

JIM AND JOE.

Yes, there was Jim, and sure you're born There never was a better fellow:

When things went wrong he didn't growl, Nor curse his luck, nor groan, nor bellow:

He'd light his pipe and go to smokin', Till things came round all right again,

Then there was Joe; with him, you see, Nothin was ever goin' squarely,

Well, as it happened, Jim was poor, And, as it happened, Joe was wealthy:

And a pleasant smile and voice at the morning meal, a neat costume with a knot of becoming ribbon at the throat;

Points of the Compass Among Pueblos. Among the Pueblo Indians six points of the compass are recognized, and each has its color.

For example, there is the yellow mountain lion of the north, the blue mountain lion of the west, the red mountain lion of the south and so on.

Once, in the house of commons, Mr. Labouchere referred to the conduct of some political opponent as being "unworthy of a pettifogging attorney,"

Although the soil of Mexico and its tropical location are both favorable to agriculture, the lack of energy of its working population, combined with the lack of a sufficient water supply,

Apples are in much favor in Halloween tests. A maiden may find out at least the first letter of the name of her future husband by peeling a pippin,

THE FIRST CRUSADE.

REMARKABLE ARMY THAT WENT TO CAPTURE THE HOLY LAND.

Thousands of Innocent Lives Sacrificed Because of Ignorant Enthusiasm—When Intelligent Knights Took Part, Victory Came—Men Who Led.

Peter the Hermit was a monk of Picardy, who had made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. While there he had witnessed the sufferings of those who tried to preserve the true faith among the hordes of barbarians who had swarmed upon and now possessed the lands of Asia Minor.

He was a giant, strong and healthy: Yet when it came to shiver content, And light in some one else's trouble By smiling o'er his own, why Jim Could just beat Joseph more than double.

Painting Lace. Has the lace trimming of the dressing table assumed a questionable tinge? If washed, it will still have the "done over" look.

Any of the thin laces, especially Valenciennes, can be painted in several dainty tints, thus bringing out the pattern effectively and in a very novel manner.

Family Jars. "A pleasant smile and voice at the morning meal, a neat costume with a knot of becoming ribbon at the throat; a good dinner tastefully and promptly served, a song or an agreeable book in the evening after tea,"

The excitement spread and all Europe resounded with the preparations for this undertaking. Peter, with excess of zeal and absolute lack of wisdom, gathered a multitude of peasant men, women and children, unarmed and unprovided with the sustenance for the march which he undertook to lead in person to Jerusalem across the mountainous parts of central Europe.

Extorting food from the people among whom they passed, and set upon by them in revenge, the pilgrims fell in every road, cut down by sickness, starvation and the sword.

William Rufus was now king of England, a man so avaricious and unscrupulous that he never hesitated to take by force any possession of his nobles that was left unguarded.

Impetuous, improvident, trustful Robert of Normandy, however, who never could remember evil of his brother the next day after he had most cruelly abused him, now turns to William for aid.

At Nicea, at Antioch, and in other places the contending armies met. As a general thing the Crusaders were victorious, and on a January morning in 1098 the advancing army, Tancred in the lead, ascending a hill, looked for the first time upon the city of Jerusalem.

General and soldier, prince and peasant, fell prostrate upon the ground. Some wept for joy at the sight; others with sorrow, because above the temple and the sepulcher the crescent of Mohammed glistened in the sun.

Wanted to See the Soldiers.

A wealthy New York lady who has traveled much abroad, but who knows very little about her own country, was in Washington a few days ago for the first time.

It appeared on further inquiry that this un-Americanized New Yorker had fully expected to find the president's mansion surrounded by a military guard in full uniform, and she was vehement in her assertions that the German way was "ever so much better than ours."

Man's Duty to Man. The father may think it hide certain parts of his character from his child, not wishing him to imitate them, and may give him precepts that he has never followed, but the child absorbs what he fancies is concealed and forgets the words which contradict it.

To give every one his due, to refrain from taking unfair advantage, or in any way enriching one's self at the expense of another, are supposed to be duties which are simply to be inculcated and obeyed, yet how is the desire of gain, so intense in many minds, to be made to yield when it conflicts with these duties?

Some Detroit ladies, not more than a thousand miles from a barrel of salt in front of a Woodward avenue grocery store, recently organized a debating club for the development and benefit of the rights of women.

"You will want a 'Cushing's Manual,' won't you?" "A what?" she asked sharply. "A 'Cushing's Manual,' madam," he answered, moving out of range.

Rowed Forty Miles for Amusement. Willis Holly, Mayor Grant's secretary, used to amuse himself by rowing around Staten Island whenever he got a holiday from his arduous newspaper work a few years ago.

The Water in Utah's Great Lake. Salt Lake is by no means a saturated solution of salt, yet it is five or six times as rich in salts as the ocean, and nearly as strong as the Dead sea.

In the treasury here one day the question came up as to the weight of a dollar bill. Scales of perfect accuracy were brought into requisition, and the surprising discovery was made that twenty-seven one dollar notes weighed exactly as much as a twenty dollar gold piece.

Two Men. Paterfamilias (furious)—You scoundrel! Why did you elope with my daughter? New Son-in-law—To avoid the insufferable fuss and nonsense of a society wedding. Paterfamilias (beamingly)—Thank heaven, my daughter got a sensible husband anyhow!—New York Weekly.

BRAVE MAINE WOMEN.

THEY DO NOT HESITATE TO ATTACK A BEAR WITHOUT GUNS.

Armed with a Pitchfork and an Ax, Female Inhabitants of a Lumber District Slay an Enormous Creature Which Had Killed Two Steers.

"I read about Mrs. Lewis killing the two bucks in the Adirondacks, and about Mrs. Becky Latimer's deer hunting exploits in Pennsylvania," said a New Yorker who has been hunting up in Maine, "and now I would like to read about the way some women up in the pine forests have of showing their grit and skill when it comes to dealing with certain wild animals."

A family named McDonald lives way back in the wilderness of the Molus river. It consists of the husband, Roderick McDonald, his wife and his sister, both young women. They have a snug little farm there, and keep a few cattle.

"There they found an enormous bear, standing defiantly between the prostrate bodies of the two steers, each of which he had felled to the ground and killed. The other cattle were huddled in terror in a corner of the yard.

"Mrs. McDonald charged with her pitchfork and thrust its sharp, long tines deep into the bear's neck. The bear gave a howl of pain, and striking the handle of the pitchfork a powerful blow with one forepaw he wrenched it from Mrs. McDonald's hands and sent it flying across the barnyard.

"Between the attacks of the two determined and plucky women the bear was so badly harassed that he made an effort to escape from the field, but the women pressed him too closely. The battle was not of long duration, for the lusty blows of the axe in the girl's hands and the deep and painful stabs inflicted by Mrs. McDonald with her pitchfork soon had their effect on the bear, big and tough as he was, and in ten minutes after the fight began he was stretched dead by the side of his victims, the two steers.

"They were not on the scene in time to save the valued steers, but their pluck in avenging the death of the cattle aroused so much enthusiasm and admiration at the settlement that a purse was raised among the lumbermen and hunters, with which another yoke of steers was bought and presented to Mrs. McDonald and her brave little sister.

"In that same Molus river wilderness, but nearer the headwaters, lives during the summer and sometimes as late as the middle of November, if the weather is not too severe, a family named Baker. They are Boston people, but on account of the health of one of the family, who is benefited by the spruce and pine air of the region, they spend most of the year in their commodious cabin in the Molus woods.

"Baker's wife is a pretty woman of about thirty, and has learned to handle the rifle like an old woodsman. She insisted on making one of a party that had formed to rout out and kill a big bear that had been located in a swamp a mile or so from the cabin. She was stationed by the guide at a spot where in his judgment the bear would not be likely to come out when the dogs got after him, as he had no faith in a woman's ability to stand and shoot at a bear as it bounded into sight out of a thicket.

"His judgment was right, for when the dogs got on the track of the bear Mrs. Baker heard them taking a course that would fetch bruin out of the swamp at a place where she would be unable to see it or get a shot. But she wasn't there to be fooled, and she started on a run for the spot where the bear was evidently headed for, and she got there before any one else did. The bear, a tremendous big fellow, as black as ink, broke through the thick brush on the edge of the swamp, and was putting in his best licks across the opening for cover on the other side. But he never reached cover. Mrs. Baker put one rifle ball close behind his left shoulder and another through his loins.

"You're a nice lot of hunters, I declare! If it hadn't been for me this bear would have been a mile away in the woods before you stupid things knew what had become of it!"—New York Sun.

Disfavored by the Speaker. The Minister—I now come to that great rite, the Passover, and— Drowsy Railroad Official (awaking suddenly)—I tell you you have no right to a pass over this road. Sam, show this man to the door.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A WOMAN DOCTOR'S BROUGHAM.

It Is Nothing More Nor Less Than a Private Travelling Dressing Room.

A busy woman doctor in Brooklyn, whose practice is so extensive that it keeps her driving over the city's ill paved streets for many hours every day, has had made for her a brougham which combines about as many comforts as is possible to pack into so confined a space.

To begin with, under the seat is a capacious drawer, divided into compartments, to hold those surgical instruments which a doctor must carry. In the same drawer is found room for two or three small handbags containing an assortment of medicines. There is also space for a small portable electric battery in its polished wood case. These are all hidden away, however, when the drawer is shut, and so do not mar by their painful suggestiveness the snugly comfortable appearance of the rest of the interior.

There is nothing out of the way about this, of course. The novel features are all in the front of the brougham facing the occupant. The most "striking" is a pretty clock, by which the doctor times her visits and the speed of her coachman. It is screwed to the wall, so to speak, at a convenient height. Underneath it is a silver plated flower holder, for the doctor has lost none of her essentially feminine tastes because she has learned how to saw your leg off.

Then in a little pocket in the lining of the carriage is a manicure set, for a doctor's hands should always be a joy to look at, even when they belong to a man. In another pocket is a brush and comb and some hairpins. This doctor's hair is thick and long and a little unruly, being generally charged with electricity from her intensely energetic spirit. In another pocket is a whisk, for the roads are mostly dusty in Brooklyn, and the doctor's costumes have inspired many a young woman to acquire a profession. Another fold hides a scent bottle. Sickrooms are often poorly ventilated.

There is a mirror, of course, that can be hung on a hook just below the clock and then returned to its pocket. A fan peeps out there, a glove buttoner here and a bigger pocket than all has generally one or two of the latest numbers of the magazines; medical ones for the doctor's own perusal as she bows along, and more entertaining ones for her friends. For this doctor is seldom seen driving about alone.

She generally has some of her patients or her friends with her, and when conversation flags, or the guest is waiting in the brougham while the doctor is calling on a patient, the magazine keeps the time from dragging. Even her coachman gets the benefit of this feature, and he may often be seen, looking more comfortable than "correct," leaning back upon his box with a copy of a recent publication in his hand.—New York Tribune.

Strange Oversight. It is dangerous as well as wicked to do wrong in the presence of children. An observant little boy was in a street car the other day, and followed every movement of the conductor with the greatest interest.

A very stout woman boarded the car and sat down next to the small boy. She took a ticket out of her purse, but when the conductor came along he somehow failed to notice her. He passed and repassed her several times, and finally, with a nervous glance around, she replaced the ticket in her purse. This was too much for the small boy, who had all the while kept his eye on her, and the next time the conductor came along he exclaimed: "You didn't get her money, mister. I don't see how you missed her. She's the fattest lady in the car. Anybody could see her."

This complimentary allusion to the woman's weight caused a blush to play over her broad face, and she quickly produced a ticket, while all the other passengers smiled.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

November in American History. A most notable November in our history was that one in 1765, the first day of which was observed throughout the thirteen colonies as a period of mourning, on account of the going into effect of the hated stamp act. It increased the burden of taxation upon those who had no voice in their own government and aroused them to such a sense of injustice that ten years later they rebelled and the war of the Revolution was begun. On the first day of November, therefore, the church bells were solemnly tolled, flags floated at half mast and business was everywhere suspended. All over the land such men as Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, James Otis and John Adams addressed patriotic speeches to throngs of their countrymen and fired their hearts with thoughts of a glorious independence.—Kirk Munroe in Harper's Young People.

A Suit Made of Ratskins. A thrifty Welshman at one time exhibited himself publicly in England attired in a costume composed from top to toe of ratskins, which he had spent three years and a half in collecting. The dress was made entirely by himself. It consisted of hat, neckerchief, coat, waistcoat, trousers, tippet, gaiters and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suit was 670. Most curious of the garments was the tippet, composed entirely of rats' tails. At one time a batch of several thousand ratskins was imported from France into England for manufacturing purposes, but they were found too small and too fine in texture to be useful.—Washington Star.

The Aromatic Clove Tree. A peculiarity of the clove tree is that every part of it is aromatic, though the greatest strength is in the bud. Besides the buds, the stems are gathered and form an article of commerce commanding one-fifth the price of cloves, and having about the same percentage of strength. To this is due the fact that ground cloves can be purchased in the home market at a lower price than whole cloves.—Exchange.

The First Iron Ship.

The first iron ship has more reputed birthplaces than Homer. Both the Clyde and the Mersey claim pre-eminence in this respect. Sir E. J. Robison, of Edinburgh, designed an iron vessel in 1816, which was not launched till three years later; and it is said that an iron boat was worked on the Severn even as far back as 1787. Steel was not used in the construction of merchant ships' hulls until 1859. Old salts were not alone in their belief that wood was meant by Providence to float, but iron to go to the bottom. A naval constructor of some repute once said, "Don't talk to me of iron ships; they are contrary to nature." Now none but small craft are built of wood in this country.—Chambers' Journal.

How Modern Greeks Vote. In Greece at the present day the ballot is a little lead ball. There is a box for each candidate, divided into two compartments. A clerk goes from box to box with the voter, carrying a bowlful of these balls. At each box the voter takes one, puts his hand into a funnel, out of sight, and drops his ball into the yes or no compartment, making a vote for or against the candidate. If he wishes to vote for more than one party there is nothing to prevent him.—New York Evening Sun.

An Enigma to Men. Most men think that the ways of that woman is past finding out who rails against the male sex for chewing ten cent plugs of tobacco and expectorating on the pavement, yet who goes herself and deliberately wipes up that same pavement with a twenty-five or fifty dollar gown that her father or husband earned by the sweat of his brow.—Albany Sun.

CONSTIPATION.

Afflicts half the American people yet there is only one preparation of Sarsaparilla that acts on the bowels and reaches this important trouble, and that is Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. It relieves it in 24 hours, and an occasional dose prevents return. Refer by permission to C. E. Elkington, 125 Locust Avenue, San Francisco; J. H. Brown, Petaluma; H. S. Winn, Geary Court, San Francisco, and hundreds of others who have used it in constipation. One letter is a sample of hundreds. Elkington writes: "I have been for years subject to bilious headaches and constipation. Have been so bad for a year back have had to take a physic every other night or else I would have a headache. After taking one bottle of J. V. S., I am in splendid shape. It has done wonderful things for me. People similarly troubled should try it and be convinced."

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla



Most modern, most effective, largest bottle, lowest price, \$1.00, 25c for 50c. For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY THE DALLES, OREGON.

A Severe Law.

The English people look more closely to the genuineness of these staples than we do. In fact, they have a law under which they make seizures and destroy adulterated products that are not what they are represented to be. Under this statute thousands of pounds of tea have been burned because of their wholesale adulteration. Tea, by the way, is one of the most notoriously adulterated articles of commerce. Not alone are the bright, shiny green teas artificially colored, but thousands of pounds of substitutes for tea leaves are used to swell the bulk of cheap teas; ash, sloe, and willow leaves being those most commonly used. Again, sweepings from tea warehouses are colored and sold as tea. Even exhausted tea leaves gathered from the tea-houses are kept, dried, and made over and find their way into the cheap teas.

The English government attempts to stamp this out by confiscating it, but no tea is too poor for it, and the result is, that probably the poorest teas used by any nation are those consumed in America. Beech's Tea is presented with the guarantee that it is uncolored and unadulterated; in fact, the sun-cured tea leaf pure and simple. Its purity insures superior strength, about one third less of it being required for an infusion than of the artificial teas, and its fragrance and exquisite flavor is at once apparent. It will be a revelation to you. In order that its purity and quality may be guaranteed, it is sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:

BEECH'S TEA

"Pure As Childhood" Price 60c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.