A Deathbed Promise

By F. A. MITCHEL

"I had hoped, my child," said Atbefore pegging out, but it is denied me. If I could have left you rich I would not now mind handing in my chips. But remember this, my little giri, if there's any such thing as the dead helping the living I'll help you."

These were the last words spoken by Tom Atkinson to his daughter. Ellen Tom Atkinson to his daugnter, Effect.

He passed into unconaciousness and died the same night. Effen had been with him is the gold fields for years and had suffered with him one disappointment after another till to her they were no longer disappointments, but now well known for its use by the expected happenings. But till the very last he had expected to strike it rich nies. It is popularly called "mescal and when he was taken down with his last illness believed that he would get Early writers on Mexico described it as well enough to dig a little lower in a bole he was sinking and would strike the continuation of a lead that was paying handsomely but a hundred feet away. When death came be had not reached the goal and left his child with but a small bag of dust, not worth \$50.

However, Ellen possessed something she valued more than gold—the beart of an honest, energetic young man. who was clerking in a store not far from the property on which her father he had built the cabin in which be and his daughter lived. Mark Hosmet married Ellen a few days after her father had been laid to rest, and they lived together in the abolle the bride had occupied ever since her father had been seized with his last infatua

Hosmer was willing to work, but th district was not producing the gold that had been expected, and sales in the store were running down. His sail ary had been reduced and had reached a point where they found it difficult to make ends meet. One night when Mark came home from work he told his wife that he feared his employer was about to discharge him and do all the work himself, since the busine would not warrant an assistant.

At 2 o'clock the next morning Eller awakened her husband and asked him if he heard anything unusual. After listening he said that he did not and asked her why she had asked the question. She replied that every now and again she had heard a sound life earth thrown from a shovel.

"Go to sleep, my dear," he replied "You lived so many years in the sor of dirt thrown out of boles in the ground that it has got on your perves." The next night Ellen fancied she beard the same sound, but, since Mark had not heard it and thinking she would trouble him by calling his atten tion to what he seemed to consider a crick in her brain, she did not wake him. But she listened berself. She would hear the sound, apparently not far from the house, of a shovelful of earth thrown on the ground. Ther all was silent. In a few minutes she would hear another shovelful tossed it seemed to ber, from below, as e one were digging in trench. Once or twice she thought she beard a pick strike a stone, but of this she was not sure. She could not lo cate the sounds, but it seemed to her that they came from a corner of the

lot in rear of the cabin. She was tempted the next morning to tell her husband that she had heard the sounds repeated, but refrained realizing that he would think some thing had gone wrong with her. As she went out to the rear of what was a four acre lot, half expecting to find that some claim jumper had been dig ging for gold. No sign of earth thrown an appeared.

There was a thick undergrowth separating her from where she had seem ed to bear the sounds, and passing through it she came to the extreme corner of the lot. The ground was just as it had always been. The surface was uneven, and a ledge of red stone a few feet high furnished a convenient seat. She sat down on it and fdly picked up a loose piece of the stone. Examining it, she noticed that It presented a rather singular appearance. Her father had often shown her such pieces of ore, which, he said, were very rich in gold. Ellen took the fragment to the cabin

and put it in her bureau drawer; then, taking her father's pick and shovel, she went back to the spot from which the had taken the stone and began to

Since the place was concealed by undergrowth, Mark did not notice the Fexcavation. Ellen, who had had a long experience in the appearance of ore, dug on till she came to something that ooked worth examination. Taking Rging, she carried them to an assayer. d One evening when Mark came home

from work looking distressed on account of the duliness of trade, which foreboded his discharge, Ellen three r arms around his neck, exclaiming:

"Mark, we are rich!" "What do you mean?"

"Come and see." She took him to the hole she had dug and, picking up a piece of ore, told im that she had had a specimen from place assayed and it had shown to the ton.

"How came you," he asked, "to dig

Bowing her head reverently, she told that her father had guided her, and when he asked how she reminded of the dying promise and the ds she had beard at night.

Portland Coment.

the manufacture of portland cut, ciny or shale and limestone re ground together and "burned" in otary kilns. The cement comes from us in the form of hard, black, semireous lumps, or "clinker." When iverised this clinker becomes a graypowder, which is the familier arcoulcie of commerce employed for a great at Sariety of purposes in practically every ype of building construction. It has th the cement is ground is one of most important characteristics, and

ally specifications require (a

sieve, which has 60,000 openings per square inch. This is the practical limit of mechanical sieves in respect eness, for although finer sieves can be manufactured the necessary be attained. It is well known, however, that the minute particles of nt, which are just capable of passing through the openings of a No. 200 sieve, are still too large to be of value with water. Hence the really valuable portion of the cement consists in the extremely fine powder, the amount of which can only be inferred from the

Sacred Mushrooms. The "sacred mushroom" of the Aztees, which was called by them teens ntacatt and used as an intoxicant, was, according to investigations recently reported, not a mushroom, but the narrotic cactus, Lophophora williamsii botton," though a better name is peyote a mushroom, and this notion as to its botanical status still survives. The mistake is due to the fact that in one of the two principal forms in which it b prepared the head of the plant is cut off transversely, and when dried it bears a close resemblance to a mushroom. In its other form it is cut longitudinally or in irregular fragments and was described by early writers as raiz diabolica, or "devil's root."

Analyzing a Master. De Quincey, who wrote the "Confes-sions of an English Opium Eater" and other works now considered classics, was a strange, ill balanced person Vernon Lee says of him that he had an incapacity for holding his tongue on irrelevant matters, which is a sign of ntellectual weakness. He had also a marked incapacity for keeping his irrelevant emotions (especially the vituper-ative ones) to himself, which is a mark tendency to talk big and at the same time to mix slang with grandiloquence in situations where no humorous effect could be obtained by this proceeding. Yet withat these traits are redeemed by his great subtlety of thought, his tragic depth of feeling and occasionally his marvelous power of seeing and saying.—New York Telegram.

Breslau's Checkered Career This history of the possession of Breslau shows that it has changed hands very often. Early in elventh century it was made the seat of a bishop and after having formed part of Poland became the capital of an independent duchy in 1163. 1335 it was purchased by John, king of Bohemia, who retained it until 1460. It then changed bands and became subject to Bohemia once more in 1400. passing with the rest of Silesia to the

Hapsburgs in 1526. It came under the authority of Frederick the Great in 1741 and was recovered by Austria in 1757 and regained by Frederick in the Seven Years' war. It has since been Prussian, except a few days in 1807 and again in 1813, when it was held temporarily by the French. Our Army Rations. The average daily field ration of the

United States army is made up as follows: Bacon, 12 onnees for fresh ment. 90 ouncest; brend, 18 ounces; beans, 24 unces; polatoes, 20 ounces; prunes or eseries, 1.28 ounces; coffee, 1.12 meet; sugar, 32 ounces; evaporated ilk. A onnest vinegar, .10 of a gill; t, 61 same; pepper (black), .04 of your stand, 61 of an ounce; butter. of an onnee.

At the Zenith.

Pa what does if mean when a pubman is said to be at the zenith of his popularity?"

"It means, my son," replied the de feated candidate ruefully, "that he is about ready to hit the toboggan."-Birmingham Age-Herald.

Love's Progress Knicker-How can you tell how long they have been married?

Bocker-By whether she wants him to stop smoking to save his health, his money or the curtains.-New York Sun.

Scant Courtesy. Opportunity came knocking at th

"I'll give him two minutes to ex plain his proposition." said the great magnate.-Kansas City Journal.

Iguazu Falls. More than twice as wide as Ningari and fully fifty feet higher, the falls of guazo, in South America, is one of the great wonders of that continent,

Madge-You don't believe all you iear, do you? Marjorie Gracious, no! Why, dear, I don't even believe all I ay.-Judge.

A man whose only motive for action s wages does a bad plece of work .-Charles Wagner.

Follow One Another Things always bring with them their own philosophy—that is, prudence. No man acquires property without acquir-ing with it also a little arithmetic.—

Couldn't Talk. De Style-You say that loving pair f deaf mutes were sitting in the parfor and didn't carry on a conversation? Gunbusts-They couldn't, for they were holding hands.—New York Press.

"They're a happy couple."
"What makes them so?" "She can cook a dinner without ourning it, and he can eat one without

oasting it."-Baltimore American.

His Reason. "Why do you always leave the house James, when I begin to sing the old ongs?" pouted Mrs. Howit. "Fresh air," gald Howlit.-Harper's.

Another Way. "I don't see how young Bentley can estep all his bills." "He doesn't; he sidesteps the colle

The Result of An Infatuation

By EUNICE BLAKE

table in a cafe in Madrid, the one young American globe trotter, the other a Spaniard who had taken some pains to cultivate his acquaintance.

"You noticed the lady," said the American, "who sat a few seats in front of us last Sunday at the bullfight, the one in red and black?"

"I noticed that you admired her." "She is very beautiful. There is omething about her to drive a man

"For that reason I shall not intro-

duce her to you." "You know her?"

"latroduce me."

"That you may be driven mad?" "It would be very thrilling to

driven mad by her." "Oh, well, if you insist upon it." "What is ber nationality? She does ot look like a Spaniard."

Renaud, the person who was to give the introduction, after asking the indy's permission, took the American to call upon her. She received him

"Italian, but she has dwelt in many

graciously "Ah, Mr. Albertson," she said, "I am only too glad to make your acquaint You Americans interest me There is none of the blase about you that there is about Europeans. You are

so enthusiastic, so generous, so intel-

ligent." Albertson was as refreshed by these encomiums in behalf of his country men as he would have been by a roller on the beach on an August day, especially as a pair of compelling eyes above the lips were fixed upon while the words were spoken. If a woman has this great power over a man is usually instantaneous in its effect. It was with Albertson as if he and quaffed an intoxicating nectar. He passed an evening in a delirium and afterward a night dreaming of Senortta Morellt.

His visits were frequent. It cannot be said that his infatuation increased. for it was born perfect. He was full of gratitude to Renaud for the intro duction and could not understand why the Spaniard was not also an adorer of the beautiful Italian. Renaud, instend of encouraging him in his passion, told him to have a care not to become too deeply involved.

There was nothing by which Albert son could Judge of the lady's social position, for she was a stranger in Madrid and not expected to have a place in society there. She took care io observe the proprieties and would not accept gifts from her admirer except such as a lady might properly receive from a man. But one day when Albertson called upon ber be found ber irritated at not receiving an expected remittance from her banker. She need- I left it."-Algernon Tassin in Booked money to make certain payments man. and the delay was annoying. Albertthe amount, but was refused for the time being, though the next day, the funds not arriving, his offer was ac-

Three days elapsed, but no remittance came. Albertson said nothing to Renaud about the loan, but one day when the two men were walking together, passing a gentleman evidently of high degree, Renaud said: "Behold your rival for the affections

of your senorita." Albertson's heart stood still. He had

begun to suspect that there was something wrong about the expected remittance, and this accusation on that ac count had more effect. However, he repelled the imputation. Renand told him that if he could get sight of the lady's private papers he would be convinced.

After much discussion Renaud suggested a plan by which Albertson might make the test. Albertson was to take advantage of his intimacy to dolence."-New York Times, steal the keys of a certain escretoire in her rooms. Then he was to take her out to dine. While she was gone Renaud was to take the keys, go to the rooms, open the escretoire and bring Albertson any proof he might find there of the existence of his rivat.

Albertson at first promptly declined ing, but Renaud artfully worked on his jealousy until he consented. He waited and watched some time for an Two artificial pools were constructed opportunity, but at last it came. He caye them to Repaud. The same afternoon he took the senorita out for a

The next morning he rend in a newspaper of the arrest of a woman who er food.-Indianapolis News, called herself Adela Morelli in her apartments. A detective had been watching the lady, who was a noted adventuress. He had used a young American, who was desperately smit- tain cactus. Woodpeckers are apt to ten with the woman, to secure certain incriminating papers in her possession. Senorita Morelli was wanted for various crimes, the most important of which was the poisoning of her husband. She would be taken to Italy to be tried for her offenses.

Albertson was crushed. For a time he could not believe his senses. But at last-he had not been repaid the money he had advanced-he saw through the whole scheme. He had been duped not only by the woman, but by Renaud, who, having noticed his infatuation, had introduced him for the purpose of using him to secure evidence needed to obtain her convic-

Tolstoy and the Pessants. Tolstoy, the great Russian novelist, spent his whole life in a close communion with the peasants and was persuaded that all the wisdom he might- have attained concerning life, its true meaning and its true alm, was due but to this fact. He knew the pensant soul; he spoke and he wrote. especialty in his religious and moral works, the language of the peasants. He always says, speaking of truth, that he means "the simple peasant truth." He considers the work of the peasant the only dignified labor, and e never ceased to investigate the sim-

He thoughts and the cient judements f the true workers-the peasants. At the very end of his life, when he left als home he walked with his daughter through a village and said to her: "I don't yet know our peasants. I will take a stick and wander from door to door, knocking at each house. Then, perhaps, listening to the answers they will give me, I will penetrate into their true minds."—Exchange.

Color Schemes In Rooms. When following out a color sche in furnishing a room a little touch of an entirely different but harmonizing color produces an excellent effect. This das brought out by a professional dec orator who was discussing the furnish ings of her own home.

One room which was furnished in green and had a green velours couch cover was especially noteworthy. "The room needs something to break the monotony," she said, "and some pillows with a bit of old rose coloring will do it."

A bedroom where the color schem is blue and white is attractive, but requires another color to give it warmth. A straight color scheme is easy enough for any one to carry out, but it calls for considerable skill to make it distinctive, as in the practical application of a little variety is usually neces sary to make the furnishings really charming.-Good Health.

Don't Be Radical.

The sooner young folks learn not to be radical the sooner they will find themselves floating serenely down the stream of life without friction. To be radical takes lots of trouble; you have to be continually ripping off vencers scratching surfaces, engaging in origi nal research, applying acid tests, lifting ikls, making analyses, tearing off masks nding proof and so on illimitably But it is all perpicious activity. The leaders and makers and sellers of earth fix things up so that they will seem to be so and so; their leadership and their fame and their profits depend upon our being perfectly credulous and accepting hings for what they seem. Why, then, ask embarrassing questions and thus neur the everlasting ill will of those who are trying to hoodwink us? It is much better to take things as they come (paying cash, of course) and be humbly grateful.-Life.

Poe and the Literary Messenger. With his stories and his criticism luring the meager two years of his ponection with the magazine Poe was certainly able to reflect that, as at no lime in her previous literary history. he had put Richmond on the map. But the letter he wrote to Anthon when projecting the Stylus was somewhat flamboyant. "I had joined the Messenger, as you know, then in its second year, with 700 subscribers, and the general outery was that because a nagazine had never succeeded south of

the Potomac therefore a magazine never could succeed. Yet in spite of this and the wretched taste of the proprietor, which hampered and controlled me at all points, I increased the circulation in fifteen months to 5,500 subscribers paying an annual profit of \$10,000 when

Gamboge is one of the artist's most important yellows. It is the gum resin of a tree which bears yellow flowers and leathery, laurel-like leaves. The name of the pigment indicates the country from which it comes, for gamboge is simply a corruption of Camboja or Cambodia. In this far eastern country the tree grows wild and sheds those sticky tears which help the artist to paint the sunrise and the autumn tints of the woods. Gamboge was brought to Europe by merchants from the east toward the end of the sixteenth century.-London Answers.

The Height of It. "They tell me," said the professor. "that Mrs. Highroller is a very sympathetic woman."

"I should say she was," said Harkiway. "Why, when her husband eloped with Mrs. Gayboy she immediately sent Mrs. Gayboy a telegram of con-

Ducks and Mosquitoes.

According to experiments reported by 8, G. Dixon, the most formidable animal enemy of the mosquito is the duck, and the introduction of this bird is recommended for eliminating mosto have anything to do with such pry- quitoes and the diseases which these insects spread from marshy regions, where draining would be too costly of equal area, ducks being placed in carried the keys away with him and one and fish in the other. The former pool was quickly freed from mosquito pupae and larvae, while in the other they continued to abound. Wild ducks are said to prefer mosquitoes to all oth-

> Natural Pottery. Excellent natural pottery is manufactured by nature in the case of a cerexcavate nests in the trunk and branches, and in order that it may protect itself against these incursions the plant exudes a sticky juice, which

hardens, forming a woody lining to the "What's the matter?" "My wife says I don't know how handle the buby."

advice and don't learn."-Louisville Courier-Journal. A Pertinent Question. The Fond Mother-Nice girls never put themselves forward before the

men. The Wise Daughter-Then how

do the men find out that they're nice?

"I wouldn't get muffed over that

son," said the older man. "Take my

-Judge.

Helle-And when you went into her room you say she was shading her eyes with her hand? Beulah-No, only the eyebrows .-- Yonkers Statesman.

There is one thing that can never turn into suffering, and that is the good My Convict

By JOHN Y LARNED

I was running my auto letsurely along s road to the country and slowed up bend in the road when suddenly a heavy weight dropped from an overhanging branch tuto my car directly behind me. Turning, I saw a man in carriet stripes rising to his feet. "Put on full speed," he said in a tor

to indicate that he would be obeyed. I did not see that he possessed any weapon with which to enforce his demands, but it was evident that he was an escaped jailbird and as such was likely to be desperate. As soon as I had turned the bend I obeyed his order, my speed gauge registering forty

miles an hour. The man citmbed over the back of the seat and sat down beside me. The road before me needed all my attention, but I took time to glance askle at him. Now that he was fleeing at so rapid a gait his whole expression was changed. Despite his stripes, I saw in him a man of refine ment. He met my gaze with an hea-

est look and said: "My friend, if you knew that instead of defeating justice you are trying to anda a frightful act of injustice you would be better satisfied. I have been the victim of a conspiracy to defraud a bank of which I was cashler and was sent to the penitentlary for ten years. My noble wife sent me surreptitiously saws, with which I effected my escape. My object is to get out of the country, send for her and our children and begin life anew."

While he was making this brief state ment I kept one eye on the road and the other on him I doubt if any more can lie to me and impress me that me speaking the truth. I don't not know that the man was sincere but I for his sincertty. Knowledge may be fective; intuition at least with now.

"There is nothing" I replied the would give me greater satisfactles than to enable you to carry out you purpose. Where shall I take you? "First you must throw my pursu off my track. They are not far be

"Get back there and cover yourself up to the chin with the wraps."

He did so, and his stripes were concealed, but he was bareheaded. gave him my cap. Seeing a man aboas of me wearing a common woolen hat, I stopped long enough to buy it, giving him three times its vaine. Then, entering upon a long stretch of comparatively straight and level road, I put on the balance of my power, making dfty miles an hour.

"Do you know anything of the pur suft?" I asked. "Only that my flight must have been

discovered long ago." "We must have another suit of dethea," was my next remark. "We shall have to stop and buy one."

By passenger gave me some idea of sizes he had worn before ceration, and at the first opportunity I bought him the necessary outfit. He spoke of paying me for them some day, but I told him what I would require would be his vindication or, at least, a surety that be was what be purported to be. He managed to change his clothes under the wraps and crossing a torage, threw his stripes into water flowing rapidly. After this I decreased my speed some what, for I believed that with the start and advantage we prospersed my man would not be retaken, at least for some time.

Passing through a town where I had business acquaintances, 1 procured funds and supplied him with what he would require. Then, stopping at a railway station, I accured a time table showing trains for New York and, by taking a longer route than the rails. put him on a train without his being obliged to wait at a station.

Meanwhile he had given me the address of his wife and asked me to call upon her to receive confirmation of his story. When he parted from me his efforts to express his gratitude overcame him, and he could say nothing All he could do was to look it.

As soon as he had left me I began to realize my position in having aided a convict to make good his escape, and it was then that doubts began to trouble me. I did not go to see his wife for a considerable time after he and I parted, fearing that she might be watched and my visit would put the authorities on to my infringement of the law. 1 saw in the newspapers notices of the escape from prison of a bank embezzier, and after the stir had quieted down I made the call.

Some time after my call I received a tetter written with great caution from the convict, mailed at an inland city of South America. He was paving the way to send for his wife and children. which would be a difficult matter with out putting the authorities on bis

His plan was never carried out, for ese of the conspirators who had ruined was brought to trial for certain hole made by the birds. Eventually the cactus dies and withers, but the wife applied for a new trial for her bestand, but by this time the whole matter was patent. Instead of a new trial it was decided to apply for a pardon. This, after much delay, was granted, and the pardoned man returned to his home.

I had the satisfaction of giving the reunited family a ride in the very auto that had made good the father's escape.

The Cultivated Pea.

From its original home as a native ild growth in western Asia and adjacent Europe the cuttivated pen has seen taken by man to all civilized connictes. It has been cultivated for thousands of years, for dried peas have been found in Egyptian tombs

The Obvious Remedy. There is only one thing which will effectually break up a deadlock." "What is that?"

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