

WORK.

Adren the hill of youth I gaily ran, Clapping the hands of madcap wondrous fair...

A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

I had not been very long in the position of confidential clerk to Messrs. Friar Brothers & Bowman...

At the time of which I speak not a day passed without some failure or threatened stoppage, and I knew that Friar Brothers & Bowman were uneasy about the Liverpool branch of their house...

I opened the window and flung away the end of the cigar. The fresh cold air that rushed in refreshed me...

When the train reached Liverpool I was found half fainting upon the floor of the carriage, and the body of Buckland or Foreman, as his name turned out to be—was found dead on the line with the bags of gold upon his person...

But nothing could undo the damning fact that he had passed on his duty to another man without permission, and Buckland was dismissed; but, at the earnest request of myself and wife...

He should have nine lives. George W. Keene, of South Boston, deserves to live until he is 99 years old, in order to complete his regard of his father...

A Combination of Fiddles. A new invention in musical instruments has been brought out by a German which is causing a good deal of interest. This is called a bowed piano...

Old Trees in Maine. John Plummer, who drives the stage from Scarborough station to Higgins beach, says that the other day he carried a man over the route who said that he couldn't see as those big elm trees, which stand between the station and the beach, had grown any for sixty years...

Cost of a Wooden Leg. The wooden leg is now made of hollow willow. It has very little weight, and is securely fastened to the limb by means of a leather cylinder, which fits securely to the stump as near the thigh as it can be brought...

Improving His First Opportunity. Chief (to fireman throwing water into a burning church)—Why are you keeping a stream on after the fire's out? Fireman—It's the first time in my life that I ever had a chance to play on the organ.—Philadelphia Saturday Review.

"Please to give me something, sir," said an old woman. "I had a blind child, who was my only means of subsistence; but the poor boy has recovered his sight."—Exchange.

HE HELPED THE TRAMP.

A Case of Double Gratitudes Observed in Western New York.

As we stood in a group in the depot waiting room at Elmira, there was a scuffle and loud words, and we turned to see the depot policeman shoving a tramp looking man out of the place.

He brought out his wallet, handed the forlorn looking stranger two crisp, ten dollar bills, and then turned to the officer with a smile that said: "Now, let him alone. A man with \$20 in his pocket is no tramp."

But even had it stood wide open I could not reach it. The exertion I had already made had exhausted me, and I once more fell down on the seat and within easier reach of the dying wretch—for dying he surely was—who meant that I should die with him.

"But what became of the tramp?" "I have never seen him since. After seeing me safe at the house he started off, saying he would send a doctor from the nearest town, and I never even had the chance to thank him."—New York Sun.

The Destruction of Forests.

"We are daily wasting one of nature's richest gifts to us in our wholesale destruction of the forests," said Theodore B. Baselin of the forestry commission to a New York reporter.

In the Azores.

Balconies in the Azores are as universal as in Havana, Lisbon or Madrid. Some project from supports of carved stone; others rest with airy insecurity upon fancifully wrought timbers...

A Poet's Lot Is Not a Moneyed One.

I was talking a few evenings ago with a young fellow whose name is familiar to every magazine reader, and whose work the editors of periodicals receive with more favor than that of any other of the young school of versifiers.

Introduction of Envelopes.

Before Sir Rowland Hill introduced the penny post, envelopes were little used, as a double charge was made for a paper inclosed in another, however thin each might be; even the smallest clipping from a newspaper necessitated an extra fee.

AN OLD LADY TAKING NOTES.

The streams she crossed on the Chattahoochee to Atlanta.

"Now, Mr. Conductor," said a snappy looking old lady as she boarded the sleeping car at Chattanooga, "I want you to tell me the names of all the places of interest we pass on the way to Atlanta, for this, I believe, is the road along which Sherman marched."

"What stream is that?" asked the old lady, as the train passed over a trestle. "That's Chickamauga creek," replied the conductor.

"What place is this?" she asked, confidentially. "Chickamauga!" came the monotonous reply. "Jane, throw that paper out of the window. That horrid!"

"Hold on, madam!" exclaimed the conductor; and to save his scalp he had to explain that the state road crossed Chickamauga creek fourteen times before reaching the station by the same name.

He Wanted to Take Lessons.

A young South Sider approached Ned Williamson, the big Brotherhood shortstop, the other day, called him aside and whispered: "My boy, when you begin your out of door practice for the season I should like to have you give me a few lessons in accurate throwing. I have so often seen you nail a grounder and send it shooting into Anson's hands that I know you would be a good tutor. Now, I'll tell you why I want to get points on throwing. I've had sickness in my family lately, and the other night I heard a cat yowling around the front of the house. I went out on the front steps and saw the dark object on the sidewalk. The howling was something frightful. I sneaked in and got a lot of coal and began pecking at the dark object. It didn't move, and the yowling continued."

After I had scattered about half a ton of coal around the neighborhood the cat walked up from the area beneath me, looked up at me and howled worse than ever. I had been throwing coal at a shadow. I got another half ton and threw it at the cat. He looked at me and howled louder. Now, when I can't hit a cat with a ton of large egg I begin to think that the coal dealers are getting even with me, and I want some lessons in throwing. The big shortstop said he would be pleased to give him a few points and show him wherein baseball was an improvement over "one old cat."—Chicago Herald.

Total.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. Includes items like 'The Century', 'Scribner's', 'Puck and Judge', etc.

—Cor. Boston Journal.

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