

TRAVELING IN BRITAIN.

The Most Completely With a Very Unusual
and comfortable at a cottage.
Call at a roadside cottage in Brit-
ain and ask for food and a night's
shelter, and the whole family will
crowd into the door to obstruct your
passage. Then they will silently
and silently look you over. Whether
from? Whether bound? If a foreigner,
they are even shrewd enough to
demand your passport. No vagabond,
deserted nor ticket of leave
man will they harbor. Finally as-
sured you are none of these, they
set about bargaining for the last so
they can wring from you. The food
you are to get, to the very color of
the coffee, is set powerfully against
your money.

Their own poverty, their bewildering
number of children, the lonely road to
the nearest village inn, the fact that at the next cottage they
would probably murder as well as
take you in; all and much more is
set forth to make your bargain a
hard one.

So, too, the toothless old peasant
has mother, while saying you sup-
iciously, croons to his husband a run-
ning fire of objections to the ar-
rangement, a few of which set you
down to your face as a villainous spy,
some wretch that has cheated the
gibbet, and certainly no less than
the thief of Breton horses who was
caught and flogged at the last horse
fair at La Folgat.

They are shrewd and canny, these
simple folk, and they will make you
very miserable until the price is set
and paid down in hand, for they
will not trust you with the sun un-
til morning, lest your appearance be-
lieve your ability to pay; but, the lugubrious
transaction once settled and a
few sous scattered among the
children, which are immediately
snatched away and hidden in the
farmer's strong box, the atmosphere suddenly changes.

You are the guest now. All the
imkeeping politeness, suavity and
attention of Paris itself are yours,
and until you leave every soul in the
cottage puts every other duty aside
to minister unto your wants and
comfort.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Penalty of Miseries.

Of what value is it that our "gild-
ed youths" have larger fortunes and
consequently wider opportunities for
social and intellectual enjoyment and
advantage if they have not the cul-
ture of mind and heart which enables them to profit by their fortunes?
Of what use has been the toiling and
the toiling, the striving and delving,
to amass riches for those who have
not refinement of nature, good man-
ners, good morals!

What happiness can it bring to the
parents who in the evening of their
days are compelled to see that while
they have been paying close heed to
their financial affairs, the sons and
daughters for whose sakes they have
stinted their own pleasures and stunt-
ed their own finest feelings have de-
veloped only into selfish, indolent,
careless animals, to whom the pos-
session of money means nothing bet-
ter than big dinners and balls, magni-
ficent dressing and lavish display?

Shall not such parents remember,
when it is too late, that our largest
interests are those of heart, mind
and morals, that our smallest are
those of material possessions!—Har-
pers' Bazaar.

Improving the Bee.

Among the many insects indispens-
able to man are the cochineal bug,
the silkworm and the honey bee. To
the latter Dr. Lamborn's attention
has recently turned, doubts with a
view to bringing about the advent of
the much talked of "coming bee."
Although apiculture is the oldest
economic pursuit, it is only within
the last century that much scientific
thought has been directed in the per-
fection of the stock. Much has been
accomplished in the line of developing
a gentler bee, but at the expense of
other qualities. To evolve an ideal
bee some points must be considered
which have hitherto been overlooked.
A combination of desirable points
of various races and an elimination
of objections must require much pa-
tience, time and money.—Entomo-
logical News.

The Public Ventilator.

The man was in the upper berth of
a Pullman, and in the middle of the
night he called up the porter.

"Here, porter," he said, "we want
this car ventilated."

"Aw," growled the porter, "you
newspaper men never give a man a
rest."

"How did you know I was a news-
paper man?" inquired the man, for
he was indeed what the porter said.

"Cause you're always wantin' to
ventilate somethin', boss," and the
porter opened the window above the
man and gave him a cold.—Detroit
Free Press.

She Must Have Been Blind.

Colonel Yerger—Did you hear that
Baron de Nogod has married a rich
girl?

Judge Peterby—Isn't he blind in
one eye and pretty fast sort of a
fellow about town!

"Yes, but as far as eyesight she is
to him."

"How so?"

"Well, while he has lost one eye,
she seems to have lost the use of both;
otherwise she would never have mar-
ried him."—Texas Grits.

Sound In Two Buildings.

The First Baptist church of New-
buryport, Mass., a structure some
200 years old, has a wainscoting ex-
tending entirely around it from the
choir loft to the opposite end of the
church, directly over the pulpit, and
by placing a watch on the wainscoting
at either end it is possible to di-
rectly hear it ticking at the other
end, a distance of 20 feet. The Bee-
hive (Mormon temple) at Salt Lake
City is exactly the shape of a bee
hive, only elongated. Here also

one can distinctly hear an ordinary
whisper from one end to the other,
and Miss Patti, who once sang there,
declared it to be the most perfect
building for singing in the world. In
this case, however, the peculiar shape
of the roof explains the carrying of
the sounds so perfectly, but no such
explanation is present in the New-
buryport case.—Sylvester F. Deacon
in New York Sun.

What He Was.

The drummer sat down to the feed
on the table at a hotel, and he did not
look as cheerful as some men look
who sit down to some tables. The
waiter brought in a glass of blue
milk and a piece of beefsteak that
looked like leather and set them
down before the guest. Just then
another drummer came in and took
a place opposite the first one. They
had been working the town together
that day.

"By Jove, Jim," he exclaimed,
"what's the matter with you? You
look as if somebody had been impos-
ing on you!"

Jim gazed sadly at the feast spread
before him.

"That's it, Charlie," he murmured.
"You see before you a man cowed by
a glass of milk and bullied by a beef-
steak," and Charlie ordered some-
thing else and got the same.—Detroit
Free Press.

Little Things That Bother.

Perhaps you do not want your pres-
ence known and down goes your umbrella,
or, still better, your scissors fall with a whack! Perhaps you
make a beautiful cake and leave out
the eggs and flour! You accuse a
stranger, mistaking him for a friend.
You feel at peace with all mankind
and a hand organ strikes up near by;
you try to sew and your thread
either has no knot or is all knots,
and your thimble is too large; you
stumble going up an aisle or ascending
a platform; your hair comes out of
curl when you want to look your
best, and the terrible infant mentions
a few incontrovertible but embarrassing
facts in company.—Boston Com-
monwealth.

These Men ~~~~
Changed Places

Mrs. Caliper Tells the Colonel About an
Interesting Incident.

"Jason," said Mrs. Caliper to her
husband as they sat at dinner,
"when I was coming back from
Conmetville the other day, after my
visit to Mrs. Gratebar, the train boy
went through the cars, as usual, with
papers, magazines and candy, and
when he was making the trip with
the candy he threw a package into
the lap of a little girl who was sit-
ting with her mother. They were
nice looking people, but it seemed to
me somehow as though they were
very poor. I imagined that she was a
widow and that she had to look out
now for every penny. Well, the lit-
tle girl picked up the candy package
and looked at it all over and read
what it said on it, and finally she
said to her mother:

"Mamma, can't I have this candy?"
And her mother said softly:

"No, dearie, I wish you could,
but mamma can't spare the money."

The little girl didn't say a word
more. She just held the package
and kept it ready to hand to the
train boy when he should come
along. It was plain that merely to
hold it was a pleasure.

"Sitting in the next seat back of
the mother and her child was a
woman who couldn't help hearing
what had been said. She had of
course kept quiet, but when she saw
the little girl sitting there holding
the candy she couldn't keep still any
longer, and she leaned forward and
said:

"Madam, I don't wish to intrude,
but it would afford me great pleasure
if you would permit me to buy the
candy for the little girl."

"Of course this was an intrusion,

Jason, but the mother couldn't fail

to realize from the woman's voice
and manner the spirit in which the
offer was made, and I am glad to say
that she accepted it with a smile and
a pleasant "I thank you," and the lit-
tle girl looked up, smiling, and said,
"So do I." And so you see, Jason,
the little girl got the candy after
all."

"Yes, Cynthia," said Colonel Cali-
per, "and I think I could guess who
the woman was that gave it to her."

"Well," said Mrs. Caliper, "don't
guess."—New York Sun.

How Asbestos Is Mined.

The uses to which asbestos is ap-
plied are so varied that the mining
of the mineral has become quite an
extensive industry. In the majority
of mines the stone is blasted out, ma-
chine drills being used to bore the
blast holes. The crude asbestos in
the most modern plants is carried up
an inclined railway to a stone crusher,
where it is broken with the adhering
rock into pieces not much over 1½
inches in size. From the crusher the
ore drops on an inclined sieve, which
is shaken continually by suitable
machinery, the loose fiber and dust
going directly to the cleaning and
grading machines, while the larger
pieces are dropped on a revolving
table, where the worthless rock is
removed by hand.

The larger pieces are still further
crushed and sorted, the object being
to procure a clean fiber free from
dirt. The chief difficulty in this
method of preparing the material lies
in the fact that if asbestos is
crushed with a considerable amount
of stone until the latter is reduced to
powder the long and most valuable
part is partially destroyed, while if
the stone is not entirely reduced
before grading it a large amount of
waste is the result.—St. Louis Globe-
Democrat.

Bound to Get an Answer.

Little Ellen's mother was very ill,
and a neighbor came in to see her,
bringing her little girl. Ellen tried
to entertain the child by every means
in her power, bringing in all her
dolls, and finally every plaything she

had, but it was of no use; she would
not be enticed from her mother's side,
nor would she speak. Then Ellen
stopped and looked at her visitor and
asked, "Is you mad at me?" Still the
little girl's tongue was tied, and she
would not answer. At last, Ellen's
patience was exhausted, her temper
arose, and promptly deciding that
strong measures alone would answer
she drove back and slapped the child
on the cheek with all her might, ex-
claiming, "There, now, is you mad at
me now?" It is needless to say there
was an answer at last.—New York
Sun.

Amusing the Children.

Mrs. McShane (triumphant)—I
see ye are takin in washin again,
Mrs. McProvidence!

Mrs. McProvidence (whose husband
has lost a paying job)—Sure it's only
to amuse th' children. They wants
th' windies covered wid steam so they
can make pictures on them.—New
York Weekly.

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