### THE HILLS OF SONG.

Lo! I have fared and fared again,
Far up and down the ways of men,
And found no path I strayed along
As happy as the hills of song.

As in the days when time began
Are played the merry pipes of Pan,
And never rises note of wrong
Upon the happy hills of song.

There is no frost of doubt to blight;
The sun of faith sheds lustrous light
To peace and joy the hours belong
Upon the happy hills of song.

Then hol who will, and follow me!
Through flowery meads the path shall be.
Fear not the way is steep or long
Unto the happy hills of song.

Lo! I have fared and fared again,
Far up and down the ways of men,
And found no path I strayed along
As happy as the hills of song.
—Clinton Scollard in Harper's Bazar.

## AN APACHE CHUM.

Never go chumming with an Apache. You smile at such strange advice? Well, I might have smiled at it once myself. But we are all creatures of circumstance, and I was a tenderfoot then anyway. This is how I chummed it with my little Indian:

I was swinging my red and blue clubs under the pepper tree at the back of the railroad station. This I did because I had a theory that exercise was good for a man living on a desert. The lazy Mexicans, and most of the Americans thereabouts, had no ruddy glow on their faces. They were all sallow. What I wanted was a ruddy glow.

My red and blue clubs circled about very prettily that day, and the ruddy glow came; also a dripping epidermis and a big desire to sit down in the shade of the pepper tree and blow tobacco smoke. The tree was a small one. When the station tank ran over, which was not often, its roots received a little moisture. So it grew slowly.

As soon as I dropped my clubs a squeal of disgust went up from somewhere, and as I turned about I saw a small, brown head dart behind a cactus lined rock.

I said nothing, but leaned back on my seat, pulled my sombrero down over my face, and shammed sleep, with one half closed eye on the rock and the big cactus shrubs. No use. You cannot get an Apache out of his hole that way.

Next day, with my beautiful exercise theory still bristling in my brain, I turned quickly, while in the midst of my club swinging, and saw the wide open eyes and gaping mouth of the cunningest little savage I had ever beheld. He sprang about and fled behind the rock, but not too quickly for me to read "XXX Family Flour" in large red letters on his back. His one short garment was a sack, with holes cut through it for his head and arms.

"Come, Tads," I cried, christening him in that fleeting second with a name that stuck to him all his life, "out of that!" And I jumped behind the rock, swinging an open hand that did not grasp the flour sack, as I had intended it should.

Where was the wee savage?

Like a lizard, he had darted from sight somewhere in that little patch of rocks and cactus, though there did not appear to be cover enough there to conceal a jack rabbit.

"The spines must scratch him," I thought, as I looked at the pricky cactus, but I did not know then how Apaches put up with such small irritations. Not wanting to give the boy unnecessary torture, I went back to my clubs. Throwing my eyes about again I caught another fleeting glimpse of the brown head as it dodged behind the rock.

Tads must have been disappointed next day, for there was no club swinging under the pepper tree. The duties of telegraph agent lay too heavily upon me and the sun lay too heavily upon the desert. I saw Tads steal away from his lair about two hours after my usual exercise time and walk down the sand-drifts with a dejected air, his one garment flapping in the hot wind.

A wild nature like his was proof against such snares as the toothsome confection, the golden orange or the mealy peanut. I found that out by trial in the course of the next week. But an old jack-knife won him over. That was something his Apache mind could grasp. It was a greater delight to him than the red and blue clubs. Sworn friends from that day were Tads and I.

His talk was a ridiculous mixture of English, Spanish and Apache, and his voice was very throaty. But I understood him. Indian-like, he said little. It was therefore easy to get along with him. He would sit for hours on a high stool listening to the "tunk-tunk-tunk" of my sounder. The telegraph was an awful mystery to him at first, and it squelched his imagination, but he solved the problem at last. A man away off over the mountains spoke with his finger to me, and I spoke back to him. That was his idea of it, and it was not such a bad one either. The hummings of the wires overhead were the voices of people with ponderous fingers, but they were not of this world.

How the cowboys laughed when they saw Tads and me in the station!

"That tenderfoot's a queer one," they said of me.

The despised Apache could not crawl into their hearts—no, not even if he were a six-year-old.

"He'll steal everything the tenderfoot's got," they pleasantly averred. But he did not.

When Tads left the station of an evening his little brown feet pattered straight over the roads to the wickiups, a half mile away. In time he wore a narrow trail over to the huts.

"Pitty vell," was what Tads would grunt to me every day when he came shyly into the office and I greeted him with a friendly "How-d'e-do?" Then he would shrug his shoulders in a way that wrinkled the three X's into such bewildering folds that you could not have read them unless you had known what they were beforehand.

One day, while he was meandering about the place, grunting quietly to himself, he upset one of my battery jars.

"Tads," I cried angrily, for the desert's breath was hot upon me and was irritating enough, let alone spilled vitriol, "you're a little beast! Skip out of here or I'll take a stick to you!"

Then arose a great howl from Tads, and he kept on howling until an Apache woman came over the sands from the wickiups and gathered him up in her arms. She was his mother. She eyed me suspiciously, and walked away with her highly demonstrative burden.

Of course I regretted my hot language and wanted the little beggar back again. It was so lonely there on the desert. The wires wailed so heartbrokenly, while the sun beat down so fiercely in the daytime and the coyotes yelled so dolefully at night. How he had crept into my heart, to be sure!

It was several days before we were on satisfactory terms again. Tads wanted to be a white man. He wanted to make "talk marks" on "pupper" with a feather—I sometimes used a quill pen, be it remarked—and he wanted to speak with his finger. Well, I did manage to teach him a few letters from a railroad poster, and he learned to drawl out "T-a-d-s" in a droll way. With perseverance that was really startling I afterward took him in an uncertain way through a page or two of "Can you see the fat ox," and so on, wherefore his heart was glad.

"I'll be w'ite mans, bean sure," he declared in his bullfrog voice after he had accomplished this wonderful feat.

Great distress racked Tad's soul on the fatal day when the wickiups were taken down and the tribe mounted its mustangs to go over the hills. The Apaches had to search all over the station to find Tads. At last they hauled him forth from under my bunk, screaming like mad. Of no avail were his screams, of no avail was his cry: "Me yanter stay wid him! Me yanter be w'ite mans!"

Apache papas are unbending and Apache mammas are inexorable. Away they whisked Tads, leaving behind him a tenderfoot with a queer feeling in his throat.

"Well, the boy has the instincts of a white man," I said, for I was proud of what I fancied I had made of him, "and he'll be a shining light among those devilish people of his. If we had a few more like him to put among them, the Apache question would settle itself and we could set our soldiers to hoeing corn."

Then I took up the restless life of a city man, and a big and busy railroad office claimed a good share of my attention for the next ten years. Yes, it was fully that long before I again set foot upon the desert. Our train stopped at the old station. How the pepper tree had grown, to be sure. In its shade sat a cavalry sergeant with a half-dozen of his men about him, and in their midst were three Indian prisoners, who were being taken to the fort to be shot.

They were fierce looking fellows, those three savages. There was one—the youngest—who was a perfect demon, the soldiers said.

"Killed three women and two babies down at Mustang Wash last Tuesday," said the sargeant to me; "just after one of them had given him his breakfast too. He's a young one, not more than seventeen, I should say, but he's the worst red devil I ever saw."

Gazing at the boy captive, a strange feeling stole over me. The stolid face was oddly familiar.

"His name? Blessed if I know," said the sergeant. "What do you call yourself, young one?" he asked, giving him a not too delicate poke with the toe of his boot.

"Me? Why, my name's Tads!" grunted the boy.

"Talks pretty good English for a wild devil who has been over the Mexican border so long, doesn't he?" asked the sergeant, turning to me.

But I said nothing.—Frank Bailey Millard in Argonaut.

#### A Green Rose.

A specimen of the natural curiosity, a green rose, is described in The American Garden as being in size equal to the La France or Bon Silene. It is very double, being a rosette of fine leaflets of a faintly pinkish green hue, and consequently inconspicuous in appearance. The flower has a pleasant fragrance. Among so large and brilliantly colored a family as the rose this green member is hardly to be considered worthy of cultivation. It is, however, very interesting as a botanical specimen, for it is an excellent example of the fact that our most prized flowers all depend upon their colors in being more than a mere mass of leaves, as this, besides a slight variation in shape and size, is the most that distinguished the petals of flowers.

#### The Story of Beckie Brown.

Beckie Brown, the "ferryman" of Brown's ferry, near Carmichaels, who died recently, had worked that ferry forty years single handed and alone. She was the widow of James Brown, who died before the war, and Beckie continued to placidly work at the ferry. In her early days she attended all the fairs, horse races and old time musters, peddling gingerbread and spruce beer, both famous, as she made them herself. She had a secret preparation for her gingerbread that made it famous, and no doubt did a great deal toward making it familiar at all the local fairs. She never told her secret to any one, and with Beckie died the gingerbread.

For the past twenty years she has lived alone in a moss covered cabin just back from the river. She was a great lover of flowers, but her taste rather ran to colors than what others might call beauty. She was exceedingly hospitable, and often entertained friends with a dinner of her own cooking, which was a marvel, and topped off with her famous gingerbread was a dinner never to be forgotten.

Her years of toil and trouble did not go for naught, as she leaves quite a sum of money to her children. In the fall of 1888 masked men broke into her cabin, and not finding as much money as they expected, they tortured the old woman horribly. The fiends who perpetrated the fearful deed have never been discovered. For the past two years she has made her home with her son Samuel. She was eighty-five years of age, and the immediate cause of her death was a heavy fall that crushed and broke her right hip bone.—Butler (Pa.) Herald.

#### A Woman's Hand.

It is only recently that the manicure industry has invaded London. It is now in that city an established trade, as it has been for some time over here. An English paper, however, is still sufficiently impressed with its flourishing to announce as a rather curious piece of information that some women who have plenty of leisure and money "go as often as once a week to the manicure court," which will not strike an American reader as remarkably frequent. Many New York women send their maids to learn the trade of the manicure, and thus secure daily trained care of their hands.

It is a fact, by the way, tested by expert observation, that pretty women rarely have pretty hands. And it was a wise woman who said: "Give me a pair of fine eyes, a good carriage and a pretty hand and I will marry the king." So high an authority as Disraeli, too, extolled the charm of a beautiful hand in woman, and ascribed to it a means of fascination which never disappears. "Women," he says, "carry a beautiful hand with them to the grave, when a beautiful face has long ago vanished or ceased to enchant. When other charms have all disappeared the hand, immortal hand, defying alike time and care, still vanquishes and still triumphs, and small, soft and fair, by an airy attitude, a gentle pressure, or a new ring, renews with untiring grace the spell that bound our enamored and adoring youth."—New York Letter.

#### Making Minutes Count.

A poor girl, who works all day in the mending room of an embroidery factory, told me how the girls used their spare minutes. There were thirty of them, and whenever a piece of embroidery came from the great looms it went into their hands to be looked over and mended, so what they did was "piece work," and any minutes they gave up were deducted from their time at the end of the week. After thinking it over they decided that each one could spare ten minutes a day, and the one who was having her ten minutes read to the others. In this way they got 300 minutes a day, 1,800 minutes a week, and—whoever among you is a good arithmetician—count how many minutes a year that would be for them. Doesn't this make you, who govern your own time, a bit ashamed?—Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

## A BIG CATCH OF SALMON.

### CITIZEN TRAIN'S LUCK FISHING IN OREGON YEARS AGO.

**An Account of the First Visit of a Well Known Man to the Northwest Soon After the Civil War—How the Eccentric Got a Ducking—He Caught 264 Fish.**

George Francis Train, while at the Portland, told a friend some of the incidents of a visit he paid this state many years ago, away back early in the sixties. He said he was the first one to discover salmon in the Columbia, and caught 264 in a day, and carried them across the Columbia, walking on the backs of the salmon which crowded the river; also that he learned the Chinook jargon in fifteen minutes.

Like most of the reminiscences of bygone days in Oregon, there is some foundation for these statements, but still they vary somewhat from the facts in the case. A correct account, therefore, of Mr. Train's exploits in catching salmon and studying Chinook jargon will be found interesting.

It was somewhere about 1864 or 1866 when Mr. Train first came out here, just after a Fenian scare in Canada. It was when he took a run across the line to Victoria, and the long roll of the British drums was heard, and the troops were called out, sentries doubled and detectives kept watch over every move he made while he was on British territory.

Mr. Train had aspirations for the presidency in those days, and a gentleman here has a photograph of him, presented by Mr. Train himself, on the back of which is written an invitation for the the recipient to meet the donor in the White House when he should be elected president.

MR. TRAIN TRIES HIS HAND.

While here Mr. Train visited The Dalles, on the invitation of Captain J. C. Ainsworth, and made his first acquaintance with the Chinook salmon and Chinook jargon in their native wilds. This was long before a can of salmon had been put up on the Columbia, and when the only salmon fisheries on the river were those of the Indians at the Cascades and at The Dalles.

Mr. Train was to address the citizens of The Dalles in the church, and the day before paid a visit to a salmon fishery in the rapids below Celilo. He greatly admired the easy, graceful manner in which an Indian, standing on a frail platform hung over a narrow chute, plunged his dipnet into the foaming current and lifted the salmon out on the rocks, and he wished to try his hand.

The Indian endeavored to dissuade him, telling him that he would "killapi copa chuck"—that is, fall into the river; but Mr. Train insisted, and the Indian politely yielded up his net and stand, and Mr. Train stepped out on the platform, net in hand.

Never before since the Columbia forced its way through the Cascades had such a spectacle been presented to the Chinook salmon. Mr. Train wore a green broadcloth swallowtail coat with brass buttons, a tall silk hat, satin vest and ruffled shirt. As he passed his net for a "scoop" he was the observed of all observers. He scooped, and a large Chinook salmon was caught in his net, but instead of pulling it out it pulled him in, and before one could say "Jack Robinson" Mr. Train was being whirled away like a cork in the swift current.

HE MAKES A PREDICTION.

Several Indians, who had evidently expected this, immediately jumped in, and, fortunately, succeeded in dragging Mr. Train ashore. His tall hat was dancing like a bubble down the current, but a lot of young Indians scampered after it and soon brought it back.

Mr. Train was not to be balked by his mishap, and while he peeled off his coat, vest, etc., he took a lesson in Chinook and found out what "killapi copa chuck" meant. Having stripped down to his ruffled shirt and laid his garments out in the sun to dry, he again took the net, and telling his friends to go back to The Dalles and send up an engine for him at 5 p. m., he stepped out on the platform and fished all day, piling up 264 fine salmon.

When the engine came after him he wished to take the salmon to town with him to ornament the rostrum from which he was to speak that evening, but was dissuaded from this on the ground that it would not look well in a church.

He delivered a lecture that evening in which he complimented the pioneers on their bravery and fortitude in immigrating to this section, and told them that while they were seeking for gold in the mountains and hoping to get wealth from their herds of cattle, which ranged on ten thousand hills, there was immense wealth swimming past their doors unnoticed.

He then predicted that in a few years the salmon of the Columbia would be canned and exported to the uttermost ends of the earth, and would become one of the great products of this state, all of which has become true.—Portland Oregonian.

#### Days for the Saints and Saints for the Days.

The Puritan iconoclasticism which tore from church walls pictures of the lovely Madonna, and gave images and rosaries and crucifixes to be burned; which built the desolate, bare, ugly meeting houses of early New England, and scowled with Bradford on the Christmas games, was simply a declaration that the multiplication of pictures and rosaries and images had not made men and women more truthful, upright, liberty loving and self denying; had not yet purified and ennobled human life in England.

Perhaps they were doing the good work, but imperceptibly to the eager Puritans. Saints' days and rosaries, they said, will not bring a heaven upon earth. There are probably enough dead saints in the calendar to make a saint's day of every day in the year. But what we need, brethren, is not so much days for the saints as saints for the days.—George William Curtis in Harper's.

#### Dining in Paris.

Ladies of the world in Paris have introduced a new fad, and this is to go and dine with their husbands and brothers at the Cercle de la Rue Royale. These dinners take place in private salons attached to the club, and are the most select and choice little feasts imaginable, the cooking being of the very best. The Marquis de Mornay gave one of these dinners to several of his friends. The table was decked under a canopy of tea roses, and the cloth was concealed by a field of Russian violets, which filled the room with their intoxicating perfume.—San Francisco Argonaut.

#### Reason Knocked Endways.

Mr. Borem (buying a railway ticket)—What became of the ticket seller who used to be at this window?

Ticket Agent—He's in a lunatic asylum.

"You don't say so! What drove him crazy?"

"A shock."

"Shock, eh?"

"Yes. One day a man came to his window, bought a ticket, paid for it, and walked off without stopping to ask a string of foolish questions."—Good News.

### THE PHYSICIAN AS A DESPOT.

**We Know the Doctor Is Fallible, Yet We Trust Him Implicitly.**

Without any pretense of faith in any doctor who is not regular, and without prejudice to a sincere intention of calling in a thoroughly instructed and expert practitioner whenever occasion demands, it is still permissible to smile amiably at the professional jealousy of quacks. The successful physician, with exceptions which happily are much more numerous than they were, is the most intolerant despot on earth. And we encourage him to be so.

We are vaguely aware of the limitations of his knowledge; we know that he has to guess first what is the matter with us, and next what will do us good, and that though there are facts his acquaintance with which helps him to guess right, many theories that regulate his professional action are still hypothetical, and may or may not be correct. We know that he has discovered that many of the methods his father used were unwise and deleterious, and that the doses his grandfather gave often hastened the result they were intended to prevent and hindered what they were designed to induce.

We know not only that he is a man, and therefore fallible, but that his professional science, like his father's and grandfather's, is progressive, and is still very far from being exact. Nevertheless when anything ails us, in spite of all we know of his limitations, we fly to him as though he were all wise, and do as nearly what he tells us as our flesh and our pockets permit. For we believe that, erring and inadequate as he is, he knows more than we do, and that his knowledge is, on the whole, the best that is at our command.

The childlike trust in our physicians is a phenomenon which is creditable to us and to our doctors, and from which we both get benefit. Undoubtedly our physicians do us good, and indeed they ought to, even if they knew less and guessed less fortunately than they do, else were faith a much less potent virtue than it is declared to be.

But it is one thing for us to flock of our own accord to the doctors, and quite another thing for those professional gentlemen to hold that we shall come to them and to none else, and that we may neither be legitimately born, nor die legally, except with the concurrence of the learned faculty.—Scribner's.

#### Pastimes of City Boys.

A singular game has for its foundation an ash barrel. Across the top of this is placed a board two or three inches in width, which projects about the same distance over the rims of the barrel. On one of these projecting ends a ball is balanced; the bataman then takes his bat and with all his strength strikes the other end of the board. The ball flies up and away in a before unknown direction, and the bateman, should he not be caught out, attempts to run to a base and return before the ball can be fielded "home."

Look above you at the telegraph wires. Sooner or later they become the natural end of every kite flown in this street, and the tattered fragments with which the wires are adorned bear witness that kite flying is a popular pastime, even if disastrous to the kites. In this sport country boys may fairly claim superiority. Comparatively few city boys know how to fly a kite; they never seem able to manage the tail. Kites in the city can only be successfully flown from the housetops.

Marbles we see of every kind, "miggles" and "alleys," "taws" and "agates." Generally the games are played in a ring drawn with chalk on the sidewalk, for holes are not made or found here so easily as they are in a country playground.—Frank M. Chapman in St. Nicholas.

#### Trifling Things in Court.

Very trifling things sometimes go very far in the courts. The supreme court of the United States has ended a costly and long controversy by ruling upon the question, "Is the tomato a fruit or a vegetable?" About $30,000 has been expended in the celebrated "Jones county calf case," in Iowa, in which the ownership of a calf valued at fifteen dollars is involved. A Medina county (O.) farmer a few years ago refused to pay taxes on four moolleys on the ground that the law provided for the taxation of "all horned cattle of whatsoever kind," whereas the four cows had no horns. This case was ended in the circuit court after the costs had eaten up the value of the defendant's farm. A suit for taxes in which the Standard Oil company is involved to the extent of several hundred thousand dollars in Pennsylvania and Ohio hangs upon the insertion of a comma in an Ohio statute.—Chicago Mail.

#### A Machine That Makes and Cooks Sausages

One of the novelties at the St. Pancras exhibition in London, England, was a sausage machine, driven by electric motor. In conjunction with this machine it has been proposed to employ an electra heating attachment, whereby the savory dish can be delivered cooked and smoking hot to the purchaser. It begins to look as if the shrewd individual who conceived the idea of a universal pig utilizing machine, into which the animal could be put at one end, to emerge at the other as cured hams and blacking brushes, was no visionary, but only a prophet a little in advance of his times.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### Footstools in Theaters.

There is an arrangement in most European theaters which I am astonished to see our theater owners neglect so long. I refer to footstools. If you go to the theater and take a look at the ladies present you will notice that after an act or two many of them, especially those who are diminutive in stature, are evidently very uncomfortable. Their discomfort is owing to the same cause as that of the man who was hanged—their feet cannot reach the ground. After a short time you may be certain that many of the pedal extremities are in the arms of Morpheus. You will notice that many ladies put the toe of one foot on the ground and raise the heel in the air. Upon the instep the other foot is rested and a momentary relief obtained.

European managers recognize the fact that a seat that is comfortable enough for a man of average size is very unsuitable for a woman, and accordingly at the entrance of the theater you can always find a woman who keeps little stools which she rents for a trifle. Any lady who has used them is surprised at how much the ease afforded adds to the enjoyment of the play. Many own their own stools, and bring them to the theater as regularly as they do their opera glasses. They are made of carved wood, with the legs hinged so as to be folded back, and can be carried with little more inconvenience than that entailed by taking a good sized prayer book to church. They are inclosed in handsomely embroidered bags with a handle, and if adopted here could not fail to be popular.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### Failure to Some One.

"Is marriage a failure?" asked the youth.

"Yes, to Alice Ponsonby," answered the maid as she gazed down at the ring which Horace Fledgely had given her.—Jewelers' Circular.

### A FAMOUS CAFE.

**What Delmonico's Is to New York Tortoni's Is to the Gay People of Paris.**

Let us come at once to one of our oldest and most celebrated cafes—the Cafe Tortoni.

Tortoni! The name does not suggest much to you, but to us Parisians it is full of reminiscences. I have said that this establishment is one of the oldest in Paris. It was founded in 1798 by two Italians, Valloni and Tortoni. It soon became fashionable; gentlemen of the long robe and functionaries frequented it. Among the habitues was a lawyer named Spolor, whose skill at billiards was surprising.

Prince Talleyrand had such pleasure in seeing Spolor play, he had such confidence in his game, that he invited him one day to his house and presented him to one of his friends, the general receiver for the department of the Vosges, also a great billiard player and very proud of his talent. A bet was made; a solemn match was engaged between Spolor and the receiver, who lost in a few hours 40,000 francs. You see that it is sometimes useful to know how to play billiards.

One of the most curious types of the Cafe Tortoni was Prevost, one of the waiters, whose spine was as supple as his conscience, and who never approached you unless bowed to the ground, and asking in his softest tones:

"Pardon me! A thousand pardons! Is monsieur good enough to desire anything?"

It was exquisite. What was no less so—to him—was that in giving change he kept the best part of it for himself. If detected by chance he had but to repeat:

"Pardon me! pardon me! a thousand pardons!"

Nowadays the Cafe Tortoni is no longer haunted by diplomats like Talleyrand, but by journalists and men of letters. Toward 6 o'clock are found now and then gathered around its tables a few men of wit—Albert Wolff, Emile Blavet, Henry Fouquier and finally Aurelien Scholl, the most brilliant talker of Paris.—Francisque Sarcey in Scribner's.

#### A Telegraphist's Freak.

In connection with the opening of the London and Paris telephone a good story is told of the early days of telegraphing, when telephones were not yet thought of, and when conversation had to be carried on, metaphorically speaking, with the help of the Morse instrument. At the time referred to there were two competing companies working with the Continent. One was the Submarine, with its office in Threadneedle street; the other the Electric and International, with its offices in Telegraph street, not many yards separating them. One worked to France, the other to Holland. Both used the Morse printing form of apparatus. The competition did not prevent the respective staffs from meeting in a fraternal way, and on the occasion in question it became evident that two of them had been hobnobbing just before each took up his duty at the different offices at 11 p. m.

At about ten minutes past 11 the telegraphist who was in charge of the relay at Amsterdam was asked by Telegraph street to join him up to Brussels. This was done, and Brussels was requested to switch him on to Calais, and Calais was desired to join through to London. The line thus formed was from London to Orfordness, on the Norfolk coast; across the North sea to Scheveningen, on the Dutch coast; through Holland, through Belgium, through France, across the English channel and back by Dover to London. And all this trouble was taken by the Telegraph street man to ask his "chum" in Threadneedle street "if he had picked up his pipe when leaving the pub?"—London Tit-Bits.

#### He Kept the Key.

The late Dr. Wightman, of Kirkmahoe, one night sitting later than usual sunk in the profundities of a great folio tone, imagined he heard a sound in the kitchen inconsistent with the quietude and security of a manse, so, taking his candle, he proceeded to investigate the cause. His foot being heard in the lobby, the housekeeper began with all earnestness to cover the fire, as if preparing for bed.

"Ye're late up to-night, Mary."

"I'm just rakin' the fire, sir, and gaun to bed."

"That's right, Mary; I like timeous hours."

On his way back to the study he passed the coal closet, and, turning the key, he took it with him. Next morning at an early hour there was a rap at his bedroom door and a request for the key to light the fire.

"Ye're too soon up, Mary; go back to your bed yet."

Half an hour later there was another knock, and a similar request in order to prepare the breakfast.

"I don't want breakfast so soon, Mary, go back to your bed."

Another half hour and another knock, with an entreaty for the key as it was washing day. This was enough. He rose and handed out the key, saying:

"Go and let the man out."

Mary's sweetheart had, as the doctor shrewdly suspected, been imprisoned all night in the coal closet, where, Pyramis and Thisbe like, they had breathed their love to each other through the keyhole.—Irish Times.

#### No Fireproof Buildings.

There is hardly a new hotel or business building in New York but that is advertised as fireproof, and yet a leading architect told me the other day that such a thing could not exist.

"They may be fireproof to all intents and purposes," said he, "but if inflammable material be in them and it get afire the iron girders and beams will so expand that they will let the floor above down. When one floor falls in an iron beamed building they all go, and then the side walls fall. The ruin is usually more complete than it is in an ordinary building. We do not build those iron fireproof fronts any more, because in case of a fire they fall forward and demolish the building across the street."—New York Herald.


#### Worse Than Leprosy

Is catarrh, and there is one but one preparation that does cure that disease, and that is the California Positive and Negative Electric Liniment. Sold by all druggists. It also cures neuralgia, rheumatism, headache, sprains, burns and all pain. Try it and tell you negihbor where to get it.

#### Excitement

Runs high at the drug stores in this place over System Builder as everybody is using it for catarrh, of stomach, dyspepsia, constipation and impure blood, and to build up the system it certainly possesses wonderful merit when all speak so well of it.

#### "The Jersey Lily."

ANGLESEA COTTAGE, L. R., July 2.

Gentlemen: Altho' it is very unusual for me to use any lotions or washes, still, in answer to your request, I have tried Wisdom's Violet Cream and Robertine. The former I consider especially efficacious in cases of roughness of the skin, and I have been using it every day for the last fortnight. I have found the Robertine an excellent preparation in cases of tan, sunburn, etc., caused by exposure to March winds and July sun.

Yours faithfully,
LILLIE LANGTRY.

To Messrs. Wisdom & Co.



IT HAS BEEN TRIED!

# FRUIT RAISING

IN

THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY!

PAYS

One Hundred Per Cent. on the Investment.

# 10 and 20 Acre Farms

all in cultivation and ready to set to fruit, within seven miles of Oregon's capital, for

$75.00 PER ACRE

One-fourth cash and the balance in three equal, annual payments; or set out to fruit and cultivated three years for $175.00 PER ACRE.

For further information send for pamphlet to

THE OREGON LAND COMPANY,

SALEM, OREGON.


#### Quick Profits.

A few years ago, in this city, a vessel that had been disabled at sea was towed to a wharf. She belonged to one William Weldon, a well to do merchant. Weldon had met with many reverses in the way of vessel losing, and this loss almost put him out of heart. The vessel was named the Golden Gate.

In conversation one day with the captain of the vessel Weldon said:

"Captain, I have made my mind up not to enter into any more vessel enterprises. I will sell you the Golden Gate for $600 cash."

"But I'm not able to buy," said the captain.

There was in Weldon's employ at this time a green looking boy by the name of John Bell, who overheard the conversation. When the captain left, undecided, John slipped into his employer's office and said:

"If you please, Mr. Weldon, what will you sell the Golden Gate for?"

"Well," said Weldon, "I offered her to Captain Bently for $600. But why do you ask?"

"Will you sell her to me for $600?" asked John.

"Why, of course, since I offered her to Bently for that sum; but you have no money, John. I told Captain Bently I would sell for cash."

"Consider her sold to me," said John, "if you please, and I will bring the money at once."

When the Golden Gate was pulled up at the wharf John Bell happened to be there, and he heard a man remark: "She is badly jammed up, but she is worth $1,800. I will give that for her as she is. But Weldon can fix her up at half that expense and have a new vessel."

Before night John Bell had sold the vessel to the man who made the remark for $1,800, paid Weldon $600 and was $1,200 in pocket.

#### Washington and "The Old Army."

The toast assigned me is "The Old Army." Yes, that army is "old," older than the present government. It began to take form the moment the colonists made a lodgment on the coast of Massachusetts and Virginia; grew in proportion up to the French war of 1756, and still larger during the Revolutionary war, 1776-83.

In 1783 the armies of the Revolution were all disbanded, except "eighty privates and a due proportion of officers, none to exceed the rank of captain," to garrison West Point and Fort Pitt.

In June, 1784, the congress of the thirteen states provided for two companies of artillery and eight of infantry, not to exceed 37 officers and 700 enlisted men. In 1786 it increased the number to 46 officers and 840 men. At that date these troops garrisoned the frontier posts, viz., Fort Harmer, now Marietta, O.; Vincennes, Ind.; and Venango, N. Y., in addition to West Point, Fort Pitt, and Springfield, Mass. Then came 1789, with its new constitution, and Washington became its first chief executive.

He was the father of this nation. No man ever better comprehended the meaning of the expression, "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" that government was meant to "govern," not to be governed; that force to compel the right was as necessary as patriotism, industry, thrift, and patience to the citizen, and one of his first acts was to organize an army as the right hand of his administration of law and justice in the face of clamoring theorists. His efforts resulted in the formation of the present army of the United States.—"General Sherman's Last Speech" in Century.

#### Ended Well.

First Newsboy—What did yer see at de t'eater?

Second Newsboy — A play called "Hammerlet," by a feller named Shakespeare.

"Good?"

"Well, ther wos lots o' killin' in th' las' act."—Good News.

#### A Pull That Told.

"Yes," said the defeated frontier politician, "Dick Redeye had the pull, and it warn't no use buckin' agin him."

"What was the pull?"

"His gun."—New York Epoch.


#### Changes of Climate

Kill more people than is generally known. Particularly is this the case in instances where the constitution is delicate, and among our immigrant population seeking new homes in those portions of the West, and where malarial and typhoid fevers prevail at certain seasons of the year. The best preparative for a change of climate, or of diet and water which that change necessitates, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against malaria, a variable temperature, damp, and the debilitating effects of tropical heat, but is also the leading remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, bodily troubles specially apt to attack emigrants and visitors to regions near the equator, mariners and tourists. Whether used as a safeguard by voyagers, travelers by land, miners, or agriculturists in newly peopled districts, this fine specie has elicited the most favorable testimony.



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YOUNG HORSES. DOUBLE —AND— SINGLE TEAMS.

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First-Class Turnouts for Commercial Travelers. Prices reasonable and Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a Call.

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WISTAR'S BALSAM WILD CHERRY

CURES Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Asthma, and every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, including Consumption. Speedy and permanent. Genuine signed "I. Butts."



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To cure costiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative. To be permanent, it must contain

Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties.

Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and

Speedily Restore

to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.

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Go and learn how to avoid disease. Consultation and treatment personally or by letter on spermatorrhœa or genital weakness and all diseases of men. Send for book, Private office, 211 Geary St. Consultation free.



Wagon Making —AND— Carriage Repairing

W. A. WENGENROTH Of this city has opened a Wagon shop in the same building with E. F. Krengel's blacksmith shop. He is an experienced workman having learned his trade in Europe. He solicits a share of the patronage and guarantees satisfaction.



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A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.


RAILROADS.

TIME TABLE.

Independence and Monmouth Motor Line

| Leaves Independence. | Leaves Monmouth. |
|---|---|
| 6:50 | 7:40 |
| 8:10 | 8:20 |
| 9:30 | 10:00 |
| 11:15 | 12:30 |
| 1:50 | 2:15 |
| 4:30 | 5:05 |
| 6:15 | 6:50 |

YAQUINA BAY ROUTE.

Oregon Pacific Railroad

T. E. HOGG, RECEIVER.

Oregon Development Co's Steamers.

Short Line to California.

Freight and Fares the Lowest.

STEAMER SAILING DATES.

Steamer WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

Leaves San Francisco: May 3, 12, 20, 28.

Leaves Yaquina: May 7, 16, 24, 31.

Train No. 3 will run Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and on intermediate day when necessary.

Train No. 4 will run Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and on intermediate days when necessary.

This company reserves the right to change sailing dates without notice.

Trains connect with the S. P. R. R. and river boats at Corvallis and Albany.

W. R. WEBSTER, Gen. F. & P. Agt. O.D. Co. 34 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

C. C. HOGUE, Gen. F. & P. Agt. O. P. R. R. Corvallis, Or.

EAST AND SOUTH

—VIA—

SOUTHERN PACIFIC ROUTE.

SHASTA LINE.

Express Trains Leave Portland Daily.

| South. | | North. |
|---|---|---|
| 7:00 P. M. | Lv. Portland Ar. | 9:35 A. M. |
| 10:23 P. M. | Lv. Albany Ar. | 6:22 A. M. |
| 10:15 A. M. | Ar. San Francisco Lv. | 8:00 P. M. |

Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg: East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving and Eugene.

Roseburg Mail, Daily.

| Leave. | | Arrive. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Portland | 8:00 A. M. | Roseburg | 5:40 P. M. |
| Roseburg | 6:20 A. M. | Portland | 4:00 A. M. |

Albany Local Daily (Except Sun'y)

| Leave. | | Arrive. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Portland | 8:00 P. M. | Albany | 9:00 P. M. |
| Albany | 6:00 A. M. | Portland | 9:00 A. M. |

Pullman Buffet Sleepers.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.

For accommodation of second-class passengers, attached to Express Trains.

West Side Division.

Between Portland and Corvallis

MAIL TRAIN DAILY (Except Sunday.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 7:30 A. M. | Lv. | Portland | Ar. | 5:30 p. m. |
| 11:18 A. M. | Ar. | Independence | Ar. | 1:40 p. m. |
| 12:10 P. M. | Ar. | Corvallis | Lv. | 12:35 p. m. |

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAIN DAILY (Except Sund'y)

| Leave | | Arrive. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Portland | 4:40 P. M. | McMinnville | 7:25 P. M. |
| McMinnville | 5:45 A. M. | Portland | 8:20 A. M. |

THROUGH TICKETS TO ALL POINTS EAST AND SOUTH.