

THE LAST.

Ah, not the first love dearest, but the last! (No! Who can tell?)
Tides of youth, dear heart, run fast, run fast.
The buds upon the young tree shoot and swell
Reckless of frosts. Well! Well!
Why should we dwell on follies that are past?

TO BEGINNERS IN FICTION.

Good Advice For Those Who Attempt to Write Books.

Read up on United States history—you will get some useful information anyway—and see what you can do with that. Don't take your scene from France or Italy, where you have never been.

Whatever you do take pains with it. Try at least to write good English. Learn to criticize and correct your work.

A Spin on an Ice Yacht.

The wind is strong and steady, and the boat glides faster and faster. Sharp exclamations of pleasure testify that the passengers are enjoying it.

A Greedy Little Fish.

The little fish known as miller's thumb—the fresh water sculpin—is one of the natural checks on the overproduction of trout and salmon.

A Novel Plan.

When Lawson Tait, the English surgeon, and his wife were driving through the city of Montreal one hot summer morning, Mrs. Tait, observing large blocks of ice standing opposite each door, remarked, "See what a novel plan they have of keeping the air nice and cool by exposing small icebergs opposite each door."

A Ratless Town.

The city of Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, was founded 300 years ago by Juan de Onate, and there has never been a rat, mouse or cat within its corporate limits.

Champagne owes its quality to the soil, a mixture of chalk, silica, light clay and oxide of iron, and to the great care and delicate manipulation in manufacture.

After the conquests of Mexico and Peru emeralds were so abundant that one Spanish nobleman took home three bushels of them.

In Holland the average product for cows is 80 pounds of butter and 180 pounds of cheese per annum.

THE DEACON'S PIETY. NO VITAL SPOT NOW.

IT WAS EQUAL TO ALL OCCASIONS AND LASTED OVER EIGHTY YEARS.

Suspended Religious Services Indefinitely to Nurse the Victims of a Smallpox Epidemic—An Example in This as He Was in Devotion to the Flag.

Deacon William Trowbridge was a small farmer living near Sheboygan Falls. He went there over 50 years ago. Besides tilling a little patch of ground the deacon, who was indeed the very soul of honor and ever had the respect and confidence of all in that community, was in the habit, before regular preachers were sent there, of reading a sermon or exhorting. There was no shame about Deacon Trowbridge's piety. He was sincerity itself.

Fifty years ago the little village was visited by a smallpox epidemic—an old fashioned, widespread and spreading epidemic—and they didn't know how to catch it as well as they do now.

The first Sunday after the dreaded disease made its appearance the deacon's congregation was quite large. At the end of the services he made an announcement in about these words:

"These services will be postponed until after the smallpox disappears from the community. From this on I shall give my services to the stricken families. I shall minister to their wants, help to nurse them, and when they die follow them to the grave. It may be a long term or it may be a short term, but, however long or however short, it is my plain duty to help my distressed neighbors."

The word was well suited to the action which followed. The good old deacon hurried to his home, changed his clothes, bade his family goodby and at once began his work of mercy. What a work it was! The epidemic lasted nearly all winter. Large numbers died. Few in the village escaped the disease. The deacon's example was followed by others. Men went to their homes, told their wives and children what the deacon had said and was doing, arranged their business, provided fuel and provisions, kissed their dear ones and went to the aid of the unfortunate. Like the deacon they went without reward or hope of reward. Like him they spent weeks and some of them months in that service without daring to go home lest their dear ones catch the disease.

The strangest of all this strange experience is the fact that neither the deacon, the good souls who imitated his example nor their families were overtaken by the malady, notwithstanding the fact that the watchers, helpers and nurses were almost constantly in the presence of the suffering patients and notwithstanding the fact that they laid out and helped to bury the dead.

Nearly half of the deacon's congregation had disappeared when, the next spring, he resumed services in the schoolhouse. It was a sorrowful Sunday. Those in the audience who had not lost members of their family had lost neighbors and dear friends. When the good old Christian had read a chapter, prayed and talked a practical sermon, he referred feelingly to the scenes through which the community had passed. I think every man, woman and child in the room, including the deacon, wept. At the close of the talk he asked all present to join him on their knees in asking that the community might escape such visitations for all time to come. It was a most earnest appeal. I believe that that prayer has been answered. There may have been a few cases of smallpox there since then, but there has never been an epidemic.

The Sunday after Sumter was fired upon, and while Deacon Trowbridge was conducting services in the Baptist church, the denomination to which he belonged for over 80 years, he and his congregation were disturbed by a great commotion in the street right in front of the church. There were beating of drums and sounds of life much out of tune. It was so uncommon a thing that most of the congregation walked or ran out of the church. Finally the deacon closed the Bible and slowly followed his fleeing flock. When outside, he asked the cause of "this unseemly disturbance on the Lord's day." Some one told him that the president had called for soldiers to uphold the honor and the flag of the nation and that they were going to raise a company right then and there.

The old deacon's eyes flashed as he walked out into the street, where a young fellow was irregularly pounding a bass drum, and said: "Nathan, I know it is Sunday and that all but the Lord's work should be abandoned, but the saving of our country and the shielding of its flag from dishonor is the Lord's work. Give me that drum."

And that model of piety strapped on the big drum and went to pounding, greatly outdoing Nathan in two respects—he made more noise and kept perfect time. He drummed as no one before had never drummed in the little village. As if it had gone on lightning wings, word flew through the community that Deacon Trowbridge had left his pulpit to beat a drum, and on Sunday too.

Within half an hour nearly every one in town and many from the outskirts had gathered around the old drummer, all cheering him, and on Sunday too. That night Nathan Cole, who had been relieved as drummer by the deacon, went to Sheboygan with enough men to make up what became Company C of the Fourth Wisconsin.—J. A. Warrens in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Great Find. Lady of the House (to servant girl applying for a situation)—You were in the service of my friend, Baroness P. Why were you sent away? Servant—Please, ma'am, for being lug at the doors. Lady—Ah, then I will take you myself; you must promise to tell me all you heard.—London Fun.

WOUNDS OF HEART AND BRAIN THAT HAVE FAILED TO KILL.

Living With a Bullet Imbedded in His Heart—Persons Who Have Been Shot Through Their Brains and Survived—Advances in Treating Such Cases.

"For my own part," said the doctor, with a shrug, "I would prefer not to be shot at all, whether in the heart, head, lungs, liver or brain, and yet I have taken note of many cases recently in which persons have sustained gunshot wounds of supposedly fatal character who are still alive and going about their business."

The doctor and his companion were passing a down town museum when the conversation took this turn. Among the freaks pictured and caricatured in front of the building was a man with a ragged bullet wound torn through his heart—which organ was vividly exposed in the flaring daub—while the angel of death was hovering over him, ready to snatch him away at any moment.

"Then," said the doctor's friend, "a shot or a stab in the heart is not necessarily fatal, as it is understood by modern surgery?"

"Not at all," returned the doctor. "But, of course, we are not speaking of wounds as big and terrible as the one in that museum picture. That is apparently even worse than the thrust received by Mercutio—looks about as deep as a well and as wide as a church door. No man who has been wounded like that ever survives more than a minute."

"That man in the museum is alleged to be Charles B. Nelson, who was mysteriously shot one evening while in the company of Mrs. Edith Marguerite Staples in Washington park. The shooting occurred on a night five months ago, and the man with an ounce of lead in his heart is still alive. Whether he sleeps well and has a good appetite I am unable to say. He was formerly a cyclist of some note. Nelson's breast was subjected to the X rays, and, according to sciographs which were made at the time, the bullet lodged in the septum of the heart—the fourfold partition of muscular fiber that divides the interior of that organ into right and left auricles and ventricles. There it has continued to throb up and down about 100,000 times a day ever since that mysterious shooting, and at every pulsation refuting the old theory of medical science that the touch of hostile metal to man's heart brings death."

"The most skillful and daring surgeon on earth, if he were asked to remove the bullet from Nelson's heart, would shake his head in the negative. So this man must carry his leaden handicap as long as life shall last. Seems strange, doesn't it?"

"And yet, notwithstanding what I have said, we have surgeons nowadays who do undertake and carry to a successful conclusion operations on the heart. This is done by opening the pericardium, for example, in cases of dropsy of the heart, and drawing off the fluid by aspiration. A man may have his heart punctured with the point of a knife or a needle and still recover from the injury. It used to be held that wounds of this character were invariably fatal. But a wound of the heart is not necessarily fatal, as is shown in the case where a needle was removed by Callender from the substance of that organ. Cases of like nature have been reported by Drs. Hahn, Agnew, Stelzner and others. More than 50 cases where rupture of the heart walls did not result in immediate death are reported by Dr. D. J. Hamilton, a well known Scotch surgeon and pathologist."

"The case of Poole, a prizefighter, was one of the most remarkable. Poole was shot in the heart while engaged in an encounter with a man named Baker, in New Jersey, in 1855. To all outward appearance he recovered rapidly and in four days felt so well that he expressed a wish to finish the interrupted contest. Twelve days later, however, he suddenly dropped to the ground. Within five minutes he was dead."

"More remarkable still, perhaps, are the numerous injuries to the brain and spinal cord, which on first view would be pronounced fatal and yet from which the wounded persons recover. At Valparaiso, Ind., a man named Herbert J. Fish while in a fit of temporary insanity put a .38 caliber bullet through his brain, and at last accounts he was still alive and apparently getting well. The bullet, by all accounts, passed through the right and left anterior hemispheres of the brain, lodging finally in the posterior bone wall of the left eye socket. In its course the ball destroyed a large amount of brain matter. At the same time it cut the optic nerves of both eyes, destroying the sight. In some way the sense of smell, too, was destroyed."

"Many Chicagoans will remember a tragedy at the Briggs House in this city several years ago, in which a man who was shot in the brain got well. J. S. McDonnell, a well known veterinary surgeon, and his wife were boarders at the hotel. It was in August, 1887. One day there was a great uproar and excitement over a shooting affray in the apartments of the McDonnells. In the quarrel McDonnell was shot by his wife, the bullet entering the side of his head in the frontal bone above the ear and penetrating the brain. Within the next 48 hours the ball was removed by Dr. Livingston Montgomery, and the wounded man got well. The wife at the same time shot herself in the head, but her wounds were not serious. Old time doctors used to pronounce wounds like that fatal in every instance. McDonnell's fatal injury is a very little effort to save the brain injuries are most serious and often prove fatal when they enter the base of the brain.—Chicago News.

No Fiction Either. Who is your favorite writer? My guardian. He signs all my letters for me. You know.—Detroit Free Press.

A FAMOUS MULBERRY TREE.

Planted by Milton in Christ's College Gardens, Cambridge.

In the gardens of Christ's college, Cambridge, stands a venerable mulberry tree, which, tradition says, was planted by Milton during the time when he was a student at the university. This would be between the years 1624 and 1632, for the following copy, from the Latin of his entry of admission, accurately fixes the former date, and his admission to the degree of M. A., to which he proceeded in the latter year, ended his intimate connection with the university: "John Milton, native of London, son of John Milton, was initiated in the elements of letters under Mr. Gill, master of St. Paul's school; was admitted a lesser pensioner Feb. 12, 1624, under Mr. Chappell and paid entrance fee, 10s." He was then 16 years and 2 months old.

The tree so intimately associated with his name is now much decayed, but in order to preserve it as much as possible from the ravages of time many of the branches have been covered with sheet lead and are further supported by stout wooden props, while the trunk has been buried in a mound of earth. The luxuriance of the foliage and the crop of fruit which it annually bears are proof of its vitality, but to insure against accidents and perpetuate the tree an offshoot has been planted close by. In the event of a bough breaking and falling it is divided with even justice among the fellows of the college, and many pieces are thus preserved as mementos of the poet. It was during his residence at Cambridge that he composed his ode, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." "Lyceias," too, is intimately connected with Milton's life at the university, since it was written in memory of Edward King, his college friend and contemporary, with whom he doubtless shared the same rooms.

In those days students did not, as now, occupy separate apartments, as witness the original statutes of the college. "In which chambers our wish is that the fellows sleep two and two, but the scholars four and four," in consequence of which a much closer intimacy was formed among them than is now possible. Dr. Johnson relates that Milton was flogged at Cambridge, but the fact is doubtful, though there is reason to suppose that he had differences with the authorities in the earlier part of his college career, since he was transferred from his original tutor. This tree is still pointed out to visitors and was until recent years especially marked by a bough of mistletoe growing upon it.—Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper.

Poet and Queen. Dr. Max Muller relates that the late queen of Holland frequently came to England and was fond of meeting while there distinguished literary people. On one occasion she lunched with Dean Stanley and asked him to invite several literary men, among whom were Tennyson, Lord Houghton, Huxley and Max Muller himself.

Luncheon was ready, and everybody had come to the deanery except Tennyson. Dean Stanley suggested that the party should wait no longer, but the queen refused to sit down before the laureate's arrival. There was another period of waiting, painful to all the company.

Finally some one suggested that probably Tennyson was "mooning about in the cloisters somewhere." One was sent to see, and the poet was indeed found there, apparently oblivious that anything was going on. He was brought in and placed at the table next the queen of the Netherlands.

The queen took the conversation into her own hands and in particular tried to draw Tennyson out. He was not in talking mood. She addressed him a question.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered. Then there was another question. "No, ma'am," came from Tennyson. Again she asked his opinion about something. The question was not susceptible of answer by "Yes" or "No." "Ma'am," said Tennyson after a great effort, "there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question."

Presently he turned and whispered to Max Muller, "I wish they had put some of you talking fellows next to regina."

When barrel organs, once the usual accompaniment of the magic lantern, came into use, a native of the province of Tende was one of the first who traveled about Europe with this instrument.

In his peregrinations he collected money enough to enable him to purchase from the king of Sardinia the title of count of the country where he was born—for which, probably, in a time of war he did not pay above 1,500 guineas.

With the remainder of his money he purchased an estate suitable to his rank and settled himself peacefully for the remainder of his days in his mansion. In the entrance hall of his dwelling he hung up his magic lantern and his organ facing the door, there to be carefully preserved till they moldered to dust, and he ordered by his will that any one of his descendants who should cause them to be removed should forfeit his inheritance and his patrimony revert to the next heir, or, in failure of a successor, to the hospital of Tende.

Only a few years ago the organ and lantern were still to be seen carefully preserved.—Pearson's Weekly.

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