

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

When a boy is far away from home,  
What pleases him the most?  
Why, it's when a letter comes to him  
From mother thro' the post!  
No matter if the silver hairs  
Appear upon his head,  
He's still his mother's boy as when  
His hair was carrot red!

Tho' thirty years have set their marks  
And seared his careworn face,  
In mother's eyes he's yet a lad  
Without Time's telltale trace!  
Her letter thus begins: "Dear boy";  
It sets his heart athrill  
To think that mother knows him as  
A little shaver still!

A mother's love is as a charm  
The sesame of youth!  
One feels that age has naught to do  
With Love or Life or Truth,  
When'er he gets a letter from  
His mother far away,  
Who sees naught but the guileless child,  
Behind the man grown gray.  
—Boston Journal.

A Woman's Way

JACK WETMORE ruefully checked the long line of figures before him.

"It is a smash—utterly and absolutely a smash. Well, it's no good whining—I'm done for."

Jack gave a sigh, for there was something more than financial loss impending, and he knew it.

Throughout the seven and twenty years of his life, he had been accustomed to regard himself, and had been regarded by others, as a rich man's son. Wetmore & Wetmore had always been held above suspicion. As he sat in his comfortably furnished rooms he could hear the cries of the newsboys with the special edition of the evening papers:

"Further details of the Wetmore failure."

He rose from the table and pushed the papers wearily from him. Strolling into the dressing room adjoining he exchanged his smoking jacket for a dress coat and arranged his tie with a critical air.

"If it is to be my last appearance," he said, "at least I'll make it as outwardly respectable as I can."

Then he frowned and looked thoughtfully at the fire, his hands unconsciously moving toward the mantle-piece till it touched a massive silver frame containing a portrait, a recent one evidently, of a particularly handsome girl.

"It's no good, Bessie—no good, my dear. I dare not speak to you now. I'm done for."

Twenty minutes later the butler at Blansford's announced Mr. Wetmore, and after a few words with Mrs. Blansford, his hostess, he passed into the ballroom. In all the brilliant crowd there was only one face he looked for, one well-known figure for the sigh of which he yearned.

At last, after wandering through several rooms, he saw her. She was sitting under a shaded lamp, apparently paying but little attention to the man who was talking to her. But the instant Mr. Wetmore passed through the door she beckoned to him.

"Come and sit here, Jack," said she, pointing to the vacant seat just left by the other man.

She regarded him with an amused little smile and a nod of approval. She was a young woman with ideas of her own, and she appreciated the light, careless manner with which he seemed to carry his misfortune.

"You don't look very doleful, Jack, under the circumstances."

He laughed a little.

"My dear Miss Blansford, do you think it would help matters if I went about looking like a mute at a funeral?"

"And pray, my dear Jack," she retorted mockingly, "since when have I become 'Miss Blansford'?"

"Since I heard the news last night," he answered grimly.

"Oh, very well, if you are going to go and quarrel with your friends just because you've lost a little money—"

"It may be a little, but unfortunately it happens to be all I've got. I owe a good deal besides."

Wetmore rose and held out his hand. He was fast losing his self-control.

"I must be off. I came only to say good-by to you."

Miss Blansford closed her fan with a snap.

"Sit down, Jack, at once, and don't be an idiot."

Taken aback at this sudden and peremptory command, he obeyed.

"Now, then, what was it you really came to say to me?"

"To say good-by, and ask you to wish me good luck," he answered.

"What would you have said if things had—had been different? Shall I tell you?" she whispered. "You would have said, 'Bessie, I love you.' And now, just because you're a goose and an idiot, and I happen to possess more money than I know what to do with, you would rather die than say four simple little words like that."

"Oh, Bessie."

"Yes, 'Oh, Bessie,'" she continued,

SAPPING METHODS OF THE JAPANESE.



HOW THE JAPS APPROACHED DEADLY FORTRESSES AROUND PORT ARTHUR.

A correspondent of the London Sphere has attempted to visualize here the appearance of one of the later attacks on Port Arthur by means of the sapping trenches. The drawing shows Japanese troops marching forward to the deadly fighting angle of the trench, beyond which is the Russian fort. Hand grenades of a very explosive character were extensively used, and in fact the capture of some of the forts was effected by their use.

mockingly. "It's always, 'Oh, Bessie.' And yet through sheer obstinacy you are putting poor Bessie to the trouble of making a formal proposal for the honor of your hand in marriage."

Wetmore sprang to his feet. "I won't listen," said he. "It is not fair of you, Bessie."

"Fair or not, do you think I am going to have my whole life spoiled for a few wretched conventions and a charming dowager or two?"

"They'd laugh at you, Bessie, and say I married you for your money."

"Let them laugh. And as to your marrying me, I would beg to remind you that the positions are reversed and that it is I, Elizabeth Blansford, commonly known as Bessie, who hereby asks you, Jack."

"I am no fortune hunter, and marry you I won't."

"Do I not know it is your pride that prevents you from speaking? And that is why I have done what I have."

"I should be a cur if I took you at your word," he said. "Bessie, have a little mercy. 'Don't tempt me.'"

"Jack, is your love for me so small a thing that you cannot sacrifice a little of your pride for it? Do you think my part has been so easy?"

For a moment there was a pause. Then Jack said:

"You've won, Bessie," drawing her to himself, "and heaven give me the power to make you happy."

"Well, then, there's one thing you must not do, Jack."

"And that?"

"You mustn't make me fight so hard to get my own way again."—Indianapolis Sun.

TRICKS TO GET DEER.

Sometimes Stop When You Call, and Red Attracts Them.

There are some tricks in woods hunting that are common property. For instance, most hunters who pot partridges while the coveys are sitting on a pine or spruce tree know that the lowest bird should be shot first. If this is done, nearly all of the covey will sit still to be butchered, but if the highest bird be shot the survivors will fly instantly. They are disturbed not only by the noise of the dead bird coming down through the branches, but they see it fall and take warning.

Not many hunters know, however, that a deer under full headway, speeding down a runway as if a legion of hounds were after it, will often stop still and instantly if it hears a shrill whistle. The whistle is the deer's signal of warning, of challenge, and of sociability, and it always attracts attention from them.

Similarly a running deer will often stop if it hears an unusual, but not terrifying, noise. A half-breed Chippewa of the Flambeau Reservation named Sam Pogan asserts that deer understand the meaning of the English word "Stop!" and always obey it.

Whether this is true or not, and it isn't, Sam says always says "Stop!" in a clear, mild tone instead of using the whistle, and his deer generally stop.

He does a good deal of gulding, and it gives his patron rather an eerie feeling to lie hidden by a runway with him and hear him give his brief command.

The brown deer of the woods is as much attracted by a red handkerchief or any other bit of scarlet cloth as is the antelope. Red, sometimes angers animals and sometimes arouses their curiosity, but it never terrifies them.

That is one of the reasons why most Indian hunters wear red cloth bound around their foreheads; the other reason is that it is a distinguishing mark of a human being and brother Indians or amateurs are less apt to mistake them for game and pot them as they move slowly through the trees.

It is a fact not commonly within the knowledge of sportsmen that a wounded deer, shot while speeding by a stand, will always come back to that stand if it has strength enough. More deer are finally bagged by men, who simply inspect the bloodmarks and sit down and wait than by men who take up the blood trail.

Of course, it is wise to follow the blood for a half-mile on a chance that the deer has gone down, but if it goes beyond that distance it is pretty much of a certainty that it will continue for some time longer, and in that case the best place for another shot is at the old stand. Why the deer does this is not positively known, but it is probably because it is best acquainted with that runway and in its hurt condition likes to be near its haunts.

Some men in the woods will not shoot a doe at any time of year, no matter how tempting the shot, and they earn credit as self-restrained sportsmen. Others are not so conscientious and take deer of either sex as they come.

A few of these men are wise enough to know that in case a buck and doe are together and it is wished to bag both, the one to shoot first is the doe. If the buck be shot, the doe will flash away, never to return; if the doe is shot, the buck will probably make half a dozen jumps going out of sight, but if no noise be made will always return to sniff at the body of his companion.

This may be because the male has more affection than the female, or merely because his courage is higher and he has less caution.—New York Sun.

Good Enough Reason.

"Lillian is not sure that she loves Walter. Sometimes she thinks she does and at other times she's convinced she doesn't."

"And yet she is going to marry him?"

"Oh, yes—that's all settled."

"But if she isn't sure she loves him why doesn't she break the engagement?"

"Because she's 27."—Kansas City Journal.

Australian Seaweeds.

No fewer than 1,132 different species of seaweed are found on Australian coasts.



Meat Pie.

An old way of making "English meat pie" is to take finely chopped cold beef, put in a deep baking dish a layer of the meat, stew lightly with breadcrumbs, season highly with salt, pepper, butter and a few drops of onion juice; repeat the process till the dish is full or your meat used up. Pour over it a cup of stock or gravy, or, lacking these, hot water with a teaspoonful of butter melted in it; on top a good layer of breadcrumbs should be put and seasoned and dotted with butter. Cover and bake half an hour; remove the cover and brown.

Plum Pudding.

Cream half a cup of butter with a cup of granulated sugar, add a half-pound of powdered suet, five beaten eggs, a cup of milk and a teaspoonful of orange juice. Mix together a cup, each, of seeded and halved raisins and cleaned currants, and half a cupful of minced citron. Dredge these thoroughly with flour, add to the batter and stir in a quarter teaspoonful, each, of cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon—all powdered. Last of all, beat in a quart of flour, turn into a large mold and steam for six hours.

Orange Marmalade.

Slice and seed, without peeling, two dozens oranges. Mix with them two sliced lemons, cutting all very thin. Measure the juice and add enough water to make a quart and a pint of liquid. Put into a stone vessel, cover, and stand all night. Put into a preserving kettle, bring slowly to the boil, and simmer until the peel is tender. Stir in a pound of sugar for every pint of juice and boil until the skin looks clear. Take from the fire and, when cool, put into glasses.

Old-Fashioned Jumbles.

Half a pound of butter, nine ounces of flour, one teaspoonful of vanilla, half a pound of powdered sugar, and three eggs. Beat the butter to a cream; add the sugar gradually, beating until very light. Now beat the eggs all together, add the butter and sugar, and vanilla, and then the flour, sifted. Beat the whole well. Drop in spoonfuls on a lightly-buttered pan and bake in a moderate oven.

Prune Marmalade.

Take six fine, large cooking apples, pare, plunge in cold water, then put over the fire together with the juice of two lemons and a half pound of sugar. When stewed, split and stone two and a half pounds of prunes and stew with the apples, taking care that there is sufficient water to keep them from burning. When thoroughly cooked, beat it through a strainer and turn into jars to keep for use.

Vassar Fudge.

Two cups of granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one cup of cream or milk, one-quarter of a cake of chocolate. Heat together the sugar and cream, then add the chocolate broken into bits, stir vigorously and constantly. When it begins to boil put in the butter and stir until it creams, when beaten on a saucer, take from the fire and beat until quite cool, then turn into buttered tins.

Sweet Potato Biscuit.

Sweet potato biscuit require half a pound of cooked potatoes peeled and mashed and rubbed through a sieve to get out all the fibers, a light quart of flour, a large spoonful of lard, a teaspoonful of salt, and fresh milk enough to mix up a rather soft dough. Mix thoroughly, mold, roll and bake in a quick oven, and eat hot, with plenty of fresh butter, and of course good coffee.

Steamed Brown Bread.

Sift together a cup each of graham and wheat flour and a half-cup of cornmeal. Add a half-cup of molasses, a level teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water and one and a half cups of sweet milk. Pour into a buttered tin and steam for one and a half hours. Turn out and set in the oven for five minutes before cutting.

Corn Puffs.

To the contents of one can of corn, add separately the beaten yolks and whites of four eggs and mix gently; add a little salt and cayenne pepper and just enough flour to mix well. Drop in spoonfuls into a buttered frying pan and fry. Serve very hot.

Squash Pie.

One and one-half cupfuls of squash, two cupfuls of boiled milk, with butter the size of a walnut melted in it, four eggs beaten slightly, one cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of extract of almond. This makes two pies baked on deep plates.

Household Hints.

To cool off a hot oven set a pan of cold water in it.  
Kitchen floors painted with boiled linseed oil are very easily cleaned.

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Short Hair

The first vessel launched under the Cuban flag took the water at Belfast not long ago. She was christened Regina and is about 250 feet in length, with a gross tonnage of 1,300. She has been especially designed to carry molasses in bulk between ports on the Cuban coast.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

LOUIS AVEBURY, the London banker, was the first person in England to have his photograph taken. He was a little boy. Daguerre himself took the picture while explaining his invention to Avebury's father.

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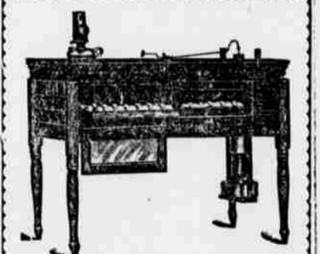
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