THE BURIAL OF GINGER JAMES.

A spell I had to wait
Outside the barrick gate,
For Ginger James was passin out as I was
passin in;
'E was only a recruit,

But I give 'im the selute, I'il never git another chance of givin it ag'in!

E'd little brains, I'll swear,
Beneath 'is ginger 'air;
'Is personal attractions—well, they wasn't very
large;
'E was fast in ev'ry mill
An a foal monthed cur, but still
We'll forgive 'im sil 'is drawbacks—'e 'as taken 'is discharge.

'E once got fourteen days
For drunken, idle ways,
the colonel said the nasty things that
colonels sometimes say;
'E called 'im to 'is face The regiment's disgrace, he colonel took 'is 'at off when 'e passed 'im by today.

For days 'e used to dwell

For days 'e used to dwell
Inside a guardroom cell,
Where they put the darbies on 'im for a 'owlin savage brute,
But as by the guard 'e went
They gave 'im the present;
The little bugler sounded off the "general salute."

The bend turned out to play - Poor Ginger James away,
'Is captain and 'is company came down to see

An thirteen file an rank,
With three rounds each of blank,
'e rode down on a carriage, like a bloomin
city toff!

'E doesn't want no pass;
'E's journey in first class; To travilin rug's a union jack, which ten't bad at all; The tune the drummers play,

It min't so very gay, But a rather slow selection from a please that's known as "Saul."
—Edgar Wallace in London Chronicla.

ALASTAIR'S CROSS.

"Rise up and come out now; it's a bonny night for us indeed-and for the work that's afoot, Ian Ban," Thus a voice cried aloud from the midmost of the silent group of cragsmen and fisher- knowledge of hunger and cold and pain. men that stood waiting dourly round cottage, perched, like a gull's nest, on the ridge of the steep and shining beach at Renaldshay. "Make haste, man, make baste, and come along with yourself. It's tired walting here we are."

"Aye, aye, it's ready and coming I work, and I was saying a bit prayer in an orra minute here; that was all." The door eveng open now, and the that a sullen moon gave as she slipped fitfully from cloud to cloud in the Iau, with eyes as blue as cornflowers, and a yellow beard that the wind was tossing all ways at once, but just now his eyes were darkened and his face set with the same stern purpose that made dumb the crowd of kinsfolk and neightair!" he called, and a tall slip of a lad came out and stood waiting by his side. were of the darkest, and against the tair MacAlastair to itself. showed curiously cotorless, and in odd contrast to the stordy men and strap his cross. ping lads around him was his extreme slenderness of build, in spite of the rough blue clothes which seemed almost

to bide him. 'I am here," he said, speaking in Gaelic, as he stepped to his father's Alastair mys. And what do you want drowned.

of me, neighbors?" "Go down to the beach, Alastair," his father said curtly, and the boy obeyed silently. When their feet were ankle deep in water, Ian MacAlastair spoke again. "Did you pray before you slept tonight, Alastair? Yes? that's good. Strip now." His sen lifted wondering eyes to Ian's gloomy face, but silks ** of the manufacture of Persia, China or East India," but "all calleges, painted, dyed, printed or stainobeyed silently. When their feet were that changed the wonder in Alastair's eyes to comprehension.

Naked hands and naked feet are all that the sea has need of;
Naked, oh, the soul must go that the ninth
wave has greed of!
Naked heart for the stars to sift, naked limbs
for the tids to first

Out from the shore, to come no more to the hearths that the spirit has heed of.

When the murmur died, Alastair raised his head and looked round on the darkened faces with a flickering smile on his pale mouth. "Is it to drown myself you've brought me here or will you do it, Ian MacAlastair? I'll lift no finger to stop you, for long have I been knowing I was the needless mouth and the useless hand among you, and my of printed calicoes, whether of oriental red head bringing bad luck to your nets or domestic manufacture. During Deall the summer. Only I'd take it kindly if you would do it quickly, friends-be-

cause it's bitter cold it is waiting here." "You shall not be waiting long, Alastair," Ian said heavily, "and neither will you drown yourself nor we you. We will be giving you a chance, though

not in Ronaldshay. "Ronalshay I know," Alastair said quietly, "and it's glad I would be if you would kill me here with your own hand, father- No '- His hand slipped from his father's shoulder, "Then have your will and your way, Ian MacAlas-

tair, I'll not gainsay you."
"There's the moon," Ian said at last,
"now make ready." He stooped and dragged some dark object at his feet a little higher up the beach, so that its lower end only lay in the sea. Alastair glanced at it and saw that it was a tree trunk, weed covered and barnacle grown with washing about in heavy seas. Upon it a spar was lashed crosswise. Alastair looked at it a moment longer, then, in obedience to a gesture from his father, laid himself down upon it with his arms outstretched. Then Macdonald

above the elbows. Two stout ropes held him by the shoulders and went over his body, crossing on the breast, and these were drawn so tightly that Alastair, after enduring with clinched teeth for a minute, was forced to cry out. "Loosen it," Ian MacAlastair said hoursely, and the others obeyed.

"I am safe now," Alastair said, smiling, as they drew back from him for a minute. "Your knots are fast, Macdonald, and so are-ah!" They had raised the cross upright now, and the sudden strain upon his overwrought nerves had forced another cry from Alastair, but the next rough movement he bore in siience, and it was with shut lips and quiet eyes that he endured the sudden easting out from their midst and smoth-

tring splash into deep water.
"A boat will be picking you up maybe, but you will not be coming back to Ronaldshay, Judas MacAlastair!" Macdonald shouted after him, but Alastair called no curse back, as those on shore half expected. He did not even turn his head to look at the shore, but lay still upon his cross, taking with the same quietness the stinging of the salt spray in his eyes and the tingling pain in his

"Naked limbs-the sea has need of," Alastair whispered presently. "Does the sea want me any more than the land does, I wonder? Oh, but it's cold, cold!" shuddering as one wave after another drove over his naked body. "I wish the wind would rise; then I would get a chance of drowning. Is that a mutter of thunder? I wish it were. Mother, are you serrowful somewhere for me tonight?" A nearer mutter of thunder stopped his murmuring, and the next hour laid another cross upon Alastair's burdened shoulders-the cross of perpetual towing about from drowning to life as the big seas lifted him now and now broke over him in a clatter of yellow foam. When the stress of the storm went by, Alastair had fainted, but presently the splash of some tossing wrack upon his naked breast brought him to a

"The fish will be plenty next cast, the fast shut door of Inn MacAlastair's I'm thinking," Alastair gasped as be cottage, perched, like a gull's nest, on tried to shake the drenched hair from his eyes. "If only the sea won't cast me up at their very doors-or then they will be thinking I'd be coming back again to baunt them. Is it coming loose I am?" The rope had slipped from his am, Macdonald, but hasty work is aye ill | right arm, leaving it free, and the next wave flung him against a sharp edged rock, bruising his free arm on the small sharp shells that covered it. But Alasspeaker came out into the half light tair clung fast to the rock, with a light in his face that would not fade for all the pain of torn flesh and nerves, and windy sky. A handsome man, this fair presently he found what he was seeking -a crevice through which he could thrust his fingers. When his hand was fixed fast in the jagged hole, the light deepened and softened in Alastair's face.

'This is good, this is better," he whispered, "than the open sea, and still bors around him. "Come out, Alas this will not hurt my own folk, for this rock is not Ronaldshay. * * * Kind, kind, after all, are you, sea o' me, kind-His father had given him a strain of er than I dared hope you'd be." And Danish blood as well as Celtie, and his now a big wave lifted him softly and mother had been kindly Irish of the turned him over en his face, still an-Irish. But Alastair MacAlastair favored chored to the rock by his right hand. neither fair Ian nor dark Alleen, for The weight of the cross on his back his eyes were of the sen's shifting color, pressed him down an arm's length, no and the soft bair under his fisherman's more, and then the sca that he had cap was a dusky red. His eyebrows loved very gently took the soul of Alas-

sunburn of cheek and chin his lips At long last fishermen from the island of Eday found him, still bound to

Though they were afraid to take the As the Great Manufacturing Center drowned lad abound their boat, lest they of the Pacific Coast should suffer in their herring harvests, they towed cross and all ashere with them and buried cross and all in their windy hill graveyard, where lie those side, "and the time is here, Ian Mac- few men of Eday that the sea has not

And the story of Cross Alastair is a woeful story in the North isles to this day. -Black and White.

ed there, which are or shall be imported into this kingdom, shall not be worn or otherwise used within this kingdom,' etc. This was the first blow against the wearing of chintzes or printed calicoes, but it was not absolutely prohibitive, the avowed object of the statute being "the more effectual employing the poor, by encouraging the manufactures of this kingdom." It meant that the ladies, having worn out the Indian chintz apparel in their possession and use prior to Sept. 29, 1701, would have to be content with homemade stuffs for the next

21 years, as it befell in the sequel. The silk and woolen weavers had been hostile from the outset to the use or domestic manufacture. During December, 1719, the houses of parliament were inundated with petitions against these stuffs, and on March 23, 1721, the royal assent was given to an act (7 George 1, statute 1, chapter 7), "to preserve and encourage the woolen and silk manufactures of this kingdom and for more effectual employing the poor, by prohibiting the use and wear of all printed, painted, stained or dyed calicoes in apparel, bousehold stuff, furniture and otherwise."-Notes and Que-

Lying. It was said of Dr. Johnson that be always talked as though he were taking an oath. He detested the habit of lying or prevaricating in the slightest degree and would not allow his servants to say he was not at home if he was. "A servant's strict regard for the truth," said he, "must be weakened by such a practice. If I accustom my servant to tell a lie for me, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell them for himself?" A strict adherence to truth, the doctor considered as a sacred obligaand another man stooped over him, tion, and in relating the smallest aneclashing his feet together and then se- dote he would not allow himself two curing his arms to the crosspicce just minutest addition to embellish his story.

Grant and Porter.

Admiral Porter was forever running into print, and his penchant for this kind of thing was a source of great annoyance to Grant, who was his stanch

"What do you think of Porter as an admiral?" was asked of the general on one occasion.

"Why." replied Grant, with a quiet smile, "he would be the greatest admiral since Nelson if he had never learned to write."-Exchange.

The Feture of Travel. "What is rapid transit, Uncle

Chris?" "Rapid transit? Why, it is electric cars which have to run so fast that they never stop to take on passengers."—Detroit Free Press.

A Trio of Bulla.

The following remark is by a highland clergyman. In his sermon preached in a small church in Strathspey, after inveighing against slothfulness, he said in closing, "Do you think Adam and Eve went about the garden of Eden with their hands in their pockets?"

Last year, in the north of Ireland, the following came under my observation. In a hotel the porter, for my information and dutifully in furtherance of the interests of his employers, remarked, "If you want a drive, sir, you needn't go out of the hotel," meaning, of course, that carriages formed part of the establishment. Another bull was in a conversation overheard between two workmen. One put the question, "Were you acquainted with So-and-so?" to which the reply was, "No; he was dead before I knew him."

ing a dinner party he had been at. It was a great success, as two noted talkers were present, each of whom was talking so fast that neither could get in a word .- Spectator.

a mountain of Sulphur.

The "Soutriere," or sulphurous mountain, is considered to be the greatest natural curiosity of St. Lucia, and, in fact, of the West Indies. It is situated about half an hour's ride from the town of Soufriere, to which it has given its name, and nearly two miles to the east of the Pitons, and is at the foot of two small hills, both of which are quite bare of vegetation on the sides facing the crater.

It covers a space of about three acres and is crusted over with sulphur and alum. There are several caldrons in a perpetual state of ebullition. The water is quite black in the larger ones and boils up to the height of two or three feet, but in the smaller ones it is quite

Visitors never fail to boil some eggs in one of the smaller caldrons, obtaining them from one of the creole guides, who keep a supply on hand on purpose

Tobacco In England.

In regard to the suggestion which is metimes made that one way to relieve agricultural depression in this country would be for the government to allow and even to encourage the growth of tobacco, it may be interesting to note how long the prohibition has lasted and how sternly it has been enforced. This may be gathered from the following extract:

"Cornet Wakefield with a party of horse marching out of Glocester upor the last of July to Winchcome and Cheltnam to destroy the Tobacco plant ed in these parts, the Country did rise against them in a great body, to the number of 5 or 600, giving them very revileing and threatning specches, even to kill them horse and man, if tout be and his Soldiers did come on, insorquel An Irish friend of mine was describ- that the tunnili being we great, he was constrained to draw off and nothing more done" (Mercurius Politicus 21 July-5 Aug 1658s .- Notes and Querine

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	Dailes Local 8 . m Ex.Sunda Sunday 10 a. to,	Dates, Bonneville, Muttoonah Falls,C s- cade lock, and it on River,	Da les Lee 1 6:30 p. m. E. Sande y Sunday 7 p. m.	Y
	8 p. m.	Ocean Steamships til Sailing Dates subject to change. For an Francisco— sail Nov. 1, 4, 7, 10, 13, 16, 19, 22, 25, 24	4p.m.	The state of the s
Manufacturing Center	7 p. m.	To Ala ks-	5 p. m.	19655599
	S p. m. Ex. Sunday saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers To Astoria and Way- Landings.	+p m. Ex. =unday	A DIVIDIO
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	6 a. m. Tue .Thue. an 1 8a'.	Willamette River Port and to Corvelia and Way-Landings	4:30 p. m. -ues. I hur. and Sal.	-
	Leave Riparia Riparia 136 a.m. Datiy Ex. Saturday	Snake River Riparia to Lewiston	Leave Lewiston 5:45 a m. Delty Ex. Friday	-

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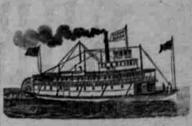
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