BROWN'S THANKSGIVING

It Made This Speculator Think Life Worth the Living,

AND TO A GAY TYPEWRITER GIRL

It Brought Sweet Peace from Out Life's Dizzy Whirl.

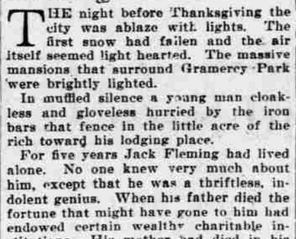
GEORGE CALDWELL
Down of Gotham
town the morn be-
fore Thanksgiving
From sleep awoke, so
nearly broke life
hardly seemed
worth living.
Now this man Brown
had been thrown
down by Wall
street's fluctuations;
To rise again seemed
to him then beyond
all calculations.
"My race is run, I'm
quite undone,"
Brown mused as he was dressing;
"I never knew things quite so blue nor cred-
itors so pressing."
And then he took his pocketbook and count-
ed up his money.
The dollars four, there were no more, so few
were they seemed funny.
It made him smile that little pile and then
his blues departed,
For Brown had pluck, believed in luck for
othose not chicken-hearted.
And to his breakfast gaily down went spec-
ulator George Caldwell Brown.
While he drank his coffee hot to his hand a
note was brought,
And the writing on its cover made him turn
it o'er and o'er.
When at last he broke its seal its contents
fairly made him reel;
Made the blood rush to his head, for this
was what the letter said:
"George Caldwell Brown, Esq.:
"Dear Boy—It gives me several kinds of joy
To send a check made out to you to pay the
hundred, long since due,
You kindly loaned when I was broke.
"Most sincerely, R. T. CHOAK."
As he picked his way down town, thus
mused Speculator Brown:
"On the day before Thanksgiving, life is
always worth the living.
Every cloud has its silver lining; somewhere,
always, sun is shining.
Now it really seems to me I should very
thankful be;
Yesterday the sky was murky; now I'm sure
to have my turkey.
But holy smoke! As I'm a sinner, no one's
asked me out to dinner.
Last Thanksgiving I'd a lot of bids to feed,
but this year not a soul, so far, re-
members me.
Jiminy crickets! Well, we'll see."
Thinking thus, Brown stood before his six-
teenth story office door.
"Would or would it not affright her if I
asked my young typewriter
How to work this plan," thought Brown, as
he went and sat him down.
And as he read his letters o'er, he thought
about his plans the more,
And as he thought he grew perplexed, until
at last she thought him vexed.
"To-morrow's Thanksgiving," ventured she.
"A day when all, it seems to me,
Should eat lots of turkey and pumpkin pie,
and all sorts of fixin's that money can
buy."
Thus quickly to the girl's amaze, Brown
made reply in following phrase:
"And," he went on, "I have a plan, and you
must help me if you can."
Then he told her how the borrowed money
came,
And how he sorrowed much before it came.
He said: "The landscape blue, it turned to
red;
It filled my heart with thankfulness, it drove
away my wretchedness.
But," he continued, "then I thought of other
men dead broke.
I ought to see some other luckless sinners
furnished with Thanksgiving dinners."
The maiden listened to his words. "You
want my help to buy the birds,
The celery and the pumpkin pies and other
things," she said, her eyes
Bent on the floor. Then he replied: "That's
it exactly; if you tried
You could not closer speak my mind.
And further, if you'll be so kind
And help me at the dinner, too,
I'll always grateful be to you."
The maiden's cheek was like a peach, and
as she listened to his speech,
Into it crept a rosy pink, so comely, that it
made him think:
"Well, I vow; in all the city there is no other
girl so pretty."
So to the market forth they went, on benev-
olence intent.
On the way the girl observed: "Where
will you have the dinner served?
If you have not got another place, I'm cer-
tain that my mother
Would be happy if you were to have it cook-
ed and served by her."
"A very good idea, my child," said Spec-
ulator Brown, and smiled.
"How many guests, then, will there be?
Have you asked them yet?" said she.

THE DOLLARS FOUR.

"No, by gracious! I forgot. When we have
the dinner bought.
I'll find fellows out of work, and bid them
come and feed on turk."
So they planned and so they talked as to the
market place they walked.
At the market place their eyes filled with
wonder and surprise.
Food was there from all creation; food
enough for half a nation.
"Where does it come from?" Brown pro-
pounded. Thus a market man ex-
pounded:
"Should you ask me whence those turkeys,
Whence those birds of rounded plumpness,
Stripped each one of ruby wattle,
Stripped of all its glorious feathers,
Drawn and ready for the oven,
There to bake and brown and sizzle
Till the cook, with wise decision, takes it
from the torrid recess,
Ready for Thanksgiving dinners,
I should tell you, answer I should:
From the plains of Illinois, from the hills
of Pennsylvania,
From the vales of Massachusetts, from New
York and from New Jersey,
Where the farmers feed and feed more,
All the summer, all the autumn,
Till Thanksgiving is not far off;
Then they send them to the city,
That New York may not bereft be
Of the pleasures of the table."
"That's enough of rhymeless rhythm; send
two turkeys, and send with them——"
Brown began, stopped, perplexed. Turning
to the girl: "What next?"
Then the maiden skillfully filled the order
out, and he paid the bill admiringly.
How Brown went out guests to invite would
be too long a story quite.
But he scraped up half a dozen, and him-
self, the maiden's cousin,
And her mother, all sat down next day to
feast on turkeys brown.
Who was there? Isaiah Stout, who for six
weeks had been out.
Next to him, contented, sat Candy Maker
Israel Pratt.
With his wife, John Henry Stiles, employed
in good times making files.

THE DINNER.

Just across the greaning table sat the boot-
black, Billy Cable.
At his right his face a-grin, was the news-
boy, Tommy Quinn.
Ne'er was dinner better cooked, never maid-
en sweeter looked.
While the guests devoured and gorged, Cu-
pid shackles lightly forged.
Brown's heart was the heart they bound, as
he very quickly found,
And before the meal was over, Brown was a
devoted lover.
When the guests had gone away Brown ask-
ed if he might longer stay,
And to the maiden, with a flush, he told a
tale that made her blush.
"Won't you help me, if you can, with this
better, sweeter plan?
Don't you see, a wife I need? Must I with
you hopeless plead?"
Said the maiden: "Of the other plan I coun-
selled with my mother.
If to this one she'll consent, to marry you
I'll be content."
Nothing more this scribbler tells; listen now
to wedding bells.



THE night before Thanksgiving the city was ablaze with lights. The first snow had fallen and the air itself seemed light hearted. The massive mansions that surround Gramercy Park were brightly lighted.

In muffled silence a young man cloakless and gloveless hurried by the iron bars that fence in the little acre of the rich toward his lodging place.

For five years Jack Fleming had lived alone. No one knew very much about him, except that he was a thriftless, indolent genius. When his father died the fortune that might have gone to him had endowed certain wealthy charitable institutions. His mother had died in his infancy, and Jack Fleming had grown up with the servants and his books for companions. He had never seen enough of his father to love him. In his childhood Jack had had one friend, Dora Goldthwait. She was a beautiful girl, several years his junior, who lived in the house adjoining his father's, and every day one or the other would climb the fence that separated them and drop over into the little yard for a romp. Dora was proud of her protector and playmate, for even then Jack was full of book knowledge, and Dora soon learned to love Shakspeare and Milton as read aloud by her hero.

Another great tramping place for the little people was Gramercy Park, for both houses faced the handsome playground and Mr. Goldthwait and Jack's father were among the favored rich who possessed keys to the great iron gates that shut out the children of the poor, who often lined the iron fence and peered wistfully between the bars at the smiling lawn within.

The children were inseparable until Jack was 15 and Dora 12. Then Jack went to college, but every holiday found him at home again, and often books went by the board and Jack came home on the sly to see his little sweetheart. Of course, on these occasions he was smuggled into Dora's home, and good-natured, easy-going Mr. Goldthwait would have thought it the basest treachery for any member of his family to inform his next door neighbor, Jack's father, that his son was playing truant.

After three years at college Jack was hopelessly behind in his studies, and his father, still ignorant of the reason, called him a blockhead. One day Jack received a tender, loving letter from Dora asking him to come home at once, as her father had just received word from England that he had fallen heir to a large property, including a theater in one of the large cities, and the business of the latter was in urgent need of his immediate attention. The family would sail for England immediately, but Dora wanted Jack to go with them, if he could. A few hours after receiving the letter Jack stood in front of the Goldthwait residence on Gramercy Park. It was closed. No servant answered the bell, and Jack's heart fell like lead. Again he looked at the letter. It was dated two days before and had been delayed in the mails. At home he found his father, but in a mood in which he had never seen him before.

"You young rascal!" he shouted, as Jack entered. "So you have been wasting your time next door, instead of studying."

No pleading on the part of Jack could induce the turbulent old man to tell where the Goldthwaits had gone.

"Never mind," thought Jack. "I will hear from her soon, and then——"

But no letter came. Weeks lengthened into months and Jack grew tall and thin. One day he went up to his college town, and an inquiry at the postoffice elicited the fact that several letters had come, up to a month ago, but they had been forwarded to Gramercy Park.

That night father and son faced each other for the last time.

"Where are the letters Dora wrote to me?" demanded Jack, as he leaned over toward the old man, who stood smiling sarcastically in his face.

"I told you that if you refused to return to college you would regret it," was the reply.

Jack turned on his heel and passed out of the house.

He found it a harder struggle than he expected. His income fluctuated from next to nothing to nothing itself. He became first a wanderer among apartments, then among boarding houses, and at last an inhabitant of "furnished rooms," who ate at cheap restaurants—when he could eat at all.

He had lived a week in a rear hall bedroom on Twenty-second street before he discovered that its windows were only separated from those of his old home and that of Dora, on Gramercy Park, by the brief New York back yards in which they used to play together. The Goldthwait house was dark. It had been ever since the day Dora left. Next to it, where his father's mansion loomed up against the trees beyond, lights were often seen. But strangers occupied the familiar rooms.

On Thanksgiving Eve just five years since he had left his old life behind him Jack went to his dingy little window to gaze at the two mansions. He shivered with cold; but the blood rushed quickly to his face when he saw the home of the girl he still loved, brightly lighted up. For an instant he stood still, amazed. Then he sat down on his bed to think. Finally, downhearted and discouraged, he turned to a great pile of manuscript and rubbish on the floor, and picking a book from the nondescript mass he turned over the leaves.

"Twelve plays out," he muttered to himself; "five of them probably lost." Only that day he had sent his best and latest comedy to the new English actor who had arrived the day before. As soon as it was rehearsed (as he doubted not it would be) he would send the others in rotation.

For months he had expected success to come with the dawn of every new day, and to-night as he threw himself on his bed, hungry and broken-hearted, he realized the mistake he had made in living in a dream. He made firm resolutions to reform, but as his fingers clinched in newborn resolve his eyes strayed across the way again. For the second time that evening his heart stood still. Behind the soft lace curtains of the Goldthwait mansion shadows of people flitted to and fro. The house was inhabited again—but by strangers, of course, he thought.

Thanksgiving Day found Jack poorer and hungrier than he had ever been before in his life. For forty-eight hours he had not tasted food, but he determined to breakfast in spite of the almost total emptiness of his pocketbook. He turned his face toward the lower portion of the city, determined to accept whatever work offered itself, but it was a holiday, and after several hours spent in tramping the quiet streets Jack turned his face homeward. As he trudged up Broadway a clatter on the stones behind attracted his attention and a driverless cab dashed into sight. An elderly man was gesticulating wildly from the window. With a bound Jack responded. In another moment the runaway horse stood panting in the roadway, and Jack's sinewy hand was on the bit.

"One dollar to drive me up to Delmonico's," shouted the man.

"IN THE LITTLE BACK YARD."

"But your driver?" asked Jack.

"Drunk in a saloon," was the response. Without another word Jack leaped up to the cabby's seat and whipped up the horse. It was the first time he had ever earned a dollar by manual labor, and as he clinched his teeth firmly a flush mounted to his cheeks.

When the once familiar restaurant came into sight Jack thought, with moisture in his eyes, of the many times he and Dora had lunched in the great dining-room. As he reined up before it, haggard and mud bespattered, totally different from his old self, he started with amazement. There, standing on the sidewalk was the subject of his dream—not the Dora of old, with short frock and curling hair streaming in the wind, but the beautiful woman into which the years had changed her.

For a moment Jack could hardly restrain himself from rushing forward and declaring his identity. But a thought of his clothes and his work made him stop. He became as anxious to hide his face as he had been a moment before to tell his name.

Dora and her father passed into the restaurant and Jack earned a second dollar by getting a new driver for his passenger's coupe. He passed and repassed the restaurant in an unsuccessful attempt to get another glimpse of the woman he loved before he even satisfied his hunger.

It was dark before he went back to his little room and stationed himself once more at his window to gaze at the lights in the Goldthwait mansion. He was filled with a conflict of love and pride. He had no reason to believe that Dora had not forgotten him, but his love for her was as strong as ever. He longed to go to her, but the knowledge of his poverty and shabbiness kept him back.

The windows of the great old dining-room were bright with light and their raised curtains gave him a clear view of the place where he and Dora had spent many happy Thanksgiving reunions together. He saw her flitting about the table as of old, putting the finishing touches on the arrangement of fruits and flowers. He could see her plainly. She looked even younger and more beautiful than she had that afternoon in her heavy street wraps.

Half an hour passed and some one else came into the room—a tall, handsome man. Dora seemed to forget her household duties, for she hung on the man's arm and seemed to plead with him. At last he sat down, and then still another person came in; it was Mr. Goldthwait. They sat by the fire, with Dora between them. She was talking earnestly, and the handsome stranger seemed to be listening intently. Occasionally Jack could see that Mr. Goldthwait spoke. Then Dora would beam with happy smiles. Suddenly she jumped up from her seat, and a moment later when she returned she had in her hands a fluttering manuscript.

She read it. The old smile played about her lips. The gestures waved the graceful hands. It maddened Jack. He felt that he must be near her once more—must hear her voice again.

A wisteria vine ran down from his window. Clasping the strong, dry stalk, Jack descended until he stood on the fence so dear to his memory. Softly he crept along until he reached the little veranda at the rear of the Goldthwait mansion, and peering through the window he feasted his eyes on the face of the girl he loved.

Jack was overcome as he saw again all the little details of the room which once had been so familiar to him. He bowed

"HE SAT ON HIS BED AND THOUGHT."

his head. He pushed against the glass of the swinging window. The window opened a trifle. Jack started back frightened, but the air was still outside, and the inmates of the room had not noticed. How he could hear Dora's voice. It said:

"Now, Mr. Langdon, let me read the climax to you before dinner is announced."

Langdon was the name of the English actor to whom Jack had sent his play, and as Dora's sweet voice read on, Jack realized that it was his own comedy she was reading.

The climax was rendered with telling effect. The two men leaned forward with interest.

"Capital! Capital!" cried Langdon.

Jack was filled with intense excitement. His hands were clinched.

"Do you accept it?" asked Dora, triumphantly, of the actor.

"I do," was the reply. "It is the comedy that I have been waiting for."

"I will write him to-night, then," said Dora. The beautiful girl sank back in her chair and went on: "And now I will tell you a story that will explain why I was so anxious to have you take the play."

Jack listened breathlessly.

"You see," said Dora, "I used to have a friend here named John Fleming. When we went abroad I wrote to him, but he did not answer my letters. I lost sight of him, but I did not lose my—well, my regard for him."

"A splendid fellow," interrupted Mr. Goldthwait.

"There never was one like him," said Dora. Then she went on: "Well, when we reached New York last week father and I began to look him up, and we found in the first place that the reason he had not answered my letters was because his father, who was angry at both of us, had intercepted them; in the second place, that father and son were never reconciled, and that the old gentleman disinherited Jack when he died, and in the third place that Jack had been ever since barely making a living out of literary work and trying to get some one to produce his plays.

"We finally got track of him this morning, and this morning also I saw the manuscript of this play lying on the table where you had left it when you brought it up from the theater. The words 'By John Fleming' caught my attention at once, and I picked it up and read it. It seemed to me so strange that I made up my mind that you shouldn't send it back without reading it, so I read it to you myself. And now I shall send for Jack to-morrow, and when he comes I shall have good news for him. And—and good news for Jack is—is good news for—for me, you see. So I am very happy."

There was a noise of an opening window, and Jack, wild eyed and unkempt, but very joyful, stepped in. For a moment they did not recognize him, but when they did——

"Well," said Mr. Langdon, "this climax beats anything in your play."

"Yes," added Mr. Goldthwait, "and it is doubly good because it will be followed by a real Thanksgiving dinner."—New York Press.

A Tragedy in Turkey.

Through the corn a turkey rustles,
On a fence a small boy sits,
After him the farmer hustles,
Terrifying his few wits.

"'Tis the boy," thus thinks the Turkey,
"'Tis the turkey," thinks the boy.
And the farmer's efforts jerky
Fill the wicked youth with joy.

Now that Turkey is not living,
But no loud lament is heard,
For the boy upon Thanksgiving
Dined upon that noble bird.

The American colonies in Paris, Berlin and other foreign cities try to keep their national day by a feast with appropriate dishes.

"Give Me the Wishbone."

Schilling's Best tea is in packages, sealed air-tight to keep, full weight, and right. It is cheap besides.

If you don't like it, your grocer returns your money in full—we pay him to do it.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco 215

A HAPPY MAN.

A USED-UP OLD MINER RENEWS HIS YOUNGER DAYS.

From the Report, San Francisco, Cal.

Among the afflicted who have for years visited San Francisco to brace up their shattered constitutions is the well-known William Shore, of 28 Minna street, familiarly known as Daddy Shore, because of his affectionate disposition and kind-heartedness. Mr. Shore is the head of a family. He has a happy home, a loving wife and children, city and country realty, paying mining investments and a pretty substantial bank account. For years, however, he has lacked one thing which all his wealth could not buy. He lacked health and spent thousands of dollars for doctors and medicines to obtain even temporary relief.

Mr. Shore's greatest and most painful ailment was rheumatism. For ten years he suffered terribly. At times the pains were almost unbearable and he writhed in agony. His limbs would swell and his head would ache, so that rest was impossible.

These spells of sickness were as distressing to his family and his friends as they were weakening to the sufferer. In San Francisco he had the best of medical skill, but all that the doctors could do was to afford temporary relief. All the health resorts and all the famous springs of the state were visited in turn without effecting any permanent good results.

Mr. Shore was about to give up in despair and settle down with resignation into being a life-long sufferer, when a San Farncicso friend—at whose home he was stopping—told him of some miraculous cures made by the use of a certain pill, the name of which at the moment he could not remember.

Clutching like a drowning man at a straw, Mr. Shore requested his friend to make further inquiries about the wonderful medicine. Next day he was presented with a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Scarcely two days had passed before Mr. Shore seemd to get some relief and he felt very much encouraged and continued his treatment with steadiness and faithfulness. Before a week was over all signs of swelling had disappeared and his limbs were of normal shape and size. Relief from pain was gradual until it all went away. The sufferer was amazed. He could scarcely believe his senses, so pronounced became the cure in reasonable time. To say that Mr. Shore is a happy man does not express the situation. He is brimming over with joy. Although an old-timer, he is as young as the youngest, dancing and prancing around, singing the praises of the medicine that wrought such a miracle.

There is no secret about his cure. Mr. Shore is one of the representative men of the Pacific coast, with hosts of friends and acquaintances, all of whom can testify to the truth of the circumstances related above.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Show.

"What would you take to see that performance again?" asked one man of another as they filed out of a place of amusement.

"I'd take opium!" was the quick response.—New York Recorder.

A TENACIOUS CLUTCH

Is that of dyspepsia. Few remedies do more than palliate this obstinate complaint. Try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, however, and you will find that it is conquerable, along with its symptoms, heartburn, flatulence, nervousness and loss of flesh and vigor. Biliousness and constipation frequently accompany it. These besides malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, are also subduable with the Bitters.

Rowan jelly is one of the most indispensible adjuncts to game in Scotland.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CUR

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Cod's roe cutlets are a special delicacy in England.

My doctor said I would die, but Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me.—Amos Kelner, Cherry Valley, Ill., Nov. 23, '95.

In Due Form.

A man was arraigned in an Arkansas court many years ago for stealing a young pig out of his neighbor's pen; said pig, or shoat, being alleged to be worth a dollar and a half.

The evidence was conclusive, and the jury, after a brief retirement, brought in their verdict, "Guilty of hog-stealing in the first degree."

The judge remarked that the finding was proper enough, except that it failed to assess the value of the pig; and, further, that there were no degrees in hog stealing. He must ask the jury to retire again, and bring in a verdict in due form.

The jury went out, with pen, ink and paper, but were badly nonplused over that word "form." Finally one of them, who had formerly been a justice of the peace, drew up a document to which the other eleven assented, and with which all hands returned to the courtroom. This was the verdict: "We, the jeurey, pusilanimously find the defendant gilty in the sum of 1 dollar and a ½ in favor of the hog."

"Take away woman," shouted the orator, "and what would follow?" "We would," said a man at the back of the audience, promptly.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

TO be a lion is to have a lion's enemies.

To give less than we should is not to give as God would.

The man who gives help to another learns how best to help himself.

No gift will be too small that has a heart full of love behind it.

Blessed are the meek. The rabbit survives, but the wolf is gone.

Suffering often puts into the human voice a tone that seems divine.

The strongest of all men is the one who takes God to be his strength.

Something is sure to be accomplished by the man who sticks to one thing.

If we see nothing good in others, they will not be likely to see much good in us.

Not until we know a man's heart have we any right to say that we know him.

We would all have less cause to blame others if we had fewer faults of our own.

Only God can tell how much wrong doing is prevented by one man doing right.

Before we can know much of God we have to find out a good deal about ourselves.

As much bitterness and hate can be expressed in a word as can be fired out of a gun

It is better to be able to suffer long and be kind than to be able to talk like an angel.

The man who says no to himself in nothing has the devil for a traveling companion.

The Christian who does not look happy when he gives dims the polish on his gift.

The man who would have a large life, must work and pray that he may have a large heart.

A good man finds good wherever he goes, because the good in him brings out good in others.

The slothful man can never find that sweetness in bread which God puts in it for the diligent man.

We often call upon God to take away our trials, when what he wants is to give us grace to stand them.

The devil almost gains our consent to stay, when he proves that nobody else is doing anything to make him go.

There is probably a time in the life of every man when his hand almost touches the philosopher's stone.

There will be no revival when the people can see clear across the house that the preacher isn't expecting much.

Every mother should train her children as carefully as she would if she knew they were to be kings and queens.

Many a man cheats himself out of a blessing, because he is not willing to trust God with the way in which it shall come.

David found the valley of the shadow of death a better place than the green pastures, but it is hard to convince those who have not tried it that it is that way.

Curious Collections.

A grim collection of relics periodically offered for sale in the French capital, attracts the attention of curio hunters. These collections are formed of the pieces a conviction accumulates in the criminal courts. There are skeleton keys, packs of cards, roulette-tables, betting-books and a motley host of stolen and unclaimed goods. The Assize Court of the Seine, Paris, contains revolvers, bludgeons, and such ghastly souvenirs as the garments of murderers and their victims. The curious museum of a Stafford celebrity has been visited by thousands, who have been attracted and amused by its contents. These consist of grotesque figures of birds, animals, and men, formed from roots of trees, strangely-shaped stones, and allegorical subjects carved in oak panels by the eccentric owner. A queer collection was formed by a gentleman in Berlin of boot and shoe heels. The idea is said to have been suggested to him when once on a visit to an ancient castle, in the company of a Swedish lady, who happened to lose the heel off one of her boots. That particular boot heel became, we are told, the first and most valued item in the entire collection of over a thousand specimens. A more than usually interesting collection was the exhibition of historical gloves in Paris. There were on view, to the delight of relic hunters, gloves from the time of the Romans, also those worn by a Greek lady of rank at a public festival, besides old French and English gloves. Among the latter might be noticed three pairs once worn by Queen Elizabeth, which proved that the hand of good Queen Bess was anything but a small one; in fact, most of the ancient gloves were remarkable for their size. Either gloves were much looser then, or small hands are a peculiarity of modern times.

The Ball Before Waterloo.

Wellington's conduct is a riddle. About the middle of the afternoon he was informed, through the Prince of Orange, as to his enemy's movements. With perfect calm, he commanded that his troops should be ready in their cantonments; at five he issued orders for the divisions to march with a view to concentration at Nivelles, the easternmost point that he intended to occupy; at ten, just as he was setting out for the Duchess of Richmond's ball, he gave definite instructions for the concentration to begin. About twenty minutes after the Prince of Orange had reached the ballroom Wellington sent him quietly away, and then, summoning the Duke of Richmond, who was to have command of the reserve when formed, he asked for a map. The two withdrew to an adjoining room. Wellington closed the door, and said, with an oath, "Napoleon has humbugged me." He then explained that he had ordered his army to concentrate at Quatre Bras, adding, "But we shall not stop him there; and if so, I must fight him here," marking Waterloo with his thumb-nail on the map as he spoke.—Century.

Woman's Reason.

Surprised Dame—What? And you have refused Mr. De Goode? I thought you liked him.

Lovely Daughter—I did, but to tell you the truth, none of the other girls seemed to care a snap for him.—New York Recorder.

A man without enthusiasm is a very poor friend, but he takes good care of himself.

This is the season when those persons who have never tried 'possum long for it.

Anglo-Saxon and English Languages

The English language in use to-day in books and newspapers is the lineal descendant of the Anglo-Saxon, spoken and written by the people of the time of Alfred the Great, just as the French now spoken in Paris descends from the French used by the subjects of Louis the Stammerer, who lived at about the same period as Alfred. Both have changed, but the changes in the French have been by what may be called internal development, while in addition to this factor, the English has accretions from many sources. The wonderful success of the English-speaking peoples as merchants and colonists has had its influence on their language, which now contains words from almost every language and dialect on the globe.

War Between China and Japan.

The recent conflict between China and Japan began with the declaration of war by the Mikado July 27, 1894, and closed with an armistice, afterward made permanent, on March 29, 1895. Ostensibly begun by the Japanese for the purpose of forcing reforms in Corea, then a dependency of China, but in which Japan had large commercial interests, it was really one of those contests for supremacy which, sooner or later, are bound to come between neighboring and rival States. The difficulty in Corea was merely the occasion; the real cause was the intense rivalry between China and the Japanese empire.

His Other Eye.

"Ball one!" yelled the umpire.
"Good eye!" shouted Chimmy.
"Strike one!" the umpire called.
"Dat's his odder eye," explained Chimmy.—Indianapolis Journal.

A man's idea of a good woman is one who thinks her husband doesn't need praying for.

Greece has only twelve miles of territory for each mile of seacoast, while England, which ranks next, has 84.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

Itching and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops Itching, Absorbs Tumors. A positive cure. Circulars sent free. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Phila., Pa.

Get Your Christmas Gifts Free

Many thousand dollars worth of valuable articles suitable for Christmas gifts for the young and old, are to be given to smokers of **Blackwell's Genuine Durham Tobacco.** You will find one coupon inside each two ounce bag, and two coupons inside each four ounce bag of Blackwell's Durham. Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon—which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them.

Blackwell's Genuine DURHAM Tobacco

Cheapest Power.....

Rebuilt Gas and .....Gasoline Engines.

IN GUARANTEED ORDER..... .....FOR SALE CHEAP

1-1 H. P. Hercules, Gas or Gasoline.
1-2 H. P. Hercules, Gas or Gasoline.
1-2 H. P. Regan, Gas or Gasoline.
1-3 H. P. Oriental, Gas or Gasoline.
1-4 H. P. Otto, Gas or Gasoline.
1-4 H. P. Pacific, Gas or Gasoline.
1-6 H. P. Hercules, Gas or Gasoline.
1-10 H. P. Hercules, Gas or Gasoline.

State Your Wants and Write for Prices.....

405-7 Sansome Street San Francisco, Cal...

....Hercules Gas Engine Works

Gas, Gasoline and Oil Engines, 1 to 200 H. P.

Breakfast Cocoa

Made by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., is "a perfect type of the highest order of excellence in manufacture." It costs less than one cent a cup.

Masterpieces of English Literature

Through our MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT we offer

Special at 21c. Each,

Postage paid by us.

"Rab and His Friends," "R. Marvel's "Dream Life" and "Reveries of a Bachellor;" "Lucille;" Irving's "Sketch Book;" Lubbock's "Pleasures of Life;" Hawthorn's "Twice Told Tales," "Scarlet Letter," "House of Seven Gables" and "Muses from an Old Manse;" "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" Drummond's "Addresses" and "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

These are well printed in large type on fine paper, and bound in velum cloth, with attractive design in silver, as shown above—books both in title and style desirable for one's own library or for gifts.

With each order we will also send one of our New Fall Catalogues.

OLDS & KING,

302 Washington St. - - PORTLAND, OR.

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK or "Just Don't Feel Well," DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS are the One Thing to use. Only One for a Dose. Sold by Druggists at 25c. a box. Samples mailed free. Address Dr. Bosanko Med. Co. Phila. Pa.

WHEAT. Make money by successful speculation in Chicago. We buy and sell wheat there on margins. Fortunes have been made on a small beginning by trading in futures. Write for full particulars. Best of reference given. Several years' experience on the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the business. Downing, Hopkins & Co., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland, Oregon, and Spokane, Wash.

RUPTURE and PILES cured; no pay until cured. Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt & Appliances, 704 Market St., San Francisco.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL!

MME A. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH.

New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago AND Portland, Or.

MME. A. RUPPERT says: "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of the ladies of the United States that would like to try my World Renowned FACE BLEACH; but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is $2 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together $5. In order that all of these may have an opportunity, I will mail free a sample bottle, safely packed, plain wrapper, on receipt of 25 cents. FRECKLES, pimples, moth, sallowness, black heads, acne, eczema, oiliness or roughness, or any discoloration or disease of the skin, and wrinkles (not caused by facial expression,) FACE BLEACH removes absolutely. It does not cover up, as cosmetics do, but it is a cure.

Send for my book "How to be Beautiful," free on application. Address all communications or call on

MME. A. RUPPERT.
Room 6, Golden Rule Building, Portland, Or.

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS.

MAILED FREE To any address, our ..... Special Price List of HOUSEHOLD GOODS, ETC.

This circular is issued for the benefit of our country customers who cannot avail themselves of our Daily Special Sales. Send us your address. You will find both goods and prices right. WILL & FINCK CO., 818-820 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

N. P. N. U. No. 676. S. F. N. U. No. 768.