

## KEEPING HOUSE.

With their little foreheads puckered  
And their little minds perplexed,  
Never knowing what new duty  
May crop up to claim them next,  
All too eager—for the burdens  
Life must surely bring—to wait,  
Woman's work and woman's worry  
Little tots anticipate.

Would-be mothers cradle dollies  
In their loving little arms;  
Little hearts are all a-tremble,  
Simulating Love's alarms;  
There are sick beds, doctors gather  
Lengthened faces tell of grief—  
How girls love to borrow trouble  
Passes any boy's belief.

Baby-brows are corrugated,  
Would-be housewives fume and fret;  
All the woes of every household  
In each mock menage are met;  
Naughty children, saucy servants,  
Bills to pay, and long-drawn sighs  
D'er dyspepsia caused by eating  
Underdone o'er-rich mud pies.

Be she big or be she little,  
Child yet or to ripe years grown,  
Pain is pleasure to a woman—  
So 'twould seem—as all must own;  
Born to trouble while a toddler  
Meekly to her fate she bows;  
Lacking trouble, she must make it—  
So she plays at "keeping house!"  
—Boston Globe.

## TOLD IN TYPE.

WHILE riding across the Keystone State recently in one of the portable palaces common to our great railways, I met an old acquaintance—George Starbuck, now a prominent Philadelphia business man, who had at one time been a newspaper publisher, and the undefined bond that unites disciples of the craft had made us quite warm friends. After the greeting and queries attendant upon several months separation were over, under the reminiscence influence of a "Perfecto," Starbuck related the following experience:

"About 10 years ago I was editor of the only newspaper in a small town called Clifton. The village was the county seat, and as a natural result, much of the 'county printing' found its way to my office. One morning in the early summer I was seated in my sanctum sorely perplexed. My small working force had all it could possibly



A LOOK OF HORROR FROZEN ON ITS GHASTLY FACE.

attend to in getting out the paper, when to top it off the Sheriff placed in my hands an unusually large batch of 'sheriff's sales,' which had to appear in the next issue of the Sentinel, as my paper was named. As I sat there endeavoring to think of a way out of the dilemma, my gloomy meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a visitor, and the moment I glanced up I knew my troubles were at an end, it being easy for my experienced eye to mark him at once a 'typographical tourist,' or as practical people would say, a 'tramp' printer. He was a tall man of perhaps 50 years of age, dark hair, slightly tinged with gray, intelligent eyes, and, strangest of all, clean and sober. He proved in excellent composure, and with his assistance the Sheriff's sales duly appeared, to the consternation of the unucky delinquents, but substantially to the betterment of my finances.

"Two weeks later, during which time my new man, who gave his name as Hugh Manley, had become well nigh invaluable to me, the whole State was shocked by the terrible murder of Clifton's most prominent citizen, the Hon. Alfred Cartwright. The murder, as near as could be judged, occurred about 11 o'clock Monday night. The body was found seated before the fireplace in the library, with a look of unutterable horror frozen on its ghastly face. The furnishings of the room were undisturbed, and all appearances gave evidence that no struggle had taken place. Death must have been instantaneous, as the body was found seated in an upright position; the large mark with which the deed was committed still protruded from the wound. A window opening onto the porch, found unfastened, was probably the means of egress employed by the assassin.

The deepest mystery as to the perpetrator and motive shrouded the crime. Cartwright was unmarried, and with the exception of an aged couple who acted as servants, lived alone. He had been a man prominent in local politics, and although little was known of his life previous to his coming to Clifton, he was extremely popular, and had already represented the county one term in the State Legislature.

"We hurriedly published an extra edition of the Sentinel containing a story of the crime in all its ghastly details. Detectives were worked night and day following up imaginary clues, and for the lack of better material, trying to fasten the crime on the worthy man and woman who had served the murdered man faithfully during his residence in Clifton, and were apparently in every way above suspicion. Before the day for the regular weekly issue of the Sentinel I was called out of town, and previous to my departure instructed Manley to devote his energies to getting out a complete story of the murder mystery. As I finished he remarked, with a smile, that he would make every effort to unearth 'the cowardly perpetrator of the dastardly deed.'

"I returned to Clifton the night before 'press day,' and proceeded at once to the Sentinel office. On entering I noticed a light in the composing room and looked in. Manley was at work setting type, and made a striking picture as he stood there, his nimble fingers keeping pace with flying thoughts, the flickering gas jet contrasting his not unhandsome face in bold relief against the prevailing darkness of the room. There was no 'copy' on the case in front of him, but I hardly gave this incident a thought, as he was much given to 'setting up' his articles from memory. Finishing the work at my desk, I was about to depart, when Manley came into the room and handed me a 'proof sheet,' with the request that I should read it, in order that it might be ready for correction in the morning. Here is what I read:

Starbuck produced from a pocket-book a somewhat worn newspaper clipping and handed it to me. The article was headed, "The Mystery Solved," and read as follows:

"The people of Clifton will undoubtedly be surprised on reading to-day's Sentinel to learn that the 'Hon.' Alfred Cartwright's murderer has confessed; moreover, that it was he and no other who put this article into type. However, before you universally condemn the guilty wretch it is well all should read a chapter in Alfred Cartwright's life, of which the inhabitants of Clifton are evidently in ignorance. Six years ago, in a city far from this village, there was a happy home—made bright by the sunshine of prosperity and contentment. A middle-aged man was happy in the smiles of a lovely young wife, and no cloud marred the serenity of an ideal existence. But the tempter came to this Eden as he did in the long ago. Clothed in friendship's garb he entered this peaceful household. The old, old tale was repeated. The young wife listened to honeyed compliments and base entreaties—and fell. In a few months she lay dead—killed by her own hand. The grief-crazed husband fled from the ruins of all he held dear, and after years of ceaseless wanderings returned with the calm determination to avenge that young, blasted life. The man was Hugh Manley, the tramp; the serpent, the 'Hon.' Alfred Cartwright. I killed him. Entering the window, I stole upon him. He heard me and looked up. Not a moment's repentance did I grant him. No! I sent him before his Maker with his soul as black as a raven's wing. This is the end; Hugh Manley has 'told in type' the solution of a mystery that has puzzled you all."

"Very dramatic and—sad," I remarked, as I handed back the clipping. "What became of Manley?"

"They found him the next day at his lodging house," continued Mr. Starbuck, "and placed him in the county jail, but he never came to trial. Many visitors were allowed to see him, and one morning, about a week before court convened, they found him dead in his cell. He had taken poison, no doubt smuggled to him by some friend or acquaintance. It did not surprise me, although I never believed any jury would have hanged the man—but his life was blasted. He wanted to die."

Mr. Starbuck settled back in his seat and lighted a fresh cigar, and as I glanced at him the conviction suddenly seized me that I knew where Manley got the poison.—Pennsylvania Grit.

### No Gentleman Would Take It.

A member of one of the great political clubs of London recently lost his umbrella and put up a notice in the hall requesting "the nobleman" who had taken it to return it when he had done with it. The committee, in due course, desired to be informed why he had ascribed its possession to a peer. The member blandly referred them to the rule which said that the club was composed of "noblemen and gentlemen," and added that no gentleman would have taken his umbrella.

### Varied Possibilities in Peru.

Peru possesses such a diversity of elevations and climatic peculiarities as to be able to produce almost any product known to man.

## AUTHOR OF LORNA DOONE.

Richard D. Blackmore Wrote the Charming Novel.

Richard D. Blackmore, the English author, who died the other day, wrote a number of clever books, the best known of which was Lorna Doone, and on this his fame chiefly rests. He was 75 years old at the time of his death. It is said that the success of Lorna Doone was due to an accident.

Mr. Blackmore offered the manuscript to eighteen publishers, all of whom rejected it. The nineteenth accepted it. The book was issued in 1859, and fell flat. Receiving small atten-



RICHARD D. BLACKMORE.

tion from the reviewers, it was left on the shelves unsold. There it might have remained to this day, according to Mr. Blackmore, had not the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, married in 1871 the Marquis of Lorne. The public, fancying that Lorna Doone in some manner had to do with Lorne, and his marriage, bought up the entire edition and others that quickly followed. It was found that the great novel, while not guilty of the charge, was a most charming book, and its literary success was thenceforward assured.

### CALLED HIM DOWN,

But One Little Circumstance Made It a Waste of Words.

Jones was staying at home for a day's rest, and Mrs. Jones thought she might as well make him useful.

"I wish you would go to the back door," she said, "and, if that's the grocer knocking, I wish you'd tell him that I've sent down for that soap three times already, and if it doesn't come to-day I shall go to the store myself and complain."

"There's no use in wasting words, Mary," said Jones, briskly. "I know how to bring such people to time. I'll attend to the man so that you'll have no more trouble."

He went to the back door and confronted the man with a pleasant but firm expression of countenance.

"Now, look here!" he said, with decision. "This thing has been going on long enough. Mrs. Jones can't afford to wait your pleasure in the matter of soap, or anything else. This delay has caused her much annoyance, and it is entirely inexcusable on your part. It isn't possible that an establishment like the one for which you work shouldn't be provided with soap enough for all its customers. I see plainly that the fault lies with you; you've neglected to give the order. Now, I've only one thing to say—if our trade isn't worth your employer's while, we'll go somewhere else. I'm a man of few words! Unless the soap comes this morning, Mrs. Jones will order from Smith and Brown in the future."

The man looked confused, but said nothing, while Jones paused for breath. "Come, come," said Jones, "have you any excuse to offer—any reason to give for your failure to bring the soap?" "I don't know as I have, sir," said the man, slowly, "except that I'm the milkman, and I've come to collect this little bill for the month of December."

### The Boy's Discovery.

He was a jolly little boy, 2 years old. He was on a trolley-car going through fields and woods and groves. He crowded and laughed, and called everybody's attention to the things that interested him. He was a city baby, and many of the things he saw were known to him only through pictures. At last he got to his journey's end. As he stepped or was lifted off the car, a bantam rooster on a lawn near by, crowded, stretching his wings as if to help his voice. The small boy looked at the rooster a moment, put his hands on his hips, and imitated the rooster's crow. He tried to say rooster, but could not. He had never seen a live rooster before. He recognized this one from his picture-book. Now, if you ask him what the rooster says, he will get his picture-book and crow, holding his hands on his hips, and moving his elbows as wings.

### How He Got Ahead.

"It's strange," sighed the trolley conductor, "how when two boys start out with equal chances, one of them is bound to forge ahead while the other lags behind. There was Jim; Jim and I were fast friends as youths, but look at me now. Equal as our chances were Jim is ahead."

"What is he doing?" asked the passenger who had paid his fare.

"He's the motor man up front. Did I get your nickel?" Bang! Clatter! "Edmund place!" Bang! Clatter! Ting-a-ling. "Yes, sir, it's strange."—Detroit Free Press.

## ANECDOTES OF GEN. LAWTON.

New Version of the Charge by Which El Caney Was Captured.

Some National Guard officers who served in the Spanish-American war were discussing Gen. Lawton's death and his services in Cuba. One of them told the following stories concerning his conduct at El Caney, where he wore the white helmet which was the cause of his death:

"On the morning of July 1 Gen. Lawton was sent with a force of about 5,000 men to take El Caney, while the rest of the troops were to be engaged at San Juan.

"I have seen some mention since the death of Gen. Lawton of the order sent to him by Gen. Shafter to withdraw his troops from El Caney, a proceeding which would have been disastrous to our forces, but I have never seen the statement given to me by the same staff officer. He told me that as Gen. Lawton stood directing the troops an aid from the staff of Gen. Shafter rode up and said:

"Gen. Lawton, Gen. Shafter directs you to withdraw your troops."

"At first Gen. Lawton was non-plussed; then, turning to the aid, he said: 'This is too serious an order to be received verbally, and I shall require it in writing from Gen. Shafter.' He well knew that Gen. Shafter was eight miles in the rear, and that a written order from him could not be received before the charge was ordered. This much is a matter of history, but I do not believe that the whole story has been told.

"Gen. Lawton, knowing that the aid would soon reduce the order to writing, immediately sent order to his officers to charge. The aid returned in about twenty minutes with the written order, having only retired a short distance to write, and he delivered it to Gen. Lawton just as the whole American force stormed across the field in that last desperate, successful attempt to take El Caney. When he handed the written order to the General, Lawton pointed to the charging troops and said: 'As you see, the troops have already commenced to charge. Tell Gen. Shafter that God Almighty himself could not stop them now.'

"Thus the capture of El Caney was due to Gen. Lawton's perseverance under difficulties."

The following story of Gen. Lawton was told by a sergeant in the regular army, who served under Lawton in Cuba, and afterward went to Manila, being now the oldest enlisted man in the Eighth army corps: After the surrender of Santiago the General was standing in the main street of the city looking into the windows of a shop, his tall, massive form making him even more conspicuous than usual. He wore a blue shirt and campaign hat, and was without any indications of his rank. A young second lieutenant just from West Point, and so belonging to the class known in the army as "Johnny-come-lately," was walking down the street, and having a high sense of his own importance, tapped the General on the shoulder, taking him for a non-commissioned officer. As the General turned around he was addressed thus by the young officer:

"Sergeant, are you a soldier?"

"Yes, sir," replied the General.

"Then why don't you salute an officer when you see him?"

The General saluted, but with so abrupt and flippant an air that the anger of the lieutenant was aroused, and he further asked:

"Sergeant, what's your name?"

"Well," replied the General, assuming a slight drawl that was sometimes characteristic, "my name is Maj. Gen. Henry W. Lawton. What's your name?" leaving the lieutenant crest-fallen and stammering out some lame apology.

### News Will Spread.

"No matter how engrossing the entertainment may be, news, and especially war news, cannot be kept out of any public building," said an experienced theatrical manager. "I could give you some most striking instances from my own experience of what I say. I have seen a big audience convulsed with laughter at 9 o'clock, but through a mere whisper of a great outside calamity that circulated through the house, with almost the rapidity of telegraphy, that same audience has been both restless, universally grave of face, and absolutely inattentive to the very culminating point of fun on the stage. And the singular thing is that actors who have never left the stage have, through the medium of whispers, among the band or from the stalls, known all that the original messenger of evil had to tell. Mr. Spurgeon once told me that he had known this same thing precisely to occur during the course of a religious service, and when a vast congregation were on their knees. He gave me the time and place, and explained how, from the whisper of a doorkeeper, a kneeling concourse of thousands knew the whole story of a national crisis in an incredibly short time."

### His New Graft.

Wickwire—Look here. This is the fourth time this morning you have been in here asking for the price of a meal. Dismal Dawson—Yes, I am the absent-minded beggar, don't ye know.—Indianapolis Press.

## Queer Medical Test of Death.

A recent report of experiment at the Academy of Medicine in Paris gives astonishing testimony of the virtue of rhythmical twitching of the tongue as a means of restoring life in cases of drowning or asphyxiation. Within the past few months there have been at this hospital 40 such cases of resuscitation by this one means. Some of the statements made by M. Laborde, of the Academy of Medicine, in connection with this report are of exceptional interest. In one case a drowned man was resuscitated only after three hours spent in unintermittent twitching of his tongue. Which is certainly a reminder to physicians that this remedy is one that requires patience.—N. Y. Journal.

### Barnacles on Ocean Cables.

The recent investigations for cable laying in the Pacific Ocean have revealed the fact, that if not upon rock bottom, they become encrusted with seaweeds, heavy enough to break them. This is like dyspepsia, which grows until it breaks down the health. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will cure it, as well as indigestion, liver and kidney troubles.

About 125 boiler makers, employed in four of the largest boiler making and repairing shops in Buffalo, New York, struck for a uniform scale of wages—28 cents an hour and nine hours a day.

### New Map of the United States.

The Rock Island railroad is distributing among its patrons and friends, a new map of the United States. These maps are of recent revision, and are in every way up to date. They are three and one-half feet by four and one-half feet, printed on extra heavy paper and bound suitably to hang on the wall. A great many of these maps have been sent to hotels and public places, and many requests from school houses have been received and complied with.

### His Slaughter of the Enemy.

An old soldier was boasting of his experience during the civil war, when he was asked:

"How many rebs did you kill during the war?"

"How many did I kill? How many did I kill?" repeated the old veteran. "Well, I don't know exactly how many, but I killed as many of them as they did of me."—Ohio State Journal.

## PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRED WATMAN, 6708 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



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