AN ODD NUMBER, AND AN ODD CASE.

thing to Do with the Case?

There was a commotion in the hotel when the Denver stage came in, and the men who were playing poker in the barroom, and the leafers who were waiting for somebody to treat hurried to see what include several horses to each head of a was up.

"There's a sick traveling man. He's awful bad and can't go any further. Fix him up a bed and send for a doctor," some one in authority was saying.

There were plenty of volunteers to help carry the sick man to a room, and soon a temporary uurse was installed and a doctor in charge of the case.

There was nothing unusual about it. He wasn't the first sick man that had chiefs and medicine men. Hundreds of stranded there, and would not be the last. The only curious thing about him was this: He heard the landlord say: "Take him into thirteen."

"No, no," he said feebly, "that is an unlucky number to me-don't put me there

"All right," said the landlord, "give him eighteen, that's empty." And the men bore him carefully upstairs.

But the landlord had winked to these who had him in charge, and they had responded by an answering wink, which said in dumb show, "All right, we understand."

the unlucky number, and he, having skin. I say I saw the girl in a tent but, faith in the man he had appealed to, asked no questions. Indeed he could not, for as they carried him into the room he swooned, and they had enough just the instant it took to disclose the to do, with the doctor's help, to revive. precious dress beneath it. him.

Then he dozed, and started up in feverish delirium, and called for people who were far away, and raved and muttered, and the landlord was laughing down at the bar, telling of his good joke in deceiving the sick man.

"He'll never know the difference," he said. "I ain't no patience with such superstitions, and what the eye don't see the heart don't feel. Here's health and long life to the stranger in No. 13." They clinked glasses and drank.

The noise of their carousal penetrated the room above, where death wrestled with life in an unequal encounter. "What time is it?

The sick man had wakened suddenly, and as he asked the question the clock on the mantel began to strike the hour. "One-two-three-four," he counted the strokes aloud.

The nurse tried to dissuade him from speaking by shaking her head in disapproval and laying a finger on her lips, but he persisted and had his way. "Five-six-seven-eight"-

The doctor held his finger on the sick man's pulse and felt an accelerated thrill in its irregular beat. The sick man's voice continued:

the nurse a warning look. "Thirteen!"

"The clock struck one too many; it is out of order," grumbled the nurse.

"It has stopped," said the doctor, tak-ing his finger from the pulse, to which he referred. "Strange! I did not think the end was so near.

Neither did the landlord, who had just wished the traveler long life.

But the clock that struck one too many had been the strange instrument of fate. Detroit Free Press.

iome People Disilke Clocks. I loathe clocks! They are like your frank people who are always bawling unpleasant truths at you. As I look up from my work just now and catch the eye of that brazen little monster on the shelf it almost seems as though it was

BEAUTY AMONG INDIANS.

and the Question Is, Had Thirteen Any- The Women Cannot Be Compared to

Whites, but the Children Are Pretty. The Blackfeet are poor enough, in all conscience, from nearly every standpoint from which we judge civilized communities, but their tribal possessions family; and though the majority of their ponies would fetch no more than twenty dollars apiece out there, even this gives them more wealth per capita than many civilized people can boast. They have managed also to keep much of the savage paraphernalia of other days in the form of buckskin clothes, elaborate beadwork, eagle headdresses, good guns and the outlandish adornments of their miles from any except such small and distant towns as Calgary and Medicine Hat, and kept on the reserve as much as possible, there has come to them less damage by white men's vices than perhaps most other tribes have suffered.

Therefore it was still possible for me to see in some tents the squaws at work painting the clan signs on stretched skins, and making beadwork for moccasins, pouches, "chaps," and the rest. And in one tepee I found a young and rather pretty girl wearing a snit of buckskin, such as Cooper and all the past historians of the Indians knew as the So they carried him into the room with | conventional every day attire of the redas a matter of fact, she passed me out of doors, and with true feminine art managed to allow her blanket to fall open

> I asked to be taken into the tent to which she went, and there, at the interpreter's request, she threw off her blanket, and stood, with a little display of honest coyness, dressed like the traditional and the theatrical belle of the wilderness. The soft yellowish leather, the heavy fringe upon the arms, scams, and edges of the garment, her beautiful beaded leggings and moccasins, formed so many parts of a very charming picture. For herself, her face was comely, but her figure was-an Indian's. The figure of the typical Indian woman shows few graceful curves,

The reader will inquire whether there was any real beauty, as we judge it, among these Indians. Yes, there was; at least there were good looks if there was not beauty. I saw perhaps a dozen fine looking men, half a dozen attractive girls, and something like a hundred children of varying degrees of comeliness-pleasing, pretty or beautiful. 1 had some jolly romps with the children, and so came to know that their faces and arms met my touch with the smoothness and softness of the flesh of our own little ones at home. I was surprised at this; indeed, the skin of the boys was of the texture of velvet.

they were having! They flung arrows and darts, ran races and wrestled, and in some of their play fairly swarmed all over one another, until at times one lad would be buried in the thick of a writhing mass of legs and arms several feet in depth. Some of the boys wore only "G strings" (as, for some reason, the breech clout is commonly called on the prairie), but others were wrapped in old blankets, and the larger ones were already wearing the Blackfoot plume lock, or tuft of hair tied and trained to stand crect above the forehead. The babies within the tepees were clad only in their complex-ions.-Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Little Happiness in Stately Mansions. "Well, I tell you what has struck me most," said Mr. G. E. Dickinson. "It is the large and magnificent houses in sevities built aires and the small amount of real com-fort or happiness which the millionaires let you have it. So promise me that you seem to get out of them. Dickens, in will not. I know my little boy wants to one of his novels, portrays with vivid be a gentleman." touch the real life of one of the city men whose magnificent mansion was the talk of the town. It has often occurred to me that there are many New York millionaires whose peace of mind is no greater than that of the character whom he sets down.

America's Enrilest Discoverer.

Among pre-Columbian discoverers of America the claims of the Norsemen, or, properly speaking, the Icelanders-who, by their low stature and features, are somewhat different from the characteristic Swedes and Norwegians-and of the Welshmen under Prince Madoc are fairly well known, but those in favor of an Irishman, St. Brendan, bishop of Clonfert, in Kerry, are not so familiar to us, although they are to the French. According to eleven different Latin manuscripts in the National library, Paris, one of which dates from the Eleventh century, St. Brendan left Tra-lee bay about A. D. 550 on a mission to the undiscovered country which he believed to exist beyond the Atlantic. The vessel he embarked in with his companions and provisions, including five pigs. was caught in a current, and after a chips some bit of Japanese or other voyage of many weeks he landed in a fancy porcelain in dusting; a brushful strange country, where he taught the of gold paint over the chip will make natives the truths of Christianity.

After seven years he returned to Ireland, and subsequently tried a second voyage to the same country, as he had promised to revisit it, but was baffled by the wind and tide. He died in the odor of sanctity in 578, aged ninety-four years. The curious thing is that when Cortez invaded Mexico he found the natives in ession of some of the doctrines of Christianity, which they said had been taught them by a stranger clad in a long robe, who came to them from the Holy island beyond the sea in a "boat with wings" many centuries before and promised to return to them. The advent of Cortez was in fact hailed as a fulfillment of this tradition .- Lippincott's.

Wealthy Man and Directors' Fees. The money making people of Wall street were startled a few days ago by a report that Russell Sage had gone away from a directors' meeting without collecting his fee of five dollars. Investigation proved the rumor to be unfounded. "Uncle Russell" is a director in about twenty corporations, and he never misses a directors' meeting if he can help it. The usual custom is to pay each director that attends a meeting five dollars. Frequently the money is handed to the directors in the form of a gold piece as they enter the meeting room. At other times the directors get their money just before leaving the room. Some days one man is summoned to three or four directors' meetings. If he happens to be J. Pierpont Morgan he will attend the meeting of the greatest importance. If he happens to be Russell Sage he will attend them all.

Mr. Sage does not believe in neglecting any of his official duties, and he considers the collection of his five dollar fee as part of his official daty. Mr. Morgan occasionally accepts the fee when it is handed to him and passes it over to a clerk or to the porter of the building if he chances The madcap urchins, what riotous fun to be near. Mr. Jay Gould pays no attention whatever to the customary director's fee. The modest cashier who tenders him a paltry five dollars does not even receive the courtesy of a glance,-New York Times.

An Untaught Diplomat.

"You know, Nick," said his mother, "a gentleman never asks for things, no matter how badly he wants them." "Why doesn't he?" said Nick, opening

very wide his round four-year-old eyes. "Because it is impolite and greedy. That is why it annoys me so to have you ask your Uncle John, whenever he comes, if he has brought you candy. Remember, now, you must never do it any more

"But it's my candy-he says so-and he wants me to have it."

"Then he will certainly give it to you,

THE TETTIX.

Dewy and fragrant was the twilight falling Upon the wide sweep of the Argive plain, But, from the cleander copses calling, No night bird voiced its immemorial pain.

Yet, clear and sweet, harmonious and winning-Bar interminging with melodious bar-The tireless tettix with its violining Filled all the sundown silence near and far.

And we, who loved the blithe note of the cricket Beside the hearth when autumn days were

bleak. Hearing this homelike sound from mead and

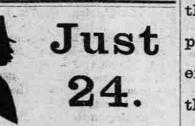
thicket, Felt in our hearts a kinship for the Greek. —Clinton Scollard in Lippincott's.

Uses for a Bottle of Gold Paint. A twenty-five cent bottle of gold paint is a capital investment for any woman. She will find a dozen occasions for its use every week of her life. Perhaps she everything right. A gilt picture or mirror frame may be bruised or tarnished;

call in the little bottle again and remedy in five minutes and for a fraction of a cent'a damage the cabinet maker would charge a dollar to repair and keep your frame a couple of days besides. By the by, you girls who are clever

with your paint brushes, did you ever spend a few dollars at the damaged counters of the large Japanese stores? Do you know that you can buy for a triffe lovely delicate vases and bits of oriental wares that would sell for many dollars were it not for a crack or a chip somewhere. Buy them joyfully, take them home tenderly and spend half an hour with your paint box, filling up the

putty. Any of these will take color nicely, and if carefully painted and dried the vases will be practically as good as the best.-New York Press.



In just 24 hours J. V. S. relieves constipation and sick headaches. After it gets the system under control an occasional dose prevents return We refer by permission to W. H. Marshail, Bruns wick House, S. F.; Geo. A.Werner, 531 California St., S. F.; Mrs. C. Melvin, 136 Kearny St., S. F., and many others who have found relief from constipation and sick headaches. G.W. Vincent, of 6 Terrence Court, S. F. writes: "I am 60 years of age and have been troubled with constipation for 25 years. I was recently induced to try Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. I recognized in it at once an herb that the Mexicans used to give us in the early 50's for bowel troubles. (I came to California in 1830,) and I knew it would help me and it has. For the first time in years I can sleep well and my system is regular and in splendid condition. The old Mexican herbs in this remody are a certain cure in constipation and bowe



REAL MERIT OWN 7



Of the Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

During the little over a year of its existence it has earnestly tried to fullfil the objects for which it was founded, namely, to assist in developing our nick with flour paste, plaster of paris or industries, to advertise the resources of the city and adjacent country and to work for an open river to the sea. Its record is before the people and the phenomenal support it has received is accepted as the expression of their approval. Independent in everything, neutral in nothing, it will live only to fight for what it believes to be just and ri ht.

> Commencing with the first number of the second volume the weekly has been enlarged to eight pages while the price (\$1.50 a year) remains the same. Thus both the weekly and daily editions contain more reading matter for less money than any paper published in the county.





[4]

ating over the fact that time has the best of me. "Ah, ha!" it seems to be saying, "would like to keep your bloom a little longer, would you? Don't like to think how late in the day it's getting for some folks, and how near the bedtime of the grave! But mortals can't hold on to youth, and they can't forget the inn where they are bound to sleep the night of death away, while my brazen tongue is wagging! You're on the lightning express that stops at no station, and I've got hold of the throttle valve, my dear!"

Well, you little beast, go on with your exulting beat of passing time! Swing yourself loose and hurry us away to the a as a spiteful tug tackles an ontward bound ocean steamer! Some day we will get it all back on you, when we stand under the new heavens checked off with no meridian of time! We shall forget you and your paltry environ-ments as completely as the summer forgets the winter or the sunshine forgets the storm. Meantime I would like to demolish you with a meat ax!-Chicago Herald.

Islands of the Ses.

Some mathematician of leisure has been estimating the number of islands in the world, and has succeeded in counting some hundreds of thousands. He says there are over 1,000 island under the flag of Japan. Strangely enough, he makes no reference to the Thousand islands of the St. Lawrence or to the thousands in our own Georgian bay, some of which are of considerable size. It was among these beautiful wooded little islands that the Huron Indians ook refuge when they were assailed in 1649 by their implacable foes, the Iro-quois. Among the labyrinthian chan-nels the Iroquois could not successfully pursue them, and those who escaped to the islands saved themselves from the extermination which befell their friends. -Toronto Truth.

A Trio of Practical Jokers.

The late W. J. Florence was best known off the stage as a practical joker. He relied for his success upon his cleveras entirely. And it is not recorded that he ever made an enemy by a practi-cal joke. This love of practical joking made him and Dundreary Sothern friends until the end of Sothern's life, They were continually playing jokes each up on the other, and whichever way the joke went it was appreciated. Larry Jerome, Sothern and Florence were a years ago.-New York Sun.

"Somehow there seems to hang over a number of these stately mansions a his chair and said, "You didn't bring shadow of gloom. In the west it is the anything but yourself this time, did you, same. Some of those great houses look as deserted as if the men who built them and every relative had been forgotten and the houses were the only reminders that they once existed. To tell the truth. there is too much rush, I believe, over the making of money to enjoy the sup-posed happiness which it brings."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Value of Amber During the Roman Empire In such repute was amber in Rome in the time of the historian Pliny that he remarks sarcastically, "The price of a small figure in it, however diminutive, exceeds that of a living healthy slave.' He observes also, "True it is that a col-lar of amber beads worn about the necks of young infants is a singular preservative against secret poison and a counter charm for witchcraft and sorceries." He says further that as an article of personal ornamentation amber was used to produce imitations of precious stones by artificial staining, a use to which it was peculiarly adapted owing to its brilliant luster, combined with the ease with which it could be worked and polished. --Philadelphia Times.

Serve Things Hot.

cised they would be more careful in this like it. Not once in 5,000 times can respect. An experienced housekeeper said the other day. "The real reason that my things are so much liked is not that they are one bit nicer than any one else's, but I always see that each dish is served ac piping hot that there is no chance for much criticism of the flavor." New York Tribune.

Lobsters often travel in regiments. seeking new feeding grounds. Their migrating annies are always led by the Jerome, Sothern and Florence were a biggest and strongest ones, while the famous trio of jokers in New York ten maimed and weakly struggle along behind.

mon- and you must wait his time for it. If I

Nick made the promise with a very sober face. He was the normal small boy, not a little angel, yet he had been trained "upon honor," and felt that a promise once made could not be broken. This is the way he kept it. When Uucle John came again, his nephew, after greeting him, leaned meditatively against Uncle John?"

"Yes, I did," said Uncle John with a laughing shout; "I brought a whole pound of candy, and after that I wish it was two."—Harper's Young People.

"Busted," Not Broken.

Doubtless our unlettered friends have fine distinctions in the use of words, for which we do not give them sufficient credit. A new pupil in a colored school took a shattered lamp chimney to show her teacher.

"Ah!" said he. "your chimney is broken, is it?"

"No, sir," she answered, "it's busted." In her distinction of terms lay all the difference between a confession of guilt and an assertion of innocence. The word "broken" she understood to mean that the mishap had occurred by her own fault; and in correcting to "busted" she meant to imply that some unknown agency, a current of cold air. perhaps, had caused the break.

Here is a distinction as clear and real as we make in more scholarly terms .--Youth's Companion.

The Most Difficult Thing to Match. The most difficult thing to match is Serving things hot, too, goes a long way; if cooks could only be made to realize that hot food is very rarely criti-any other kind, and asks for paper just such a customer be accommodated, and for the reason that there is such an end-less variety of shades in white. People look astonished when I tell them it is so, but when they go out and try they soon find out.-Interview in Chicago Tribune.

Quinine Manufacturers.

Those engaged in the prod on of quinine, whether from bark or chemically, suffer with a peculiar skin affection caused by the inhalation of the vapor from hot solutions of the drug. Fever is an accompaniment of this malady .--New York Recorder.



Say the S. B. Cough Cure is the best thing they ever saw. We are not flattered for we known REAL MERIT WILL Win. All we ask is an honest trial. For sale by all druggists.

S. B. MEDICINE MFG. Co., Dufur, Oregon.



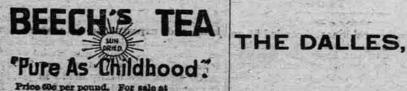
have a law under which they make seizures and destroy adulterated products that are

not what they are represented to be. Under this statute thousands of pounds of tea have been burned because of their wholesale adulteration.

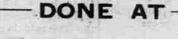
Ten, by the way, is one of the most notorislone are the bright, shiny green tess initi-cially colored, but thourands of pounds of substitutes for tea leaves are used to swell the bulk of chcap teas; ash, sloe, and willow leaves being those most commonly used. Again, sweepings from tea warehouses are colored and sold as tea. Even exhausted tea leaves gathered from the tea kouses are kept, dried, and made over and find their way into the chicap teas.

The English government attempts to stamp this out by confiscation; but no tes is too poor for us, and the result is, that probably the poorest teasused by any nation are those consumed in America.

Beech's Tea is presented with the guar-auty that it is uncolored and unadulterated; In fact, the sun-curea tea leaf pure and simple. Its purity insures superior strength, about one third less of it being required for an infusion than of the a tificial 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 guar-anteed, it is sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark :



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