



The Escape of Her "Rich Fool."

THIS house to let." It looked very big and imposing, this notice, and Mr. Dart stepped complacently backward to eye the general effect of it after he had waded the document safely on the side of the front door.

"If people can't read that they must be blind! Now I'll go in and wait for some one to bite at the bait. No bother of real estate agents for me—no commission to eat up half the rent. I'll transact my own business or else I'll go into an idiot asylum!"

As he sat in the pretty reception-room belonging to the house which he had the good or bad fortune to own, he looked not unlike a big bumble bee in the heart of some huge tropic flower.

"It's trouble, trouble, and nothing but



"MOTHER, YOU MUST TAKE IT."

trouble," grumbled Mr. Dart, as he mused after his own saturnine fashion over the trials incidental to the position of landlord. "When it isn't taxes, it's leaky water pipes, and when it isn't that it's your neighbor's drains overflowing your cellar or your tenant taking French leave without paying his rent. I wish I was back on the old Stonyfield farm again, raising strawberries and anemones. And I will be, too. I'll give this house to Harry Field; he's a good boy and if he really has fallen in love with pretty Olive Melton, it won't be a bad wedding present. I hope she's worthy of him—but women are all artificial nowadays. I suppose I must let him have his own way and go with him to see her this evening. For—Hallo, there! What's wanting?"

A tall, belligerent-looking man had given divers energetic jerks to the bell-knob.

"Is this house to let?" he demanded, very red in the face with much bell-pulling, as Mr. Dart thrust his head out at the window.

"Yes, sir, it is."

"How much is the rent?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"It's too much for a house in this locality."

"You think so, sir?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Well, sir, what a consolation it must be to you that you're not obliged to pay it."

And Mr. Dart drew his head back and slammed down the window, to the inexpressible rage of the tall man.

Hardly had he ceased congratulating himself on this masterly maneuver than a second peal reminded him that "this house" was yet "to let."

This time it was a fat woman, with a slovenly shawl and crumpled bonnet, and an abundance of cheap rings on her fingers. She went all over the house, and opened all the closet doors, investigated every separate cupboard shelf, and finally came to the conclusion that the house "would do."

"For, you see, I want a large house," said she, confidently, to Mr. Dart. "I keep a children's school and—"

"You do, eh?" said Mr. Dart. "Well, you can't keep it here."

"I've a great mind to take down the mill," he thought, with ruffled temper and face like a radish. "I hadn't an idea there was such meanness in human nature! Dear, dear, there comes somebody else—two ladies. I wish they were not ladies! I can kick a man downstairs when he says an impertinent thing to me, but I don't know how to deal with women! That nearest one is a clipper!"

The ladies were evidently mother and daughter—a subdued, weak-looking little woman in black, and a tall, handsome girl of 18 or 19, with brilliant black eyes, a complexion like snow and roses, and a singularly haughty way of carrying her lovely head.

"Sir!" began the mother, as they were ushered into the hall by Mr. Dart, but the younger lady interrupted her.

"Do hold your tongue, mother," she said sharply. "I can manage matters

a great deal the best. Are you the agent of this house, sir?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dart, with a queer expression in his eyes.

"And is \$2,000 the lowest rent—the very lowest?"

"Yes."

"I told you so, dear," interposed the elderly lady, meekly. "Our means will not—"

"There you go again!" snapped the daughter, "with your everlasting cackle about means, means! I'm sick and tired of the sound of it. Will you show us the house, sir?"

Mr. Dart obeyed, in his inmost heart pitying the subdued mother; the tall young lady swept like a queen through the passages, pausing in each room to survey its adaptations for the purposes to which she had assigned it in her mind.

"I like the house," she said, imperiously, as they paused at length in the lower hall. "Mother, you must take it!"

"My darling," deprecated the mother, "\$2,000 a year! and papa's salary is only \$1,200, besides the interest we have to pay!"

"Pshaw! do have done with your lecturing. What do I care whether papa is pleased or not? I'm going to be married, thank goodness, and get away from all your debts and grovelings and grumbings. A rich fool for a husband is better than no husband at all!"

"But, my dear," the conversation had fallen into an undertone, "you are not sure of it yet, and—"

"Yes, I am," said the daughter, sharply. "Don't I tell you he's completely under my thumb? And do you suppose I would be married from such a hole as that little house in March street?"

And turning to Mr. Dart, who was an unwilling and unedified listener to the conversation, she said, in a louder accent:

"We shall take the house. My father will call and see you to-morrow. Let this bill be taken down."

And she glided away, more like Queen Semiramis than ever, with the meek little mother following, a look of pained perplexity on her face.

At 8 o'clock precisely Mr. Dart was ready.

"Why, uncle," cried Harry Field, gleefully. "How nice you look!"

"Do I?" said the old gentleman, complacently. "Well, I flatter myself I am about the correct thing! Come on, my boy, or we shall be late."

"It's not far," said Harry. "It's only on March street!"

"March street! March street!" repeated the old gentleman. "It seems to me as if I had somewhere heard that name recently!"

But he could not remember where, and was still racking his brain when they reached the residence of the damsel whom Harry Field enthusiastically termed "his guardian angel."

The apartment into which they were shown was rather of the tawdrily-splendid order—satin-covered chairs, enameled with stray grease spots; marble mantels, undusted, and a gaudy velvet carpet, strewn with clippings of thread and scraps of paper, forming its chief characteristics.

Presently in walked a tall, beautiful girl, with black eyes and a wealth of raven hair, a smile dimpling her cherry lips and adding a new charm to her lovely face.

"Olive!" said Harry, proudly, as he advanced to greet her, "this is my uncle, Mr. Dart, and—"

He stopped short in astonishment, for Olive shrank back, coloring redder than the reddest peony in all the gaudy carpet patterns.

"Aha!" said Mr. Dart, plunging both his hands in his pockets. "I think we've met before?"



OLIVE SHRANK BACK.

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"Met before?" echoed Harry Field. "When? Where?"

Olive Melton, remembering the very free use of her tongue she had made, was too near the verge of a fit of hysterics to reply coherently, so Mr. Dent calmly narrated the brief interview they had that morning.

Harry's brow darkened as he listened.

"A rich fool!" he muttered, "and completely under her thumb. Olive, is this true?"

She could not deny it—she dared not, with the cold light of Mr. Dart's glittering eyes upon her.

Mr. Dart's house was "let" the next day to a widow and the two best apartments are occupied by the uncle and nephew, who keep "bachelor's hall" in fine style.

"And I believe," the widow says, in reference to her two favorite boarders, "that the old gentleman really means to live and die a bachelor; but as for Mr. Harry—as long as there's youth there's hope."

But Olive Melton's chances are gone.—New York Daily News.

HE BEAT THE TRUST.

A Clever Scheme Which Was Worked by a Wheelmaker.

"I don't care to mention names," said a visitor from New Jersey, "but this is an absolutely true story of how one man at least beat a big trust at its own game. He was at the head of a small concern making—let us say—car wheels (that's not exactly it, but pretty nearly), and about a year ago he got a private hint that the other car-wheel people were arranging a combine. He said nothing, but immediately communicated with several of the largest consumers, and by offering confidentially a reduction of about 15 per cent. secured advance orders that would occupy him over two years to fill, running at full capacity. At the price named every wheel would be made at a loss, and his partners were badly scared. He told them to keep their mouths shut and wait.

"In a few months the trust was organized, according to programme, and one day a bland agent dropped in and offered him a fair price for the plant. He said he didn't care to sell. The trust thereupon proceeded to put on the screws in the usual fashion. In other words, they cut rates, but, strange to say, the little wheelmaker didn't seem to care. Then they made another and much larger cut with the intention of freezing him out at one fell swoop.

"That was just what he was waiting for, and through a third party he instantly placed orders covering all the contracts he had made at a figure that left him a handsome margin of profit. Without suspecting that the large orders came from their intended victim the trust people became alarmed at the losses incurred in the freezing out process and made him another and much better offer for his plant, which he promptly accepted.

"Now the trust has the concern and is obliged to run it day and night to make wheels at 25 per cent. under actual cost for the man it tried to ruin. As fast as he gets them he turns them over on his contracts, and reaps the intermediate profit, while, needless to say, the trust magnates howl with anguish every time they make a delivery. The little wheelmaker got enough out of the sale of the plant to retire for life, and he is carrying out the rest of the campaign merely for sport. He says it's great fun to see a trust on the gridiron."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Some Copious Languages.

Among all the European languages the English is the richest so far as the number of words is concerned, and it is also the one which has added to its vocabulary the largest number of words within the last half century. The latest English dictionaries contain not less than 200,000 different words. Next in rank comes the German language, with 80,000 words, and then come in succession the Italian, with 35,000; the French, with 30,000, and the Spanish, with 20,000 words. Among the oriental languages the Arabic is the most copious, its vocabulary being even richer than that of the English language. In the Chinese languages there are 10,000 syllables or roots, out of which it is possible to frame 40,000 words. Another notable language is the old Indian Tamil, which is now spoken in the south of India, and which contains, according to the latest calculations, 67,042 words. In the Turkish language there are 22,530 words, and thus it is richer than the Spanish and some other European languages. A singular fact is that aborigines, as a rule, have very limited vocabularies. The Kafirs of South Africa have at their disposal not more than 8,000 words, and the natives of Australia use only 2,000 words.

Failed.

"I cannot reach his heart," she exclaimed, passionately.

Further, the senorita wept.

"This is what comes," she exclaimed some more, "of allowing myself to be cajoled into buying a stiletto at a bargain sale for 19 cents."—Indianapolis Journal.

The greatest objection to nearly every hero is his fool wife.

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There are many imitation baking powders, made from alum, mostly sold cheap. Avoid them, as they make the food unwholesome.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Duchess of Fife, accompanied by the duke, is often seen walking in Hyde Park and Kensington Garden, London.

When a chameleon is blindfolded it loses all power of changing its color, and its entire body remains in a uniform tint.

"Our Duchess" of Marlborough by her sweet and winning ways is fast becoming one of the most popular women in England.

A successful firm of tea merchants in London is composed entirely of women. The blenders, tasters and packers are also women.

Empress Charlotte, of Mexico, recently celebrated her 60th birthday at the Chateau de Bonchoto, where she is confined. Although she does not look her age, her mental condition is hopeless as ever.

The losses by fire in this country during the first four months of this year amounted in round numbers to \$50,000,000, against about \$38,000,000 for the corresponding period of 1898. A like rate of destruction continued during the year will bring the figures

for 1899 to the enormous total of \$150,000,000 or 10 times as much as all our battleships together cost to build.

The record of the greatest number of notes struck by a musician in 12 hours is said to have been made by Paderewski, who struck 1,030,200 notes.

A large turkey buzzard, with a bell fastened to one of its feet, has made its appearance in Cumberland county, N. J., for the tenth successive spring.

A custom peculiar to Buddhists is that of wandering about the country with hammer and chisel and carving holy symbols upon rocks by the wayside.

Schilling's Best tea sold only in Packages

The Ohio law which permits the publication of official notices in Polish as well as German, in addition to English, on motion of council, authorizes also the publication of such official notices in Bohemian. There are many Bohemians in Cleveland and Toledo.

In every city or town in the Netherlands you will find a Rosemary street. In olden days only undertakers lived in them, the rosemary being, in the language of flowers, specially dedicated to the dead.

There are approximately 25,000 Indians in the United States, and the larger number of them maintain such tribal organizations as exempt them from the operation of the ordinary laws of the country.

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