#### AD DOROTHEAM

I know where there is honey in a jar, Moet for a certain little friend of mine, And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are That only wait small hands to intertwine

A wreath for such a golden head as thine The thought that thou art coming makes all

The house is bright with blossoms high and low, And many a little lass and little lad Expectantly are running to and fro. The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

We want thee, child, to share in our delight On this high day, the holiest and best, Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken flight, Thy grandmamma, of women lovellest, Made me of men most honored and most

That naughty boy who led thee to suppose He was thy sweetheart has, I grieve to tell. Been seen to pick the garden's choicest rose And toddle with it to another belle,

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this-To waste no love on any youthful rover. All youths are rovers, I assure thee, miss. No. if thou wouldst true constancy discover, Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

So come, thou playmate of my closing day, The latest treasure life can offer me, And with thy baby laughter make us gay Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dor

Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow flee.

-W. E. Gladstone.

### CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

Although the time was long past midnight, lights were still gleaming from behind the sbutters of the little blind alchouse hard by the Reading road, not far from Winchester, and Captain Jacobus, riding gently up, judged it prudent to enter by the back door in consequence. The inn was a house of call for the captain and the landlord a creature of his own, but at a time cards." when detachments of Cromwell's solof Captain Jacobus, it was no insignificant item in the long score held by him against the commonwealth that a king's gentleman should sometimes be compelled to sneak into his inn by a menial entrance. After stabling his horse the captain entered the kitchen, where the landlord, a little dark remnant of a man, with a short pipe between his of him. teeth, was going to and fro busying himself amid a litter of empty bottles and greasy plates. Stopping short in his employment, the landlord nodded to his patron without a word, at the same time jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the half door, above which a square of the paneled wall of the inn parlor was visible. Captain Jacobus, without further hesitation, walked promptly into the parlor.

The long, low, red curtained room was brilliantly lit with a wasteful profusion of candles, a huge fire of wood roared in the ingle, and standing side by side, with their backs to the blaze, were two very tall, loosely hung men, dressed in the decent black garb and falling white collar affected by the Presbyterian ministers of the day. Save that the elder man had white hair and wore a beard, while the younger was clean shaven and almost bald, so that his great head glistened like a moist egg in the firelight, the two resembled each other in every particular.

and to lay upon the table his sword and pistols. The two parsons returned the salute with a grave inclination, the younger bowing just a fraction of time behind the elder, after a momentary glance at him, as if (thought the cap-tain) the junior had so lively a habit of subservience to the senior that he manifested it unconsciously, even in the most trivial actions. Captain Jacobus disposed himself comfortably upon the settle against the wall and called for wine. Opposite to him, upon the high backed settle in the ingle nook, the travelers' saddles were piled together with their riding cloaks and great slouched hats.

"You travel late for gentlemen of the cassock," remarked the captain. "Have you no fear of highwaymen?"

"We put our trust in the sword of the Lord," replied the elder clergyman

"And of Gideon," echoed the younger in a thin, high voice, extremely out of keeping with his bulk.

Spoken very godly, and a mighty pretty sentiment!" observed the captain, rolling his liquor on his tongue. "And yet it seems to me you run something of a risk notwithstanding."

"My son and I," returned the old man, with much tranquillity, "shoulder to shoulder have bested the devil these many years past.

'Yea, even when he traveleth abroad in the guise of a robber!" the other

chimed in cheerfully. "Ah, " said the captain, "but perhaps you never met Captain Jacobus, the cavalier who rules this very road from Reading to Winchester. They say he hath a very deadly spite against Puritans. The parliament dispossessed him of all estate, I've heard, and he vowed the pragmatical rebels should pay for it among them." Pausing to sip his wine, the speaker eyed the two parsons over the edge of his glass. They returned his gaze in silence, with a watchful attention. "He has a mighty pleasant way with him, so I'm told, that Captain Jacobus," pursued the captain, "none of your common stand and deliver methods for him, but all manner of pretty knacks and strange devices. Why, now, just to give you an example: Suppose he was sitting where I sit now." The speaker paused a moment, but the two big clergymen did not move so much as an eyelid. "It's likely he would propose a game at the cards to you two gentlemen. Down you would have to sit with him, willy nilly, you see, and inside of an hour I'll wager he would have won the very coat off your backs, all by pure skill, you understand. No violence at all. And, talking of cards," said the captain briskly, with a sudden change of tone, "what do you say to a turn? Come, landlord, a clean pack!"

bow chair to the table, and looking at the two parsons with a very eloquent expression of countenance sat absently

fingering his pistols. "I am exceeding sorry, sir. It is impossible that I should pleasure you in so carnal a diversion," said the old man mildly, "and, setting aside the claims of my holy office, I know not one painted toy from t'other. I will ask you to pardon me. We have ridden far today,' and with a courteous gesture he sat down upon the settle in the chimney corner, and leaning back upon the bundle of cloaks and saddles closed his eyes and folded his hands.

"And you, sir? Come, doff the priesthood for an hour. Unchain the old Adam and give him a run! Trust me, you will be a world the better for so self denying an exercise. What, 'tis not so long since you were in college that your fingers have forgot the feel of the cards, so glossy and ticklish, I'll warrant. Sit down, young man, and cut for the deal, like a saint of sense!"

The momentary silence that followed was broken by a tiny click as the captain cocked a pistol.

The bald young man started slightly at the sound, the recumbent figure on the settle opened its eyes, and the two exchanged a glance so rapid as to be scarcely perceptible.
"Sir," answered the young man ear-

nestly, "you touch me nearer than you know. I am naturally eager for social divertisements, and, I own, it seems hard that a single traveler like yourself must sit and twiddle his thumbs because his fellow guests chance to be clergymen. Yet see how it is. Before I was a man grown I gave my word to my father never again to touch the

"Johnny," broke in the old gentlediers were rough riding the country it man, "I give you back your word. Do behooved a gentleman of the road to as your conscience bids you and call to use caution. Indeed, in the estimation remembrance the house of Rimmon, sonny. "

"Nay," said the captain pleasantly, "say no more, say no more. I would not be an occasion of stumbling to any. It would be a thousand pities to risk a sojourn in hell for the sake of a trumpery game of cards," and cocking the other pistol he laid one on either side

The bald young man, a good deal flustered, drew up a chair and sat down, wiping the beads of perspiration from his forehead with his coat cuff.

"It becomes my turn to entreat the pleasure, although, I fear, you will find me but a dull opponent," he said, with a ghastly attempt at urbanity. "Come, sir, let us to't. I am heartily glad of the opportunity."

"No, no," said the captain, shuffling the cards. "Y'are forcing yourself out of sheer good nature. I see it. I will have no man blacken his record in heaven for me!"

"Not a jot, not a tittle," returned the other, with an obsequious alacrity, "and I take it greatly as a favor you should play with so rusty an amateur.' "Well, have it as you will, then," said the captain, "and what shall we

call the stakes?" "Shall we say Jacobuses?" said the

bald young man smoothly. A doubt crossed the mind of Captain Jacobus, and he looked up sharply at Captain Jacobus took off his hat with the speaker. But the bald young man a sweeping gesture and began, with some show of deliberation, to unbuckle white face creased in a fatuous smile, and the captain could make nothing of his expression.

'Why, yes, with all my heart," returned the captain. "Jacobuses, certainly," and the two men settled to the game, the clergyman counting his play with the most arduous attention, often clutching his jaw and pausing to consider, and the captain, with scarcely glance at his hand, nonchalantly tossing his cards on the table.

They played without exchanging a word. At intervals a smoldering log broke and fell upon the hearth, disengaging a shower of sparks, the old clergyman snored in the chimney corner, and the night wind rustled in the trees outside. At first the game went evenly, but as the night wore on a little heap of gold began to accumulate at the elbow of the bald young man in a manner to the captain quite unaccountable. The doubt in his mind grew and pricked him. He began to watch the other narrowly and presently detected a piece of very deft manipulation. The highwayman said nothing, but twisting his mustache looked the other full in the eyes. The cheat blinked, went very white and glanced swiftly round at the sleeper, who continued to snore placidly, but the captain, at the moment of choosing a card and without turning his head, saw the old man's eyes open wide and shoot an answering look of meaning at his son. The incident passed so quickly that to an onlooker the pause in the game would have been barely noticeable. Captain Jacobus, under cover of the table, unsheathed a short dirk and laid it naked on his knee.

Soon the pile of goldpieces began to dwindle and change sides upon the table, when suddenly, as the bald young man laid down a card, the captain, with an oath, drove his dagger through the back of his opponent's hand deep into

the oak. "Not again, my cully," he cried.

The man screamed and fell back in a swoon, and at the sound the other parson leaped to his feet with a cry, whipping a great horse pistol from his pocket, but the captain was too quick for him. Before he could bring the ponderons engine to bear the highwayman had caught his wrist with one hand and thrust the muzzle of a pistol into his face with the other. The clergyman's weapon exploded harmlessly, the bullet

striking the ceiling. "Now," said Captain Jacobus, releasing him, "it's my turn. Obey orders!" he thundered. "Hand up those sad-

The old man, with shaking fingers and a very wry face, heaved up the baggage and dumped it on the table, where the litter of cards was affoat in widening pools of blood.

"Empty out the saddlebogs! Give me

but the shadow of disobedience, and I'll put a bullet in you! What's here? Now, what are a couple of rascal parsons doing with a fortune of gold? Won it at the cards, I suppose! And what kind of gear is this for a clergyman?"

For among a miscellany of personal effects were two bulky leathern bags full to the throat with broad pieces, a great jeweled watch and a handful of ladies' rings and trinkets. The sham elergyman, biting his fingers and looking haggardly at the spoil, stood in a sullen silence. At the other end of the board the bald young man was moaning and writhing in his chair, his hand pinned fast. The captain, vigilant as a bird, but thoroughly at his ease and enjoying himself hugely, leaned against the paneling eying the pair by turns.

"Come," he said, "speak up, parson Make a clean confession, my evangelist! You may tie up your little boy, if you care to, while you talk."

The old man cast a venomous glance of contempt upon his abject offspring.

"Serve him right!" he broke out sav-agely. "The clumsy fool!"

"I begin to perceive you are some-thing of a precisian," remarked the captain. "Let me make your son's excuses. To get the better of Captain Jacobus is a highly temerious enterprise for a young man, though I say it. But I must ask you to take my dagger out of him and to clean it. I thank you. Now, add your purse to the blunt and pack it all carefully up again. It's time for me to

go, as the song says."
"Come," returned the other roughly, "let's talk sense, captain. The crop was fairly nimmed on the road, as you might have done yourself. You can't mean to whiddle your fellows?"

"On the road? You surprise me! And yet I had some kind of an inkling that it wasn't entirely parson beneath those beautiful black clothes, too," said the captain genially.

"Why, of course, gentlemen of the road, like yourself," said the old man, brightening somewhat at the friendliness of the other's tone. "But parsons we've been for the last six months, just to implant a little confidence."

"And how did it all come about?"

inquired Captain Jacobus. "Parsons we were for six months," repeated the impostor, "in Kingsclere yonder." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Did you never try the lay, captain? You have to live mighty strict while it lasts, but it's a good lay-a good lay!" The speaker smiled sourly at the recollection. "Highly respected by rich and poor. There was nothing good enough for such a brace of saints as Johnny and me. Fat collections every Sabbath, and the poultry and butter and cheeses—why, we lived like a couple of kings, except for the liquor. Your parson must be cruel sparing of the bene bowse. That was where the shoe pinched. But at last our chance came along, for a girl of the place was going to be married to some bloated cit in Winchester. Her men folk were out o' the way, and who so fit to escort her and her mother-and her dowry-as the two tall parsons? So, one on each side, all for fear of you, captain, we jogged along till nightfall. And here we are, and I offering you a third of the swag, and what could be fairer?"

Captain Jacobus stood erect and cleared his throat. The highwayman loved a striking situation, like an actor, and histrionic opportunities continually presented by the incidents of his profession than in the profits it afforded him. If need should so require, he would even sacrifice all plunder for the sake of sheer effect. Thus the difficulty was to preserve dramatic propriety with a min-imum loss out of pocket, and in its solution lay the very marrow of the enter-prise. For the first time that night the captain saw his way clearly to a satisfactory achievement. The taxing of two Presbyterian ministers had at first appeared to him merely as a duty, necessary, but dull, to the discharge of which a little novelty might be imparted by the use of the cards. It was an agreeable shock to him to discover that he was dealing with scoundrels, and that the occasion would require all his quickness and resource to save him from being hoist with his own petard. Having accomplished this so far and succeeded in inducing the elder rascal to condemn himself out of his own mouth, the psychological moment had arrived for an

appropriate closing scene. 'You dogs of Egypt!'' began Captain Jacobus in a voice that made the glasses ring, "would you make terms with me? By the heavens, you blaspheme! You shall strip yourself of every doit! 'Tis you and your like bring disgrace upon the names of the king's gentlemen. Are we to keep the road with curs like you snapping at our heels? What! You would decoy two poor ladies upon the king's highway and drag the very rings from their fingers. You would peach on the manor of Captain Jacobus, take possession of his inn, sharp him at the cards and shoot him through the head afterward, if he hadn't been a match for the hulking pair of you rum clapper dogeons! All that you would do, and when he gets upsides with you you have the devil's own bravado to inform him of it to his face and to offer him a share! A share! To me!" and the orator interpolated some highly stimulating oaths. "A share! You shall see now! Empty your pockets on the table. Take off that ring-off with it-that, or the finger. Search the other rascal. Now, strip, the pair of you. Quick about it! Am I to dance attendance upon you while you make a toilet? Put the clothes on the

fire, So!" The two men, constrained by the brace of grinning pistol muzzles, stripped to their shirts and obeyed in silence. The face of the elder was flushed to a dusky red. His eyes shone in his head. A trickle of blood from his bitten lip streaked his white beard, and the younger tottered to and fro with a dead white face, hugging his wounded hand.

'Now," said Captain Jacobus, "you shall lead my horse for me, by thun-

Keeping his eye upon the two, he

tled. Instantly there was a clatter of boofs, and his black mare came trotting round the corner and trampled into the room. The captain stood by the horse's bend, rating the shivering wretches like dogs while they strapped on the bag-gage, and when they had done he led the animal into the road.

"Hold my stirrup, Gideon!" said the captain to the hapless Johnny and including them both in a final exhortation. "The landlord takes your nags for the reckoning. But if ever I meet you out on the pad I'll shoot you down like vermin, so sure as my name is Captain Jacobus, Stand clear!"

And with a bound he was gone, leaving the two half clad rascals a prey to the humiliation of impotent fury and the most deadly discomfiture of body amid the scene of the dismalest disorder, the last sparks of their clothes flying up the chimney in the icv draft, and the gray light of the winter's dawn paling the caudles.

It is upon record that Captain Jacobus took it upon himself to restore all the trinkets, and, according to his rule in such cases, one-half the money to the rightful owners thereof, and that the other half went into the bottomless pocket of King Charles II, then living very privately in the city of Cologne. -L. Cope Cornford in Pall Mall Budget.

Millionaire Mackay tells a story of a contest he had with one of his foremen. The foreman was something of a naturalist and trained one of the enormous grasshoppers of the west, as Mark Twain trained his frog, until he could jump about ten feet. Then he interested Mr. Mackay in the insect. Mr. Mackay went out and caught some hoppers and backed them against the record breaker, with the result that he was beaten every time. Then he became determined to win and sent several of the hands out to hunt for the strongest jumpers they could find. But all to no purpos until one day he discovered a wet spot on the table near where the foreman' hopper had sat. Investigating the matter, he found that the spot was very strong ammonia, that the foreman had a vial of ammonia with a dropper in his sleeve, and that a drop of the ammonia made a grasshopper jump hard enough to beat the record every time. So Mr. Mackay provided himself with a dropper and then went to another battle. The same morning be managed to get hold of the foreman's dropper, emptied it and filled it with chloroform. instead of ammonia, and then kept the foreman with him until the last minute. The grasshoppers were brought forth, and Mr. Mackay's flew through space, while the foreman's only heaved and sleep. It was not until the third contest that the foreman found out the trick.

### Two Funerals.

That is a touching story told of the funeral of Sir Walter Scott: The road by which the procession took its way wound over a hill, whence can be seen one of the most beautiful of landscapes. It was his habit to pause there to gaze upon the scene, and when taking a friend out to drive he never failed to stop there and call the attention of his companion to the most beautiful points of the view. Few could refrain from tears when, carrying their master on the old familiar spot, as it were, for him to give a last look at the scene he had loved so well. his last journey, the horses stopped at

Extremes meet. I told this anecdote of Scott's funeral to a friend, who, in or scott's runeral to a riend, who, in turn, told me a story. A little less than a centary ago there lived in a certain New England village a graceless fellow who spent most of his time at the grog-shop, to the neglect of all honest call-When the summons had at last come for him

To join

The innumerable caravan that moves

To the pale realms of shade,

as his funeral procession, on its way to the place of burial, passed his favorite haunt the bearers inadvertently turned a little aside, at the same time slackening their pace. The wag of the neighborhood spoke hastily: "Go on, go on!" said he. "Don't stop here, for mercy's sake! He'll be sure to go in!"—Journal of American Folklore.

The Reign of Peace.

Beasts, I am inclined to think, are still, more or less, in the state of para-dise and peace. I have been lately honored by the acquaintance of a cat which lives on friendly and playful terms with a mouse, not a tame pet mouse. They frolic together, and then the mouse returns to its hole. Again, a friend of mine who had several dogs, two young dandies and an old Skye, lately went out to the edge of a wood near his house where he saw his dogs playing with a

They sported together playfully till the old Skye got wind of the fox and then "went for him" with a yowl, whereupon the poor fox fled. The young dogs seemed to cherish no unfriendly feelings till the veteran set a bad example. Dogs and cats are not natural enmies. It is we who have corrupted them, and "a cat and dog life" is, even still, often of good example to married people.—Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

Large Lamp Shades on the Wane

The mania for exaggerated lamp shades seems to be on the wane. The newest lamps show fine globes made to harmonize with the foundation, and dealers report a revived sale of tinted porcelain shades. The silk, however, is yet made into frills and furbelows that suggest nothing short of ball gowns refurnished to serve a new end, but the tulle that is made to copy a ballet dancer's skirts and the paper monstrosities are both ugly and dangerous. The only wonder in regard to them is that the insurance companies have not been aroused, and that a reform campaign has not been organized before this.—Boston

15 YEARS IN OREGON. O THE OLD ST. LOUIS Medical and Surgical Dispensary

This is the oldest Private Medical Dispensar in the city of Portland, the first Medical Dis pensary ever started in this city. Dr. Kessler the old reliable specialist, has been the general manager of this institution for twelve years during which time thousands of eaces have been cured, and no poor men or woman was money. The St. Louis Dispensary has thou-sands of dollars in money and property, and is able financially to make its word good.

The St. Louis Dispensiry has a staff of the best Physicians and Surgeous in the country, all men of experience. A complete se' of Surgical instruments on hand. The best Electric American. Their apparatus for analyzing the urine for kidney and bladder diseases, are per-fect and the very latest. No difference what doctors have treated you, don't be discouraged, but go and have a talk with them. It costs you nothing for consultation, besides you will be treated kindly. Persons are calling at the St Louis Dispensary, every day, who have been treated by some advertising quacks of this city and received no benefit. This old d'spensary i the only one in the city that can give reference among the business men and bankers as to their commercial standing. They positively guarantee to cure any and all Private Discases in every form and stage without loss of time

Rheumatism Cured by an old German remedy. This remedy was sent to Dr. Ressier a few months ago by a friend attending medical college in Berlin. It has never failed, and we guarantee it.

Kidney and Urinary Complaints,
Painful, difficult, too frequent, milky or
bloody urine, unnatural discharges, carefully
treated and permanently cured. Piles, rheumatism and neuralgia treated by our new remedies and cures guaranteed.

READ THIS Take a clean bottle at bedtime and urinate in the bottle, set aside and look at it in the mora-ing, if it is cloudy, or has a cloudy settling in it you have some kidney or bladder disease.

MRDICING furnished free in all Private and Chronic diseases. Consultation free, in private rooms, where you only see the doctors.

TAPE WORMS

(Samples of which can be seen at their office, from 13 to 50 feet long) removed in 24 hours. Heart Disease all forms, cured.

OUT OF TOWN PATIRNTS, write for question blank and free diagnosis of your trenhic enclosing stamps for answer.

CATARRH AND PILES.

We guarantee to cure any case of Catarrh or Piles. Don't be afraid to try because so many remedies have failed. Treated with our own remedies. Address with stamp,

ST. LOUIS DISPENSARY,

heaved, finally rolling over and going to WOM YAMHILL STREET, COR. SECOND. PORTLAND. OREGOE

## Mustang Liniment

for

Burns, Caked & Inflamed Udders. Piles. Rheumatic Pains, Bruises and Strains, Running Sores. Inflammations, Stiff joints, Harness & Saddle Sores,

Sciatica, Lumbago, Scalds, Blisters, Insect Bites. All Cattle Ailments, All Horse Ailments, All Sheep Ailments,

> Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue Quickly to the Very Seat of Pain and Ousts it in a Jiffy.

Rub in Vigorously. Mustang Liniment conquen

### To CONSUMPTIVES

In undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge, a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma. Catarrh. Bronchis and all throat and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address.

Rev. Edward A. Wilson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

It is an indisputable fact that for more than fifty years, children, from the age of three months to ten years, have ocen benented by Steedman's Soothing Powders. These Powders are termed soothing occause they correct, mitigate, and remove, disorders of the system incident to teething.

# Mexican U.R.

E. McNEIL, Receiver.

TO THE

EAST

GIVES THE CHOICE OF

TWO TRANSCONTINENTAL

ROUTES

GREAT UNION

NORTHERN RY. PACIFIC RY. SPOKANE DENVER MINNEAPOLIS **AHAMO** 

KANSAS CITY ST. PAUL

> LOW RATES TO ALL EASTERN CITIES

OCEAN STEAMERS LEAVE PORTLAND EVERY 5 DAYS .....FOR.....

SAN FRANCISCO

For full details call on or address W. H. HURLBURT, Gen'l Pass. Agent, PORTLAND, OR.



Steedman's Soothing Powdera. For Children Cutting their Teeth.

IN USE OVER FIFTY YEARS.