

Not long ago two young girls were traveling "out west," says a writer in the New York World. As the train stopped at a station two ladies entered and took seats directly in front of them. Just as they were seated a stout lady came forward, greeted them effusively, and the trio kept up a lively conversation until the train started. Then one of them said: "Sit down here near us," and in a little lower tone: "Tell those girls to sit somewhere else." So the stout one turned round and said in the most freezing of tones:

"I wish to converse with my friends and would like that seat. I am Mrs. President R— of this road."

The girls stared at her for an instant and then one of them drawled:

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. I suppose you know I am Mrs. President Harrison of Washington," and the other girl, settling herself comfortably in her seat, said:

"And I am Mrs. Queen Victoria."

There was an audible smile from the other passengers and the stout lady went to her own seat in the rear.—Chicago News.

Ancient Butter in the Bogs of Erin.

Louisville Courier-Journal:

Numerous specimens of ancient butter are to be seen in the Irish museums, which were discovered during the past century by peasants engaged in digging peat. Some of them were dug from depths of ten, fifteen and even eighteen feet below the surface of the ground, and considerable antiquity must be allotted to the finds, although no absolute data exists by which the average increase of bog soil may be calculated. Examples of this butter weigh as much as thirty and forty pounds and upward, and are identified by the numerous hairs of reddish color, as being the product of the cow. The butter is found packed in hollowed vessels of wood, and in masses of irregular form. The latter are usually surrounded by a layer of moss, and at times have an additional covering of linen cloth. The object of thus burying butter in peat or immersing it in bog water would appear to be for its preservation under circumstances and in districts where salt could not be procured.

Ordered Her Admission to Heaven

Paris Letter to Chicago Herald.

A curious custom of the Greek church was illustrated at the funeral the other day of the young Grand Duchess Paul of Russia. Before the coffin was closed the metropolitan placed a written paper in the right hand of the corpse, which read: "We, by the grace of God, prelate of the Holy Russian church, write this to our master and friend, St. Peter, the gatekeeper of the Lord Almighty. We announce to you that the servant of the Lord, her imperial highness, the Grand Duchess Paul, has finished her life on earth and we order you to admit her into the kingdom of heaven without delay, for we have absolved all her sins and granted her salvation. You will obey our order on sight of this document which we put into her hand."

All things considered Sherman county is one of the best in the state, and the homeseeker desiring to get good land at a nominal figure can do no better than to steer straight for Sherman. No cheaper land in the state can be had than right here. The real estate market never has been very active, consequently no excitement or flurry has been caused in this line.—Wasco News.

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