



IN THE QUICKSANDS.

ELLI TAYLOR was a typical frontiersman. His father had been a pioneer and his grandfather had been killed by Indians "away back when Missouri an' Arkansas belonged to the French," to use his own language.

Whenever Eli Taylor could see the smoke of a neighbor's cabin he became possessed with the idea that the country was getting to be too thickly settled and correspondingly unhealthy, and he bundled his family into one of those huge wagons known as "a prairie schooner" and moved further west.

This he persisted in doing until one day he found himself under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, and he woke up to the fact that his wife was a broken-down old woman and his daughter Lena and his son Tom "about as big as they was ever goin' to get to be."

Young Tom Taylor had not inherited the gypsy love of change that had distinguished his ancestors. He was a sturdy, sensible fellow and wanted to settle down on a farm, where his mother could live better than she had been doing, and where Lena could have a chance to know more about books, which she had learned to read in some unaccountable way, and of which she was very fond.

And so Eli Taylor in his 50th year settled down to the cultivation of a farm not far from what is now Canyon City, but which was then a cluster of cabins where prospectors rested before going over the mountains to South Park.

Here Eli Taylor and young Tom worked with so much success that within a few years they had a comfortable house and outbuildings, a dozen cows and as many horses, and, greatest of all evidences of prosperity, money laid by for a rainy day.

Lena Taylor, though miles away from the nearest neighbor, was not destined to remain unknown and unappreciated. The fame of her thrift and her beauty was discussed about the campfires of prospectors in the mountains. Many of them had gone a day's journey out of their way to see her, and the general opinion was that the man who made a successful "claim" to her hand would have, by all odds, the finest piece of property in the territory.

It has been said that poverty and suffering are the greatest tests of character, but we are inclined to think that it requires a stronger, nobler nature to withstand a change in the face of sudden prosperity than to meet reversals with philosophy.

Eli Taylor, was prosperous, and with his prosperity vanished his inborn dislike for settled communities. It was he who carried all the farm produce to Canyon City and purchased there such supplies as were needed by his thrifty family.

Had he confined his purchases to these supplies all would have been well, but, unfortunately, he had a chance to gratify his taste for strong drink, and he yielded to it till the passion became his master.

The saloons of the frontier at that time were open gambling dens, "run" by sharpers who plundered without remorse the men they had first made drunk.

One of these places was kept by a man named "Mart" Estel, who had the coveted reputation of wealth and the unenviable reputation of a desperado who had killed a number of men. He always denied being rich, and when questioned about his shooting exploits he would lay his hand on his hip and say, with a chilling laugh:

"You can bet that when Mart Estel finds himself in a tight box he knows how to fix the lock that will let him out."

Estel's saloon became a favorite resort with Eli Taylor, and he not only got drunk there, but the news reached his family that he had fallen into the habit of gambling. The latter report was confirmed by the fact that he no longer accounted for the money he had got from the sale of his produce.

Lena and her brother begged their father to keep away from Canyon City, but, unheeding them and blind to the tears of his invalid wife, he persisted in the course.

And now the son and daughter, who had been so eager to secure a permanent home, expressed an anxiety to move further into the wilderness, but their father became stubborn, saying:

"You made me settle down here and here I'll stay."

When matters were nearing their worst a young man, dressed in the garb of a hunter, but with a refinement of manner that convinced Lena that

he was not "an original mountaineer," came to the valley in which the Taylor farm was situated and asked to board there while he hunted and prospected in the neighboring mountains. He gave his name as "George Herron," and as he offered \$8 a week for the accommodation and showed a willingness to pay in advance, Mrs. Taylor and Lena agreed to take him in.

George Herron was a handsome and rather a melancholy young man—such a one as must appeal powerfully to the virgin heart and lofty imagination of the frontier girl.

He was away a great deal—often for nights at a time, and when he returned he but seldom brought game, though he always had strange wild flowers for Lena and curious specimens of ores, which he examined with his microscope and acids.

Love is largely a matter of association; it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that Lena grew to watch the mountain trail for the coming of the young hunter, nor that the light of gladness left her expressive face whenever she saw him disappearing in the rocky heights above the valley.

Of late Mart Estel had taken to visiting the valley, but it chanced that he never came there except when George Herron was away.

Eli Taylor had ceased going to Canyon City; indeed, he seemed to have lost all interest in the farm, in his family, and in himself.

Lena and her mother tried to cheer him, and Tom worked harder than ever to make up for his father's losses, but still Eli went about like a man whose heart was broken.

The reason for this melancholy was at length made manifest. One day Mart Estel, accompanied by a stout, florid man of 40 who looked much like himself, came to the farm and held a long consultation with Eli Taylor.

"I have kept it all from my children," said Eli Taylor to Estel and his com-



"YOU HAVE MY ANSWER," SAID LENA.panion, who was known as "Lawyer Roggs," "but I reckon the best way is to have them in and make a clean breast of it."

"Yes; they might as well know it first as last," said Estel, "and more particularly Lena, for she's got it in her power to square the account."

"How so?" asked Eli.

"Didn't I tell you how when last you was down, and didn't you promise to speak to her about it?" asked Estel.

"I wasn't myself then. I've forgot all about it, and I wish I could forget that I ever came to this settlement," said the distracted man.

"Have your family in and let us talk it over," said Lawyer Roggs, as he drew some papers from his pocket.

Mrs. Taylor, Lena and Tom were called in, and Mart Estel, without any preliminaries, went on to tell how for a year or more Eli Taylor had been getting deeper and deeper into his debt.

"I loaned money and did all I could for Mr. Taylor," said Estel, "and at last, seeing that he could not pay me, I took a mortgage on the farm and the stock. The mortgage is due, and if Mr. Taylor or none of the family ain't able to take it up I'll sell the place or I'll take it for what's due me."

"I don't know anything about law," said Tom Taylor, "and I don't want to know, but I've tried, and so have mother and Lena, to work hard and make a living up to this time. Father had no right to mortgage the farm and the stock, for they are more of my making than of his, and I do not propose to let any man interfere with my rights."

"Ah, my young friend," said Lawyer Roggs, opening one of the papers he held in his hand, "your father has here

sworn that he owns this farm and the stock; if he has sworn to what ain't true, why, all Mr. Estel has to do is to apply to the officers of the law in Denver and have him arrested for swindling and perjury."

On hearing this Eli Taylor groaned and his wife covered her face with her thin hands.

"I have no more to say about it," said Tom, going to the door, "only this—that the man who arrests my father will undertake a life job, and the man who carries out our little property must do so by force."

After Tom had gone Lena asked: "Mr. Estel, can't you give us time to pay you? Father got only arm at your place. He was not a drunkard nor a gambler before we came here."

"And I didn't make him one or the other," said Estel. "But I told him before what I tell you now—that is, that you can say one word that'll free him from debt and make yourself rich."

"What is that?" asked Lena, with forced calmness.

"Be my wife," said Estel, reaching out his hand.

Lena drew back and the color fled her face. Her simple life had made her unconventional, so that she spoke her mind without any thought of the consequences.

"Marry you?" she said. "How could I do so when I do not love you?"

"But you will learn to love me," said Estel.

"That is impossible."

"Why so?"

"Because I love another."

"Who is he?"

"That matters not," she said, with spirit, "you have my answer."

"But I will not take 'no' for an answer. Think over what I have said, and in one week I shall return; should you then refuse me I shall take what is mine."

With this ultimatum Estel and his friend left.

Eli Taylor and his wife tried to make Lena see that it would be to the advantage of all if she accepted Estel's proposal, but she firmly replied:

"I am ready to die to save either my father or my mother, but it is too much to ask me to sell my soul."

Tom stoutly took his sister's side, and when George Herron returned, which he did that evening, they told him all that had happened and asked his advice.

"I can help you by giving you the money," replied the young hunter, "but my belief is that these fellows are thieves and are playing a bluff game; if so, I think Tom and I can match them."

"It's this young Herron that Lena's in love with," said Eli Taylor to his wife. "If it wasn't for him she'd have Estel and we could keep the place. I won't have him about here no longer."

In his blunt way the old man told George Herron to leave, frankly explaining the reason, and George said in reply:

"If I cannot help you, Mr. Taylor, I will not stay in your way."

The next evening, after a long talk with Lena and her brother, the young hunter shouldered his rifle and went away, and Eli Taylor felt that his property would be now secure, in which event he compromised with his selfishness by promising himself that he would never get drunk nor gamble again.

At length the dreaded day came, and with it Estel, Roggs and a number of men they had brought to take possession of the place.

They found Lena even more determined than before, for she positively refused to speak to Estel in the house.

"Will you speak to me outside?" he asked.

"Yes; on the bridge over Quicksand Creek," she replied. This was the bridge on the road leading from the farm to Canyon City, and the stream which it spanned was filled with the quicksand that makes traveling in that region such a terror.

Fearing some harm, Estel's friends followed at a distance, and the moment he stood on the bridge with Lena they saw a young man in hunter's garb appear at the other end. They heard this young man cry out: "We meet at last, Belman!"

Estel seemed frozen with terror; after a few seconds he laid his hand on the bridge railing and leaped over, his object being escape, but he found himself in the remorseless grasp of the quicksands.

Roggs and others ran up only to see Estel or "Belman," for these were only a few of his names, disappearing.

"That wretch," said George Herron, pointing to the stream, "murdered and robbed my father two years ago in Salt Lake City. I have been looking for him ever since, but I hold you to witness that he died by his own act."

With their champion gone Roggs and his companions had no further interest in his case. Eli Taylor was never troubled again. He changed his habits and made over his farm to his son, though he thinks that his son-in-law, George Herron, is quite as fine a fellow as Tom.—New York Ledger.

The Cause.

Askins—What has caused the change in Maj. Stiff's appearance of late? He used to look like one born to command.

Grimshaw—He is married now, and has made the discovery that he wasn't born for any such purpose.—Puck.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Markets.

Onions, 85@90c per 100 pounds.
 Potatoes, 20¢@25.
 Beets, per sack, 75c.
 Turnips, per sack, 50@75c.
 Carrots, per sack, 45@60c.
 Parsnips, per sack, \$1.
 Cauliflower, 50@90c per doz.
 Celery, 35@40c.
 Cabbage, native and California
 \$1.00@1.50 per 100 pounds.
 Apples, 35@50c per box.
 Pears, 50c@1.50 per box.
 Prunes, 50c per box.
 Butter—Creamery, 27c per pound;
 dairy and ranch, 18@22c per pound.
 Eggs, 27c.
 Cheese—Native, 12@12½c.
 Poultry—Old hens, 14c per pound;
 spring chickens, 14c; turkeys, 16c.
 Fresh meats—Choice dressed beef
 steers, prime, 6½@7c; cows, prime,
 6½c; mutton, 7½c; pork, 6@7c; veal,
 6@8c.
 Wheat—Feed wheat, \$23.
 Oats—Choice, per ton, \$24.
 Hay—Puget Sound mixed, \$9.00@
 11; choice Eastern Washington tim-
 othy, \$15.
 Corn—Whole, \$23.50; cracked, \$24;
 feed meal, \$23.50.
 Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton,
 \$25@26; whole, \$22.
 Flour—Patent, per barrel, \$3.50;
 straights, \$3.25; California brands,
 \$3.25; buckwheat flour, \$3.75; graham,
 per barrel, \$3.60; whole wheat flour,
 \$3.75; rye flour, \$4.
 Millstuffs—Bran, per ton, \$14;
 shorts, per ton, \$16.
 Feed—Chopped feed, \$20@22 per
 ton; middlings, per ton, \$17; oil cake
 meal, per ton, \$35.

Portland Market.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 59c; Valley,
 61c; Bluestem, 63c per bushel.
 Flour—Best grades, \$3.20; graham,
 \$2.65; superfine, \$2.15 per barrel.
 Oats—Choice white, 41@42c; choice
 gray, 39@40c per bushel.
 Barley—Feed barley, \$22@24; brew-
 ing, \$23.50 per ton.
 Millstuffs—Bran, \$17 per ton; mid-
 dlings, \$22; shorts, \$18; chop, \$16.00
 per ton.
 Hay—Timothy, \$9@10; clover, \$7
 @8; Oregon wild hay, \$6 per ton.
 Butter—Fancy creamery, 50@55c;
 seconds, 45@50c; dairy, 40@45c store,
 25@30c.
 Cheese—Oregon full cream, 12½c;
 Young America, 15c; new cheese,
 10c per pound.
 Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$2.25@3
 per dozen; hens, \$3.50@4.00; springs,
 \$1.25@3; geese, \$6.00@7.00 for old,
 \$4.50@5 for young; ducks, \$5.00@
 5.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 15@
 16c per pound.
 Potatoes—65@70c per sack; sweets,
 2c per pound.
 Vegetables—Beets, 90c; turnips, 75c
 per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cab-
 bage, \$1@1.25 per 100 pounds; caulif-
 lower, 75c per dozen; parsnips, 75c
 per sack; beans, 3c per pound; celery
 70@75c per dozen; cucumbers, 50c per
 box; peas, 3@3½c per pound.
 Onions—Oregon, 75c@81 per sack.
 Hops—15@17c; 1897 crop, 4@6c.
 Wool—Valley, 10@12c per pound;
 Eastern Oregon, 8@12c; mohair,
 26c per pound.
 Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers
 and ewes, 4c; dressed mutton, 7½c;
 spring lambs, 7½c per lb.
 Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, \$4.25;
 light and feeders, \$3.00@4.00; dressed,
 \$5.00@5.50 per 100 pounds.
 Beef—Gross, top steers, 3.50@3.75;
 cows, \$2.50@3.00; dressed beef,
 5@6½c per pound.
 Veal—Large, 6½@7c; small, 7@8c
 per pound.

San Francisco Market.

Wool—Spring—Nevada, 10@12c per
 pound; Oregon, Eastern, 10@12c; Val-
 ley, 15@17c; Middling, 9@11c.
 Millstuffs—Middlings, \$22@24.00;
 bran, \$20.50@21.50 per ton.
 Onions—Silverskin, 50@75c per sack.
 Butter—Fancy creamery, 24c;
 do seconds, 21@23c; fancy dairy, 22c;
 do seconds, 18@20c per pound.
 Eggs—Store, 27@28c; fancy ranch,
 29@31c.
 Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, \$2
 @2.50; Mexican limes, \$6@6.50; Cali-
 fornia lemons, \$2.00@3.00; do choice,
 \$3.50@4.50; per box.

Brave Girl.

"It's a dreadful thing," he said, with a gloomy air, "that ice cream makers are getting so unscrupulous that they put glue in the frozen mixture to give it firmness."

The pretty girl set her lips together for an instant.

"That may be true," she responded, rubbing the spoon suggestively over her empty plate, "but I do not believe one dish of it ever would make anybody stuck up."

And he had to order a second allow-
 ance.—N. Y. Recorder.

Struggles of the Young Mind.

The following are extracts from examination papers presented by pupils at a prominent private school in this neighborhood: In history—Q: "What was the character of Henry VIII?" A: "Henry VIII was a congenial libertine." In rhetoric—Q: "What is an epigram?" A: "An epigram is a figure of speech sometimes used in a joke and some times on tombstones." Definitions—"A myth is a half fish and half woman." "The vowels are five—
 a, e, i, o, and u, and sometimes w and y."—New York Tribune.

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S. I. Whitman, Monmouth, Or.—Deafness and ringing noises in the ears 12 years; restored.

Miss Mamie McKean, Portland—Deafness and catarrh, 14 years' standing; cured.

E. E. Joslin, The Dalles, Or.—Discharging ear, 21 years; cured.

Dr. Darrin treats all curable private, chronic and nervous diseases, secret blood and skin diseases, sores and swellings, nervous debility, impotence and other weakness of manhood. He corrects the secret errors of youth and their terrible effects, loss of vitality, palpitation of the heart, loss of memory, despondency and other troubles of mind and body. Prevents consumption, heart disease, softening of the brain and spine, insanity and other afflictions caused by the errors, excesses and diseases of boys and men. He also cures diseases caused by mercury and other poisonous drugs used in the improper treatment of private diseases.

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