



## A SCRAP OF PAPER.

I WAS winding my way up the narrow stairway to my domain, a five-minute taper in my hand to guide me through the darkness. I stopped suddenly half-way down the corridor. In the dim flickering light of my taper I saw fastened to the door of my landlady's room a white sheet of paper. It was pinned above the doorknob and contained a brief message.

"Dear children," it read, "God bless your home coming. I love you both, dear daughter and beloved son. I couldn't wait for you, because I had to go to the theater. Your Mother."

"Ah," I said to myself, "the young couple are coming home." As the latch of my own door clicked I heard two persons come up the stairway.

"My mother is not at home," said a cheery, manly voice, "but here is her greeting, as kind and loving as ever."

I don't know what else the man or the woman said—sweet love words, no doubt, such as a young husband and wife are apt to indulge in on their wedding night.

Mrs. Alberta Damman had been my landlady now for two years. She was a little, rotund woman, with a vivacious temperament, which betrayed every minute the presence of actor blood in her veins. For many years, she told me, she had been wardrobe woman in the only stock company house in the city. She had saved up a little money, which she loaned at reasonable interest to actors and actresses in hard luck, and she was able beside to do a profitable business in purchasing and selling cast-off party dresses and stage gowns. The glib-tongued wardrobe woman was as passionately fond of the theater as she was picturesquely disorderly about the three rooms which she herself occupied. My own rooms, in happy contrast, were neatly and simply furnished, and always kept scrupulously clean. The disorder in hers was appalling and stifling to me. Furniture from all kinds of periods hobnobbed with chandeliers and cheval glasses of long-forgotten periods.

Mrs. Damman's son was very different in character and disposition from his mother. While she was shrewd and full of temperament, he was taciturn and slow of comprehension. Despite his 30 years he was as helpless as a child almost. In his habits he was absolutely correct and faithful to his employer, who had given him the position of head bookkeeper at a moderate salary. His mother and he always ate their meals together. On Sunday he went to the theater, and during the week he waited patiently for the old lady's return from the playhouse, that he might partake of supper with her. Young Damman grew courageous one day and confessed to his mother that he loved a girl and had promised to marry her. Mrs. Damman's verbosity would not permit her to conceal this fact from me. As she was serving my coffee one morning she acquainted me with the new state of affairs.

"Do you know your son's fiancée?" I asked, just a little uneasy as to how she would take this sudden surprise.

No, she had never seen her, but inquiry among friends elicited the information that she came of a respectable family and was a good-looking young miss.

"I'll receive her as my daughter," she said, "and they can both live here. My son's salary is not large enough to support a separate household, and I cannot give him anything out of my own means, so they will have to make their home here, and my daughter-in-law will have to learn how to please me."

Now the wedding had been celebrated and henceforth the young people would be my neighbors, for their room was next to mine. If my misgivings had continued about the new member of the household, that friendly welcome, pinned to the door of my landlady's quarters on the eve of her arrival, would have dispelled them. In the morning, Mrs. Damman, as usual, brought my coffee and rolls.

"They are here," she said, with a broad, motherly smile. "Didn't you hear the noise we made when I came home last night. My daughter is a perfect little witch—pretty as a peach, too. I know you'll like her."

An hour later I sauntered down the hall. A fresh voice, fresh as a bird's, sang a gay little ditty.

"The bride," I mused, and presently she hove in sight, wielding a broom with a pair of round, dimpled arms bared to the shoulders. The moment she saw me she blushed and disappeared, dropping the broom on a little head of dust she had swept together.

On top of the heap, staring at me in uncomfortable fashion, lay a scrap of white paper.

"The welcome," I murmured, and stooped and lifted the motherly greeting to save it from destruction with the rest of the debris.

"She can't be very sentimental," was my silent comment, "or she would have treasured these penciled lines all her life." Naturally I soon made the acquaintance of the youthful bride and found her to be all that her mother-in-law had said of her. She was as handy and alert about the house as she was fresh and pretty. Mrs. Damman was relieved of a good deal of work, although she superintended the household as of old. Fred Damman, the young husband, was head over heels in love with his wife, and she seemed fond of him in her ingenuous girlish fashion. There were little bickerings between the two women now and then, but they were forgotten in an hour, and all was as calm and peaceful as of old.

An unusual stress of business kept me away from the house longer than had been my custom, and when summer came I was ready to indulge in an extended journey that was likely to keep me away from Mrs. Damman's house for at least three months.

Upon my return the family received me with open arms. All three had a friendly word for me and for each other, and I was more than delighted at the continued harmony that prevailed my landlady's home. That much of this harmony was sham I learned before many days. Mrs. Damman was the first to pour out her heart to me. She complained bitterly of the younger woman's wilfulness, and her daughter-in-law usurped rights which did not belong to her and threatened dissolution of the household. It came sooner than even I anticipated, but in an entirely unexpected manner. After a bitter quarrel than ever young Mrs. Damman left the house without telling her mother-in-law whither she was going. She failed to return, and soon everything was as quiet as the grave once more. Fred, the young husband, was even more taciturn than before. He avoided his mother, whom he seemed to regard as the natural enemy of his wife.

One day I met him in the street. "Where is your wife?" I asked. "Don't you hear from her at all?"

He laid his finger on his lips, forgetting that his mother was miles away and could not possibly hear what he had to say.

"I hear from her—very often," he whispered, and a light broke from his timid eyes.

"Is Mrs. Damman going to remain away from you forever?"

He came quite close to me now. "She is right here in town," he answered, "with her aunt, and I see her every day."

"I am glad of that," I said. "Perhaps your mother will soon come around and ask her to come back again."

He shook his head hopelessly. "She doesn't even want to hear her name spoken," he answered sadly, "and I haven't enough money to set up house-keeping. My wife is sorry now for what has happened, but she is miserably afraid of my mother."

"What are you going to do about it?" He seemed so boyish and fearful of consequences that I could not help getting out of patience with him. If he had had a little more energy, I felt sure the two women would not have become separated. He shrugged his shoulders. "I can't help myself," he murmured, "and, as things are now, I am glad to be able to be with my wife without being molested."

"You must bring them together," I admonished. "It is your duty. Try to make an end of this unsatisfactory state of affairs."

Two weeks later I met the young couple promenading in the park. "Ah," I said, "on your way home at last?"

"Fred's going there, but not I," answered the young wife shyly, holding out her hand to me.

"That's more than I can understand," I said, somewhat dryly, "the wife belongs in her husband's home."

"You know how things are with us," she insisted, with a sob.

"Yes; I know. You are afraid of your mother-in-law, who has a good heart, but is unusually obstinate. And you," turning to her husband, "have not the energy to bring these two women together. You, my dear Mrs. Damman, went out of your own free will,

and of your own free will you must go back."

When I saw that my words had made a deep impression on the two young people, I continued: "You had better go home right now and become reconciled to your mother-in-law."

"Mother is away from home this evening," said Fred.

"All the better," I suggested. "Let your wife prepare the tea, and when she comes back from the theater everything will be lovely."

I told them to follow me, and, to my joy, saw that they had agreed to do as I bade them. I entered the house about five minutes before they could possibly reach it, for they had perceptibly fallen behind. Once within, I discovered that Fred was in error about his mother's absence. The sewing machine was rattling away at a lively pace. Suddenly an idea crossed my mind. I fingered around in my vest pocket and from its depths pulled a scrap of paper. It was Mrs. Damman's welcome to her daughter-in-law on the night of her arrival as a bride. Quick as a flash I pinned it to the door, and then withdrew to my own apartment to await the appearance of husband and wife.

The young wife's joyous cry startled me. "From mother!" she gasped, as her eyes fell on the piece of paper on the door. And then she read aloud sentence after sentence, alternately sobbing and laughing. "Dear children: God bless your home coming. I love you both, dear daughter and beloved son. I could not wait for you, because I had to go to the theater. Your Mother."

"Fred, Fred," she sobbed, "your mother wants me to come back again. She has forgiven me—dear mother!"

The door flew open and the girl wife rushed in. With a sob she threw herself into the elder woman's arms. "Forgive me, mother, forgive me! Oh, how glad I am to be at home again with you."

I stood motionless at my door. What next? Mrs. Damman had not opened her mouth. What if she were still obstinate and would drive again from home the penitent girl? But no, I heard her voice now.

"My dear child," she said softly, "so you are sorry? If you had said so on that miserable day all would have been well. I love you; you are my child just as much as he is!"

"Oh, mother," she sobbed anew. "I never knew how good you are. Scold me, do what you will with me; you are my darling mother anyhow."

And they were reconciled. They called me to witness their joy, and I had hard work to make Fred understand that I had placed the scrap of paper on the door that had brought about peace and harmony in the little household. It was an innocent deception and if he ever had the courage to confess it to his wife I never heard of it.

### QUAIL-HUNTING IN EGYPT.

Half a Million a Year Ensnared by Natives.

Much has been said lately of the capture of quail in Egypt, touching the protest made by Frenchmen against carrying the birds across French territory for English use. Until this matter rose nobody seemed to know that quail existed in Egypt, but they do by the millions.

The passage of bands of quail over the coast of the delta of the Nile, from Port Said to Alexandria, begins in September and lasts a month and a half, the birds arriving in little groups and alighting on the dunes.

Generally the chase is made by means of nets of five meters high, which the natives extend on cords fastened to poles, in the fashion of curtains gliding on their rods.

In reality the net is double. The first near the side of the sea is of meshes very large and loose, but on the back is another net where the bird will really come and perch itself in the folds formed by this second net of small meshes. There is another method of capture which is more picturesque. Rows of dried branches are placed on the shore. At the foot of each branch is disposed a tuft of fresh herbs, in the middle of which is arranged an opening which ends in a snare. The quail, tired by its journey, takes refuge in the branch, without figuring to itself that it is going to put itself into a trap where a native will surprise it and kill it. With these perfected means of destruction, it is not astonishing that each year more than half a million of these poor little birds are taken.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### Helping Him.

"Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, as he paused on the front step, "could you remember what it was you said yesterday when you so properly reproved me for leaving the door open?"

"I think I can. But I hope I shall not have occasion to use it again."

"Could you give me the exact tones and the gestures?"

"Yes."

"Well I wish you would. I have an office boy who leaves the door open continually, and if you could teach me to make that speech it would certainly be a great help to me in my business."—Washington Star.

When lovers meet on the street, it is never accidental.

### MIHALY MUNKACSY.

Famous Hungarian Was One of the Great Painters of the Age.

Mihaly Munkacsy, who died May 1 in a private insane asylum at Bonn, Germany, where he had been confined for more than three years, was one of the world's greatest painters. Some of his best productions, chief among them Christ Before Pilate, are owned in this country.

The famous painter's real name was Michael Lieb and he was born in the town of Munkacs, Hungary, fifty-four years ago. Early in life he became apprenticed as a carpenter's boy. He showed a taste for poetry and in leisure moments learned to draw. His talent developed wonderfully and he managed to get a studio in Dusseldorf. In 1860 Mr. and Mrs. Willstack, of Philadelphia, traveling in Germany, stopped at Dusseldorf and Mr. Willstack was so pleased with Lieb's work that he told him to make a painting which the American sent to the Paris



MIHALY MUNKACSY.

Salon in 1870, where it created a sensation and made the young painter famous. It earned him a medal, a wealthy patron and a start on the road which brought Michael Lieb to the rich and celebrated Count Mihaly de Munkacsy, chevalier of the Legion of Honor and Knight of the Austrian Order of the Iron Cross.

Munkacsy is said to have received more than \$1,000,000 for his work. His Christ Before Pilate was purchased by John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, who still owns it, for \$100,000. Other prominent paintings of his in this country are The Last Day of a Man Condemned to Death and Milton Dictating Paradise Lost. His mind gave way as he was putting the finishing touches on his last great work in the Christ series, Ecce Homo. In 1896, the millennial year of Hungary, Munkacsy left Paris, where he had lived for many years, and returned to his native land. In the autumn of that year he was stricken with a spinal paralysis and had done no work since. He soon afterward became demented and was sent to the asylum at Bonn.

### LAW AS INTERPRETED.

The doctrine that an agent to purchase property cannot buy for his own benefit is applied, in *Kimball vs Ranney* (Mich.), 46 L. R. A. 403, to a purchase on foreclosure by an agent who had been employed to effect a sale of the mortgaged property.

Breach by a water company of a contract to supply a city with water sufficient to protect its inhabitants against loss is held, in *Gorrell vs Greensboro Water Supply Company* (N. C.), 46 L. R. A. 513, to entitle a citizen whose property is burned in consequence thereof to sue as a party in interest.

One system of street railways over some of which both freight and passengers are carried and cars from lines running to other towns are run is held, in *Oren ex rel. Barbour vs Pingree* (Mich.), 46 L. R. A. 407, to constitute a work of internal improvement within the meaning of the Michigan constitution, which forbids the State to be interested in such works.

If a creditor takes an assignment of a life insurance policy to secure his debt he is held in *Morris vs. Georgia Loan, S. and B. Company* (Ga.), 46 L. R. A. 506, to be entitled to retain out of the proceeds of the policy an amount sufficient to pay the debt with all advances made to keep the policy in force, and is required to pay any balance to the persons named in the policy as beneficiaries or payees.

Removal of a judge from office for purely economic reasons not personal to him or relating to his administration of the office is held, in *McCulley vs. State* (Tenn.), 46 L. R. A. 567, to be not authorized by a constitutional provision for the removal of a judge by concurrent vote of both houses of the General Assembly, after notice to the judge, accompanied with a copy of the causes alleged for his removal.

### Very Strong.

Stubs—The woolen mill down the street was destroyed by fire this morning.

Penn—You don't say! Why, Smythe and I were standing in the same block, and never even heard an engine.

Stubs—Wonder you hadn't caught a whiff of the burning wool.

Penn—That was impossible. Smythe was smoking a cigar he bought on the train.—Chicago News.

### THREE DAILY TRAINS BETWEEN OGDEN AND DENVER.

The increase in transcontinental travel by way of Salt Lake City in consequence of the scenic and other attractions of the route, has recently justified the Rio Grande Western Railway—in connection with the Denver & Rio Grande and Colorado Midland Railroads—says the Salt Lake Tribune, in establishing a triple daily fast passenger service between Ogden and Denver. All of these trains are equipped with the latest appliances, improvements and cars. This road now operates through sleepers between Chicago, Ogden and San Francisco, also a perfect dining car service. Send 2c postage for literature, rates or other information to J. D. Mansfield, 253 Washington street, Portland; or Geo. W. Heintz, general passenger agent, Salt Lake City.

### To Prosecute Cigarette Cases.

Since the decision of the United States supreme court that the Illinois cigarette law is valid, the Chicago authorities have announced that they will see that it is strictly enforced. The board of education and the Anti-Cigarette League will co-operate in the prosecution of all violators.

### Conformity With Christ.

The whole life of a Christian is a steady aiming at conformity with Christ; so that in anything, whether doing or suffering, there can be no argument so apposite and persuasive as His example.—Robert Leighton.

### An Interesting Relic.

Among the interesting relics recently secured by the confederate museum at Richmond, Va., is the main shaft of the old frigate Merrimac, or as she was renamed by the confederate authorities, Virginia. The shaft is much worn and rust eaten, but shows that it was originally a fine piece of work.

### Aged Hardtack.

A Rumford Falls, Me., veteran has in his possession some of the hardtack composing the last ration dealt out to him by Uncle Sam when in the service over 30 years ago. It is in good state of preservation.

Tennessee has become the leading phosphate producer of America. There are 248 valuable mines in the state and over 21,000 men are employed in the business. New mines are being opened daily.

Santaor Beveridge is an enthusiast on the subject of the practical benefits of college fraternities. He is himself a D. K. E. man, and was steward at its chapter house, while a student of De Pauw University.

Kerbs, Wertheim & Schiffer, New York cigar manufacturers, applied to the supreme court for an injunction restraining striking union employes from picketing their factory and threatening non-union workmen.

The Southern Pacific has abandoned the plan for establishing a relief department, owing to the opposition of the employes.

Caterer—Have you finished that bill of fare for the Millionaire Club banquet? Assistant—Nearly. What shall I end it with?

Caterer (wearily)—Cigars and— and chesnuts.—N. Y. Weekly.

Not a union bricklayer in North America is now working more than nine hours a day, and in 130 cities the eight-hour day prevails among the members of that craft.



### A TOP BUGGY FOR \$50.00...

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