

THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN.

Round the little old deserted house the
noisome weeds are growing,
And the wind unhindered wanders
through the broken eastern door;
Every rafter, beam and sash and finger
marks of Time is showing,
And Decay is running riot o'er the rub-
bish-covered floor.
Here a rotting pillar staggers; there an
aged beam is falling;
Over yonder sags the mantelpiece, de-
jected and forlorn;
There is helplessness pathetic and the
voice of Old Age calling
From each crumbling bit of mortar in
the house where I was born.

Here before the ancient fireplace, where
the dust of years is lying,
I first saw the future pictured as I
watched the embers glow;
Here I lay in boyish dreaming, while
the shadows flitting, flying,
Were a hundred ghosts of fancy as
they wandered to and fro;
Little knew I of the universe which
spread itself around me
In a canopy of azure and a sea of
waving corn;
All my world was on the hearthstone
where my childhood dreaming
found me;
I was king—and my dominion was the
house where I was born.

They were happy days—God rest them
—for my feet had ne'er been
straying
Where the soul is bruised and broken
by the brambles of turmoil;
Ne'er the long years of anxiety my tem-
ples had been graying.
Nor, my weary form bowed earthward
'neath the heavy hand of toil;
Earth was then a wonder palace, From
the eastern window gazing
I beheld the new moon hanging like a
shining silver horn;
And far down upon the heavens bright
the evening star was blazing;
Both were shining, just to please me,
o'er the house where I was born.

I have passed from it forever. All the
wonder and the glamour
Of the little eastern window from the
world have worn away;
I have seen its disappointment; I have
heard its empty clamor;
And the house I once thought wonder-
ful—how pitiful to-day!
But who knows? Perhaps eternity may
bring a realizing
Of the things my fancy painted over
childhood's early morn;
And, mayhap, the gift of prophecy was,
after all, arising
In my heart when I lay dreaming in
the house where I was born.
—Leslie's Weekly.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE HILLS.

A BREEZE stirred the foliage of
the trees at the base of the
hills. The air had a touch of
chill in it, for the October day in this
Southwestern Dakota country was
drawing to its close.

A man was lying at full length on
the grass that the early frost had
touched and killed. The man's hands
were supporting his chin and his eyes
were looking far off across the rolling
prairies, which here met at the base
of the Black Hills. There was pain in
the gazing eyes. The voice of a her-
mit thrush broke the silence. Instantly
the look of the man's eyes changed.
Pleasure and surprise took the place
of pain. What a wonder was this, a
hermit thrush singing in October its
song of the springtime!

The man rose and looked toward the
copse whence the sound came. There
sat the bird, its brown back reddened
in the last rays of the sun. The bird
sang ecstatically for a full minute;
then sunset and silence.

Caleb Frye rose. He listened a mo-
ment, hoping to hear once more the
voice of that prince of singers, but
no sound came save the slight rustling
of the russet leaves. Caleb Frye turned
and walked with shambling gait east-
ward away from the hills. He strode
on for twenty minutes, and then,
rounding a bit of timber, came upon a
great, rambling ranch house. On the
veranda was a young woman hardly
past girlhood. She waved him a wel-
come, which he answered with his
hand, but in his eyes there came the
look that was there before the thrush
sang.

Caleb Frye had come to this Dako-
ta country in search of health. He
was a student bent on following a life
which meant confinement. He had
broken down, and the doctors had sent
him from New Hampshire to this far-
off country to get his health. He was
a homely man, young, it is true, but
looking old. He was thin to attenu-
ation and of awkward carriage. His
eyes did a little something toward re-
deeming his face from positive ugliness,
for there lay in their depths some-
thing of gentleness.

In the ranch house, the home of old
John Driver and his motherly wife,
Caleb Frye had made himself a favor-
ite. There he had met pretty Frances
Darrow, the school-teacher, who made
her home there and refused to "board
round" because she so dearly loved
"Mother" Driver. Caleb Frye had not
known any woman intimately in his
whole life. He knew nothing of them.
He had had no time for anything but
the studies which held him chained.
Here in the foothills he had the time
and the opportunity, and he fell in
love, but he made no sign.

Only a short time after Caleb Frye's
coming there had arrived from the
East a young fellow, handsome, athletic
and gifted by nature with every-
thing which had been withheld from
Caleb Frye.

Howard Deane had come to the
ranch on a land prospecting errand.
He was commissioned by some East-
ern capitalists to buy. He made John
Driver's house his headquarters, and
with the old ranchman had looked over
the whole territory for miles. How-
ard Deane should have left three
weeks before, but he lingered. Caleb
Frye looked at Frances Darrow, and
knew the reason for the lingering.

As Frye walked toward the house
that October evening, John Driver, his
wife and Deane joined the girl on the
porch.

"What did you find to-day, Mr.
Frye?" called Driver to him.

Caleb Frye held up a bunch of white
flowers. "I found something rare,"
he said.

"Them's weeds," said the ranchman.
Caleb Frye laughed. "They're weeds
that I'm mighty glad to get," he said.
"This is the Aster linearifolius, and I
never before have been able to find
any that were white. Most of them
are violet in color, and the white ones
are as rare as albino blackbirds."

"You're a great one for flowers, birds
and the like, Mr. Frye," said the ranch-
man, "but I never could see anything
in 'em, excepting one chokes the wheat
and the other steals the fruit."

"Well, I found something rarer than
the aster to-day," answered the stu-
dent. "I found a hermit thrush that
was willing to sing in October with all
the sweetness I have heard it sing in
June on Mount Washington, at the foot
of which I was born."

"Those flowers are lovely, Mr.
Frye," said Frances Darrow, "even if



SAW HIM COMING AND WAVED A HAND.

Mr. Driver does call them weeds. Tell
me where they grow, that I may get
some in a day or two."

"They are growing by the spring
just beyond that bit of swamp where
the big tree was blown down in the
last storm."

"I never knew so much of nature,
Mr. Frye," said Howard Deane, "but
from the enjoyment that you seem to
get out of it I believe it must be worth
cultivating. Some day I wish you'd
teach me how to get into the good
graces of the Mother."

That night Caleb Frye went to his
room early. He studied for a while
and then became restless. He wan-
dered out on to the porch and turned
the corner of the building. He heard
voices and listened involuntarily. The
voices were those of Howard Deane
and Frances Darrow. He did not mean
to listen, but what he heard made him
know that what had been in his heart
must die.

Caleb Frye went to his room and
threw himself on his bed. The win-
dow was open. Downward through
the night came the voices of migrat-
ing birds. He heard the calling of
plover and the "chink" of the black-
bird. "The birds are flying from the
coming winter," he thought to himself,
"but for me the winter has already
come."

The next morning the ranchman and
his two men guests stood on the porch.
Mother Driver came out. "Where's
Frances, Mother?" asked the ranch-
man.

"She's just left for school. She went
early because she wanted to get some

of those white weeds down by the
spring, and it takes her out of the
way."

John Driver paled suddenly. "My
God, mother!" he said, "Bill and I set
a spring gun trap there last night for
a bear. I meant to have told every-
body about it, but I forgot."

Caleb Frye shot out over the prairie.
The ranchman and Deane followed,
but strive as they could they could not
keep pace with the long-limbed stu-
dent, who ran not as a man runs, but
as a deer that is hounded.

Caleb Frye rounded the timber.
Across the open he saw the girl walk-
ing toward the spring. He shouted
gaspingly and ran on. The girl heard
and turned. She saw him coming and
waved a hand encouragingly, thinking
he was trying simply to overtake her
to walk by her side. She stooped to
pick a flower, and the student gained
some ground. Then he shouted, "Stop,
stop, the gun!" but the wind bore his
words away, and the girl did not un-
derstand.

He could call no more. His voice
was spent with running, but his limbs
carried him on. The girl had entered
the bushes near the spring. The man
tried once more to call. The voice was
a whisper, but on he ran, and in an-
other moment had burst into the copse.
He saw the glistening of the wire of
the trap. The girl was within a foot
of it. His voice came back. "Stop!"

Startled, she stumbled forward. Frye
sprang toward her, and in a flash was
in front of her. His foot caught, he
swayed, and then there came a deafen-
ing report. The girl fell backward,
fainting. The man's hands were
thrown into the air, and then he lay
prostrate on the ground.

John Driver and Howard Deane
raised him tenderly and carried him
into the open, placing him gently on
the dry grass of the prairie. There
was a gaping wound in his side. At
that instant the voice of a bird came
from the thicket. Caleb Frye opened
his eyes. "It's summer," he murmured.
"I am going up the mountain path;
the hermit thrushes are singing."

In a moment his spirit was beyond
the mountain top, and to him had come
eternal summer and eternal song.—
Chicago Record-Herald.

RACE WITH A MOOSE.

Mr. Judkins' Odd Experience on a
Highway in Maine.

Ernest G. Judkins, bookkeeper for
the Kineo company, had a remarkable
experience with a bull moose on the
carriage road to Deer Head Farm, two
miles from here, early in the week.

Mr. Judkins was taking a morning
ride, galloping along a level stretch,
when the horse came to a sudden stand-
still with a jolt and a snort. Looking
ahead Mr. Judkins saw a large bull
moose feeding on the tender sprouts
of the bushes growing by the roadside,
not sixty yards away. The moose ap-
parently did not see the horse and rider.

Mr. Judkins' first impulse was to
ride the moose down, but he thought
better of this and hooted to attract
the animal's attention, and possibly
frighten him from the road so that he
could proceed, but the moose fed calm-
ly on. At the end of a few minutes
the beast moved down the road in
search of more food, and Mr. Judkins
followed at a respectful distance, hoot-
ing until his throat was hoarse. This
process was repeated over half a mile
of road.

At the end of that distance the
moose faced about and began feeding
toward the horse and rider, casting an
unconcerned look in their direction
every now and then, and Mr. Judkins'
steed did the backstep for a few rods.
This was a little too much for the
horseman, and, becoming impatient,
he shouted to attract the attention of
the moose, plunged spurs into his
horse and made for the big animal.

With the first leap of the horse the
indifferent attitude of the moose chang-
ed to one of concern, and, turning
abruptly about, he started down the
road at a clumsy trot. This gave a new
and more interesting phase to the sit-
uation, and urging on his horse Mr.
Judkins proceeded to have his share of
the sport, only hoping that the moose
would keep to the road. The moose
obliged in this particular, and the
horse, being a good one, entered into
the spirit of the race, but try as he
could the distance between him and the
fleeing animal did not lessen material-
ly.

"I never saw anything like it," said
Mr. Judkins to the New York Sun cor-
respondent. "That great, ungainly ani-
mal trotted on ahead, as clumsily as a
razorback, and maintained his head
with apparently no effort whatever,
while my horse legged it for all that
was in him. I had heard that moose
had speed, but when I started after
that bull I would have laid ten to one
that I would overhail him inside of
200 yards; that I could have ridden all
around him."

After a race covering fully half a
mile the moose turned into the forest
and disappeared.

Yes, Cordella, it's those who come
early to avoid the crowd that make
the crowd.

When a woman can't think of any-
thing else to do she washes her hair.



"Pa, what's plantonic love?" "It's
generally a bunch of trouble in dis-
guise."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Explanation: "He says he moves
in the best society." "So he does; he
owns a furniture van."—Smart Set.

Quite Different.—She—And what
would you be now if it weren't for my
money? He—A bachelor.—Tit-Bits.

Politician—Congratulations, Sarah,
I've been nominated. Sarah (with deli-
ght)—Honestly? Politician—What
differences does that make?—Detroit
Free Press.

Doctor—Want to get up, eh? Ah, I
thought my medicine would fetch you
out of bed. Tommy—Yes, an' then,
besides, I seen a circus poster.—Phila-
delphia Bulletin.

The Reward of Economy.—Kwoter
—What's that old saying? "Take care
of the pennies, and—" Newitt—And
the dollars will take care of your heirs
—Philadelphia Press.

Wederly—Why don't you get mar-
ried? Singleton—I can't afford it.
Wederly—Can't afford it! Why, when
I was your age I was so poor that I
had to marry.—Chicago News.

"I won't be good, said Willy.
"Then Santa Claus won't bring you
any presents." "Wasn't I bad last
year, and didn't I get more'n ever?"—
Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Knew what struck him; Daly—Ye
were sunstruck, ye say? Why man
alive, the sun could never disfigure a
man's face like that. Riley—Ye don't
know me son, Daly.—Brooklyn Life.

Sword swallower: "Yes, John has
quit accepting invitations to dinner at
the Bageleys'." He has? Why, what's
the matter? "He says their knives
are so sharp they cut his mouth."—Ex.

He—There is one thing in particular
I like about spinsters. She—And what
is that? He—They never bore a fel-
low by telling him how they used to
do and that before he was born.—
New Yorker.

Disabled: "Why don't you eat your
ple, Uncle Reuben? Don't you like
pumpkin pie?" "Yes, I like it all right,
but that young woman you've got help-
in' you around here took my knife
away."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Bride (disconsolately)—Half my wed-
ding presents are chep plated things.
Mother—Never mind, my dear; no one
will suspect it. I have hired two de-
tectives to make themselves conspicu-
ous watching them.—New York Week-
ly.

Lady Visitor (to little girl)—What
became of the little kitten you had
here once? Little Girl—Why, haven't
you heard? Lady Visitor—No. Was
he drowned? Little Girl—Why, no. It
grew up to be a cat.—Illustrated
Bits.

Dashaway—A few short hours ago I
was sitting with a girl, telling her
she was the only one in all the world
I ever loved, and so forth, and so forth.
Cleverton—And she believed you,
didn't she? "How could she help it?
Why, I believed it myself."—Life.

Mother—You can't stay in this hot
city. Why don't you tell your husband
you must go to a summer resort?
Bride—I—I don't dare. Mother—Why
not? Bride—If he says "no," I will be
miserable because I can't go, and if he
says "yes" I will be miserable because
he can live without me.—New York
Weekly.

Setting Himself Right: "What do
you consider the greatest object of in-
terest in England?" asked the inter-
viewer. "Well," answered the great
lecturer from abroad, "I arrived here
yesterday, and—" "Of course,"
exclaimed the interviewer, apologeti-
cally, "I meant the greatest object of
interest next to yourself."—Tit-Bits.

Miss Bosting—It couldn't have been
very comfortable automobiling along
that back road yesterday. Miss Flur-
tey—Oh! did you see Mr. Huggard and
me? Miss Bosting—Yes, and when I
saw you, you were oscillating from
one side to the other. Miss Flurtey—
Oh, that's a fib! The oscillating was
all on his side.—Philadelphia Press.

The Dominant Janitor: Mrs. McCall
—And what did you say your eldest
boy's full name was? Mrs. De Coursey
—Michael Brannigan De Coursey.
Mrs. McCall—Well—er—that's rather
odd. Mrs. De Coursey—Yes, but, you
see, when he was born we didn't want
to move out. Mr. Michael Brannigan
was the janitor.—Philadelphia Press.

The Strategy of Samuel: Proud
Father—I tell you, sir, that boy of
mine will be a wonder! Friend (wear-
ily)—What wonderful thing has he
done now? Proud Father—Why, the
other day he ate all the preserves in
the pantry. I overheard him say, as
he smeared the cat's face with the
stuff: "I'm sorry, Tom, to do this, but
I can't have the old folks suspect
me."—Smart Set.

Asthma

"One of my daughters had a
terrible case of asthma. We tried
almost everything, but without re-
lief. We then tried Ayer's Cherry
Pectoral, and three and one-half
bottles cured her."—Emma Jane
Entsminger, Langsville, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
certainly cures many cases
of asthma.
And it cures bronchitis,
hoarseness, weak lungs,
whooping-cough, croup,
winter coughs, night
coughs, and hard colds.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it,
then do as he says. If he tells you not
to take it, then don't take it. He knows.
Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Perrin's Pile Specific

The INTERNAL REMEDY
No Case Exists it Will Not Cure

Wood Saws, Drag Saws run by steam or gaso-
line engines, also the latest in saw mill ma-
chinery, stump pullers, well drilling machin-
ery, etc., etc.
Write for your needs.
REIERSON MACHINERY CO.
Portland Foot of Morrison Street Oregon

OREGON PORTLAND

St. Helen's Hall

Home and day school for girls. Ideal
location, spacious building. Modern
equipment. Academic, College Prepara-
tion and special courses. Music, Elo-
cution, Art in charge of specialists.
Illustrated catalogue. Easter term
opens February 1, 1904.
ELEANOR TEBBETTS, Principal.

INSOMNIA

"I have been using CASCARETS for
Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for
over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets
have given me more relief than any other reme-
dy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recom-
mend them to my friends as being all they are
represented." THOS. GILLIARD, Esq., Ill.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do
Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c. 25c. 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Merrill Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 318
NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug-
gists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Dr. C. Gee Wo

WONDERFUL
HOME
TREATMENT

This wonderful Chi-
nese doctor is called
great because he cures
people without opera-
tion that are given up
to die. He cures with
those wonderful Chi-
nese herbs, roots, buds,
barks and vegetables
that are entirely un-
known to medical sci-
ence in this country. Through the use of
these heracies remedies this famous doctor
knows the action of over 500 different re-
medies, which he successfully uses in different
diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asth-
ma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness,
stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of
testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and
see him. Patients out of the city write for
blank and circulars. Send stamp. CONSULTA-
TION FREE. ADDRESS

The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co.
253 Alder St., Portland, Oregon.
25¢ Medicine paper.

Washington Farmers and Stockmen Indorse Prussian Stock Food!

READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS.
THEY SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

I have used Prussian Stock Food for the past
three years for Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs.
AS A FAT PRODUCING FOOD IT
HAS NO EQUAL. I find it a thorough re-
novator. It tones up the system in general and
puts new life and vigor in the animal. In my
dairy business I find in every instance when fed
according to directions it will INCREASE
the flow of milk to a marked degree. Also with
young animals, calves in particular that are
subject to SCOUR'S Prussian Stock Food will
check the malady as if by magic. I have tried
many kinds of foods but I
consider Prussian Stock Food
the BEST on the market
to-day. E. M. GEAR, Davens-
port, Wash.

IT DOUBLED
Increase in Milk.
Since using the Prussian
Stock Food with my milk
cow I find her supply of milk
has increased from ONE to
TWO quarts each milking.
D. C. FARNSWORTH, Rockford,
Wash.

Sold by the Leading Druggists

PORTLAND SEED CO., Portland, Or.,
Coast Agents.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by Druggists.