Youngsters are in the east and asked that his share of laughter and noise; things turned out right. That night the "chinook" vanished as swiftly as a shad-

bers, ads straight as an arrow, smiling, but

There is his wife, and some fifty Decembers Leave her as lightly as waves on the sand. She is to him still as fair as he thought her When in her teens his allegiance he swore, Many a son, now, and blossom cheeked daugh-

Then there are neighbors and cousins and lovers; Bertle, from college, and stroke of his crew; portsmen who come with an eye on the cov-

ainty Dianas of favors quite chary; Reginald, fresh from the ranch on the plain; samed girl graduates, Sallie and Mary, Meeting and greeting at Christmas again.

Clearer and dearer for long ago pain; Holding the loving hands near to defend her, Safe with her children at Christmas again.

I can remember when beaux by the dozen
Toasted her beauty in wit and in wine;
I, too, adored her—though I was a cousin—
Many a sword tried its mettle with mine.
Ah, gallant company, vanished to hades!
Swept with the years till we only remain.
She is for me still the sweetest of ladies—
I, her old suitor, at Christmas again!

Madam, your hand! Though the dancers b plenty.

Let us, too, stand—not in waitz or in reel.

This was "the mode," eighteen hundred and

twenty,
When it was voted as "mighty genteel."
Ah, that was dancing. Then "steps" were rigueur"
(Not a wild scramble, absurd and insane).

You will remember that elegant figure— Let us walk through it at Christmas again! Yes, that is well! Strike a stateller measure, Fitting the snows and the honor of years. Say, does it bring to you visions of pleasure, Or has the music a tremor of tears? Here let us stay. Why this laughter, young

plain, ndmother, blushing, must bring out thos She has been keeping for Christmas again!
-- Launce Lec.

MERRY MAS.

"DEAD MAN'S FIND."

BY M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1803, by American Press Associa It was along in November that Tom and I discovered "indications" at a spot in the Pinyon mountains of Nevada and started a drift. We didn't intend to put in more than a week's work-just enough to develop the "find" and load up with specimens for assay—but after four or five days Tom was taken sick. Winter was already at hand, with a foot of snow

western mountains, I may tell you that at about the middle of December, after winter has seemingly shut down, there comes what is called a "chinook"-a warm wind off the Pacific-which melts the snow and stands the season off for a week, as it were. We had calculated to take advantage of this break to get out of the mountains, but fate willed it otha day since he could remember, and his sudden breakdown was a complete surprise to both of us. He was attacked late in the afternoon with a violent night was in a profound stupor, which lasted with but few intermissions until

I knew that he was in a dangerous ondition, but I could not leave him, helpless as he was, and make my way down into the valley for help, nor could I take him down. In his weak and helpless state there was but one thing to do and that was to get a shelter ready and take the best care of him possible. I found a sheltered spot and in a day and



ad knocked together a pretty comfortable shanty. Then I gathered great heap of firewood and was as ready as I could be for a change of weather. For some days Tom neither grew better nor worse. When I insisted on it, he would take a bit of rabbit soup, but his appetite was gone, and he lay for the most part in a deep stupor, neither speaking nor moving.

For three years we had knocked about

the Silver State together in hopes of a "find." It had been a hard life and a rough one. We were more often hungry than not, and up to the time of Tom's illness we had found nothing of any consequence, but now-well, if inamounted to anything, we had struck it rich, and our tens of thousands

were right in sight. It seemed doubly hard for Tom to be bowled over just at this time and harder still to know that the chances were all against him. The only hope I had was that his robust conon would pull him through this mysterious illness, but as he lost strength and grew weaker day by day

seemed as if summer had come back. I nursed Tom, gathered a lot more wood, made the shanty more comfortable and and green for six weeks. dug a grave for Tom on a knoll 30 feet he would never know it; if he died, I could not leave his body above ground hardly spoken since his illness, his men-tal faculties seeming to be benumbed, and I was therefore greatly surprised when I came in from my grave digging o find him looking better than for days the crisis and would now mend. and I was trying to cheer him up when

"Sam, I heard you at work. You have ne right. You know you could have pended on me to do the same."

"Why, Tom, old man, you are much selves.

But he was not deceived. After a bit he told me of his old mother and a sister OF PIONEER DAYS.

A Brush Covered Fortification Discovered About Colonel Bowie.

is an old Texas ranger, and in a conversation with a number of gentlemen at Galves ton the other day he gave an account of sure-snowed up on the mountains with his visit to the old fort erected by the celea dying man for companion. From the brated James Bowie.

eyes that he was stone blind. About 3 arriving at the place I discovered that the o'clock on the afternoon of the date giv-rocks had been placed there by the hand of en, as I returned from the spring with a man at an early day. The fort, which I will the south side of a hill, making a complete circle, except a gap at the lower end, which had been left open as a place of entrance. Some of the stones were very large and would have required the united efforts of a dozen men to put them in place. The to try you with a bite to eat, and I'll height of the rock wall when first built But before I could get around to it he the place would have made an admirable had again become unconscious, and the spot to stand off a band of Indians, which I have no doubt it had been built for. The

next and the last time I heard his voice
was late that night: I don't know but it
was Christmas morn, for it was midnight or after when he moved an arm
who built the fort, although I had messed they were gold hunters,
"I noticed the entrance to the fortification was on the lower side toward the foot of the hill and opposite a small cedar brake, as if men would come from that point in case of danger. As soon as I entered the cedar brake the problem was solved at once. I saw an immense pile of earth banked up, and near it a shaft. It was at the base of a

hill, not a hundred yards from the fort, near the head of a ravine. It was an old mine, either of gold, silver or lead, and had been worked many years ago. The entrance to the mine was down a flight of 10 or 12 steps cut in the soil, which time and the action of the water pouring into it during heavy rains had not effaced. At the bottom of the steps the excavations extended west under the hill upon which the fort was built. I did not penetrate it far, as I had no light. On the mound of soil near the shaft grew cedar trees as large as a man's body, indicating a period prior to the advent of the Texas pioneers into these moun-tains, when the country was full of hostile Indians. The fort on the side of the hill commanded all approaches to the mine

last two days I could hardly get the beat sed that they were Spaniards or Mexicans, ing of his pulse or heart. By the time I but finally connected the place with the celebrated Texan, Colonel James Bowie. I recollected hearing my father relate a circum-stance which he heard from Colonel Bowle in Gonzales before the Texan revolution. Colonel Bowie said that on one occasion, "Here I am, old fellow. Do you feel while prospecting for gold or silver in the mountains west of San Antonio, he had "I'm most gone, Sam! And it's sunk a shaft in search of silver. He had a force of 30 men with him, and anticipating an attack by the Indians fortified the camp by piling up large rocks. Their position

"Christmas day in the old home, "While engaged working this mine they Sam!" he went on. "It is years since I were suddenly attacked one morning by a was there. They'll remember me and large body of Comanche Indians. Bowie speak of me, though—father and me! and his men at once took refuge in the Father's grave is there, near the old fortification, and the battle commenced with great fury. The Indians, however, were soon driven to cover in the ravines and behind the rocks by the deadly fire of "But Tom, Tom, you are better."

and bening the focks, the fight lasted all day, each will get well!" I cried, as I lighted a Bowle's men. The fight lasted all day, each being an opportunity offered. Durparty firing as opportunity offered. ing the day, however, Bowie's men drank up all their water and began to suffer indreaming of my mother and sister—of tensely with thirst. The Indians, however, father—of the old home—of— Good. from their position in the rocks and gullies. commanded the spring, and it was almost certain death for any one to venture. If the men all sallied from the fort, they were likely to be overwhelmed by the superior force of the savages, but something had to

"Now, Bowie owned a strong young ne-I sat beside him till the day came, the day of prayer and feasting and rejoic-gro named Jim, who was one of the party. "Jim," says Bowie, turning to the negro, him in his blankets and carried him out and gave him burial and uttered the prayer which I knew was on his mother's lips, and shed the tears which I felt in dat brush and rocks, and dey could get

were welling up as she thought of the up and kill dis nigger befo' you could say absent one. He asked me to mark his "scat" twice, and befo' I could half fill dem grave. I did so, and then I waited for gourds. No, sah; can't go.' weeks before I could get down into the "Bowie looked at the negro with his

valley. The next summer when the snow had melted away from the moun-

with laborers enough to develop the me gwine of course I'll go; if de boys is mine, which we called "Dead Man's bound to have some water befo' they can Find," and before another Christmas whip the Injuns and you sist on me day his mother sat by his grave while I a-gwine, why den I'll volunteer my sarv-

expecting any one to attempt to come from the fort for water and evidently did not see They now, however, set up a terrible yell-ing and commenced firing at him, which ed at your de- also drew the fire of the fort, as several of the Indians had shown themselves. The negro now commenced running as best he could with several goards dangling about him, with a number of Indians in close pursuit, notwithstanding the fact that several of their number had fallen before the dead-

"Jim soon arrived, puffing and blowing, bringing the water gourds with him."—St.

Miles of Thread Without a Break.

A hank or cut of cotton always consists of 840 yards. Messra. Thomas Houldsworth & Co. of Manchester produced by their ma-chinery cotton yarn or cotton thread so fine that out of one pound weight of cotton was spun 10,000 hanks, or a thread of 4,770 miles in length. Of course the thread was too fine to be of any practical value. It demonstrated only the perfection of the machinery No material admits of such fine spinning as does cotton. Messrs. Houldsworth spun out of one pound of Sea island cotton a thread 1,000 miles in length that was quite strong enough for use. With linen yarn a hank or cut consists of 300 yards.—London Tit-Bits didn't handle him right."

The Indians make blankets of bark beaten very thin. The bark is stamped with fancy figures in brown and red and is trimmed with for. Palm leaves are beaten together and are also made into blankets. An Indian is always cold, even in hot weather, and his blanket is as precious to him as our sun hats are to us.-New York Ledger.

I don't care what calling he takes up. but that he does want to be able to do whatever he undertakes to do better, if

The first secession flag raised in the south was in South Carolina. The flag-staff is still standing fastened to the gable end of a storehouse at Skull Shoals.

When a personage of high rank dies in Siam, the king helps bathe the body and prepare it for cremation and final ly lights the funeral pyre.

cubic foot, \$362,380; a cubic yard, \$9,-797,762. This reckoning bases the value

cors—In Strength and Value 20 Per Cent Above Its Nearest Competitor.

The Royal Baking Powder has the enviable record of baving received the highest strength, purest ingredients, most perfectly combined—wherever exhibited in competition with others. In the exhibitions of former years, at the Centennial, at Paris. Vienna and at the various State and industrial fairs, where it has been exhibited judges have invariably awarded the Royal Baking Powder the highest honors.

At the recent Word's Fair the examinations for the baking powder awards were made by the experts of the chemical division of the Agricultural Department at Washington. The officialt report of the leavening strength of the Royal to be 100 cubic inches of carbonic gas per ounce of powder. Of the cream of tartar baking powders exhibited at the fair the next high the leavening strength of the Royal to be 100 cubic inches of leavening gas. The other powders gave an average of 111. The Royal, therefore, was found of 20 per cent age of all the other tests. Its superiority in other respects, however, in the quality of the food it makes as to fineness, celicacy.

It is these high qualities, known and ap preciated by the women of the country for so many years, that have caused the sales of the Royal Baking Powder, as shown by statistics, to exceed the sales of all other baking powders combined.

The summer boarder was fishing when Farmer Begosh came along. "Gee whillikens! what on airth air you a-doin?" he exclaimed as the sportsma deposited a small fish in his basket.

pond and indignantly strode on.-Washington Star.



Ada-Why does Clara speak of Georgea 'her intended!" Are they engaged? Alice-No, but she intends that they shall be.-Brooklyn Life.

Tom Jenkins was as great a joker as he was a smoker. He once got into a first class compartment in a railway carriage

"You mustn't smoke here," said the old gent as Jenkins pulled out his pipe from his pocket.
"I know that," said Jenkins, calmly fill-

ing his pipe.
"Did I not tell you," said the old gent again, "that you mustn't smoke here? It's ot a smoking compartment."
"I know that," said Jenkins, calmly tak-

ing out his fusee box. They're a special kind that he prides himself on. He calls them his "patent stinkers." He lit a fusee, and now the wrath of the old gent was frightful. "I say, sir, you shan't smoke here," he shricked. "I know that," said Jenkins, allowing his fusee to exhaust itself. He lit one after

another, allowing them to burn out. The brimstone was awful and the smoke suffocating. The old gent was coughing and spluttering and struggling for words.

"I say, sir," he exclaimed at length, to in all reference works as an instru-"smoke, smoke, smoke; for goodness' sake, ment unknown until after the discovery smoke!"

"Thanks, awfully!" said Jenkins as he fore the time of Christ. Pliny the elder, to the expectant pipe.-Tit-Bits.

Waiting For Wind. Small Boy (on river bank)-Do you know Old Gentleman-I have studied meteorol

ogy a little.
"Well, I've been standin here 'most a hour waitin for the wind to blow hard, and ward the thrower of its own accord, so it don't blow a bit. Do you think it will remarkable are the properties of that

'I shouldn't wonder, my little man. The sky looks very streaky. But what do you want of wind?" "I want to have a swim.

"It does not require wind to go That's why I want wind.

"I don't understand."
"Don't? Guess it's a good while since you was a boy, isn't it?"

'Yes, a good while.' 'And your mem'ry isn't very good, I

"W'y, don't you see? If a wind comes though man has no right to be as stern

"This is a beautiful morning, Mary," said as hard.-London Spectator. Mr. Fulton graciously as he took his sent at the table at Farmer Humsted's select ountry boarding house.

"Yes, sir, it is," replied the waitress thunderstorm passed off nicely in

the night." "Looks like cooler weather."

"Yes, sir."
"I hope you are feeling quite well, Mary." "Quite well, sir." "And that you enjoyed the farmers' pic c yesterday. "Pretty well, sir."

"And now, let me see. What have we or breakfast this morning?" asked Mr. Fulton as he glanced over the empty table. 'Well, there's ham, sir. "Ah, yes, ham or-what?" he inquired

with his most engaging man "Ham or nothing!" returned Mary briefly.

"Look here," said the indignant man to the dealer, "I thought you said this dog was a rabbit dog!" "Did I? Oh, yes-of course. May be you

"What do you mean!"
"You want to try him with Welsh rab bits. His appetite for them is simply ab-normal."—Washington Star.

Dashaway-I spent \$200 at the World's Cleverton-Does that include the \$10 that I lent you?

Dashaway-Great Scott, old man, should say so! Why, it includes 85 mor that I was just going to ask you for. When I Get Time.

When I get time—
I know what I shall do:
Fil cut the leaves of all my books
And read them through and through.

When I get time— I'll write some letters then That I have owed for weeks and weeks To many, many men. When I get time—
I'll pay those calls I owe,
And with those bills, those countless bills,

When I get time-I'll regulate my life n such a way that I may get Acquainted with my wife.

I will not be so slow.

When I get time— Oh, glorious dream of bliss! A month, a year, ten years from now But I can't finish this— I have no time.

conturiers have no way of avoiding the sales, for their showrooms are open to all who wish to purchase and give orders. To be sure these conturiers make ost of their creations for authentic princesses and duchesses, but here also the shops get the best of them.-Cor. New York Tribune.

An Eccentric Washington Woman, There is a woman in Washington society whose eccentricities in certain lines are so well known 2+ to pass without comment. Her position as a matron of "I'm fishing," was the reply. "You advertised good fishing, didn't you."
"Yes. Don't you know the fish'll die ef you keep 'em out o' water? You don't den to the literary feast were informed literary proclivities is the motive for sunthink I'm goin ter spend money every week upon arrival that they must enter by a puttin new fish into thet there pond jes' fur puttin new fish into thet there pond jes' fur side door, as the morning being rainy rou city fellers to ketch, do you? No, sir they would otherwise track mud over the side door, as the morning being rainy they would otherwise track mud over the ree!" and the proprietor of rural joys turned the contents of the basket into the much a respecter of persons as of things is further evidenced by her conduct at

an afternoon reception. Those of her guests whose garment were ornamented with jet were asked during their stay to remain in the second parlor, where the furniture was of malogany. This sorting out process was explained by the frank announcement that if people would wear sharp ornaments on their clothes she must protect her own property by excluding them from the sacred precincts of the first parlor so that the resewood furniture could not be scratched.-Kate Field's Wash-

How to Keep a Chameleon The Florida chameleon, which also is frequently brought home by the tourist, is a bright and intelligent creature. He requires almost unlimited sunshine to bask in, and flies, which he catches on the end of his long tongue, to eat. A fernery is a comfortable place for him This fellow, it is said, has a temper, and if not well treated or if teased he will show fight, though he can hardly do much harm. The genuine chameled after whom the Florida lizard is named, is one of the quaintest and oddest o pets, but he is a native of the old world

and rarely seen in our country. Another American of the family, often sent from the west and south to pet lovers, is called the horned toad, though he is no toad, but a lizard. He is said to be an interesting pet and capable of being taught. All the small members of kept in very warm quarters.-Olive Thorne Miller in Harper's Bazar.

The Boomerang Is Not New. The boomerang, the Australian native's weapon of offense and defense, referred of Australia, was doubtless known be a contemporary of our Saviour, writes as follows in his "Natural History" respecting an instrument made of the wood

of the aquifolia: "If a staff made of this wood, when thrown at an animal, from want of strength in the person throwing, falls short of the mark, it will come back toremarkable are the properties of that

It is altogether probable that the learned Pliny did not consider the shape of the "staff" and referred its peculiarities to the nature of the wood of which it was made.—St. Louis Republic.

There are some penalties on innocent acts essential to human safety, and the signaler whose failure has destroyed a train must be punished, even though, when he pleads that he was in a "dwam "Perhaps not. I certainly cannot recall he is to his own mind telling the simple any connection between wind and swim and sufficient truth. Nature is even and sufficient truth. Nature is even harder on blunder than on guilt, and along and blows my hat into the water, I as nature, which, for example, executed can go after it, and mamma won't say a word. She paid a dollar an a half for that tention to murder, but for his carelessness in dropping his bomb-still, there are points upon which he must be nearly

Colonel North's Strong Room. Colonel North is said to have at Eltham one of the strongest of strong rooms prob ably in the world. Not only is his gold and silverware stored here, but lady vis-itors to Eltham are provided for, special arrangements being made for "taking care" of their jewels during the night. The "room" is floored with cement and walled all round with weighty granite. To get into its interior you must pass through many gates, all fitted up with burglar alarms. The treasures are kept in iron cages, and the "room" is 30 feet under ground. - London Tit-Bits.

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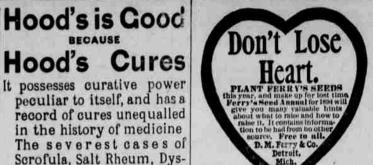
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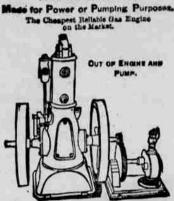
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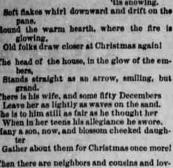
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kettle of water, Tom quietly asked: "Sam, is it near Christmas day?" "Within a few hours." "And you have got the grave ready?" "Why, man, you won't need a grave or years to come. Come, now, I want

Still, to my fancy, the fairest of faces Yonder is shining in silvery curls, Framed in soft wrappers and delicate laces, Grandmother sits in a cluster of girls, Watching the dancers with eyes growing tenand broke my sleep. By this time I had gue



warrant you'll feel better for it."

un the water off if it came on to rain.

ow moves, and winter came howling down on us. It was the 20th of Decem-

ber. Before morning it was far below

zero, and a heavy snowstorm was raging,

and Tom had relapsed into his former

lethargic state. I was in for it now for

"YOU WILL GET WELL." that it was only a question of a few

hours more. His long fast had reduced him to a mere skeleton, and during the was awake, he said: 'Sam, where are you? I cannot see!" I took his hands in mine and bent over

better?" Christmas day, ain't it?" "Yes," I answered, greatly surprised that he had kept the run of time so accurately. "But you are not going, Tom; and shaft, and also to a spring of water you are better!"

him as I said:

home. Mine they will never see!" "But Tom, Tom, you are better. You

by, Sam! I know you dug the grave days ago! Mark it, Sam. Mark it so that mother may know it if she ever-Mother! Moth"-And it was all over with poor Tom. I sat beside him till the day came, the erwise. Tom was a New Englander, day of prayer and feasting and rejoic-grouph and rugged. He hadn't been sick ing among millions, and then I wrapped him in his blankets and carried him out

> weeks before I could get down into the snow had melted away from the moun-tains I went back to the lonely shanty or the Indians?' "Well, now,' replied Jim, 'if you 'sist on

her name had been the last on his lips

on that dark Christmas morning when



light and the fire In winter evenings long ago, What ghosts I rais-

Save these that troop in mournful row The ghosts we all can raise at will? The beasts can talk in barn and brye On Christmas eve, old legends know. As one by one the years retire, We men fail silent then, I trow—

Such sights has memory to show, Such voices from the distance thrill. Ah, me! they come with Christmas snow The ghosts we all can raise at will. Oh, children of the village choir, Your carols on the midnight throw! Oh, bright across the mist and mire, Ye ruddy hearts of Christmas glow! Beat back the shades, beat down the wor

Renew the strength of moral will; Be welcome, all, to come or go— The ghosts we all can raise at will. Friend, sursum corda, soon or slow, Forget them not, nor mourn them so-The ghosts we all can raise at will

-Andrew Lang.

TRADE IN CHRISTMAS TREES. We now require a million or two of

young evergreens for Christmas trees, and these, too, are cut and stored away in good time, the choppers often going into the woods soon after the 1st of November. A fall of snow in November or December greatly increases the difficulty, because the snow is apt to melt and freeze, rendering the branches too briteven this hope died away.

The "chinook" lasted nine days. It therefore like to get their work forward and pile their trees in the woods along

side the road, where they will keep fresh The largest market for Christmas trees back of the cabin. If he pulled through, is Philadelphia, whence they are distributed to all parts of the country withcould not leave his body above ground in 1,000 miles. The woodmen get from to be eaten by the wild beasts. He had \$6 to \$8 a hundred for their trees, which sell in the cities at prices ranging from 50 cents to \$3.

As for Christmas presents, they give employment to many important trades, the work upon which is continuous from fore. I took it as a sign that he had the first of January to the last of December. Some knowing grandmothers and ingenious aunts, to say nothing of uncles and grandfathers, are on the lookout all the year for Christmas surprises, recesses, sometimes forgotten by them-

AN OLD TEXAS FORT.

A RUIN THAT RECALLS ADVENTURES

by a Veteran Texas Ranger Who In His Younger Days Heard an Interesting Story

A. J. Lowell of Utopia, Uvalde county,

morning of the 20th to the afternoon of the 24th the man never uttered a word; sometimes he would open his eyes as I moistened his lips or forced a little soup down his throat, but he neither knew nor saw me. I knew by the look of his creat the he was store blind. About 3 throat he was store blind. About 3 throat he was store blind. About 3 throat he was store blind. now call this rude structure, was built on

"In surmising in regard to the people who formerly worked this mine I at first conclud-

something over 100 yards distant.

told her the story of his illness and how her name had been the last on his lips "Bowie now told Jim he need not fear, a they could protect him with their rifles from the fort while he was getting the wa-ter. It appears that the Indians were not the negro-in fact, they had to keep well hid themselves, as every exposure of their persons would bring a whizzing rifle ball from the hill. The negro advanced to the spring, filled the goards and was starting back before the Indians discovered him.

What Christmas ghost can make us chill by aim of Bowie's rifles. One burly savage dropped his empty gun, and drawing his tomahawk ran close to the negro, intend-ing to strike him down with that.

"A rifle cracked from the lower end of the inclosure, and the Indian fell back-

Louis Globe-Democrat.

"I tell my boy," said a father, "that possible, than anybody else."

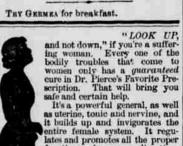
A cubic inch of gold is worth \$210; a

THE HIGHEST AWARD. ors-In Strength and Value 20 Per ized in Paris. A "creation," a new fash-ion, is hardly out of an exclusive hopse

It must be surprising to the uninitiated o see how soon fashions become general-

As ounce of keeping your mouth shut is worth a pound of explanation.

highest result of medical science and skill



SsssssssS

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the person or club returning us the large number of certificates on or before June 1894, we will give a cash prize of \$100, an to the next largest, numerous other prize ranging from \$5 to \$75 IN CASH. CLOSSET & DEVERS, PORTLAND, O.