

**THE DEAREST GIFT.**

When all the dancing feet are still,  
The rose's bloom is shed and spend,  
When she has waltzed her happy fill  
With Will and Jack and Ted and  
Fred,  
Fired of the whirl and jollity,  
Her lovely eyes weighed down with  
sleep,  
Then, at the last, she comes to me,  
And she is all my own—to keep!

I find her gloves and tie her wrap,  
We say our good nights left and right;  
Now I'm the to-be-envied chap!  
Ah, now, indeed, it is good night!  
Of lover's joy let wooers prate;  
What could a man ask more in life,  
Than this best, dearest gift of fate—  
To have a sweetheart for a wife?  
—Smart Set.

**JOHN'S TEST.**

**B**UT, Millicent, can't you see that—er—that I love you as no man has ever loved before?" The black eyes glowed with suppressed ardor.

"Inferring that no man ever has loved poor little Millicent Bigelow before. And, to tell the truth, John, that's just what's the matter—that before a certain definite point in my life no male creature ever deigned to cast a glance at my insignificance, that before Aunt Mary invited me to spend a month with her in New York and sent me home with a carload of trunks, containing nothing but wearing apparel expressly designed and manufactured by New York and Paris modistes to set forth and enhance my previously undiscovered beauty, that before I came home and lost all my girl friends out of jealousy for my better clothes, men were not in the habit of tumbling all over themselves to tell me twenty times a day that they loved me."

She smiled provokingly at the look of genuine astonishment that her sudden outburst had brought to the sensitively lined masculine face before her.

"And now, you, whom I considered my best friend, have become as nonsensical as any of them. It is true you have said the apparently enticing words but once, and stumbled over them at that, by the way, but, considering that we have just arrived at the picnic grounds and that presently I shall ask you to take me out in a canoe on the lake, and expect you to ask me to go with you again after lunch, I doubt not that by the twentieth time you will become as fluent as the others."

"Millicent, I can't deny that I shall probably keep on repeating the question until I get the one answer that will satisfy me, but when you accuse me of wanting to marry you because you may have more or less worthless finery on, it's beyond—"

"John Atwood, I don't know what you designate as cheap finery, but I would have you know that this gown, as well as the boa which adorns my shoulders, was a special present from auntie and imported direct from Paris." The ruffled feelings sought consolation in rearranging the fluffy creation of lace and artificial flowers that composed the neckwear in question.

"You understand what I meant, Millicent. I can't say you don't look nice in that thing around your neck, but I liked you just as well in the brown dress that you used to wear with brown ribbons, and then you used to let me put my arms around you."

An indignant shoulder turned in his direction was the only answer.

"But won't you please hurry and ask me to take you out on the lake, as you said you would, before I do the asking and offend you again."

The pouting face, half hidden behind the white parasol, looked almost as though about to refuse to go out on the lake altogether, but John pulled up a canoe and quietly began arranging the cushions. When he had finished, a figure behind a parasol stepped in and settled down among them.

Nothing was said until they had proceeded nearly across the lake and were skirting along the opposite shore. Then as John was paddling idly, watching a reflection in the water, a voice suddenly demanded that he turn aside and enter an opening that the shore made at this point and through which could be seen a small pool of water thickly studded with the white blossoms of the water lilies.

Without hesitation John turned the nose of the canoe in the direction indicated and paddled up to the point of entering, when he noticed that the water in the inclosed space was very shallow and covered a surface of dark-looking mud.

He stopped progress and waited for the owner of the voice to observe the state of affairs, but the voice vouchsafed nothing but an impatient command to continue. Then he spoke in a non-committal voice of the advisability of entering where there was insufficient water to allow paddling. But the flowers gleamed white in the sunlight and a scornful ripple of laughter was his answer.

Manlike, he gave in to woman's

**POPE LEO XIII., WHO RECENTLY CELEBRATED THE SILVER JUBILEE OF HIS PONTIFICATE.**



Pope Leo XIII., who recently celebrated the silver jubilee of his pontificate, was born at Carpineto, Italy, March 2, 1810. He is the son of Count Louis Pecci and was baptized by the names of Vincenzo and Gioacchino. He was ordained in 1837, was made bishop in 1846, proclaimed a cardinal in 1853, and was elected Pope Feb. 20, 1878. He was crowned on March 3 following.

whim and pushed the boat into the midst of the lilies. He reaped a reward in the lowering of the parasol and a companionable face smiled upon him as the owner proceeded to tuck up the ruffles preparatory to plucking from the water the brown-stemmed lilies. But even before the first flower was obtained the catastrophe happened.

A great, ugly-looking green dragon fly rose loudly buzzing from the flowers, directly under the side of the boat, and, perceiving the gently swaying fluffiness above the canoe, and perhaps deceived into thinking it a new mass of bloom yet unexplored, dived at once in its direction and succeeded in alighting with a moment's dispatch directly under a pink chin, with the rough wings brushing a dimpled throat.

It was all over in a minute. A startled cry of feminine terror, a panic-stricken spring for the other side of the canoe, and John found himself knee-deep in black, slimy mud, with a bedraggled and dripping little figure weeping hysterically upon his shoulder, and an overturned canoe within his reach.

It was then he saw his chance. "Millicent, stop your crying. I never saw a worse looking creature in my life." A white face of astonishment turned up to his. "And, for heaven's sake, take off that black, oozy thing around your neck." Unconsciously a muddy fist stole up and dragged off the clinging mass of slime and dropped it with a shudder.

"Now, Millicent, will you marry me?" Not till then did the face show any comprehension of the words being spoken. Then a flash of color appeared under the streaks of black and a querulous little sob escaped from the trembling lips as, burying her face again on the wet, heaving chest, she answered, softly, "Yes, John!"—Philadelphia Item.

**BOUGHT MAGIC BONES.**

**Florida Negroes Seeking Invisibility Realized that They Were Seen.**

"For a good many years," said a Florida man, who was up this way recently, "we have been familiar in the far South with the schemes which designing negroes with the money-making instinct have been working upon their ignorant fellows to coax the coin from their clothes. I'd hate to say how many thousands of dollars the more ignorant negroes of Florida alone give up every year for concoctions, manufactured out of nothing worth while by the crafty negroes, for 'whitening their skins.' Then there are the multitudinous lotions or ointments or whatever you call them on sale by foxy negroes down our way for 'taking the kink out of woolly hair on negroes' heads. Colored women, especially the younger ones, fall victims to this kind of stuff for all of their spare change, and there are plenty of young black bloods who eagerly give up \$5 and even \$10 for fake contraptions that are alleged to be designed to make their noses aquiline instead of flat.

"But an ancient black schemer was put away down in Florida not long ago for springing and successfully working an entirely new one. The

foxy old darky made literally thousands of dollars out of his dodge before he was nalled. He passed the word around among the ignorant negro men that he had a consignment of charms, in the shape of small pieces of bone, that would come pretty near making their purchasers bosses of everything in sight. The owner and wearer of one of his bone charms, he announced, would be rendered completely invisible to human eyes. Well, you can readily imagine how a charm like that would take down in a country where yeller-legged chickens are thicker'n bees, and where watermelons just pop out of the soil out of their own volition. The ignorant blacks fell to those little bone charms all in a bunch, and they dug up from \$5 to \$15 apiece for the things at that.

"They absolutely and implicitly believed that the wearing of the charms would render them invisible, and for months the darkies down our way provided with these charms have been attempting to help themselves to all sorts of things that didn't belong to them, right in the presence of the owners of the property, and in broad daylight, under the belief that their charms screened them from the vision of men. It took a long time, and not a little buckshot, to convince them that their bone charms didn't amount to much, and then they came to the front with the story of how they had got hold of the charms."—Washington Post.

**Satisfied His Curiosity.**

The curiosity of the natives of wild countries as to everything belonging to the traveler often leads to amusing situations. J. W. Wells tells, in "Three Thousand Miles Through Brazil," of his visit to one settlement where the only shopkeeper of the place proved very inquisitive. He was a frequent visitor, and would carefully examine the few belongings of the traveler. His curiosity was finally punished in a very funny manner.

On one of his visits, writes Mr. Wells, he found my bottle of spirits of ammonia on the table, and seeing it was something he had not hitherto inspected, he naturally laid hold of it, and asked of me, "What is this?"

"Only a medicine," I replied; and with a perhaps unworthy satisfaction I watched him hold it up to the light, look at it all round, and finally remove the glass stopper and then take a good sniff.

I had to rush forward to save my precious ammonia, as he staggered and gasped for breath, and ejaculated, "I am dying!" By dint of much slapping of his back and dousing of cold water, he quickly recovered; but nevertheless did he touch any of my things.

**She Struck an Average.**

Husband—I'm surprised at you, Maria! How could you have the face to tell the Judge you were 24 when you were 48 last month?

Wife—Well, dear, I told him the truth. I gave my average age.—Toronto Moon.

We wish we knew a wooden legged man well enough to ask if he takes his leg off when he goes to bed.

**CHANGE OF LIFE.**



Some sensible advice to women passing through this trying period.

The painful and annoying symptoms experienced by most women at this period of life are easily overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is especially designed to meet the needs of woman's system at the trying time of change of life.

It is no exaggeration to state that Mrs. Pinkham has over 5000 letters like the following proving the great value of her medicine at such times.

"I wish to thank Mrs. Pinkham for what her medicine has done for me. My trouble was change of life. Four years ago my health began to fail, my head began to grow dizzy, my eyes pained me, and at times it seemed as if my back would fall me, had terrible pains across the kidneys. Hot flashes were very frequent and trying. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken six bottles of it and am to-day free from those troubles. I cannot speak in high enough terms of the medicine. I recommend it to all and wish every suffering woman would give it a trial."—BESSIE ROSS, 88 Montclair Ave., Roslindale, Mass.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

**Strange Case.**

A woman has sued for divorce because her husband "gives too much attention to the church." This will puzzle a lot of women who heretofore thought they knew something about man.

**TWO REASONS.**

No One Need Neglect Their Teeth Any More—No Pain, Small Cost.

The two great reasons why people used to neglect their teeth were: Fear of being hurt, and the expense.

When you come to think it over now, it is truly remarkable what a revolution has taken place in modern dental methods. Wise Brothers, the famous Portland dentists, are among the foremost in the United States in this respect. Their announcements that there is not a particle of pain connected with any dental work done in their office is literally true. And it is also literally true that every person who goes to these dentists is greatly surprised at the small cost of having the teeth put in fine order. A whole set of teeth now costs less than some time ago it cost to have one pulled or filled. There is no excuse whatever for anyone to neglect his, or her, teeth. Even the man or woman receiving the lowest wages paid in this Northwest can well afford to have the teeth looked after and begin to enjoy life.

Again, a word about the children. When a young person has second teeth, fathers and mothers should see to it that their son or daughter goes to the dentist and has the teeth examined. Oftentimes just a little work before it is too late saves the teeth pure and beautiful for a lifetime. Take time by the forelock and consult Wise Brothers, Failing Building, Portland, Oregon.

**Mike's Poodle.**

Hogan—An' is he a blooded dog, Mike?  
"Blooded? I sh'd say he wuz. W'y, when he wuz a pup th' doc had ter bleed him to kape him from bein' a blood hound, faith!"

**If You Don't Know**

How much different a can of Monopole peaches or pears or corn or other variety of fruits and vegetables taste from the ordinary brands we hope you will instruct your dealer to send you a can of Monopole today. We know Monopole brand is better than any other because we have compared them with all other so-called high class ones.

Most dealers handle Monopole goods. If yours doesn't send us his name. Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Monopole Grocers and Dry Coffee Roasters, 81-83-85 Front street, Portland, Ore.

**His Load With Him.**

De Tanque—Guzzier says he doesn't believe in carrying other people's burdens.

O'Soque—No wonder; he is generally carrying a pretty good load of his own.—Philadelphia Record.

**A Pessimist.**  
Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, during a recent discussion with a friend, asked him if he knew the definition of a pessimist.  
"Of course," replied his friend, "he is one who is sore on himself and the world in general. Is not that your definition?"  
"Hardly," replied Dr. Slicer. "A pessimist, in my opinion, is a man who has just left an optimist."—New York Times.

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