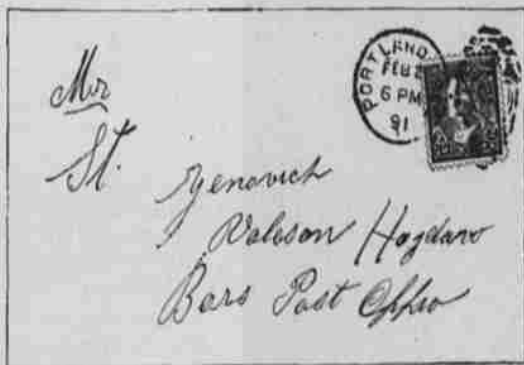


any directory. All of this emphasizes the fact that the greatest of care should be exercised in addressing letters. A very good rule for a business house is for some one to take the bunch of letters just before they are sent to the post-office and read the addresses. Anyone adopting it will soon become convinced of its utility.

Another style of address which may or may not lead to a mix-up is that of No. 2. This particular one is simple enough; but if the county had been omitted it would have been a little harder. No. 4 looks very difficult to the inexperienced eye, but the practiced clerk, familiar with the names of all local postoffices, finds no difficulty in deciphering it. On the contrary, No. 4 is a puzzler, and will doubtless bring up in the dead letter office. There seems to be absolutely nothing for the clerk to use as a foundation to work upon. Still, it is not at all impossible that the mix-up clerk may make something out of it, for he is constantly translating addresses apparently as blind and incomplete as this one.

The greatest of care is always exercised in handling this class of mail. A letter dropped into the Portland office having a defective address is turned over to the head of that department who supplies the deficiency, if possible, and stamps it "Deficiency in address supplied by John Doe, Portland, Oregon." If the name of the postoffice can not be read, or is omitted, the letter is forwarded to the chief office in the state named in the address, with the hope that the deficiency can be supplied there. Foreign letters are forwarded to the foreign department of the New York office. When nothing else can be done, they go the Washington dead letter office. Mix-up clerks are stationed at all the leading eastern offices, but the only one on the coast is in San Francisco, to whom all the railway mail clerks forward their bunch of mix-ups after each run. Sometimes a clerk will bring into the Portland office 200 of these on one run, and forward them to the San Francisco office. It is contemplated to make Portland a mix-up office, and then all the railway clerks in the northwest will turn their mix-ups into that office.

Now, you who have read this and have been annoyed in the past by the miscarriage of letters, will be in a better position to judge whether the hard-worked servants of Uncle Sam, who handle the millions of letters every year going from anywhere to nowhere and from anybody to nobody, are as certain to have been to blame for the failure of your missives to reach their destina-



NO. 4--NOT DECIPHERED.

tion as you have always supposed. Unless you put your name and address on the envelope, and unless you look at the address a second time to see whether it is correct and complete and the envelope has been properly and sufficiently stamped, you are not in a position to exhibit much righteous indignation if that letter should meet with delay in delivery, or even disappear entirely from the face of the earth. No body of men gathered under one management in the world exhibit such a high degree of trained intelligence and perform such exacting labor under the most trying and perplexing circumstances as those who handle the correspondence of the United States, and, it may well be added, none are so poorly paid in proportion to the skill and experience required and the importance of the work they perform.

THORNTON LAKE, OREGON.

All through the Willamette valley and far up among the foot hills and mountains of both the Cascade and Coast ranges are to be found beautiful

lakes of clear water, fed by springs or the pure waters of mountain streams. Most of them abound in fish, generally a species of trout, weighing from half a pound to three times that size, beautiful to look upon and exceedingly toothsome, especially so to the hungry and ozone-stimulated sportsman. Splendid camping places can be found upon their banks, and in the surrounding forests,



THORNTON LAKE, NEAR ALBANY, OREGON.

especially in the foot hills and mountains, the grouse are plentiful. Thornton lake, near Albany, as shown in the accompanying engraving, which is an exact reproduction of a photograph taken on a clear, still summer day, is certainly one whose quiet beauty renders it a charming spot for one who loves to commune with nature in "her visible forms," undisturbed by the discordant clatter of civilization.

"Hong Yek, the laundryman, and Kitty O'Hoolihan, the seamstress, were married yesterday. They anticipate a happy life, and say they can aid each other materially."

"Yes, I suppose Hong will keep Kitty busy sewing on the buttons that he irons off from his customers' shirts."

THE WORLD.

The heart of the world is weary,
Sad heart of the worn, old world;
Her days are dark and dreary,
Her banners of joy are furled.

Oh, world! It is no marvel
That you grow tired of days,
With sin and sorrow lurking
In all your crowded ways:

The solitary star, the only,
Where death and evil come in;
In your place so dark and lonely,
Bearing your weight of sin:

Bearing your burden of sorrow,
Your hope that is but a pain,
That each recurring tomorrow
Renews but to mock again.

Oh, world, that all o'er-half in gloom,
And half in sun is swinging!
Would we had seen thy radiant bloom,
When morning stars were singing:

When fresh and dewy from God's hand,
The angels learned to love you;
And heaven itself, with all its peace,
Was not so far above you.

Alas! the skies are higher grown,
The angels come not near you,
Oh, world, so weary with your sins,
No wonder that they fear you!

LURLING.