or a hundred lengthy winters On it fell the cold, white snow, Neath it roved the doughty chieftain While his dusky love he woo'd.

Lo: the mighty now have fallen, Yallen from their high estate; On the pavements of the city
Has the oak tree banged of late,
Through the air in graceful motion Does it circle and gyrate. For the oak has been made into Canes that are used by the dudes;

Fallen is the mighty monarch Of the northern solitudes. -New York Herald.

### DR. KEENE'S STORY.

Frank Howard was one of my most intimate friends. I met him one summer in the Catskills, whither I had betaken myself for a week's change and fresh air. I put up at a lonely farm house, where Howard, stopping for a day to await the arrival of some friends. was so unfortunate as to sprain his ankle. It was nothing serious, but it compelled him to remain quiet for a few days. His friends, arriving, proceeded on their way, leaving him in my care.

Frank was a cheery, happy young fellow of 20, and took his mishap with uncommonly good grace. I read to him from my small store of books and papers, and we had long and interesting asm of youth, and I, eight or ten years his senior, was, my steady going colleagues would have said, a visionary, remantic boy. Those few days made us better acquainted than we would have become in months of intercourse in the city. When Frank was able to rejoin his friends my time was up and I returned to town, regretting the necessity that compelled me to part with the pleasant young fellow.

He did not forget his promise to look me up when he returned to the city, and from that time on we were the best of friends. I had, I am sure, more of his confidence than did any one else, and I talked to him in a way that my medical brethren would have pronounced wild and unprofessional, but he took it in sober earnest, no matter how wild, believing in my theories just because I aired them.

My friend was a good looking young fellow, tall, well made as to figure, easy and graceful. He had blue gray eyes, a well shaped brow and rounded chin, dark hair which, however, was quite thin, giving promise of early baldness, a nose perhaps a trifle too long and an upper in a trifle too short. His front teeth, though white, were not well shaped. Greatly to his sorrow he could not raise a mustache, try hard as he might, and he had tried very hard, indeed, investing many a dollar in nostrums warranted to produce the desired result.

Frank well knew what an improvement a mustache would be-he did not hanker after whiskers, a mustache was all he wanted-for he had worn false ones upon several occasions when taking part in private theatricals. He was quite clever, and played very well for an amateur, but often accepted a part, I verily believe, more for the opportunity it gave him to wear a mustache than for any

ever, had so far demanded little of his quite a paying practice. left him a good business, which, howattention, as his father had also left him a partner, a shrewd, steady bachelor, without near kin, who was devoted to the young man. Considerable property outside of the business added a good deal to his income. Like myself he had few relatives, but then he had hosts of friends, and was a great favorite in society. There were plenty of nice girls who would have become Mrs. Howardone at a time, of course—had he asked them, mustache or no mustache. No one thought of his lack of one as he did, and none but I knew how he felt about it.

We had been discussing various experiments one evening when he had dropped in, as he often did, on his way to a reception. After a silence of some moments, evidently spent in deep thought, for he had not seemed to hear one or two of my remarks, Frank broke out:

"See here, doctor, can't you transplant a bit of some one's scalp to my lip and make a mustache that will grow? You read or told me something one evening about such an experiment or else I dreamed it. I have been wanting to speak to you about it. I'd gladly spare some of my own scalp if the hair on it wasn't so awfully thin. I'll give you a thousand dollars if you can manage it and pay all expenses. Think it over and see if there isn't some way to do it, and now I must be off. Good night, old

I laughed at the idea, but after he had gone I could not help thinking about it. A thousand dollars was certainly tempting. My practice did not increase so rapidly as I could have wished, and of course, like many another foolish young fellow, I had married a nice girl when scarcely able to keep myself comfortably, and the tiny olive branches had a dreadful way, sweet as they were, of appearing all too frequently for a poor nan. I'm not saying, mind you, that I've ever regretted my marriage or been willing to spare one of the boys and girls now growing up so fast around me: but money was very scarce in those days, and a thousand dollars seemed too much to let go without some effort to

I did a lot of hard thinking for a few days and spent all my spare time over some old books in a musty, out of the way library down town. I finally told Frank that I would see what could be done if he would give \$500, the rest if succeeded in the undertaking. He agreed at once, so I put a carefully worder Want" in The Herald, offering \$200 fur a bit of scalp from the head of a health; person, a young woman preferred, and

naming an hour for applicants to call at

Well, I had a good many answers, in person and by letter. The letters I paid no attention to, and those who called did not suit, until I began to think I would have a good deal of trouble to find the right person, when my small boy of all work ushered in a young lady. I knew that she was young, though she was heavily veiled, by her slight, girlish figure and low, sweet, tremulous voice. Her dress was neat and plain and fitted exquisitely. Her gloves and book were made a great hit. The delighted mannot new, but they were the gloves and boots of a lady. Wavy dark brown but tried to keep her salary un-

hair was worn in a heavy con belieath a changed. This she would not agree to, little round hat, and I thought "Here's so they finally compromised on a fair the very girl at last!"

I questioned her closely, and explained to her more fully than to the others just what I wanted. She was nervous, as was quite natural, but had evidently made up her mind to win the \$200 if possible. She was perfectly healthy, she said, and so far as she knew, came of healthy parents. Her father was dead. Her mother was usually quite well, though not very strong. She was just now suffering from injuries received in a fall on the stairs.

"The doctor says," the young lady went on, "that my mother will soon be as well as ever, but we need money very badly at present. On account of my mother's illness I lost my position inthat is, I am out of employment, and as I am the bread winner for our family I am willing to do anything honorable that will not injure my health to earn money. I must stipulate that my face shall remain covered, and that no effort will be made by any one to discover my identity." "Can you endure the operation with-

out the aid of an anæsthetic?" I asked. "You must know that your confidence is sacred.

But, no. She insisted that her nerves were strong enough to endure the ordeal. so I appointed an hour next day for the operation, and bowed her out. I then rushed off to inform Frank of my success. He was charmed with my description of the girl and delighted with

"Give her \$500," he said, "whether the operation is successful or not. She is a brave girl to do such a thing for her family. Great, hulking boys, no doubt, some of them. Now I haven't much family, but I am sure I wouldn't part with any of my scalp for all of my relatives in a heap.'

The young lady was promptness itself. I had just shown her into an inner room when Frank arrived. After the operation I sent him away first, and then put her into a cab, taking care to withdraw before she gave the driver his orders.

No. I'm not going to tell you how transplanted two bits of scalp from the back of the girl's head to the lip of the young man. I have never told any one how it was done, but it was a success.

The young couple were as brave as possible. There was not even a groan from either. The girl lay face down upon a lounge, her luxuriant, wavy hair streaming around her. I could not but admire the dainty shape of her head and the pretty neck, with tiny rings of hair curling down upon it. Just below one shell-like ear a small star shaped spot showed white upon the now rosy skin. It would probably not be noticeable usually. The young lady came to my office for some days until the wounds were quite healed. As she was young and healthy it did not take long, but 1 never got a glimpse of her face, nor did I try to do so, having too much respect for the courageous young creature. When I handed her \$500 instead of the \$200 she had expected she was quite overcome with joy. Her voice was fully of happy tears as she clasped my hand in both of hers and faltered:

"Oh, doctor, I do not know how to thank you; you cannot realize what a help this money will be to us. It is a perfect godsend, and I don't one bit mind the pain, which, I'll confess now, was rather hard to bear." My own needs enabled me to quite un-

derstand her feelings. My thousand His parents were dead. His father had and before it was gone I had secured

I attended Howard in his own apart-When he was sufficiently recovered he went abroad for awhile. He returned after some months, pleased with his trip, and delighted with his handsome brown mustache, which certainly added much to his good looks. He was so busy with social arrangements and I was so fully occupied that for some months I saw very little of him. The fault was chiefly mine, however, for Frank seemed to think more of me than ever, and I often found his card upon my return from a professional call. One evening he came and found me at leisure.

"So glad to find you in, doctor," he said; "I've come to be congratulated. 1 am going to marry the dearest girl in the world, and want you, my best friend, to wish me joy."

I did congratulate him heartily and asked if I knew the lady. "No. I think not," he replied. "She

is Miss Mildred Faye, a member of the company at --- theatre. Don't look so surprised. Not a nicer girl lives. A breath of slander has never touched her name. Her father died when she was about 18-just out of school. He was thought to be very well off-the family had always lived in good style-but at his death his wife and two daughters found themselves almost penniless. Not even their home belonged to them. Mrs. Faye, a delicate little body, unused to work of any kind, had no idea as to how they were to make a living, so Mildred had to take the lead. Kate, three or four years younger than she, must be kept in school, and the three must be provided, somehow, with food, clothing and shelter. Mildred had been fairly educated, but not thoroughly enough to attempt teaching, so she determined to go upon the stage. She had had a good deal of experience in amateur theatricals, and had been warmly praised for her acting. I had heard of Miss Faye's talent, but never happened to see her. Good critics had said she would make a sensation if she would go on the star-professionally. When she announced her determination her friends were much shocked and her mother quite overcome, but no one had anything better to suggest, so she had her own way. She knew that she was inexperienced and must be content with a small salary and a small part to begin with. She wished very much to get into a home company, but that seemed impossible, so she accepted a minor part in a very good company going

upon the road. "No one who has not tried it can under stand what she had to endure. Tenderly cared for all her life, with plenty of money for reasonable needs, she now had to practice the strictest economy. She stopped at cheap hotels, did without fires, walked whenever it was possible to do so, all to save every cent she could for the loved ones at home. She was under study for the leading lady, who was neither young nor pretty, but who pos-sessed what Mildred most lacked, experience. She also possessed a temper, and one night, not long before the rising of the curtain, refused to go on. The long suffering manager appealed to Mil-dred. She was letter perfect, and in spite of considerable natural nervousness season, but tried to keep her salary un-

sum, which enabled Mildred to take bet-

ter care of herself and to send more money to her mother. The part suited her, and everywhere she was warmly praised for her acting. Everything looked

upon the stairs and dislocated her arm. This had been set, and, the doctor said, would soon be well; but she was nervous and shaken, and would not hear of Mildred's leaving her, and kept the poor girl until her place in the company had long been filled. When Mrs. Faye, slowly recovering, came to her senses, the season was nearly closed and an engagement was not to be had. Their money was about gone, and times, I fancy, were pretty hard, when some good friend must ave helped them with a loan. At the beginning of this season, Mildred got her she was going to remain upon the stage, which she's not, you know. She is going to marry me two weeks from to-day. I want you and Mrs. Keene to the wedding. Only the family, a young lady friend of Mildred's and my dear old partner will be there. The rooms are too small to have any one else. We go away at once. Mrs. Faye and Kate will take possession of our house, which I am busy furnishing. You know I've never had much of a home, and feel awfully happy over the prospect of having such a nice mother and sister and the sweetest wife in the present position. A very good one, if and sister and the sweetest wife in the world. And now good-by. Don't forget the day!" and the happy fellow went

away as if walking on air. The appointed hour found myself and wife knocking at the door of Mrs. Faye's cozy little flat. Frank presented us to his future mother and the minister-Mr. Haines, Frank's partner, we knew already -and then stepped to the door of the next room and handed out the bride, who was followed by her sister and her friend. with a veil falling over her face. Mits Duncan, a pretty blonde, was in blue. Kate Faye, a slip of a girl, dark haired and dark eved wore night. The minister. and dark eyed, wore pink. The minister soon made the happy pair one, and after the bride's mother and the young ladies had kissed and cried over her a little while my wife and I stepped forward to be presented and offer our congratula-

The new Mrs. Howard was all that her lover's fond fancy had painted her. A graceful girl of medium height, with soft brown eyes, a lovely complexion, a sweet mouth about which played pretty dimples, and wavy brown hair worn in a heavy coil at the back of a shapely head, and falling in tiny rings upon a low, white brow. When my name was mantioned she looked up with a deep blush, which quickly receding left her very pale. In a low musical voice, whose tones were strangely familiar to my ear, she thanked us for our good wishes.

After some simple refreshments the bride went away to put on her traveling dress, and as they were about to depart I stood beside her for a moment. She turned to speak to her husband, and I saw what answered my question. "Where

tled, as you know, in this place for a number of years. I don't see Frank Howard very often nowadays, but our friendship has suffered no change. I do not know though whether he and his wife, devoted as they are to each other, have exchanged confidences on the mustache question or no. They have made no sign. Neither have I .- Mrs. Juliette M. Babbitt in Gotham Monthly.

His Occupation Gone. First Detective-You look blue this morning. What's the matter? Second Detective-Did you read about

a convict at Sing Sing confessing on his death bed that he murdered a man in New York? "Yes. I read all about it."

"Well, that spoils a clew on which I have been working for a year and a half."-Texas Siftings.

POP WAS UNLUCKY.

He Went Out to Drop Smith, But Smith

Dropped Him Instead. At about three o'clock in the afternoon I came along to a Kentucky "squat," which differed from a hundred others only in the fact that a woman and boy sat on a log in front of the opening in the brush fence, which might be termed the gate, and because six dogs were lying in the sun instead of the usual three or four. I asked after the man of the house, and the woman replied:

"He un hain't home just now." "Be back soon?"

"I reckon. He 'un has gone down the road a piece to drop that Dave Smith." "To what?" I asked.

"To drop Dave Smith." "Do you mean he has gone to shoot

Smith? "Sartin. They 'uns has bin wantin' to pop at each other fur a long time." "Thar she clatters!" shouted the boy as the report of a gun reached our ears, and he was off down the road like a

"Reckon the ole man dropped him," calmly observed the woman as she went on with her work of patching an old

woolen shirt. I expressed my unbounded surprise at this sort of man-hunting, but she said it was one of the customs, and had to be lived up to. In about ten minutes the boy reappeared, and, sitting down on the log to get his breath, he said:

"Pop's a-coming." "Drop Smith?" she queried, without even looking up.

"No; Smith dropped him. Pop's got buckshot in the shoulder. Better git

things ready." "Reckon I had, Jim," she shouted getting up, she folded her work and moved into the house without the least sign of excitement. A few minutes later the husband came up at a slow

"Evening to you, stranger. Sort o' make yourself to home. I went out to drop Smith, and the ornery varmint was waitin' behind a bush and dropped me.

Git the blood washed off and the shot office, Washington, D. C. (Mention this paper). picked out, and we'll hev a visit. You, Jim, take his knapsack and show him whar to wash up."-N. Y. Sun.

A MERCHANT'S DECISION AFTER

GENTLEMEN: When I started in to give your Great Sierra Kidney and Liver Cure a trial, I supposed it was like all other adcalled her to her mother's side. It was so worded that she was not much alarmed. It was Saturday night. They were near New York and she left, expecting to rejoin the company in time for the performance Monday evening.

"She found that her mother had slipped upon the stairs and dislocated her arm."

asthma and broachitis. Have been a martyr to the disease for ten years, at times unable to lie down or sleep only in a sitting postore. After exhausting all known remedies of different physicians in the East and the many patent med cines. I came to you about two years sgo and now rejoice to tell you and the world that you cured me with electricity and home treatment.

You can borrow all the trouble you want with-uit collateral. That is so. But you can't get ollateral without trouble.

TAKE CARE! THERE IS DANGER

A good way to save your family the expense of large and costly funeral after your death is to large and costly funeral after a mean man while you live.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD PURE.

Impure blood, however generated, is always present in the body when pain is felt; it spreads and ferments wherever a weak \*pot exists,

Take BRANDRETH'S PILLS to make the blood pure and expel all that is hurtful to

The painful fact is dawning on the people of Wyoming that the number of state officers available is totally insufficient to supply the demand.

The peculiarity of Dobbins' Electric Soap is that it acts right on the dirt and stains in clothes and makes them pure as snow; at the same time it preserves the clothes, and makes them keep clean longer. Have your grocer order it.

Bloomer—Which do you prefer—beer or cham-pague? Blossom—It all depends. Bloomer—On what? Blossom—Who pays for it.

Coughs, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are used with advantage to alleviate coughs, sore threat, hoarseness and bronchial affections. Sold only in boxes.

The Old, Old Story.—"Did you carry her heart by storm?" was asked of the bridegroom. "No," he replied. "Iworked the old ice-cream racket."

A NEW PACIFIC COAST ENTERPRISE

A factory has recently been built, and is now putting up Condensed Milk and Con-densed Coffee, under the "Ca ifornia Brand," at Buena Park, Orange county, had I heard that voice?" Just below the left ear was a tiny, star shaped spot, showing white through the rosy blush called up by her husband's tone and glance.

They went away a happy couple and returned more in love, if possible, with each other than before. I have been settled, as you know, in this place for a

Cynic-I am always happy when two fools marry. Binnick-Why? Cynic-Because they

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walk, with the fresh blood dripping from his shoulder, and halted long enough in front of me to say:

"Evening to you, stranger. Sort o'

"Evening to you, stranger. Sort o'

N. P. N. U. No. 351-S. F. N. U. No. 428

MRS. S. A. MORRIS,

A Prominent Lady of Newberg Tells of Her Experience with Drs. Darrin-How She Was Afflicted-How Cured.

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Dr. Darrin—Dean Sin: You will please accept my gratitude for a perfect cure of asthms and broachitis. Have been a mar-

that I will forever praise it and gladly recommend it to all suffering with general disorders of the body. Very truly yours, P. J. Adams, Firm of Reynold & Adams, San Francisco, California.

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You may publish this letter if you choose to do so. I dislike to be brought into notoriety, but I cannot—as much for the sake of the afflicted as yourself—let this opportunity pass without expressing myself in this public way.

I have had conferred upon me a benefit in comparison with which all other gifts sink into insignifican e—the great and inestimable boon of health, Very grat fully yours,

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