The one that loved the harbor The winds of fate outbore; But held the other, longing, Forever against the shore.

The one that rests on the river, In the shadow of leaf and tree With wistful eyes looks over To the one far out at sea.

The one that rides the billow, Though sailing far and fleet, Looks back to the peaceful river, To the harbor safe and sweet.

One frets against the quiet Of the moss-grown shaded shore: One sighs that it may enter The harbor never more.

One wearies of the dangers Of the tempest's rage and wail; One dreams amid the lillies, Of a far-off snowy sail.

Of all that life can teach us, There's naught so true as this-The winds of fate blow ever, But ever blow amiss.

-Exchange

R. BROWN had returned

A Story of Two Wills.

home late from a visit to one of his patients. It was a serious case—doubly so for Brown-for not only had his notoriously sure diag-nosis failed him in this case, but the patient was one of a family with which he had been on an intimate footing for years, and consequently his personal interest was awakened. The doctor saw no hope whatever for the sick woman. Since early morning he had hourly expected her death. Weary and dispirited, after a light and hasty supper, he sat down at his writing table, and once more passed in review the whole course of his patient's illness. Every

circumstance was recalled.
"Unaccountable! perfectly unaccountable!" he murmured over and over again, and with each repetition he shook his gray head.
"Doctor!" Brown started up

alarm. He had not dreamed that anyone besides himself was in the room. As he looked up he saw a lady stand ing in the door, dressed in a peculiar night robe with only a shawl throws

ever it.
"My God! What is that?" It was indeed the subject of his thoughts. Amazed beyond expression, Brown sprang from his arm-chair and hastened toward the intruder. "My dear madam! Mrs. Morley, in

heaven's name, why are you here?" "Never mind, doctor. Sit down and

write what I tell you." Brown mechanically obeyed the command. There was something in the look and bearing of his visitor which forbade contradiction. Strangely thrilled, Brown took up his pen and wrote at her dictation the following words: "I hereby direct that in case of my death my body be opened and the cause of my illness and final demise be officially and authoritatively stated by a competent physician. I am convinced that I am poisoned, and that by my own husband, and only through such a statement as the aforesaid will it be put out of his power to get possession of the property coming my own child, his step-daughter. My will relating to this property is in the hands of my lawyer, Mr. Batt, in London. Mr. Batt is, as I have un-fortunately only lately discovered, a man open to bribery, and my husband counts upon his characteristic for the say, he hopes to induce this lawyer, by pure falsification, to make the will road in his favor I believe he has already succeeded in doing this, for when yesterday I desired to see a lawestensible contents of the box are my daughter's first cap and a lock of my opening of the will.

Dr. Brown had driven his pen as if power. He was not conscious of havonce lifted it from the paper to written characters, black and clear, upon the white paper, and reminded him that he was not alone; furthermore, that the head and heart whose wish and request these characters recorded, belonged to an existence which held his own being, thought and will in its power.

He made an heroic effort to regain powerful shake, as if to free himself from the grasp of this strange will, he arose. "Madam, I—"

"Yes, but, doctor, the master sent me to tell you to come right away. Mrs. Morley has been lying for two hours like dead, and the master thinks it must be nearly over with her." Brown staggered back in amaze-

ment, and stared so vacantly at the waiting coachman that the man was

"Jan? Where did you come from? Mrs. Morley is not yet--"
"Dead? No doctor, not yet, but the master says she can't last much long-"Very well. You see to the horses

and I'll come right away." Dr. Brown put his hands to his head. He had need to convince himself by some such means of his own mortal existence. Then he seized his hat and coat and hurried after the coachman. Drawing his coat tightly about him, pose. The doctor was a hard-he

he leaned back in the corner of the carriage and racked his brain over the strange occurrence, but to no purpractical man, and if anyone had related to him the events of the past day, he would have laughed him to stopped and Mr. Morley was at the

door to receive him. "I am glad you have come, doctor. was afraid you would be too late. As the clock struck 12 there was ab solutely no breath nor pulse, and not until half an hour ago did she seem to come back a little to life. She has

just asked for you." These words were spoken outside the sick room door. The doctor laid aside his coat and went in, followed by Mr. Morley. The physician felt something like horror at being in the near presence of this man, who since half an hour ago had figured in his mind as the murderer of his wife, and here in the sick room, while looking upon the which had put the pen in his hand. | word, "Poison!"

The sick woman seemed to have been anxiously awaiting his coming, for her great, earnest eyes fastened themselves upon his face as he cu-tered the room, and as he bent over her he heard distinctly the low spoken words, "Doctor, my child!" and in the same low voice Dr. Brown responded, 'I will see that your will is executed.'

Then he raised his head and en-countered a look from those eyes which spoke a world of gratitude, and this was the last conscious look which lighted them, for as Mr. Morley now softly approached she looked at him, and then her eyelids closed and with

a soft sigh she died.
"All is over," said the doctor, as he stepped back to give place to the sorrowing husband, who flung himself down beside the bed. When he arose and turned toward

the doctor a tear glittered on his lashes. His voice was hoarse and tremulous when he thanked the physician for all his tender care during the long illness of his wife, concluding with "I shall never forget it!" Dr. Brown only shook his head. He

was thinking of the dead woman's will, and answered, evasively, "I could not have helped your dead wife much, since I never discovered the true cause of her illness."

"No reproaches, my friend. You did what you could, and whether this disease can be exactly diagnosed seems to me, from what I know, altogether loubtful.'

"Every disease," replied the doctor, "must finally disclose its cause to the patient and thorough searcher; but in this case there were so many accompanying phenomena that it was quite impossible to discover the cause of the predominant disorder, at least in the living body."

The doctor, as he said this, looked sharply at his companion, over whose countenance a slight cloud seemed to pass; yet there was no change in his voice as he said: "No, no, doctor, we won't do that! The beloved body was sufficiently tormented in life; in death at least it shall be at rest!"

"Yes, but it was the wish of the dead; and isn't there any direction to that effect in the will?"

"No!—yet perhaps—I don't know. Anyway the will is to be read tomorrow, and should any such direction be found there-well, I suppose I shall have to carry it out. I will send immediately an announcement of death to our attorney, Mr. Batt, of London. You will be present at the opening of the will, will you not?"
"Most certainly!"

The doctor during this conversation had again approached the bed of death. He carefully scrutinized the surroundings and, as if in an absentminded manner, picked up a little box from the table which stood beside the bed and carelessly pushed back the cover. At sight of the contents he could hardly restrain an exclamation; for there, exactly as had been described to him, were a baby's cap yellow with time, and a lock of hair

tied with a ribbon. "Probably some of your wife's keepsakes?" he remarked, turning inquir

ingly to Morley. "Yes, and as such they must be given into the hands of her daughter." "Will you allow me the pleasure of sending them to her by my sister who is going to Switzerland tomorrow?"

"I suppose it would be more propethat she should receive them at my hands, and yet, as I shall have to re main here for some time yet, and a journey home in her delicate state of health would be hard for the child, I shall be very much obliged to you if you will send them to her. Give her bay is such that deeper water should my blessing with them, and tell her that from this time forth I shall be more a father to her than ever."

Dr. Brown thrust the little box deep into his breast pocket, and took his attainment of his object: that is to leave with the assurance that he would faithful'y execute Mr. Morley's road, which it is proposed, under the

Once at home under the light of the lamp, he was not long in searching for the further contents of the box yer of this town, in order to have him and he was filled with both horror take down my last wishes, my hus- and astonishment as his search band put every obstacle in the way of brought to light, from beneath a cunhis coming. I have put a sealed copy of my will in the double bottom of as it had been described to him—a from and to the great Willamette valthe little box which stands always clear, correct copy. After this discovupon the table at my bedside. The ery, the doctor awaited with feverish anxiety the hour for the announced

At last it arrived, and Brown had to acknowledge to himself that its the United States army, under the the domination of a higher contents agreed exactly with the copy grade of lieutenant-colonel, to be apin his hands until it came to the names of the heirs. Here appeared the inkstand, and yet there stood the clearly and plainly, "my daughter, shall make a thorough examination Mara Dix," and there, just as plainly, and survey, and report a project, "my husband, John Morley." No directions with regard to an inquest or deeper water on the bar at the e autopsy appeared therein.

"I demand proof of the genuinenes of that will," rang loud and clear through the room. No one could imagine from whom the words proceeded. The will had been drawn up and attorney in London, and the family involved was one of the first in th country; and now came this demand. which, as everybody knew, was an unmitigated insult. Who had brought it forward? The chairman looked all dation that it do pass. about the room. There he stood-Dr. Brown! He had again, quite unconsciously, come under the spell of that mysterious power, and in obedience to its bequest had called out these words. Now that they were spoken he would not recall them. Standing upright, the doctor repeated: "I de mand an examination of the will! As he spoke, he had the comfortable feeling of having kept a promise.

"On what authority?" asked the at-"As the guardian of the deceased's laughter.'

"Have you anything to offer in support of this request?" "Yes; a copy of the original will."

"And this has reference to an entire v different party." "Please allow me to look at the doc

Dr. Brown handed over the copy. committee retired with it to another room. On their return the chairman scorn; but, earnestly as he tried to do announced that, in accordance with so now, it was impossible for him to Dr. Brown's request, a preliminary exconjure up a smile. The carriage amination of the will having been made, the judge had decided to enter complaint against Attorney Batt, of London, for having falsified the will, and at the same time to place the

roperty of the heiress-at-law under legal protection. "Dr. Brown, have you anything further to say in the matter?" "I beg you will order an autopsy."

"On what grounds?" "It was the wish of the deceased. "Is that your only reason?" "No, but I have a strong suspicion that the deceased came to her death

through slow poisoning." "All present were filled with horror Again the court withdrew, and again the decision was a fulfillment of the dying woman, in whose features he doctor's request; and when the veragain saw plainly his recent guest, diet at the ensuing inquest was did he feel again that compelling force brought in, it was expressed in one

Full Text of Mr. Hermann's Bill.

A New Project Now Under Consideration.

and Report on a Plan for Deeper Water.

The following is Congressman Her-mann's bill (H. R. No. 8938) considered in the house of representatives just adjourned. On February 21st it was referred to the committee on rivers and harbors and ordered to be printed, and on February 22d it was reported with amendments, commit-ted to the committee of the whole house on the state of the Union, and ordered to be printed:

A bill providing for the appointment of a board of engineers to consider and report on a new project for deep-er water on the bar of Yaquina bay, in Oregon.

Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled, that the president of the United States is hereby authorized to appoint a board, to consist of three officers of the engineer corps not below the rank of lieutenant-colonel who, together with the chief of engineers of the United States army, shall make a careful and critical examination o the bar of the Yaquina bay, in Oregon, with a view to a project for deeper water, and shall report the result of such investigation, with estimate of cost, to the next regular ession of congress: Provided, that such selection of engineers shall be from those not stationed on the Pa-cific coast: And provided further, that the cost of said investigation and surveys and the expenses of said are shall be defrayed from the balance of money available of the appropriation made for improving the harbor at Yaquina bay, in Oregon, by act of congress of August 7th, 1894.

Mr. Hermann, from the committee on rivers and harbors, submitted the following report to accompany the

The committee on rivers and harbore, to whom was referred the bill (H. R. 8938) providing for the appointment of a board of engineers to consider and report on a new project for deeper water on the bar of Yaquina bay, in Oregon, having considred the same respectfully report as follows:

That the project of 1888, as modified 1892, requiring the north jetty to be raised to full high tide, and that five groins be built from the south jetty channelwards in order to prevent the currents undermining the jetty, is nearly completed, and it is found that said project has produced a depth of 14 feet at low water on the bar at the entrance to the bay and this bar depth and location of channel has been kept uninterrupt edly during the entire year. We find however, that the importance of this be provided on the bar, with a view of accommodating the deep-draft for eign shipping which is now offered additional inducement to enter by reason of the contemplated extension eastward of the Oregon Pacific railnew management now about to assume proprietorship and control, shall materially different. Along the coast connect with eastern terminals, and the extremes are 88 and 25 degrees; thus make a transcontinental railway with its western terminus on the

waters of Yaquina bay. This will so enlarge the present traffic, already large and increasing ley, as to justify and imperatively require deeper water than has so far been obtained by the existing project. The bill now recommended proposes a board of three engineer officers of pointed by the president, and such engineers, with the chief of engineers, an estimate of cost, for obtain

trance of said Yaquina bay. It is the opinion of your committee that a project on be agreed on that will enable the government to obtain a permanent depth of water sufficient to enable ships engaged in forthe mastery of himself, and with a carefully preserved by a prominent eign shipping to enter Yaquina bay without danger or delay, regardless of a further extension of the present jetty works, and with this view your committee report said bill (H. R. 8938) back to the house with a recommen-

> WHEAT MAY YET BE PROFIT-ABLE.

"What is wheat likely to be worth next fall and what will pay better?" This question is asked by a subscriber who is only one out of thousands vi-tally interested in the same problem. While the markets of the world to all intents and purposes remain dull, dragging and lifeless, certain features are discernible to the close student of the situation which contain some reasons for hope that wheat may do better. For one thing, the price though low is doggedly steady and quickly recovers from occasional onslaughts of the bears. While those who have faithfully stuck to wheat for months and months have been disappointed, there are many who are ready to offer genuine support as soon as they see positive reasons for encouragement, which may come sooner than expected. Rapid as the marketing has been throughout the entire crop year, and burdensome as is the visible supply in this country, stocks in Europe are materially smaller than a year ago, remembered that the amount of wheat | will be removed. back in farmers' hands is conceded on all sides to be rather more nearly exhausted than usual. European buyers, on whom we depend to take our surplus, have not alone permitted their own stock to run down but are now obliged to closely watch supplies here, and should the amount available begin to decrease rapidly, they might be spurred up to more vigorous

buying. The coming world's crop is of course generally conceded deficient in qualport movement than was feared pulsive,-Philadelphia Times,

THE YAQUINA HARBOR earlier. The winter acreage in the northern hemisphere shows little increase taken as a whole and the trials of a severe winter are not yet over. While in the country there has been a good snow covering, it is by no means certain that the '95 harvests will be as abundant as those of last year, irrespective of a spring wheat

properly recognized the future of wheat prices, while uncertain, contains some promise, although statis-tics after all are slippery and do not make the most stable platform on which to base opinions. Nor do we ever attempt to forecast crop results, but do mean to report conditions from veek to week more accurately than Board of Engineers to Consider is done by any other agency. It is reasonably safe to assume, however, that were monetary and industrial conditions to speedily resume a normal position, an improvement in wheat would be in order. We are speaking here of the 1895 crop only The outlook for future years must take into account the stupendous efwheat growing along the trans-Siberian railway, and the possibilities of the crop in South America, as well as in the older countries whose wheat producing power is well known. All reliable information at hand confirms the industrial awakening in Russia that may in future cut a large figure in the world's market for both farm and factory products.-American Agiculturist.

acreage yet undetermined.
With these world-wide influences

OREGON WEATHER.

SUMMARY OF THE METEOROLOGI CAL OBSERVATIONS

Weather Conditions, Averages, Observations and Deduction from the Record of 1894.

A summary of the meteorological observations made within the state of Oregon during the year 1894 will, no loubt, be of value to its citizens for information, if for no other purpose and it will prove of the greatest value to those of other states when inquiring concerning Oregon and its climate. The year 1894, as a whole, from a weather point of view, was nearly normal. The most marked feature of the year was the excess of rainfall, especially in Clatsop, Coos and Curry counties, bordering upon the Pacific ocean. The average precipitation for the counties bordering on the Pacific ocean was 93 inches, for the counties in the Willamette valley 49 inches, for the counties of Southern Oregon 33 inches and the same in the coun ties in the Columbia river valley. In the counties lying south and east of the Blue mountains-the stock country of Oregon—the average is 18.06 inches The excess of precipitation ranged from 8.40 inches along the coast to 0.54 of an inch in the southeastern section. The heaviest rainfall in the state was at Glenora, near the summit of the coast mountains in Tillamook county, amounting to 139.98 inches This is purely a local precipitation produced by the topography of the country surrounding. At Bandon, Coos county and Langlois, Curry county, 103.37 and 109.95 inches respectively fell. The least amount precipitation occurred at Vale, Mal-heur county, where only 10.15 inches fell. A noticeable similarity is to be observed in the climate of Douglar. Josephine and Jackson counties in Southern Oregon and of that portion of Oregon 300 miles farther to the north lying along the Columbia river to the east of the Cascade mountains. The mean temperatures of these sec tions are respectively 51.5 and 51.1 inches. In fact, the mean temperature of Oregon, save that portion ly ing to the east and south of the Blue mountains, is practically the same in the Willamette valley 98 and 20

degrees; in Southern Oregon and the Columbia river valleys 100 and 1 degree above zero; to the south and east of the Blue mountains 100 and 11 degrees below zero. The warmest place in Oregon, as shown by the mean temperature is Langlois in Curry county; as shown by the maximum temperature in Pendleton in Umatill: county; as shown by the highest minimum temperature it is Gardiner, Ban-

don and Langlois. The coldest place in Oregon as shown by the mean temperature is Burns Harney county, with a mean of 37.3 degrees and as shown by the minimum temperature which is 32 degrees below zero. Bandon in Coos county had the lowest maximum temperature,

viz.: 78 degrees. The snowfall was unusually heavy during the year, the heaviest being at Hood River, in Wasco county, where the total amounted to 135.5 inches over 11 feet. Joseph, Wallowa county, had 61.5 inches, Baker City 56.6 inches; along the coast there fell from 1 inch at Gardiner to 15 inches at Astoria; in the Willamette valley and in Southern Oregon from 4 to 29 inches fell. The greatest of all events occurring during the year-due to meteorological conditions was the flood in the Columbia and tributary rivers. In June the rivers rose from 6 to 20 feet higher than ever before known and did considerable damage.

SWEET BREATH. Every woman, that is, every really fastidious woman, wants to have a breath sweetly wholesome, in keeping with her dainty ensemble. This, let it be known, can never be obtained through the use of cachous and spiced confections of the bon bonniere. This sort of thing savors of the perfume that is attempted as a disguise for dirt. Fragrance may keep excellent company with soap and water-like wise certain delicate breath perfumer may be used when the stomach is in a thoroughly healthy condition. Bu it is a vivid mistake for a girl to think that she can mend the defect of a bad breath by means of coarse

scented compounds.

A much-abused stomach, bad teeth, and a low state of vitality are respon-sible for a disagreeable breath. Regulate your diet, turn some of your and during the past month the world's bonbon money over to the dentist for supply has actually decreased. This teeth repairs, and two of the chief is all the more significant when it is causes for this unpleasant condition

A tablet made of the genuine East Indian lime-juice dissolved on the tongue after each meal will aid in digestion and cleanse the mouth and throat from the flavor of food. A small quantity of violet orris roo

will have a similar effect. A teaspoonful of powdered charcoal dissolved in half a tumbler of water and taken the first thing in the morning acts as a marvelous breath sweetener. Let these little toilet niceties, the an uncertain but most important fac-Identist's craft and constant care of tor. The Argentine harvest is now your stomach act as guard against an say, "Never will I accept individual offensive breath, which makes even ity and this may mean a smaller ex- the most luscious-looking mouth re-

Inspirations Born of Theosophy.

The Vital Force of a Vital Creed.

Interesting Details Offered by One Versed in the Occult Theory-Food for Deep Thought.

Vedas (sacred books) hoary with age, when the Bible was but an infant. In the beginning we were spirit, but by the fall took on "coats of skin," and are now toiling our weary way back to spirit, back to the estate of Gods from which we have fallen, onward and upward to be finally merged into the At-one-ment with the Absolute. Man as we well know him has seven principals, or a septenary constitution: Briefly outlined they are, first, -counting from the lowest upwardthe physical body, the shell in which have incased ourselves; 2nd, the Astral body or etherial double, which is the actual man in a finer, more ten ous condition than the visible man 3d, vitality or life principle, fitly called cohesion, which holds man together and which, leaving him, he passes on to another plane of consciousness; the 4th principle, kama, is the emotional, nervous nature, coming under the control of mind. Manas or mind is the 5th principle, the 6th, Buddhi or spiritnal soul, which is the entity and intelligence, and the 7th and last is Atma or pure spirit, from which we came and to which we are going. Evolution per acre.—S. A. Cook, Georgia, in is the law. Humanity goes around the earth in cycles, returning again and again, but at each turn of the cycle on the point of return, it is higher than before. Limited space prevents us from dealing with cyclic law more fuly, so rapidly we will take you through reincarnation (ordinarily it takes several centuries). The four lower principles, physical, body, emotional nature, astral body, and vitality, do not reincarnate, their work is finished with each earth life, and at death or soon after, disintegrate and go back to the elements from which they sprang, but the real man, mauas, Buddhi and Atma composes the Ego that comes again and again to earth life. The animal man is simply an instrument through which the spiritual man works, therefore the reincarna-tion of the machine is unnecessary. Progress is the law and a man after once having become a man, cannot be come an animal, no more than the lesser can be made to contain the greater: Degraded as man may become, he comes again as a man, but by his present life his future life conditions are more severe. One earth life is not sufficient to become perfect, else reincarnation would not be nec

ssary. Personally I do not consider th a necessity, and if we had the scrength or purpose to live on and work out our problems here at once, our advancement would be much more rapid; but after sixty or seventy years of "toil without recompense" we grow weary and need rest. Devachan, the Christian's heaven, is that place. Devachan is a sort of idealized continuation of earth life. A dream life where the spirit finds perfect rest. Not that sort of heaven where you can look on the golden fences and "Don't Forget You, Lassie," pubpearly gates down into hell and see your dear ones being shifted about with hot forks, or see them on earth being defeated in politics, but a place where they all seem to be with you. It is here that the spirit gathers its

experiences to itself and prepares for incarnation. The lower quartenary passes into the kamic plane, the place of desires, where it remains until it disintegrates. 1,500 years is generally believed to be the period passed in Devachan, but the nature of the person fixes this; one spiritually minded may as a just reward remain much longer than one whose earthly desires are so pronounced as to draw him back to earth at once. The plane of Kama Loka is nearest the earth and it is to this place suicides and men who have been hanged, etc., are destined to remain. until the time when they would naturally have been released from earth

life. We have now reached the time for reincarnation. The previous earth life | ued to write rapidly, and T. B. Harms birth in the next, and just the place we still have a steady sale. deserve and have earned, we receive. This explains the apparent unjust distribution of wealth and happiness. 'As a man sows, so also shall he reap, and we are the architects of our own fortunes; true, we may have forgotten our former life, and don't see the justice of being punished for somehing we don't know anything about, but our forgetfulness doesn't help us of the heroine turned towards the a particle. In Theosophy there is no wall. vicarious atonement, we carve our own destinies, save or damn ourselves as suits our fancy. Our very thoughts are things and as man becomes what ne worships, how mete that our ideals should be lofty. In every human being there is that spark of the divine, that germ of perfection which needs only an opportunity to blossom forth into the God in whose likeness and image we were created. Step by step we rope our way "Heaven is not reached at a single

bound But we build the ladder by which w From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies; and we mount to its summit round by round.

O count this thing to be grandly true That a noble deed is a step toward Lifting the soul from the common sod To purer air and broader view. We rise by things that are neath our

By what we have mastered of good By the pride deposed and the passion slain And the vanquished ills we hourly

feet:

Nor can we go alone, but ever leading and guiding our brother, together we climb upward to that final bliss Nirvana, the seventh heaven of com-pleteness. Laying down self for the good of others, not for the reward of joy that follows a duty performed, but because we love humanity and can salvation, never will I enter into that final peace alone," when our motto shall be "I will do all the good I can, publishers.

to all the people I can, in all the ways I can." When we recognize every liv-ing creature as a candidate for the ame heaven with us, when we cultivate our souls instead of our bodies, and when every thought we send out is the purest, grandest and best there is in us, when we desire to make the world better for our having lived in thing eternal LOVE.

ELLA McMUNN. it, then we will know there is but on

GROWING TOMATOES BY THE

ACRE.

It is difficult to say which is the best single variety of tomato, there are so many good ones. The Paragon has always given satisfaction, but in the home garden it is a good plan to plant a small and a seedling. The seeds should be sown in cold frames a month or six weeks before the plants are wanted for planting out. The plants should be ready by the Ages ago when the Christian religion time frosts are over. There are several ways of growing tomatoes, but a plan which is liked very much by was not, Theosophy was old, and the many, and especially when not more than an acre is planted, is as follows: After plowing the soil thoroughly and then harrowing in a half or whole ton of some good fertilizer, check off the land five by five feet, and at each intersection of the furrows drive down a stout stake 18 inches in the soil, leaving three feet above. In a triangle about this stake set three plants, 12 or 15 inches from the stake. Before the plants fall over encircle them and stake with a broad strong band, drawing the plants in just a little. If the band is placed about 15 inches from the ground it will be sufficient to hold up the fruit from the ground; but if the vines grow very large a second band may be put on later, but one is usually enough. Each hill should yield, at the very lowest if the land is good, a peck of toma-toes. At five by five feet there will be 1742 stakes or hills, and with three plants to the hill it will require 5226 plants per acre. If preferred, plants may be set to the stake, and the hills reduced to a distance of

HIS SONGS MADE OTHERS RICH

Charles Graham, who is one of the most successfu: of American songwriters, is an example of a man whose genius has made fortunes for others While he has written many songs that have attracted wide-spread popularity Mr. Graham is still poor. The music publishers who have sold his songs have all got the profits and Mr. Graham has got only fame.

He says that the public who hear the newest great song of the day ground out on piano-organs or warbled in concert halls little imagine the hard ships and struggles that have often to be endured by the bright fellows who are the originators of these pop-ular melodies, and in whom the love of song is rarely accompanied by the business instinct which would enable them to coin their songs into dollars. Charles Graham was born in Boston England, in 1863. He inherited his musical gifts, for his father was nusician and composer of good repute The boy after learning to play th piano at a Boston college gave evi lence of a promising future and at the age of ten years composed little melodies which were sung in chorus by is college companions.

In 1880, being then 17 years of age ne landed at Halifax, N. S. At first he saw no opening for his musica senius, and he accepted a position in hotel. Then, after managing severa local quartets, in which he himself sang bass, he drifted to New York

His first song for publication was composed in 1884, when he wrote lished by Willis Woodward, of New York, and created a stir, as the musi world realized that a new genius had come among them. It was fitting about this time that the writer of love songs should himself plead guilty to the tender passion, and so it happened that in 1886 Charles Graham took unto himself a bride. But although in his married life he has been very happy and is the father of four children, and although his songs have repeatedly won success, it has always been the publishers who have cut off the cou pons, while the author and compose cathered, as it were, only "the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table." A few months after his marriage he wrote that wonderful success which even today is a standard favorite at many of our best concerts, "If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow." From this song the publishers have made many thousands of dollars, whill the composer only managed to secure a few hundred. After this he contin-

entirely controls the conditions of & Co. published many of his songs that He now received from an unexpected ource a suggestion for a song that was destined to be sung by almost everybody all over the world. His prother went to the theater one eveing and witnessed a performance of "Blue Jeans." Playgoers will remember that, in one of the scenes, the old man enters and demands the picture

> Graham's inventive faculties grasped the idea at once, and, although too sick with rheumatism to venture out, he there and then wrote and composed that most pathetic of all songstories, entitled "The Picture That Is Turned Towards the Wall."

> From the sale of that song Graham made, in small amounts at a time, about \$500 altogether in royalties. The publishers made from that same song the enormous sum of \$25,000. Mr. Graham cites these figures to show the discrepancy between the reward of genius and that of business tact, and to impress upon the budding song-writers, who imagine that a few rhymes lead to instant popularity, how ill-paid a profession songwriting is.

Still the young writer stuck to his post, but life had become very un-settled with him. Home and Bohemia did not get along well together; one or the other had to be neglected, and, although desiring to be faithful to his hearthstone duties, the spirit of camaraderie, was growing stronger, and the popular composer was quick-ly surrounded by friends who took all, but gave nothing in return. Then came another wonderful suc

cess from Graham's pen, "Two Little Girls in Blue," sung, played, whistled and parodled everywhere, lisped by the tiniest tots and yelled with delight by the strongest men. There have been few such songs that have jumped so instantaneously into popular favor, yet for this song Charles Graham received the paltry sum of \$10, and at the time was glad to get it. After the song became popular he received an additional \$500 from the

THE STORY DENIED.

San Francisco, Mar. 11.—Members of the crew of the Monterey deny the story, telegraphed from Scattle in reference to a girl named Townsend being a member of the coast defense vessel's crew. The story reflects on the officers of the ship and has created quite a sensation at Mare Island.



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