

IN THE STREET WHERE I LIVE.
In the street where I live, at the end of the town,
There is never a rattle of wheels up and down,
But the lullaby music of rustling leaves
And the chirrup of small birds in the eaves,
While the apples that hang in the trees o'er the lawn
Are as red as the sun when he leers through the dawn.
And the sunshine is filtering ever between
Old nature's own blending of orange and green,
For the leaves in the clear autumn time are as gay
As the dress of the little miss over the way
When she trips, with that charm that demure-ness can give,
To the little gray church in the street where I live.
There are eyes gray and tender and eyes blue
And sweet
That look through the windows that face on my street,
And a pleasure there is, when the hours grow late,
In watching the lovers who hang o'er the gate
And whisper such nothings as lovers will give,
In the shadows that fall in the street where I live.
In the street where I live—ah, 'tis many long years
Since I lived there in truth, and 'tis only
Through tears
I can see the old place. For the street it has grown,
Till the highway is paved, and the houses are stone,
And 'tis only in dreams, when the stars glimmer down,
That I live in the street at the end of the town.
—Charles Gordon Rogers.

A DROPPED LETTER.

David Elliott was what is called a good boy. He thought it was wrong to crib and would not for anything have opened his Homer during "Rep," though if the fellow next him happened to have a loose leaf on his knee that was another matter, of course, and he saw no harm in taking a glance at that just before getting on his legs. He had a hatred of bullying—especially when he first went to school—and was always most kind to the small boys. Everybody knows that a certain amount of discipline is good for them, and that if they become arrogant the truest kindness is to show them their real position in society, and this David always did by a moderate and judicious use of the middle stump. He was never cruel to dumb animals.

Cats, by the way, are not dumb animals, as everybody who has ever broken a cat's leg with a stone well knows; indeed they are really beasts of prey, so that chivying them is nothing but tiger hunting on a small scale. Above all, he never told lies. He was always strictly accurate in his statements, and if people sometimes carried away a wrong impression after asking him a question it was always because they had not put it properly.

In the midsummer vacation, when David was 14, he went to spend a week or two at Ingleby manor, where his uncle, Sir Walter Elliott, lived. He was much better off than David's father, who was the youngest son and a clergyman, and from whom David had learned his love of truth.

Now Ingleby manor was a very nice place for a boy to spend his summer holidays in. It stood in a large park with a lake in it, in which there were quite a number of fish. A punt was moored in one corner of the lake, and a stream ran out of it in which there were delightful little pools for bathing and plenty of water rats that were always ready for a romp with the terriers. In the house were a billiard table, with a whole set of pool balls, and a room full of guns. In the stables there were six or seven horses, and a number of dogs lived in different parts of the place. There were also a skittle alley and a large hit garden. In fact, it was a perfect paradise, and like every other paradise it contained an Eve—and a serpent—both cousins of David. The Eve was named Lucia. She was a year younger than David, but she always showed promise of growing into—what she now is—the handsomest woman in the county. She was an orphan and spent a good deal of her time with her uncle, who was very fond of her, as indeed was everybody else.

David fell in love with her at once, and the more he loved her the more he disliked his other cousin Hughie. He also despised him and considered him a scung, which is a rude word and one not to be used to anybody who is big enough to punch the head of the boy using it. Indeed, though Hugh was not altogether a gentleman; still less was he altogether a cad. He was a very handsome boy and gentlemanlike enough in some things, but he was not dressed quite like the boys at David's school, and he did not know how to treat servants. Worse than all, he dropped his h's—not always, but only if he got excited about anything.

David will never forget the look that came on his uncle's face when, as they were watching a county match one afternoon, Hugh cried out, "Well 'it, sir; well 'it indeed!" He turned quiet, pale and said, very quietly, "Come, boys, I think we've seen enough of this," and they had to leave the ground, although the second inning was only just beginning. But, in spite of this, Lucia liked Hughie much better than she did David. When she climbed a tree, it was always to him that she called to help her down, and when they played cricket she never cared how far she had to run after the ball if Hughie had hit it. Once—it was a very hot afternoon, and David couldn't get Hughie out—he called out for fun, "Well 'it, sir, indeed!" Hughie only laughed, but she turned as red as a turkey cock and walked off into the house, leaving David to field as well as bowl. She and Hughie used to go off for long walks together, leaving David to lounge about by himself and wish that his uncle would send Hughie back to his mother, little knowing that the time was close at hand when he would be very near to being sent home in disgrace himself.

Now, the uncle of these boys was a man who thought a great deal about eating and drinking. Indeed he

thought of little else, for he was too lazy to walk and too fat to care about riding and never opened a book by any chance. One reason that he liked David better than Hugh—which at that time he certainly did—was that Hughie had an immense, healthy appetite, which led him to devour anything he could get, without much caring what it was, so long as there was plenty of it, whereas David was much more particular, and generally took only what he had seen his uncle take, knowing that that was pretty certain to be the best.

It happened about this time that a friend of Sir Walter who was in the embassy at St. Petersburg sent him a jar of some very special Russian delicacy which cannot be got in England, even if an Englishman could be found clever enough to pronounce its name. It was a sort of caviare. It looked like black jam and tasted like a mixture of sea water and vinegar, but he was charmed with his present, and as the jar was a small one, and he had been warned to keep it out of a draft, or away from the light, or some such thing, he would not trust the servants with it, but kept it in a special place in the dining room. He did not offer any of it to his young guests, and this made Lucia very anxious to taste it, for she was a greedy little thing and ate almost as much fruit as Hughie himself.

One morning when David was passing the window he peeped in and saw Miss Lucia, with the jar in one hand and a spoon in the other, eating this horrible mess as if it really had been jam. He watched her for a minute or two, and then went suddenly into the room. She screamed and dropped the jar on the ground, where it was smashed. Then she began to cry and said it was all his fault for startling her and implored him not to tell anybody. To show how fond he was of her David promised not to say anything about it, and she ran away, leaving him to pick up the pieces and scrape up as much of the caviare as he could, which wasn't much. She did not make her appearance at luncheon. She sent down to say that she did not feel very well, which, between a guilty conscience and too much caviare, is quite likely to have been very true. Sir Walter looked for his precious jar, and not seeing it told the butler to put it on the table.

"If you please, Sir Walter," the man said, looking shyly at David, "there's none of it left; it's all gone."
Sir Walter only said, "Oh, indeed," but he looked as if he meant to say a good deal more at some other time. Later in the afternoon he sent for David and told him that the servants denied having touched his caviare, and that as he had been seen in the dining room that morning he concluded that he had eaten it. He was sorry that David should have allowed other people to run the risk of bearing unjust blame. He didn't mind the loss particularly, but was sorry that David had been so reticent.

David glanced past his uncle's sad face to where his little playmate sat on a window ledge, a solemn look on her childish face.
Then David had an idea. "I did not take it, uncle," he said.
"Who did?"
"It was 'Ugh," said David, still looking at the girl. What he said to himself that he said was, "It was you." If misunderstood, was it his fault?
"No, doubt, no doubt," muttered the kindly old gentleman, with a troubled look, "but—but—I'd rather you hadn't told."
And all Hugh's astonished denials did not save him from punishment.

A dozen years and more have passed over Ingleby manor and those whom it sheltered during those summer holidays. Sir Walter Elliott is still alive, but he is getting very old, and it seems as if he had not many more years to live. Lucia is now a spoiled beauty, who rules the manor and everybody in it. David a hard working curate, and Hugh has passed into and out of Sandhurst and is now a lieutenant in the Q. D. G. (Irish Chestnuts). Only the house is unchanged amid all the changes, and as David stands, after dinner, on the terrace that runs outside the long drawing room and watches in the clear summer sky,

Sur le clocher Jauni,
La lune
Comme un point sur un i,
his mind flies back to that forgotten summer when he first saw the place. What a happy time it was—after Hugh had left—and what a pretty child Lucia was! Even then he was in love with her, and now—now that she was in the full bloom of her beauty—what more can he say than that he is in love with her still? He has been in the house a week, and he hardly dares put the question to himself. And yet his visit ends tomorrow. Can he go back to his dingy parish, leaving it still unasked and unanswered? Suddenly a white shimmering cloud, in the midst of which a spark burns brightly, appears round the corner of the house and moves toward him with a frown of silk. The next minute Lucia is standing before him, a filmy lace shawl over her dark hair, a cigarette between her red lips and a saucy smile in her eyes.

"May I offer you one?" she asks demurely. "There are no bishops about," and she holds out a silver case with her monogram enameled in red on the side. He takes a cigarette with a smile and lights it from her awkwardly, for he is no smoker, and is wondering what his next would say if he could see him at that moment. Lucia laughs at him softly, springs on the balustrade that runs along the terrace and sits perched, swinging her buff colored slippers like a schoolboy and blowing tiny perturbed clouds into the midsummer night air. The diamond buckles on her instep twinkle in the moonlight and then disappear under billowy lace that peeps out under her frock.
"There; now I'm quite happy," she

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't take that tone, there's a good fellow," said the dragon good humoredly. "You see, Lucia's so d—n—I mean so awfully fond of chess; she'll get herself into a dence of a mess some of these days, as she is never so happy as when she's making a fool of some one, just as she's been doing to you. And you must have been going very badly about what's in that letter, but she seems to think better of it now, and she sent for me and gave me my orders to tell you she was only chaffing you."
David had sunk into a chair and was now quite pale and trembling.
"She told me she'd refused Sir Charles Scudamore because she loved me," he groaned, "and that if she ever married anybody it would be me and nobody else."
The dragon shook his head and looked grave. "Too bad," he said sympathetically. "She really shouldn't, you know. It really isn't fair to a fellow."
David jumped up from his chair in a passion. "And she sent you here to tell me this," he cried angrily. "I don't believe it. No girl could be so heartless."
"It's true enough," said Hugh. "Seems odd, doesn't it? but she's a queer girl. We've been engaged for three months, and it'll come off as soon as I get my troop. It's a very good arrangement, because I'm to have the manor, you know."
David smiled—unpleasantly. "Are you sure of that?" he asked.
"Why, yes—certain, unless my uncle should change his mind."
"Then, I suppose," said David bitterly, "that it was only in pursuance of her peculiar vein of humor that Lucia told me that he'd left the manor to me."
The dragon pulled his mustache and looked uncomfortable.
"Oh, come, I say!" he said. "A joke's a joke, but that's going a little too far. Aren't you mistaken about that? What did she say?"
"She said," replied David slowly, "Don't you know? Uncle Walter's left it to you?"
The dragon considered deeply for a few minutes; then a smile broke out on his sunburnt face and he laughed heartily. "What a wicked little thing it is!" he said admiringly. "I see now what she meant by saying I was to ask you if you remembered that she told you she'd dropped a letter outside the house."
"Yes," David said drearily, "I remember. What has that to do with it?"
"My good fellow, don't you see? The letter she dropped was an H. She meant to say that he'd left it to Hugh—that is me."—Exchange.

The Rev. Joseph Haven, who preaches in Rochester, N. H., during the last quarter of the last century, has been always remembered for his genial spirit and his inexhaustible humor. One story told of him has many parallels, but it is quite as likely to be true in his case as in any.
The boy had been guilty of some grave offense, and yet would not confess it.
"I can tell you who did it," said the parson, and accordingly he called together all the boys suspected and explained to them that he had confined a rooster under a kettle in a darkened room. One after another they must pass in and touch the kettle. When the guilty boy touched it, he might expect to hear the rooster crow.
The lads filed in and out again and were made to display their fingers. All but those of one lad were sooty. He, the guilty one, had not ventured to touch the telltale kettle.—Youth's Companion.

Sensible Treatment of Corns.
Light shoes, short shoes and clumsy shoes produce corns by compressing, cramping and rubbing against the joints. A great many of these pedal blemishes are hereditary. In any case it is a good plan to suppress them. Every medicine merchant has a variety of "cures," and nearly all give temporary relief. A poultice made of vinegar soaked bread crumbs will cure a little corn in one night. It is not advisable to let a corn grow. Either rub down the formation with pumice stone or remove it with a knife. A little opposition will discourage it, provided sensible shoes are worn. In pedicuring, as in manicuring, the feet should be soaked in hot water and as much of the waste material brushed and rubbed off as possible.—New York West.

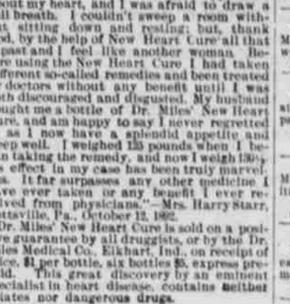
Saved Her Life.
Mrs. C. J. Woolbrines, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I remembered that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Prompt to act, sure to cure



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How it Happened.
The following remarkable event in a lady's life will interest the reader: "For a long time I had a terrible pain at my heart, which flattered almost incessantly. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I was compelled to sit up in bed and belch gas from my stomach until I thought every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about my heart, and I was afraid to draw a full breath. I couldn't sweep a room without sitting down and resting; but, thank God, by the help of New Heart Cure all that is past and I feel like another woman. Before using the New Heart Cure I had taken different so-called remedies and been treated by doctors without any benefit until I was both discouraged and disgusted. My husband bought me a bottle of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and am happy to say I never regretted it, as I now have a splendid appetite and sleep well. I weighed 135 pounds when I began taking the remedy, and now I weigh 100 lbs. The effect in my case has been truly marvelous. It far surpasses any other medicine I have ever taken or any benefit I ever received from physicians."—Mrs. Harry Starr, Fort Dodge, Pa., October 12, 1902.
Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee by all druggists, or by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, 50¢ per bottle, six bottles \$3.00, express prepaid. This great discovery by an eminent specialist in heart disease, contains neither opiates nor dangerous drugs.

For sale by Charman & Co.



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OREGON LODGE, No. 3, I. O. O. F.
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MOLALLA GRANGE, NO. 48, P. of H.
Meets at their hall at Wright's Bridge on the second Saturday of each month at 10 a. m. Fellow members made welcome.
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