

A Good Strategist. "John," said Mrs. Thursby, "you were saying yesterday that you were in financial trouble, I believe."

Beefy Beauties. "In Turkey the most beautiful and desirable woman is the one who weighs the most," writes an American who has been sojourning in the Sultan's domain.

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A fact of some interest in railroad construction is the great diversity in the number of ties used to the mile on different lines, as well as in the size and quality of timber. Thus, according to the construction details of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railway, the number of ties used on that line is 2,800 to the mile, three-quarters of these being chestnut and one-quarter oak.

A Hustler. "Now, then, my friend," said the businesslike young preacher, pocketing the wedding fee and turning again to the bridegroom, "let me ask if you are carrying any life insurance?"

Manners in Public. The person who has been trained from childhood to consider the comfort and convenience of others at the expense of his own will instinctively take the least comfortable seat in a car and get on or off the car in a way which will cause others the least inconvenience.

Clergymen Lead in Longevity. Diagrams prepared by an expert for one of the large life insurance companies to illustrate the comparative longevity of clergymen, farmers, teachers, lawyers and doctors, show that 42 out of every 170 ministers of the gospel reach the age of 70.

FACTS ABOUT SARDINES.

The Greater Part of This Country's Consumption Now Packed Here. Formerly the sardines consumed in this country were all imported from France. Now about three-quarters of the sardines eaten in the United States are put up here, the chief center of the sardine industry in the United States being the eastern coast of Maine.

Thousands of people now find employment in one part and another of the work in catching fish, in making cans and in canning and packing and marketing and so on.

Sardines are put up in greater variety than formerly, there being nowadays sardines packed in tomato sauce, sardines in mustard, spiced sardines and so on, but the great bulk of sardines, both imported and domestic, are still put up in oil.

Like canned goods of every description, sardines are cheaper now than they formerly were, and American sardines are sold for less than the imported. American sardines are now exported from this country to the West Indies and to South America.

CHOCOLATE FIENDS.

There Are Those Who Become Slaves to This Nerve Soothing Food. "The manufacture of chocolate," said J. H. Anso of Brazil, "is a great industry. Of all the chocolate beans imported into the United States two-thirds go to one firm in Boston, and the other third is distributed among the other manufacturers. The chocolates sold are of various grades. The Caracas chocolate is supposed to be the best."

If you take the various grades, technically known as the Caracas, the French, the German and so on, and take a piece of each and place them in a pan of water and allow them to dissolve, any expert will tell you which is the best chocolate. The better grades will leave no sediment. The others will. This is explained by the fact that in the cheaper grades the shell is ground up and used as a 'filler.' The lighter the chocolate the better the grade. The cheaper grades are dark owing to the ground up shell.

It is a queer thing about chocolate consumption. There are chocolate fiends, just as there are opium fiends, tobacco slaves and liquor slaves. I cannot tell you why it is, but if people begin to eat chocolate the habit grows upon them. I don't think any amount of chocolate hurts any person. Of course the cheaper grades of chocolate have a large percentage of sugar in them, and sugar is to a certain extent injurious, but for the chocolate itself I don't think any one eats enough to hurt him materially. In contradistinction to the exhilaration of alcoholic drinks chocolate seems to be a soothing. Persons who are nervous and irritable find it a food that in a way calms and soothes and satisfies them. It is queer, but it is the truth. The consumption of chocolate is increasing enormously in the United States.

Artificial Diamonds.

It is well known that in the manufacture of carbon steel microscopic diamonds are formed, and the curious fact is stated by The Scientific Press that from the examination of a number of steels from a variety of processes identical results were given. A piece weighing 300 grams was cut from a lump of steel and treated with nitric acid, the insoluble residue collected being mainly graphitic carbon. After being washed with water it was boiled three times with fuming nitric acid, which partially dissolved the residue, hydrofluoric acid and then fuming sulphuric acid, then then remaining nothing but graphite, which, after being washed, was melted with chlorate of potash. The insoluble residue obtained fell to the bottom of a vessel filled with loddie of methylene, the little transparent octahedrons visible through a microscope, which burned on a sheet of platinum without any ash, being the diamonds.

The Thistle of Scotland.

Once upon a time many hundred years ago the Danes made war upon the Scots and invaded their country. One dark night as they were marching upon an encampment of sleeping Scots, one of their number trod upon a thistle. The pain was so sudden and intense that the man gave a loud cry. This awakened the slumbering Scots, who sprang to arms and defeated the assailants. In gratitude for the deliverance the Scots made the thistle their national emblem.

Surprising Result.

"I hope you are getting good results from the gymnastic exercises I recommended," said Mr. Pincer's medical adviser. "Well, I'm not," replied Mr. Pincer. "They have ruined a good coat for me." "Didn't you take your coat off?" "Certainly, but the exercise has enlarged my shoulders so I can't wear it any more. Coat was as good as new too!"

SINCE THREE'S A CROWD.

To parks and plays she's gone with me For eighteen months or more; For found her best of company In tripe, alone, alone.

She never views in listless way At flower shows the prize; She quite appreciates a play— You see that in her eyes.

Her sphere of action's limited, The crowd's not for her own, But understudies, he it said, Is Dolly's chaplain.

She's twenty-five it she's a day, And Dolly's but nineteen; Her eyes are blue and Dolly's gray— Blue eyes are true, I wam.

Since "three's a crowd" I think, maybe, I'll woo a maid alone; I've half a mind to set my cap For Dolly's chaplain.

—Roy Farrell, Gleaner in Detroit Free Press.

GOOD WATER FROM TREES.

Wells Which Willy Southern Woodsmen Tap With an Auger.

In many sections of the forest lands of the south during the dry seasons a man may walk for miles without finding a stream of water or a spring by which to quench his thirst. If, however, he is an experienced hunter and woodsman, he will not have to drink water from the stagnant pools in order to keep life in his body.

Queer as it may seem, an experienced man can hunt for days through such dry tracts and yet experience no inconvenience on account of the lack of water. Nature has provided a means which is only known to the initiated. Every old huntsman carries with him when going on a long hunt a small auger, by which he can secure a refreshing drink and water to cook with at any moment.

A cottonwood tree or a willow is the well which the wily huntsman taps. He examines each tree until he finds one that has what a woodsman calls a "vein." It is simply an attenuated protuberance. By boring into this "vein" a stream of clear water will flow out. It is not sap, but clear, pure water. The huntsman says that the water is better than the average to be had from ordinary wells. There is no sweetish taste about it, but it has a strong flavor of sulphur and is slightly carbonated.

NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE.

On Festive Occasions It Asserts Itself in Hired Floors.

The east side achieves gentility on great occasions, albeit somewhat unshaven and slipshod between whites. From its own standpoint it does not spare expense. What it cannot buy it hires. The possibilities of renting the set pieces and habiliments of fashion have been thoroughly exploited east of the Bowery. There is none of that pride of exclusive possession that obtains along thoroughfares farther westward. The swarming population shares its joys and sorrows and garments with impartial hand. Many of the brides whose brief flurry startles their old companions on the wedding night hire their gowns and veils.

There are dozens of establishments that drive a flourishing business loaning dress suits for a consideration. A rigid social etiquette prescribes that the truck driver and small shopkeeper shall on such formal occasions as balls and receptions don the clawhammer, and the downright east sinner would rather be out of the world than out of fashion as he understands it. The young men who purchase secondhand the dress suits of business men whom they accost in Broadway and Wall street are the scouts of these luring establishments. Revamped and pressed anew, a dress suit will earn its second cost in two or three evenings. The garb of the floor committee at a typical ball of a social club is evidence enough that the tailors of New York are a cosmopolitan group.

Started His Muse.

"It seems so strange," said the lady who had returned to visit the old scenes again, "that your son Arthur is a poet. When I knew him, I never suspected that he had an inclination in that direction. I suppose, though, that you have seen it in him from the first?"

"No," the young man's mother replied; "he never gave any indication of it as a boy. His schoolbooks are not, as one would naturally suppose, scribbled full of rhymes. He did not slip in numbers, as we read that other poets did. Indeed Arthur was about as plain and practical a boy as could have been found anywhere."

"That's the way he always seemed to me. When was it discovered that he had this gift?" "Well, the first time we noticed it on him was one day after a heavy sign, which had projected out over the street, fell as he was walking along and struck him on the head. As soon as he regained consciousness he seemed to be a poet."—Chicago Times Herald.

An Expensive Lesson.

"My wife has a way of jogging my memory that I am hardly in sympathy with," said Smith, with a sorry smile as he filed away his last month's gas bill.

"About a month ago, as I was preparing to come down town, she handed me a letter with the injunction to be sure and mail it at the first mail box that I came to. I promised and put the letter away in my pocket.

"Now, don't forget," she called after me, 'as the letter is very important.' "I won't," I answered and straightway proceeded to forget all about it.

"The other day I chanced to be going through my pockets when I was surprised by coming across the letter that my wife had given me to mail four weeks before. Remembering that she had said it was very important, I glanced at it to see to whom it was addressed.

"I was thunderstruck to find that it was addressed to me. Thinking that my wife must have taken leave of her senses, I tore it open and found a note that read thus: "The gas is leaking in the basement. Please send a man up to fix it."

"I don't remember what I said when I charged home and found that the gas was still leaking, but all the satisfaction I got out of my wife was that she thought I would remember to post the next letter she gave me, and I believe I will."—Detroit Free Press.

Monkey Vengeance.

Gibraltar is noted for the monkeys which live there. Visitors watch for them by the hour, and they may not appear, yet occasionally in full daylight they will cross the walls and roof surrounding the old cemetery of the Alameda gardens, where they go to drink at the fountain.

A subaltern tells an amusing story concerning this colony of animals. About two years ago some officers managed to detach a small monkey from its fellows at the drinking trough and kept it for a fortnight in captivity. Then, for reasons of their own, they thought well to restore it. So they took the little beast back to the drinking trough early one morning before the others had arrived and watched it in ambush.

Presently the monkey colony came, reconnoitered and, observing the truant—as they evidently considered him—held a consultation. After much chattering two of the largest apes approached the returned wanderer, who appeared petrified with fear, seized him by his arms and, after apparently strangling him, threw him over the precipice beneath the signal station, evidently in revenge as a deserter.

It Was in His Head.

Balzac once promised Lirieux, the manager of the Odéon theater in Paris, a five act drama, "The Springs of Qqinola." He was so busy with other work, however, that not till he had been long and urgently importuned did he promise to read his piece to the company the next week. The company gathered about him on the day appointed, and he read his five act play fluently through to the end. Lirieux was enthusiastic, ran up to shake hands with the great writer and turned over the pages of the manuscript whose contents had pleased him mightily.

But what was this? There were only four acts. The last pages of the manuscript were blank. In surprise the manager asked what it all meant. Balzac smiled and admitted that he had not yet written out the fifth act, but declared that he had it as clearly in his head as if it already stood on paper. "And," continued the poet merrily, "I have in the same head two more outcomes of the plot in case the one I just read don't please you."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Not So Very Old After All.

In a little village churchyard at Blekenhill, in Warwickshire, is a tombstone upon which is inscribed the age of a dear old maiden lady who departed this life in the year 1701. Her age, as testified by the engraver's art, was 708. Born before the Conquest and dying under Queen Anne. Again at Chave Priory, Worcestershire, the age of a "rude forefather" is similarly inscribed as 300. Not to harrow the reader, we may say that these portentous figures are strictly the product of the engraver's art. The monumental mason of those days was nothing if not ignorant, and his idea of writing 78 or 39 was to write 70 or 30 first and 8 or 9 afterward, meaning 70 plus 8 or 30 plus 9, etc., as the case might be.

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Execution of the Duke d'Enghien.

Colonel Laborde, knowing that the grave was actually dug in which the duke was to be put, after a short time awakened him and told him, if he had a lock of his hair or a letter to send to any of his family, that he (Colonel Laborde) would take care to forward it and would only part with it with his life. The duke replied, "I understand you." He cut off a lock of his hair, wrote a short letter and desired that a confessor might be sent to him. He was soon afterward led out.

Five of the soldiers refused to fire at him. They were immediately shot before his face and their bodies thrown into a ditch. They desired to put a bandage before his eyes. He answered he had looked death in the face before and could face it again. Seventeen soldiers fired at him.

Mme. Bonaparte did everything possible to save the duke. She implored Bonaparte on her knees, holding the skirt of his coat, which was torn off by his violent manner of going from her. She seized the other skirt, which was likewise torn off, and Bonaparte declared he would never go to bed till the duke was dead.

Lucien Bonaparte also exerted himself to the utmost, and, finding he had no success, in a rage took out a watch Bonaparte had given him, dashed it on the ground, breaking it in pieces, and said to his brother, "You will be treated in the same manner!"—Life of Lady Stanley.

Her Advice.

John Luther Long, the well known author of several successful books and the teller of many charming stories, spent a summer at a resort along the New Jersey coast. On his way to his home there he was obliged to stop over one night at Seabright, and this story is told of his little visit: He was recognized by several people, and when he entered the dining room one of them came forward and asked him to occupy a seat at his table. He was quietly introduced as Mr. Long, and his literary reputation did not enter at all into the presentations. He was placed beside a very beautiful and charming young lady, and after awhile the conversation developed somewhat as follows: "Mr. Long, your name is quite familiar. I have run across it somewhere very recently."

"There are a great many Longs," he said.

"No; but I mean that I have read something somewhere. Oh, yes; I remember. It was a story called 'The Fox Woman.' Do you know who wrote it?"

Mr. Long was blissfully ignorant. "Yes, I am sure that was it," she said. "It may be by a relative. What did you think of it?"

She gazed at him earnestly and replied, "Don't read it."—Saturday Evening Post.

Lightning Rods.

There was a time when every house had a lightning rod. It was believed that every good man thus protected his wife and children and his home.

It is now known there is nothing in the lightning rod theory; a lightning rod is no protection against lightning, and there was never any danger from lightning, anyhow.

But a lot of other fool theories are still accepted. If we have at last accepted a little sense in the lightning rod particular, why not in other respects? Why continue to accept other silly notions? Why advertise ourselves as fools by accepting the prejudices of fools?—Aitchison Globe.

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Mail arrives from Portland 1:30 p. m.

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Oregon City to Viola, Logan and Redland leaves Oregon City Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 p. m., leaving Viola same days at 7 a. m.

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General delivery window is open on Sunday from 10 to 11 a. m. All letters dropped into the box at the door is promptly sent off Sunday as on other days.