

THE SONG THAT WAS LOST.

There was a poor boy who had deep in his heart a song; He sprang from the soil—he plowed the fields in spring; But he knew the songs of the ancient bards—he studied well and long, And ever he sang to himself the song that God gave him to sing! And he loved the mother who bore him, and as they toiled away He thought of the joy she would have to hear him sing his song some day.

In secret moments of the night his heavenly song he wrote—

Letter by letter, word by word, and, likewise, line by line;

And he sang it unto the beasts of the field; he caught the song bird's note

And held it fast, and in his eyes was the light that is divine—

The song that he had given to sing he poured from his heart, and then He ran to sing it to her whose love surpassed the praise of men.

He sang the song—the song sublime that had burst from the depths of his heart;

She dumbly heard him sing until the last note died away;

"Ah, but," she sadly sighed, "twill bring you nothing in the mart,

For men have little gold to give in trade for songs to-day!"

He gazed into her face and saw but cold, sharp wrinkles there— His song became a sob—he turned, and plowed on in despair.

—Cleveland Leader.

THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

"TWO souls with but a single thought,

Two hearts that beat as one."

Ralph Thorndyke was possessed of a dreamy, poetic nature, far beyond the ordinary. He owned a pretty photographic studio, and his business was congenial to his artistic temperament; there was so much in it to cultivate the love of the beautiful.

He had reached the age of 27, "heart whole and fancy free," or apparently so to his friends. To-day is his birthday, and he is thinking intently of a realistic dream of the night just passed. Just a year ago a vision came to him; a face not beautiful, but strong and earnest and sweet. She appeared to him in a portrait which he seemed to be looking at. The little brown hair was in natural waves over a smooth forehead, and the calm, steadfast eyes were of a deeper hue.

Now, a year later, the same face had again appeared, and Ralph is thinking of the message that came to him. "Patience, one more year, and I will come to you." He finally awoke from his reverie and started for his studio; on the way he picked up a package from the sidewalk. Soon reaching his cozy little office, he opened it, to find two photographs by Sarony in a folding frame; one was a draped figure, the other raised to the forehead, the profile, the other, ah! the same eyes which haunted him.

"The brown hair, with golden highlights, the fair complexion, a wild rose cheek. The photo water color, soon made took his envelop,

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"At one time, she says, "we had a colored butler, who stayed with us for years, and who admired my husband immensely. He thought that Dr. H. was a marvel of manly beauty, as well as the embodiment of all the virtues, domestic, professional, and otherwise. Of course, I quite agreed with the butler on this point, but the fact is I sometimes pined to have him pass his enthusiastic compliments around to the lady, and not bestow them all on the actor. So one morning, when Dr. H. had just left the breakfast-table, and was even then to be seen, an imposing picture, as he stood on the front steps drawing on his gloves, I remarked to James:

"Dr. H. is a handsome man, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am. 'Deed an' he is, a'man' with gratifying enthusiasm.

"Then, hoping to get a rise from him, I added with an absent-minded air, as if I scarcely knew what I said, it was just uttering my utmost thoughts:

"How in the world do you suppose at such a handsome man as Dr. H. happened to marry such a homely man as I am?"

Well, James just stopped short and led his eyes and shook his head as if gave it up. Then he ejaculated:

"Heaven knows, ma'am!" Newark Sun.

When the ladies were about to go he said: "I would like to have you ladies visit my sanctum sanctorum," to which they gave a glad assent.

When they entered the door Marion gave a violent start, for, facing the entrance, was her own figure in life size; under the portal the words, "Looking into the future." She blushed, then turned pale, and her eyes met Ralph's with something like recognition. Mrs. Claremont saw that there was something in the air and retired gracefully from the office with a remark about some errand that must be attended to immediately.

Ralph advanced toward Marion, and taking her hand, said: "I was the fortunate finder of your photos and have had this portrait for my daily companion a year. May I hope in the future to possess the original? We have in reality known each other two years and need not measure time in the conventional way; I feel that I possess your soul's mate. Is it not true?"

Marion gave him a glance full of trust and said, "Even so, my heart is yours." It is needless to add that Marion never went into another trance. What could it be? Did her soul leave its earthly surroundings to seek its mate? She believes that it did, and found it, too.—Boston Post.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Tobacco pipes can be thoroughly cleaned by a new device consisting of a pump to be attached to the bowl of the pipe to draw water in through the stem and forcibly discharge it to dislodge the impurities.

The skin can be quickly removed from potatoes by a new cleaner formed of a tubular net of sharp cords having a number of knots on the inner surface, the tubers being placed in the net and shaken rapidly.

A handy cup for eggs boiled in the shell has slots near the edge for the insertion of a table knife to remove the top of the shell, the cup having a removable lining so as to hold eggs of different sizes.

For use in curling the hair a newly designed instrument has the ends of the tongs flattened, to be heated and press the hair after it has been dampened and wound on curl papers or crimping pins.

An Australian has designed a new diving dress in which steel rings are woven into the cloth or sewed between two thicknesses, for the purpose of resisting the pressure of the water at great depths.

A German inventor has patented a clock for attachment to telephone instruments, which has levers to be set for the number of minutes' conversation desired, the connection with the other instrument being broken when the time expires.

Shoe laces are to be made with a core of hemp or other strong cord inclosed in a loosely woven casing, the core extending into a tongue of coiled wire or soft brass at either end, thus forming a string which will not wear out easily.

JAMES COULDN'T IMAGINE.

A Story that a New York Club Woman Tells About Herself.

Here is a good story which a club woman tells about herself:

"At one time," she says, "we had a colored butler, who stayed with us for years, and who admired my husband immensely. He thought that Dr. H. was a marvel of manly beauty, as well as the embodiment of all the virtues, domestic, professional, and otherwise. Of course, I quite agreed with the butler on this point, but the fact is I sometimes pined to have him pass his enthusiastic compliments around to the lady, and not bestow them all on the actor. So one morning, when Dr. H. had just left the breakfast-table, and was even then to be seen, an imposing picture, as he stood on the front steps drawing on his gloves, I remarked to James:

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Prevention of Consumption.

Sir William Broadbent, who is one of the most eminent authorities on consumption in Great Britain, is prescribing fresh air as the best of preventives, day and night, summer and winter. He says everybody ought to sleep with the window open and the bedroom ought to be as fresh in the morning as when it is entered at night. He believes that if we all slept with open windows the mortality from consumption would be reduced by one-half from his alone.

Lively Days Ahead.

She—I can't understand why none of the neighbors have called on us. We've been here three months now and not a soul has come to welcome us to the neighborhood.

He—Oh, well, never mind. As soon as we find out that I'm a railroad man I can get passes for my friends—they'll not permit you to get lonesome.

An Impression.

"Are those people holding an investigation?" said the tourist.

"Well, they are supposed to be. But me of them behave as if they were going to let go of it!"—Washington Star.

Fools invest first and investigate later.

A LAKE PILOT'S LEG.

How It Solved the Mystery of the Wreck of the Susan E. Peck.

"We are never amazed when vessels go aground and are wrecked on Lake Erie during the gales that are common on that treacherous water; for we expect such things then," said a lake skipper, "but when one is grounded on a clear day and wrecked on a course as clear as the day and in the hands of a pilot, that knows the ground like a book we naturally wonder a little and want to know the why and wherefore. Such was the case of the propeller Susan E. Peck that went aground near Bar Point and was lost with a \$25,000 cargo.

"The captain of the Susan E. had sailed successfully hundreds of times between Point Pelee and Bar Point and in all kinds of weather, and this time he had a wheelman who was known from one end of the lake to the other, one of the most expert navigators in the lake business. He had been lying up a long time for the very good reason that owing to an accident to one of his legs that leg had to be amputated to save his life. The lost member was replaced by an artificial leg and then the pilot was ready to take his post at the wheel again. His first service after his misfortune was the trip of the Susan E. Peck, and he ran her aground.

"The puzzle to everybody was how it was possible for the propeller, handled by a man of such skill and experience, on a straight course only forty miles long and with every sailing condition favorable, to leave her course. The pilot was the most puzzled and astonished person of all. He soon got another vessel, and this one he ran in such an erratic manner that he was compelled to give her up and his usefulness as a pilot was gone. He and others went to investigating to see if they could discover what was wrong with his seamanship. After a while they discovered what they believed was the trouble. In the pilot's artificial leg a great deal of steel had been used in the joints and other places. Sitting close to the binnacle, as he did while steering, this steel deranged the compass so that it threw the wheelman way off his reckoning and led to the wrong piloting that had wrecked the Susan E. Peck and endangered the other vessel that the wheelman navigated subsequently. This was what they argued, and to demonstrate the correctness of the theory the pilot took charge of a vessel without wearing his false leg. Everything worked to a charm. The mystery of the Susan E. Peck was solved and the pilot was restored to his old place in the confidence of Lake Erie skippers and vessel owners."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

A woman who undertook to get on a mixed train at a distance from the station while the train was being made up, without any invitation to get on it at that place, is held, in Jones vs. New York Central & H. R. R. Co. (N. Y.), 41 L. R. A. 490, to have no right of action for injuries sustained by the sudden jolting of the car as she was getting on.

The rule that a drawee bank is bound to know the signature of its depositor is applied in First National Bank of Belmont vs. First National Bank of Barnesville (O.), 41 L. R. A. 584, with the effect of denying the right of a bank which has paid a forged check to obtain repayment from the party to whom it paid the money.

A contract for a rebate on purchases, on condition that the purchaser deals exclusively with the seller for a certain time, is held, in Dennehy & Co. vs. McNulta (C. C. App., 7th C.) 41 L. R. A. 609, to be unenforceable without proof of the performance of the condition, even if that was invalid as tending to a monopoly, since that was the sole consideration, and if that failed the contract failed.

The payee of a check which is stolen from him and put in circulation by forger is held, in Shepard & M. L. Co. vs. Eldridge (Mass.), 41 L. R. A. 617, to be estopped from collecting it with knowledge of the facts he misled the drawer to his prejudice and thereby placed him in a worse position than he would otherwise have been in with reference to the assertion or protection of his rights.

Working Hours Abroad.

A Turkish working-day lasts from sunrise to sunset, with certain intervals for refreshment and rest. In Servia the principle of individual conveniences rules every case. Eleven hours' work is the average day's labor in Belgrade; but brewers' men work from ten to seventeen hours; bricklayers, sixteen; cabinetmakers of Brussels and Ghent often work seventeen hours a day with one-half hour for noon; and in mining districts women are often kept at truck loading and similar heavy labor for fourteen hours. The normal working-day throughout Saxony is thirteen hours. In Baden the medium duration of day labor is from ten to twelve hours, but in some cases it often exceeds this, sometimes rising to seventeen hours in some trades. In many Baden factories Sunday work is the rule.

She Dislikes Formalities.

A good story is told of the Princess Maud of Wales. After a long season of attending the inauguration of wings of hospitals, homes, exhibitions, bazaars, etc., she is reported to have said to her father and mother: "What a blessing it must have been to have been born a princess in the days when they had nothing to open and shut," a sentiment with which the Prince and Princess of Wales no doubt in their honest hearts agreed.

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