

ON DRESS PARADE.

De Lily dress up all in white,
De Violet primp in blue,
De Rose put on a gown er red
En say: "I sweet ez you!"

En den dey had a picnic—
De weather look so fine;
But de blizzard blow de sleet en snow,
En de sun fergit ter shine!

De Lily shake en shiver—
De Rose say: "How is you?"
En de Violet—he make answer:
"I feelin' powerful blue!"

En still de blizzard blowin'—
Dea toss 'em lef en right,
En dey went ter bed en kivered
Wid a freezin' sheet er white!
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Girl, A Man, A Storm

It was the last car through, and was nearly half an hour late. Standing about the streets on a snowy, windy night is not inducive to good nature, consequently it is not to be wondered that when at last the belated car crawled into sight the girl waiting alone in the deserted square wore a look of impatience—a look which changed to one of intense discomfiture and annoyance when, upon entering the car, she found every seat occupied.

"Pardon, miss, you may have my place," began a dapper little man, rising quickly at sight of a pretty face. She was about to accept the courtesy thankfully when her eyes fell upon the other occupant of the seat, then her figure heightened perceptibly and the haughty look on her face caused the polite little man to wonder inwardly as she replied:

"Thank you, but do not trouble. I don't mind standing in the least."

"No trouble at all, I assure you; this is my stop," he answered, moving to the door as the car drew to a slow halt.

The girl's cheeks reddened and she the man withdrew, leaving her tired and cold, the only vacant seat in the



THE BELATED CAR CRAWLED INTO SIGHT.

car at her side, but one she would not accept under any circumstances, as she told herself spitefully. The idea of alighting and walking presented itself, but she knew that would be impossible, so she clung to the back of the seat in front, as the car lurched and creaked and started painfully on.

She glanced at him after a few moments, and could not prevent a little thrill of delight as she noticed a worn look about the eyes which had not been there before—before—well, anyway, he was to blame and she didn't care a bit.

A queer little smile stole into his eyes as he noted the surreptitious glances cast at him, and he settled back behind his paper as if no such thing as a Girl ever crossed his mind.

At last he could stand the look of utter weariness on her face no longer, and rising, he touched her politely on the arm, saying:

"I am better able to stand than you, if you really prefer the whole seat alone."

She glanced at him with no recognition in her eyes, only the look of well-bred surprise he had seen there when something had impressed her.

"Indeed; no—I could not think of permitting a stranger to so inconvenience himself for me."

With all the ceremony possible he presented his card, with the words: "Permit me to introduce myself. I should have done so at first. I merely made the suggestion as I observed the people about us were beginning to notice—and wonder."

Without a word she dropped into the seat, and shrank as far as possible into the corner as she made the slightest motion in the world for him to be seated also. Again he smiled. That was a lucky thought—remembering her abhorrence of being conspicuous.

The white world outside looked cold and dreary as the car moved slower and slower over the ice-covered rails, fighting its way almost ineffectively through the storm. Only another quar-

WOMEN WHO ARE ADDICTED TO THE OVERWORK HABIT.



JULIET V. STRAUSS.

while the woman with grief tugging at her heart rushes around with compressed lips and hard, tearless eyes, mercilessly assaulting every inoffensive object in the house as the proper recipient for a good drubbing.

The overworked woman is not always the unhappy one, however. She is quite likely to be the woman of unlimited ambition. She wants to "stand well" in the eyes of the neighbors and goes ahead killing herself, poor thing, in ignorance of the fact that it is utterly useless to try to please the neighbors. If you don't overwork they will say you are no housekeeper, and if you do they will say you are a fool and wonder why you are getting everything about you in shape for your husband's second wife.

The great consideration in regard to the overwork habit is for the victim herself. I speak with some feeling upon this topic, as I myself am far gone in the overwork habit of the most incurable sort. I am, however, subject to lucid intervals in which I vow to reform and go about laboring with such of my sisters as I find launched on a regular bear-eyed debauch of this most fascinating dissipation.

If young women could only know how precious is that nerve force which they are flinging away in various forms of overwork, and could realize how soon the evil days come and how long they stay; how little what we "accomplish" in this world amounts to after all, they would surely, resolutely, put aside the temptation to work too hard, and cultivate that repose of manner which may in common parlance, be termed laziness.—Juliet V. Strauss, in Chicago Journal.

ter of a mile and this strained, silent ride would be over, she thought, just as the lights in the car darkened and it came to an abrupt halt.

"Impossible to go any further tonight," shouted the conductor, as several false starts were made.

Slowly the crowd made its way from the car, vowing all sorts of vengeance against such a poorly managed line, and apostrophizing such abominable weather.

With a brave little sigh, she rose and made her way to the street with the rest. Not a soul was going in her direction—not a person on the car with whom she had even a bowing acquaintance, except—Another deep sigh, and she started off. Once she glanced back to see if he had by any chance followed, but no, there he was, talking and laughing with the conductor! In spite of all she could do, a tear rolled down her cheek. She had never felt so forlorn in her life before; never had longed so for him, that is, never had admitted it.

The wind blew the snow in her face, and she was nearly exhausted—every step grew more difficult. The tears fell faster now, and she dabbed at them piteously with a snow-laden little handkerchief. Suddenly a particularly strong gust of wind swept by, and she clutched at a fence while a mournful little sob broke from her lips just as a pair of strong arms folded her tightly to a rough snowy coat!

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, without even glancing at the face above her.

He drew her arm through his and led her to her door. Nothing but those two words had been spoken, but there are times when a few moments of silence expresses more than whole hours of conversation.

"Come in, Jack," she whispered. "I want you to."

"Forgive me, dear," he answered, while they were waiting for the door to open, "I was wholly to blame—it was my fault."

"No, Jack," she quickly interrupted, "all mine. But, dear," a little roguish smile showing through the still undried tears, "you will always remember that you spoke first, won't you?"—Boston Post.

SHEEP DOGS ARE KNOWING.

Recognize by Sight and Smell Each Animal of Flock.

What a herd dog has first to learn is to know every one of the 200 or 300 sheep, and to know them both by sight and smell. This he does thoroughly. When Watterson was running sheep on the plains he had a young collie not yet put to the herd, but kept about the pumping plant. As the sheep came in by hundreds to the troughs the dog grew so to know them that when they had picked up a stray from another band he discovered it from afar, and, darting as a hornet, nipping and yelping, parted it out from the band. At the time no mere man would have pretended, without the aid of the brand, to recognize any of the thousands that bore it.

How long recollection stays by the dog is not certain, but at least a twelvemonth, as was proved to Filon Girard after he had lost a third of his band when the Santa Anna came roaring up by Lone Pine with a cloud of saffron-colored dust on its wings. After shearing of next year, passing

Have you ever contemplated and marveled at the nervous woman's passion for overwork and speculated upon the advisability of taking legal methods for curing her of it? It seems to me that if, when the victim of the overwork habit shows a disposition to go upon a rampage, she were simply corralled by a big policeman and taken to a rest cure establishment for a few days it would be a blessing for society in general. Have you ever noticed that when a woman is afflicted with the work habit, the sicker she gets the harder she works, until she falls "all of a heap," a wreck from nervous prostration, or, what is far better, dead and gone to an untimely grave?

Unhappiness is a frequent cause of overwork. The happy woman is prone to sitting down on the back door steps in fine weather, watching the flickering shadows of a vine or tree, playing with the cat or idly following the flight of the birds or the clouds sailing away in the sky.

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close to another band, Filon's dogs set themselves unbidden to routing out of it, and rounding with their own, nearly twenty head, which the herder, being an honest man, freely admitted he had picked up on the mesa following after Filon the spring before.

Quick to know the willful and unbiddable members of a flock, the wise collie is not sparing of bites, and, following after a stubborn stray, will often throw it and stand guard until help arrives or the sheep shows a better mind. But the herder who has a dog trained at the difficult work of herding sheep through the chutes and runways into boats and cars for transportation is the fortunate fellow.

There was Pete's dog, Bourdaloue, that at the Stockton landing, with no assistance, put 800 wild sheep from the highlands on the boat in eight minutes, by running along the backs of the flock until he had picked out the stubborn or stupid leaders that caused the sheep to jam in the runway, and by sharp bites, set them forward, himself treading the backs of the racing flock, like the premiere equestrienne of the circus, which all the men of the shipping cheered to see.—Harper's Magazine.

MECHANICS OF STOMACH.

German Physiologists Make Exhaustive Study of Digestion.

Until quite recently practically all the studies of digestion have been confined to an investigation of the chemical changes going on in the digestive tract. Several German physiologists have lately turned their attention to the study of the mechanics of the stomach digestion, and have arrived at most remarkable and interesting conclusions, which are widely different from the theoretical teaching that has prevailed in the past.

Starting with animals, the work has progressed to include human processes as well. The primary work was done with animals who were killed and their stomachs immediately frozen, so that the exact conditions prevailing in life could be investigated at leisure.

Grutner, who was one of the earliest workers in this field, concluded that the stomach contents was divided into layers, the food taken last being surrounded by food taken earlier and thus protected for a time from contact with the stomach walls. In effect, one portion of the stomach, the so-called fundus, constitutes a storage section, where the conversion of the starch particles into sugar by the action of saliva is continued without admixture with the gastric juices.

Recent experiments have confined the position in the abdominal cavity and other conditions.

In support of their contention that the stomach does not mix its contents, they adduce the fact that starch digestion of herbivorous or vegetable feeding animals may progress actively at the heart end of the stomach where lactic acid is present in abundance, and other fermentations are taking place, though it ceases in other portions where hydrochloric acid is present.

Youthful Enthusiasm.

Editor.—That new man puts such an unusual amount of fresh stuff into his work.

Seasoned Reporter.—That's only because he's so green.—Baltimore American.

GREAT PEA-EATING FEAT.

Man Probably Has Most Voracious Appetite on Earth.

John Cotton, who lives in Dewsbury, Yorkshire, is believed to possess the most voracious appetite of any man living. Within the last few days he has consumed a meal at which a van horse would have jibbed in despair. He is already well known in the district in which he lives by reason of his past performances, but his latest feat surpasses all his previous conquests.

The contest lasted fourteen days. The condition was that he should eat two peas on the first day, double that number on the second and continue to double it day after day for fourteen days. The peas which were used for the contest were the ordinary green marrowfats.

During the first week the man simply swallowed them like pills, in the dry state; afterward they were steeped and boiled. On the tenth day the number was 1,024, on the eleventh 2,048, on the twelfth 4,096, on the thirteenth 8,192 and on the fourteenth 16,384.

Owing to a little hitch in the proceedings he refused to consume the total on the last day, but on the thirteenth day he disposed of 8,192, which is believed to be a world's record. The only condiment he took was a little pepper.

On the thirteenth day operations were commenced about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He disposed of 500 without the slightest inconvenience, and calmly rested until 7 o'clock in the evening before recommencing operations.

At that hour he faced the enormous mass, which filled the largest household bucket, with a determination not to surrender. Just before 11 o'clock he cleared the last of the dishes and was greeted as the world's champion. During the thirteen days he had eaten 16,384 peas.

The man is prepared to defend his championship against all comers and there is some talk of a rabbit-eating contest as the result of the pea-eating competition. In the contest, which took place simultaneously, all the competitors were stopped when they reached 2,000, lest the affair should end in a coroner's inquest.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

TRADITIONS IN THE NAVY.

Old Customs Die Hard Among the Conservative Officers.

"Traditions and customs die hard in the navy," said a veteran officer. "Why, pike drill only went out with the building of the new fleet. Twenty years ago and less on the wooden ships we always had pike drill, and the pikes—regular old-fashioned pikes with iron shod heads, such as the infantry at Agincourt bore, only shorter—stood in racks on the gun deck."

"Certain of our petty officers are still officially known as yeomen, as they were veritable yeomen in the days of Drake, and it is only a few years ago that what are now junior lieutenants were known as masters, that title being, as I take it, a survival from the days when soldiers and politicians and even clergymen were sent to sea as officers and had to have a sailing master on board—a master mariner—to supply the seamanship."

"The ship's policeman is still known as master at arms, as he was in the days of old. His rank may have been created as a grade below that of a knight-at-arms, and the sailors call him 'Jimmy Legs,' just as they have since he first put leg irons on an unruly mariner."

"Then there is the 'Jack' o' the Dust,' a regular official title to this day for the lowest of the paymaster's staff, and a title which has attached to that position in the English and American navies from time immemorial. We still play 'The Roast Beef of Old England,' and 'The Muffin Man' is a favorite tattoo."

"All this and more we have inherited from the British navy. We kept up the pike drill after the British had abandoned it, and altogether I think we are the more conservative of the two services and cling harder to the old things."—Washington Star.

Let the Water Run.

On cold nights leave the faucets in the bathroom and sink turned on so that the water just drops, and so keeps circulating. It is an effectual method of preventing the pipes from freezing. See that the water is turned off from a cold laundry.

Have the winter clothes yard on the south side of the house in order that the servant who hangs out the clothes may not have to freeze her fingers and toes.

After every snow storm have the gutters along the drive shoveled out. Be especially careful about this where the slope is steep, in order to give the freshest water a chance to get away, and to prevent its tearing out the drive. For a similar reason shovel the snow off the catch basin.—Country Life in America.

No homely girl appreciates the fact that beauty is only skin deep.

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