HIS CHECK WAS GOOD

THE STORY OF A RAGGED MAN AND A GOTHAM HOTEL CLERK.

An Amostag Incident Which Demonstrates Anow That It Is Not Always Wise to Judge a Han by the Cut of His Coat or the Fit of His Trousers.

Dave Gelvin—it is pronounced Gal-ein—of Maitland, Mo., is one of the mattle barons of northwest Missouri, a section of country which has a large number of cattle barons. As a hustler and a pusher Dave has few equals and no superiors, and what he does not know sbout cattle would not be worth finding

Dave is always so busy looking after his cattle interests that he seldom has time to "dress up" in his company cinthes, and at first eight a stranger would take him for an innocent granger, eager to buy a gold brick or likely to blow out the gas.

Several years ago Dave shipped a lot of export cattle from Maithand and went as far as New York with them. When he arrived in New York, he looked like the ragged end of poverty, but he was too busy to secure a change of clothing. He had some business to transact and intended taking a train for home the next morning. Dave is a lover of the good things of life, so he inquired his way to the Hoffman House and affixed his name to the register. The clerk looked at him for a moment and asked if he wanted a room.

"Yes, and a good one," replied Dave. "Any baggage?"

"Our rates are \$10 a day, and we require cash in advance from unknown parties," said the clerk.

"Oh, darn your rates; give me the room. I want to wash," said Dave. "All right. Ten dollars, please." Dave run his hand in his pocket, but all he could fish up was \$2.71. This sum was made up by a silver dollar, two silver half dollars, two quarters, a

20 cent piece and a penny.
"Oh, I'll pay you in the morning." eaid Dave, turning to go to the elevator. But the clerk knew a thing or two. He was not to be caught that way-not

"There is no deviation from our rules, sir," the clerk said politely but firmly. "You must pay in advance." 'Then I'll give you a check," said Gelvin, who was rapidly becoming an-

He stepped back to the desk, filled out a check for \$500 and handed it to the clerk. But the clerk was not a greenborn. He was a New Yorker, he was. He would not accept the check un-

By this time Dave was mad. He said a few words in Latin, or in a language that sounded like it was of a foreign

"Confound your rules, you blasted chump! I could buy and sell you ten times over, you pigheaded, pimply faced times over, you pigheaded, pimply faced died a comparatively poor man at the dude. If you don't think that check is Fifth Avenue hotel in New York July good, send it over to the Chemical Na-

The clerk called a messenger boy and dispatched him to the Chemical National, with a note asking if a check of \$500 signed by David Gelvin of Maitland,

Mo., was good. The clerk knew it was not, but Dave was fighting mad, and the clerk realized that if he did not make a seeming effort to ascertain the worth of the check he would get into trouble. While the messenger was absent Dave walked the floor of the magnificent office and talked to himself.

In due time the messenger returned with an answer. It read, "Mr. Gelvin's check worth \$500 is perfectly good."

The clerk at once became obsequious. There was nothing too good for Mr. Gelvin of Missouri.

"Well, give me back the check,"

said Dave. "Till go over to the bank and oash it myself. The check was handed to the ivate

man, and he marched out and never returned. The clerk was evidently filled with curiosity about the Missourian, for he cent a letter to Charley Donovan, cashier of the Maitland bank, asking if Gelvin's check for \$1,000 was good. Charley wrote back that Gelvin's check for \$1,000 was perfectly good; that it are apt to forget that there is a wide was good for \$10,000, for five times that, and then be would have a balance in the bank. "You dod blanked fool," wrote Donovan, "if Gelvin takes a notion to buy your third rate bashery and offers a check for it, take it quick. It's as good as the gold.'

Dave declares that the ambition of his life is to go back to New York some time and dazzle the eyes of that hotel clerk. He insists that when the time comes he is going to dress like a king, hire a corps of footmen, a dozen valets, carry 37 trunks, travel in a special car and go down to New York and throw that hotel clerk into fits.

This will explain why Gelvin is such a tireless worker. He has enough to live on in luxury and care all the rest of his life, but he has not yet accumulated enough to make that New York trip in what he considers the proper style. Until he does he will work harder than any hired man on his place .-Omaha World-Herald.

What He Would Be.

"I regret to say, " she said reprovingly, "that you do not always use words with a due regard for their exact mean-

He bowed with becoming humility. "Now, if Fido had bitten you," she went on, caressing the dog, "you would doubtless be angry, and be might be

He shook his head.

"No," he replied with much feeling, for he had no great love for the dog, "he would not be mad; he would be dead." -Chicago Post.

Somewhat True.

To err is human, and to stick to it is still more so. - Chicago News.

VULCANIZED RUBBER.

How Charles Goodyear Made the Original

It is a latterly cold night about the year 1840. Around the cracked, unpol-ished kitchen stove of one of Boston's humblest homes are huddled a man, his wife and family. The surroundings are of the plainest possible. Of furniture of the plainest possible. Of furniture there is scarcely a piece that would bring anything at a pawnshop, but of evidence of squalor and want there is abundance. Part of the two remaining chairs has just been broken up to keep the fire from dying out, and as the flames crackle with renewed life the man picks from the floor a dark looking analysis and the state of the substance and gazes at it with a longing that is pathetic. He holds it up and studies it with many a sigh that cuts the heart of his faithful wife and his loyal children. In changing this sub-stance from one hand to the other it drops upon the hot stove. There is a sudden filling of the room with a pungent, offensive odor before the man, with a startled cry, can snatch the now half scorched substance from the stove. But there is a marked change on the man's face as he examines the burned spots. He feels the substance with a new and intense interest. Is he near the end of years of labor, suffering and disappointment? Thanks to the cold outside, it will not take long to decide. The burned substance is hung cutside the door. In an hour the cold has not affected it. In two hours it still retains the properties most desired. In the morning no change has taken place. A great discovery is complete. Charles Goodyear has found the process of making vulcanized rubber. Here, then, was Goodyear, after years

of varying hopes and unvarying ill fortune, in possession of a secret that was destined to place his name in the highest niche of fame. But this knowledge did not bring him immediate fortunein fact, this he never secured. He had lost the confidence of all who had helped bim, and for two years his sufferings surpassed even those of the years of ex-perimenting. At this time he moved to New York, and it was said of bim, "If you meet a man who has on an india rubber cost, cap, stock, vest and shoes, with an india rubber purse, without a cent in it, that is Goodyear." He had to pawn all his furniture for food, and he pledged an umbrella with Vanderbilt to secure a few ferry tickets to the city. At last enough money was secured to put his invention on the market, and Goodyear's process very soon made the manufacture of rubber goods one of the principal industries of the world. But although others made immense fortunes out of vulcanized rubber the inventor got little share of it. He went to England and France exhibiting bis products. He was awarded the great council medal at the exhibition of all nations at London in 1851, the grand medal of honor to the world's exhibition at Paris in 1885, and was presented with the cross of the Legion of Honor by Napoleon III. Yet with all these bonors be

A LESSON IN BOILING.

This Trivial Process.

1, 1860.—Chicago Post.

For Girls" in The Woman's Home Companion:

"For all green vegetables use soft water, salted and freshly boiling. Cook rapidly until soft. The time will depend upon the age or the freshness of the veg-

"With green peas, shelled beans, green corn, asparagus, celery and spinach use as little water as possible, and let it boil away, leaving just enough to moisten, and thus save all the desirable soluble matter that may have been drawn out. Cook cabbage and cauliflower uncovered, in a large kettle of rapidly boiling water, salted and with a saltspoonful of soda in it; onions, scald and change the water twice. All others cook m water enough to cover, and drain it off after cooking. Green summer squash, cabbage and other watery vegetables should be pressed in a cloth or strainer and well drained.

"Many people who attempt to cook distinction between 'boiled water' and boiling water, and that the freshness is lost by long boiling, so that the sooner water is used after it has reached the boiling point the more satisfactory the cooking will be. If water stands after boiling, it loses its vitality and cannot be used with good results. That is why tea and coffee are so frequently flat and lifeless, without sparkle or flavor; not because the leaves and berries are not good, but because they are improperly made with 'boiled water' instead of freshly 'boiling water.' "

The Glamour of Art.

Do you think that Greek art ever tells us what the Greek people were like? Do you believe that the Athenian women were like the stately, dignified figures of the Parthenon frieze or like those marvelous goddesses who sat in the triangular pediments of the same building? If you judge from the art, they certainly were so. But read an authority like Aristophanes, for instance. You will find that the Athenian ladies laced tightly, wore high heeled shoes, dyed their hair yellow, painted and rouged their faces and were exactly like any silly, fashionable or fallen creature of our own day. The fact is that we look back on the ages entirely through the medium of art, and art, very fortunately, has never once told us the truth. -Boston Journal.

Gold was known much earlier than silver, and was at first the cheaper of the two metals, but the price of silver was lowered by the discovery of silver mines in Cilicia, Spain, and Laurium.

According to the registrar general's latest blue book, Scotland still contains many more women than men.

THE MONITOR.

Ericason's Historic Ironaled and Its Trip

The Monitor had been formally com missioned on Feb. 25, 1862, under command of Liegtenant John L. Worden, U. S. N. Twelve officers and 45 enlist-U. S. N. Twelve officers and 45 entisted nen comprised her personnel. Chief Engineer A. C. Stimers, the superintendent of construction, went to sea in the vessel to observe her performance and give the officers the benefit of his knowledge. He was, as stated by Colonel W. C. Church in his "Life of John Internal Property of the Prope Ericsson," "the only man on board who thoroughly understood the characteristion of the vessel." . The voyage to Hampton Roads was sventful, and almost ended the career

of the Monitor, and with it the fate of trouclads for an indefinite time. Rough weather was encountered, and water broke over the smoke and blower trunks. nearly putting out the fires and stopping the pumps from lack of steam for four or five hours on one occasion. Loss by foundering was imminent at this time, because of the great quantity of water that got into the vessel under the base of the turret and through the hawse pipes. The blowers stopped because the belts got wet and the engine and firerooms filled with noxious gas from the fires and had to be abundoned. In trying to remedy this trouble the chief en-gineer, Mr. Newton, and his assistants were overcome by the gas and were car-ried to the top of the turret, where they revived, though they were thought dead when dragged out of the engine room. Trouble and danger also resulted from the wheel ropes jumping off the steer-ing wheel and becoming jammed.

After two days of toil and peril the Monitor escaped from the dangers of the sea into the presence of a new enemy. Late in the afternoon of March 8 she passed in at the capes of Chesaponke, and from the sound of shotted guns knew that her time for action had come thus early in her career. The Merrimac was abroad that very afternoon, and wreck and destruction fouled her wake. A rude improvised ironclad herself, she marked a new era in naval warfare, and before her lay a large fleet of supposedly formidable ships of war as helpless as a flock of sheep assailed by a wolf.

Night fell before the Monitor came up to the seemingly doomed Union fleet in Hampton Roads. The Merrimac had glutted her thirst for blood for the day and was at anchor and at rest, but in her silence in presence of the ships that she meant to attack in the morning she stood for all that men understand by the dominion of the seas. Lighted by the burning wreck of the frigate Congress, the Monitor moved up toward Newport News and anchored near the stranded Minnesota, upon which vessel, it was certain, the first blow of the morrow would fall.

From either a historical or a theatrical point of view the stage settings were now complete. With the night the curtain had fallen upon the last of a long series of glorious deeds, performed under an order of seamanship or sea tactics that had already long passed its meridian, but which for romance and chivalry excelled any that had preceded it, and, it must be admitted, excelled that which was now to rudely supplant rely on it. A new type new type of warship were about to ap-Sallie Joy White lays down these pear upon the waters. The engineer's valuable rules for boiling in "Cookery machine of John Ericsson was to face the fabric that represented the engineering ingenuity of the American south, and the result of the encounter would inflict fright upon the romance of the sea and transform the masted navies of the world into useless relics in a day .-F. M. Bennet, U. S. N., in Cassier's Magazine.

The Cake Walk Is French.

The cake walk properly had its origin among the French negroes of Louisiana more than a century ago. There is little doubt that it is an offshoot of some of the old French country dances. It represents several of them in form. From New Orleans it spread over the entire south and thence north. It was found of convenience to the plantation negroes. They were not wedded by license, and it was seldom that the services of a preacher were called in.

At a cake walk a man might legitimately show his preference for a woman and thus publicly claim her for a wife. In effect the cake walk was not different from the old Scotch marriage, which required only public acknowledgment from the contracting parties. So this festival became in some sense a wooing, an acceptance or rejection and a ceremony. This explains its popularity with the blacks outside of its beauties, with the accompaniment of music, which is competent at all times to com-

mand negro support. Cake walking has improved, as do most things that are constantly practiced. It has lost its old significance in the south. Negroes now get married, when they marry at all, in the white folks' fashion. It has, moreover, become a pantomime dance. Properly performed, it is a beautiful one. The cake is not much of a prize, though the negro has a sweet tooth.-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Making Sandwiches.

Ninety-nine women in a hundred making sandwiches for company expected in the evening, and wanting them crustless, will cut the crust off after slicing the bread. Take a whole loaf of bread, cut the sides and top crust off, leaving the bottom crust on. Then, having squared off one end, spread on your deviled ham, sardine paste or the bottom crust. Release the slice by running your knife down just inside the bottom crust. Then neither the bread nor your temper is crumpled.— New York Tribune.

Of Another Sort. Flo-Do you love me, sweet?

Will-Dearly. Flo-Would you die for me? undying love.—Philadelpiha Call. | send for sample pages.

THE YUKON MOSQUITO.

Drives Moose and, Carillon to the Snow

Not only do the Yakon mosquitoss attack men and overwhelm them, but they drive the moose, deer and caribou up the mountains to the snow line. where these animals would prefer not to be in terry time. They kill dogs, and even the big brown bear, that is often miscailed a grizzly, has succumb-ed to them. Bears come down to the river from the hillside in the early fall to get some of the salmon that are often thrown upon the banks when the "run" is heavy

is heavy.

If bruin rums foul of a swarm of mosquitoes and has not his wits about him his day has come. The insects will alight all over him. His for protects his body, but his eyes, ears and nose will soon be swollen up and bleeding, and unless he gets into a river or a strong wind he will be driven mad and blind, to wander about hopelessly until

he starves to death.

Although the Alaska summer is short, two broods of mosquitoes hatch out each year, and are ready for business from one to ten seconds after they lesve the water. It rains a good deal along the Yukon, and rain is welcomed, for it drives the mosquitoes to cover. They hide under leaves and branches until the shower is over; then they come out boiling with rage at the time they have been forced to spend in idleness, and the miner has a harder time than ever after his respite.

Mosquitoes and snowflakes are not contemporaries in the States, but in Alaska it is different. Snow does not bother them so much as rain, and an early snow may fall while they are still on the wing. Fog does not choke them either. They appear to like it. They float about in it as in ambush and take the unwary prospector by surprise .-Denver Times.

The Effect of a Cold.

A correspondent writes: Away in the southwest of Scotland somewhere there lives, moves and has her being a little girl named Mona MacBean. On the first day of March Mona was late in arriving at school and detailed off to write her name 50 times. When the task was completed and presented to the teacher. the latter was horrified to find the name written, page after page, "Boda Bak-bade." "You naughty girl, that's not the way to spell your name. Spell it properly." The reply was an astounder. 'Please, bab, I've dot a cold, add I cad odly say Boda Bakbade." That girl will live to be a Pitmanite.-Glasgow

Old Enough For Something. "Mummy, let me bave some water to

chwisten my dolly wiv?" "No, darling, it's wrong to make fun

of holy things."

"Well, let me vaccinate her. I'm sure she's old enough to have somefing done to her!"—Punch.

Sa: dwich men in the streets of London are required to walk near the curbstone, but not on the pavement, and not less than 80 yards must separate each sandwich man from his nearest placarded comrade. In case of the sandwich man not fulfilling these rules, he may

No deception practiced. No \$100 Reward.

ASK YOUR DRUCCIST 10 CENT TRIAL SIZE.



Library of the World's Best Literature.

Prepared under the personal direction

of Charles Dudley Warner. With the assistance of HAMILTN WRIGHT MABLE, and a large corps of

famous authors and educators. The choicest thoughts and literary gems of all ages and all nations.

The Library is to consist of 30 royal octavo volumes of about 600 pages each, printed in large, clear type, on fine paper, substantially and richly bound in modern library style. The first volumes whatever and cut a thin slice back to are now ready and the others will follow rapidly. Each volume will be lavishly illustrated with full-page and vignette portraits of authors.

Advance orders on special introductory terms, which prevail during period of publication only received through HARPERS WEEKLY CLUB, 14 Market street, San Franisco, Cal., or 209 Will-No, my precious girl. Mine is Stark street, Portland, Oregon. Call or

DO YOU NEED ANY

attack men and overwhelm them, but they drive the moose, deer and caribou up the mountains to the snow line. Where these animals would prefer not be snow line. OR OTHER BUILDING MATERIAL?

--: GO TO :--

H. BESTOW & CO.

Low Prices. First-class Goods. Corner 11th and Main Streets, Oregon City, Oregon.

* THE FIRST OF THE YEAR **

Will be a desirable time to enter the



New classes will be commenced after the holiday vacation. For catalogue, address

W. I. STALEY, Salem, Oregon."

The Marketing Point

OF CLACKAMAS COUNTY

The factory towns of the East are noted for affording the best market to the neighboring farmers and gardeners in proportion to the population of any of the towns in that section. The reason for this is that the people of these towns have a fixed income upon which they can always depend, and, as a consequence, they are liberal buyers, paying cash for all their purchases.

As the Great Manufacturing Center of the Pacific Coast

OREGON CITY.

Is Coming to be One of the Best Marketing Towns in the State

This is proven every day by the number of farmers, who are to be seen on its streets selling their produce, who, until just the last few years, sought the markets of other towns. The system of macadamized roads that is being built into all parts of Clackamas county, will enable all the people of this county to share in the profitable market that Oregon City affords. If, as it is sure to do, the demands of Oregon City increase in the next five years as it has in the past five years, this city will rank next to Portland as a market place for

THE PRODUCE

of the Farmer

Get our Prices on Job Printing.