A CARBAGE CIGAR.

He was billous, and builtons, and burly As he stood on the front of the car, He was allant, and and eyed, and surly, And was subking a three cant chest.

Twas a wood that no'er passed Moro Cattler It eathe from some Chipase back shop, Where inbored some poorly paid vassal On the worst of Conhecticat's grop.

Its smoke killed the scent of the roses. As the wind here it down through the out, And we all took in hand our wronged noses, And mentally cursed that cigst.

We curred the cigar and its owner, And we prayed for a smoll of Swiss choses, Of a good houses whift of Bologna, Or a beer barrel drained to the lees.

Or a Hunter's Point odor, though frightful, Compared with that horrid cigar. Would seem to our nostrils delightful, And perfume that vile smelling car.

"MOTHER'S ROUR."

Dick Gresham was tired of his home, and determined to leave it; yet it had been a happy, pleasant, safe home to sat by her window and thought of her him always-safe because there was a boy. It was the "mother's hour" which loving mother there, who was ever ready | was so full of precious memories to her, to share his joys, or his sorrows, and be and this evening she seemed to feel his his best friend always, as a boy's mother presence very near her. It did not seem should be.

Ever since Dick got into his first trowsers, and his first scrape-and the two things came simultaneous-Mrs. Gresham had set apart one hour in the day when her boy could come to her in her quiet pleasent room, with all his plans or cares, sure of finding in her a patient, sympathizing listener. "Mother's so supreme, it stilled her into almost hour," Dick called it, and what ever death-like silence. But "joy never happened he would go then "and talk kills," and she kissed her boy and welhappened he would go then "and talk it over with mother," sure that all would be right if only she knew it.

So when he made up his mind that he must and would go to New York, there were many consultations with mother, to whom he entrusted the difficult task of gaining his father's consent.

Dick's eighteenth birthday was his last at home. He never forgot it, nor the loving talk of the last "mother's hour," and the praver so fervently offered for him then. The next morning saw him on his way, with a well filled trunk, a goodly roll of bills in his purse (his father's gift), and a letter of recommendation from Mr. Bolles, the principal hardware dealer in Cliftonville, to a brother merchant in New York.

Dick reached the city late at night, tired and, if the truth be told, lonely and homesick ; but the next morning's bright sunshine, after a good night's rest, cheered him up wonderfully, and he went very bravely to present his letter to Mr. L. That gentleman received him kindly, but unfortunately, had no vacancy for him, took his address, promised to keep a lookout for him, and so dismissed him.

Dick was rather crestfallen, he had felt so sure the letter would obtain him a position at once ; but consoled himself by thinking he should be able to see the many wonderful sights of New York at leisure, and that the wished for position would come in time. Meanwhile he was rather proud of living at a hotel and being a gentleman of leisure ; and wrote home a very glowing letter to his mother touching lightly on his disappointment, and enlarging upon the opportunity offered him of seeing something of the world before he shut himself up in a dingy store. He had promised to write every "mother's hour," (if only a few lines each night it would make a good letter to send off at the end of a week), and for a while he kept his promise faithfully ; but he soon made the acquaintance of some idle young men, at the hotel, who assisted him so energetically in his pur-pose of "seeing the world," that oftentimes more than a week would elapse before he found time to write so much as one word. His mother did not forget him, and almost every day a letter would come to him so full of loving, tender words that it seemed as if he couldn't do wrong with such a mother at home to love him and pray for him. And yet, after a while, the fair, boyish face changed, and the frank, fearless blue eves lost their open truthful glance, and the mother's heart would have ached could she have seen her boy sometimes. By and by the money began to fail, and still the looked for position did not show itself. Dick had not learned that it rarely if ever does come unsought ; that he must seek earnestly, unceasingly the work he needed. As often as she could Mrs. Gresham sent him money; but, at last, his father flatly refused to give him another dollar, saying that he must either come home and work on the farm again, or else support himself in the city where he had chosen to go. It cost Mrs. Gresham many a tear to write this to Dick. She had faith to believe that he would come out all right in time, and felt he could not be happy feeling that his venture for himself had been a failure, (for Dick had boasted to his young companions in Cliftonville of the fortune he meant to gain in New York); yet he could not stay penniless in the city. She could only beg him, for her sake, to leave no stone unturned in his efforts to find something, anything to do, and meanwhile send him her only ten dollar bill, hoping before it was gone he would succeed. She waited anxiously for an answer to her letter, but none came. Days, weeks, months went by, and still no word from Dick. Mr. Gresham went to New York, but only learned that his son had left the hotel suddenly one morning, and had not since been seen. Mrs. Gresham was well nigh brokenhearted at the news. Was all her loving care to meet this reward 1 She almost lost faith as she remembered the years of hopes and prayers for her boy. Perhaps it was well that her hus-band's illness came to rouse her from the despondency into which she was falling Mr. Gresham was a silent man, of The speaker was right. As soon as few words, and never spoke of the pain my husband ordered the necessary his son had caused him; but it seemed changes to be made in the methods of to break him down. He lost heart and our laundry, a wonderful difference manambition, let his farm go uncared for, ifested itself in the appearance of that and sank gradually into a prevish, fretful most important part of his clad anatomy, invalid Then his wife put her sorrow his neck Let me commend the shirtbravely sway, and nursed him lovingly maker's hint to other distressed men. and untiringly, trying to carry on the farm work as well, that they might not When you see a woman drowning and lose their home. It was hard work for reach the spot as she is going down the one poor woman to do, but the neighbors third time, you want to grab her pretty were kind and help ul, and the farm close to the skull, or you may have seven servants were faithful, and someway all dolars worth of false hair and your went well with her. No matter how labor for your pains.

busy her days were, she still kept sacred the "mother's hour" she had once devoted to her boy, believing with a mother's sublime faith, that the memory of that hour would be a cord that would some day lead him back to her. So six years went by, not altogether

unhappy ones. Her husband grew strong and well, and, best of all the faith that had been an unmeaning word to him, that he had often scoffed at his gentle wife, became a living reality to him. That was her reward for her unselfish devotion to him. And the farm prospered as well ; it only needed their dear never forgotten son's presence to make

their happiness complete. That joy was coming to them. A long, busy summer day was just ending, and in the soft twilight Mrs. Gresham very strange when the door behind her softly opened, a gentle footfall crossed the floor, a manly form knelt beside her, and a well known voice said : "Mother ! your boy has come back to

vou. Will you forgive him !

his story.

I said it did not seem strange-at least, she made no outcry-the joy was comed him back with all the forgiving, tender love her heart had kept for him through those years of his silent absence. Then, still kneeling beside her, looking on the dear face which the brightening moonlight showed so plainly, and which had grown sadly altered and worn in the

He had been very angry when her letter came that day so long ago, and his anger was strengthened by the sneering comments of a companion who had grown to have great influence over him, and following whose counsel he had rashly shipped as purser's clerk, on a vessel bound for Australia, which sailed before he had time to repent of his act. When nightfall came he was on the sea, bound for an unknown port, he felt how wicked he had been, but then it was too

We cannot follow all his story-how after his arrival at Melbourne he had an opportunity to go into the "Bush," and once there, varying fortunes had detained him all these years. Several times he had been on the point of going home penniless, but pride forbade it, and he stayed on. A lucky bargain in she-p at last put him on the highway to fortune, and he came back a prosperous men. He had written to his mother immediately on his arrival at Melbourne, but had only just learned that the vessel which bore the mail had never reached port. He had gone away a fair-faced, untried boy; he came back a sun-browned, bearded, stalwart man, in outward seeming; but a happy boy at heart yet. His own words shall tell what

Sunset Cox on the Phonograph.

an iron thing-seems absurd. But I have talked with people not half so intcreeting [laughter] and whose tympanum was not nearly so refined and sensitive as this metallic sheet. The lead metal is sensitive-more so than our nerve power, quicker than our speech faculty. Ear and tongue are one, and each, in the telphone, an improvement of the original. If I may be excused for a personal allusion, my first interest in this phase of poet,c science was awak ened by the account given in the New York Tribune of the first words spoken into the instrument in the Centennial building by S.r William Thompson. He

picked up a chance paper, it gave an account of the St. Louis Convention. He read: "S. S. Cox has arrived." [Loughter.] Owing to the sibilants in the name the articulation was imperfect, but that is corrected now. Edison, in a late number of Appleton's Science Monthly, accounts for it by the fact that to make such sounds you want to talk nto a smaller hole with sharp edges Then the consonants which hiss the ssics so sharply are sounded with the strene

sweetness of a Summer sunset. [Laughter.] There is no doubt that the plate of the phonograph may be made durable It is separable from the cylinder. Let-

ters, instead of being mailed, may be sent by telephone, and they will talk out loud when they get them. One may have a pigeon hole full of love letters from different persons on tin foil, and all the interjections, and sighs and protestations reproduceable in tones. This would be touching. [Laughterr] Even the prattle of childhood or hubyhood years of waiting. Dick told his mother

may be preserved. Think of it! How pleasant to know in after years what was the tenor and effect of your first squall on entering life. [Laughter.] How pleasant the first lisp for milk or ma, mush or pa. [Laughter.] Another use would be not less marvelous. There would be no dead languages. Dialect. brogue and pronunciation would be restored by a turn of the cylinder All the sounds of nature from the enlivening chirrup of the Nebraska grasshopper to the hourse thunder of Niagara; all the music of the world, from the thrilling trills of Patti to the turbulent dia-

pason of a congressional chorus. [Laughter. If one may hear out of "ear shot; if one may hear a sound shot under the ocean, from one hemisphere to another, if soon one's words may be made into lightning and then transformed back into audible words, why may not the dead speak to the living! The phonograph completes the circle by covering the tenth muse with something more than the fading wreaths of poetry. Why may we not soon learn to hear one another think? Or, perhaps, transfuse No. one mind with another | Marvelous. muse of mechanism! What Wagner shall sing thy music of the future! This invention would rise to its highest domestic interest, I think, at a party of

kept him so.

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ers, with tens or would whether natural tread by A. J. Holge 2 to, who build the only environment module in me. Thomas' Suiky Bake, the lost Hard Dump Correspondence invited wood for one New Price Link

Paint Date & Excusers, Louise, N. T.

God play Body clay, champing Fullow Play, Oregon 4-Spring Hacks and a tall line of W. L. POWERS, I shouse a lot W. T. Tiger Sulky Hay Rake, will dusiging. spring wagness and Luggress. THE LARGEST STOCK. THE BEST ASSORTMENT. THE LEADING MACHINES. The Oldest and Leading House in the Trade and Prices always at the Lowest Living Rates.

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gossip might be made if one of these in "Mother dear he said." "it was the memory of "mother's hour" that saved me from many a folly, perhaps from crime; for it is a wild rough life one leads out there, and though I tried sometimes, I never could forget that hour which came as surely as the nightmidst, doing familiar service; the other fall came. I knew you were at home ranges through the farthest stellar spaces; thinking of me, and loving me, and, and by recording its observation, makes through all, I have come back to you the nebulæ no longer hypothetical, but your boy still."

gives intelligent and stanch unity to the That was a happy moment to Mrs. Universe of God. Gresham, a rich reward for her faith. Mr. Gresham had come in, and he

A PARAGON .- When a Frenchwoman shared her joy over Dick's return. His is a lody she is, notwithstanding the malong absence and silence were forgiven terialism at the bottom of her nature, him, as loving parents can forgive. They the most perfect thing of her kind that loved him, and their joy increased as the world has yet produced. If she has time went by, and became more and not the fine unconsciousness of an Engmore their comfort, and pride and suplish lady, her self consciousness is a port. He will never leave them again ; necessary charm, a component element his home and the love he finds there are of her incomparable grace. It is the too dear to him; and the "mother's" self conscious witchery of Titania, who hour" is sweet still.

knows that in the end Oberon must Mothers, you who have boys to send yield. From her childhood she has eduout into the world, think of this, and cated herself-soul and body-toward give your boys some memory of home the "fine issue" of perfect coquetry; and and of you to carry with them in their if her hiss are not the lips of the English hearts, which will never leave them, but "roschud garden of girls," the accents will always keep, or help to keep them that come from them are brighter than pure and true. the accents of silver bells; there is no

gesture of hers that is not perfect grace; Dorsg up Max's Lives .- Some time there is no movement in which she does ngo my husband used to complain that not seem to shed soft-tinted lights as she his linen collars did not set nicely in front. There was always a fuliness 2066. which, in the case of standing collars, A few years ago it excited no suspiwas particularly trying to a man who felt a good deal of pride in the dressing of his neck, as it spoiled the effect of his cravat, and often left a gap for the display of either the collar-band of the shirt or a half-inch of bare skin. While talking with a practical shirt maker one

cion to see a bank president enter a railway ticket office. But now-how sadly things have changed ! Health and Wealth. Both may be easily attained by any one in heeding nature's warning and day, he mentioned his annoyance, and keeping a close watch over symptoms inquired if there was any means of re- that may appear, which invariably are lieving it. "Yes," answered the man, the indications of an approaching illness. "the fault lies with your laundress. Many dollars can be saved and a great While doing up your collars she stretches deal of suffering avoided by a little atthem the wrong way. Damp linen tention to the following symptoms, which is very pliable, and a good pull will are a sure sign that either the blood, alter a fourteen-inch into a fifteen-inch liver, or digestive organs are out of orcollar in the twinkle of an eye. She der: constipation, indigestion, fullness of ought to stretch them crosswise and not blood in the head, sour stomach, conted

lengthwise, particularly. Then in tongue, lead taste in the mouth, and straightening out your shirt-bosous she offensive breath, dull, drowsy and debilmakes another mistake of the same sort. itated feeling, frequent headache, poor They also ought to be pulled crosswise appetite, pain in the side, chest and instead of lengthwise, particularly in the limbs, etc., etc. The highest medical neighborhood of the neck. A lengthauthorities declare that over two-thir's wise pull draws the front of the neckof all diseases are caused either by an impure state of the blood or some deband up somewhere directly under the chin, where it was never meant to go, rangement of the liver and digestive orand of course that spoils the set of your gans. When the blood is pure, the liver colliar. With the front of your neckin proper action, and the bowels regular, band an inch too high, and your collar no one can ever be seriously or dang ran inch too long, you have a most undeously sick. To purify the blood and sirable combination." thoroughly renovate the entire human

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