THE LOVE UNKNOWN

etheart, you have not known me-Bweethcart, you have not known m If I am great or wise: Yet, somewhere you shall own me Beneath God's splendid ekies; Though now life's broken chalice No earthly sweets can win. Some day, at Love's own palace, Your arms shall take me inl

Some day a rose will blossom Some day a rose will blossom White in the thorny ways, And on the dark Night's bosom Will fall the morning's rays: Some day, when I am lying Pale from the storm and strife, Your lips shall seek me, dying, And kiss me back to life!

Then will the bird songs, ringing, Fall soft on fields of bloom; Then will the streams flow singing Through groves of rich perfum Then shall the world benighted, The rarest splendor win, And at Love's palace lighted Your arms shall take me int -Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

STEALING A JOSS.

Clara Kinghan was one of the pretti-est girls that ever walked on two feet. When a fellow hove alongside her he couldn't help remarking the beauty of her lines. She was as lovely as a clip-per ship bowling along under a cloud of 35 degs south latitude, and were in hopes canvas, and that's saying a good deal. of getting a piping westerly breeze with All the men in Old Salem, Mass., were which to run down, we were hampered madly in love with her, and no wonder. But there was no lubberly landsman good enough for her, I warrant you. She had hanled down her colors long ago and surrendered to Jack Crowninshield, the big captain of the East Indiaman Coromandel, lying down at the dock and taking in cargo for Colombo.

The skipper was as smart a sailorman as ever took a sight at the sun and the Coromandel was as splendid a ship as ever flew the saucy stars and stripes from her monkey gaff. Mind you, I am spinning a yarn of times over so long ago, when Salem was a busy, thriving maritime town with her merchants engaged in the Indian trade, and when her ships, laden with oriental silks, spices, hides and other products, were continually coming into port. I was a lively lad in those days, having taken to the sea like a goose to the pond, and when my captain. Jack Crowninshield, got spliced to Clara Kinghan in the little always. Cape hens-the vultures of the stone church on the hill I was there as large as life.

The skipper seemed more flustered than she did, and as they passed down the aisle it was admitted that a likelier couple had never before been united_at the altar. They went to Boston to spend the honeymoon, and I went back aboard, took off my Sunday-go-to-meeting togs and went aloft with my tar brush.

All our crew was already shipped, as we were to sail in three weeks' time, and sued a battle that beat hollow the tilt of we were trying to see how pretty we could make the old packet look before we cast off from the dock and pointed her nose to blue water. Our sailors were neither Dutchmen nor dagoes such as one meets with in these degenerate days, but good Americans-the finest seamen in the world. Pompey, the coal black cook, was an American. too, and uobody could handle the foresheet as well as he; and I tell you his pork and beans was a dish that would make you blubber like a baby for more and his plum duff was so indescribably fuscious that every Sunday forenoon while it was a-sizzling in the coppers you would find the watch on deck, all of them under the lee of the galley with the water fairly running out of their months as they inhaled the fragrant odors of plums and spice. The Coromandel was one of the fastest clippers hailing from Salem, and it was the ambition of every old woman but that either a gale of wind followed who had sons to dispose of to get them aboard of her. Mothers used to bring their boys down to the dock and waylay the skipper. Some of them would fall down on their marrowbones and just beg of him to take their boys. It was a proud day for me when 1 was shipped, and on that occasion I felt as haughty as a dog with two tails. This was my second voyage, and the skipper took quite an interest in me. 1 was given charge of his cabin and used to keep his traps in order when at sea, the steward being a little old and shaky on his pins. The day before the ship was to sail Captain Crowninshield brought his wife back from Boston and installed her in the dearest little old fashioned cottage that ever was. It was covered with creepers and vines, and in the little garden that surrounded it hollyhocks, sweet williams and any amount of other scented posies grew luxuriantly and perfumed the air. Mrs. Crowninshield came aboard the ship that afternoon, and while her husband was at the custom house getting his clearance papers and transacting other business she and I fixed up the pleased me much. captain's cabin. It did my heart good to see that dainty little woman decorating the cabin with ribbons and putting everything in apple pie order. The contrivances for his comfort that were evolved from her shapely little head were so ingenious that I fairly opened my mouth with admiration. A lucky fellow was Jack Crowninshield, always eating the fat and drinking the sweet of life. But while this labor of love was occupying the little woman's mind and busy fingers big tears were welling up in her blue eyes, for tomorrow was the day of sorrowful parting, and she would hiche in which were arranged a number not be likely to see that big husband of of little idols, evidently the priest's own hers for at least two years. I fell in love with her at sight, and for nearly two years I dreamed about her. In the morning there was a large crowd to see us off. When the skipper stepped aboard I noticed he looked sad and grave-so different from his usual stones which looked like emeralds. reckless and jovial appearance. Mrs. Crowninshield did not see the ship off. The strain would have been too much for her. They gave us three cheers as we spread our canvas to the breeze and sailed out to sea. The wind was fair and it was a delightful August day. We gave her every stitch she would stagger under and Salem was soon out of sight.

tion of "curios" for his wife, who was a particular admirer of things from foreign parts. I was only a youngster, as I have said before, but if the captai had only known how madly 1 was in love with his wife he would doubtless have was fifteen years old at the time, and was as foolish as I was young. It is as-tonishing what is foolish as I was young. It is astonishing what influence a kindly word from a pretty woman has upon a sailor boy accustomed to fewer halfpence than kicks! Besides, my love was akin to spiritual worship.

However, I made up my mind that if curios would make Mrs. Crowninshield happy I would do my best to afford her pleasure. So when we were bowling along through the northeast trades and pick out the finest and largest and pre- to an overhanging branch for my life. serve them for keeping, after the recipe of an old sailor, who was something of a taxidermist. These fish I would mount on panels of wood given to me by the

The captain did his best to make a smart passage. The Coromandel was in her best trim and was kept moving all. by a dead calm. It was quite lucky for me, but the skipper fretted and fumed like a newly caught bear in a pit. He wanted to make the smartest passage on record. The ship was surrounded by flocks of Cape pigeons, Cape hens and an occasional albatross. The pigeons, which are birds of beautiful plumage, were animate as you please. How did he get caught easily with hook and line. All you had to do was to throw over your line baited with a morsel of salt pork and haul them in hand over fist. 1 caught several hundred and grew quite out an idol almost the exact counterpart expert in skinning them and curing the of the one I tried to steal. I bought it skins. They were all intended for Mrs.

Crowninshield. It was a trian phant hour for me when hasn't captured an albatross. 1 am an old, -Sahib. broken down man now, having been a sailor boy and man for more than fifty years, and chiefly in the southern trade. For voyage after voyage I have tried to catch an albatross with bait, but failed sea-you can capture at will. They will bite at any garbage. But the albatross is a cleanly bird and I never knew one to be taken with hook and line.

This morning, however, 1 was on the forecastle head, hanging out a shirt to dry, when the albatross blundered on board. He was a magnificent bird, one of the finest I ever saw. He settled down on the deck and looked like a sailor that had lost his bearings. In a moment enthe Knight of the Sorrowful Figure in his duel with the windmills. I grabbed him by the neck and he thrashed at me with bill and wing. The watch below, hearing the noise, came running on deck and rescued me, all covered with blood. For the next two days I was engaged on his skin. It used up all my arsenical soap, and I had to get a bottle of red pepper from the steward to complete the task. It was all for Mrs. Crowninshield. Did any misfortune happen the ship after the killing of the albatross? Not a

misfortune. The ancient mariner was an adept in romantic fiction. You can kill albatrosses without any weather breeding results. I have no superstition, but I will tell you something gleaned from ripe experience. Fish, flesh and fowl

and probably murdered by the super-stitious Singhalese. Therefore the river was my sole hope. The tide would carry me down swiftly and I could easily reach my ship, One pitch dark night 1 made for the

tal, and two little lamps of cocoanut oil served to make darkness visible. I knew the latitude and longitude of the shrine perfectly and soon had the idol in my grasp. Was it only imagination that made me think it trembled as I hugged it to my bosom and made for the canoe? I launched my little craft and paddled vigorously down the river. The current was rapid. The boat struck a sunken the flying fish came aboard I used to tree and in an instant capsized. I clung

Now a strange thing happened. The idol, with a glare of baleful light glittering from its nine green eyes, swam up the stream, cleaving the water with carpenter, and with their wings extended with ingenious skill (though I say it who shouldn't) they looked quite ornamental. the impetuosity of a salmon trout. It had suddenly come to life. This was too much for me. I lost consciousness. When I recovered I was in my friend's

bungalow. It appears that a party of fishermen going out to catch prawns for the morning dish of curry had seen me clinging to the tree. They had recognized me as the guest of the "Burra Sahib" and had taken me to his house. I made a clean breast of it to my host. He told me that it was impossible to steal an idol from the joss house. They always returned to the temple. He took me to the shrine and pulling aside the curtain from the niche there sat the same old idol, as unconcerned and inback?

"Come to the village with me," said my host. We went to the hut of a native carpenter, who was engaged in whittling for fifteen rupces.

"That one can never get away-it hasn't been blessed," said the Burra

Eighteen months after leaving Salem we landed there again, concluding a most prosperous voyage. I hired a wagon, and packing all my curios was driven up to the house of Captain Crowninshield, choosing a time when the skipper was engaged at the office of the owners. Mrs. Crowninshield was at home looking lovelier and more blooming than ever. She was kind enough to remember me. I displayed my collection and presented it, including the idol. She kissed the ugly faces of the monster. Then turning to me she exclaimed: "Tom Jackson! How can 1 ever repay you for your kindness? I am ever so much obliged."

Then she paused for a few moments. Suddenly a bright thought illuminated its, for 1 could feel it was workher lovely countenance.

"Til tell you what, Tom," she ex-claimed enthusiastically. "You can come up stairs and kiss my baby. He is nine months old today, and he is having a sort of a birthday party!"-A. J. K. in New York Recorder.

The "Oyster" of the Turkey. Many will recall the oft repeated story of the young epicure, Brillat Savarin's son, who ordered thirty turkeys for his dinner. When his father reprimanded him for such extravagance on an occasion when he dined alone, the youth recalled the fact that there was one portion of the turkey which the father had always reserved for himself-the very tidA VICIOUS MAWR.

An Auburn business man and a friend were out hunting the other day. A big hawk flew over their heads and they blazed away at him. The shot broke the bird's wing and he came to the ground, alighting on his back. He was unable to turn over and get upon his feet, but was lively just the same, as the Auburn hunters found before they succeeded in killing him.

The business man placed the ramrod of his gun in the hawk's big, grasping claws, all of which straightaway close like the jaws of an enraged mud turtle snapping at a stick in the hands of mischievous boy. With the claws thus taken care of the business man's friend proceeded to wring the bird's neck. In the earlier stages of the operation the harder the friend worked the tighter would the hawk grasp the iron ramrod and flap its wings

All this was fun for the hunters, who All this was fun for the hunters, who after a long struggle declared them-selves winners of the scrap. They had hardly so proclaimed when the bird got his wind, and leaving the ramrod vi-ciously attacked his persecutors.

As fate would have it, the business man's friend, being nearest, was the first to catch it. The hawk lighted on his wrist, and the way he stuck there was a caution. One claw sunk deep into the hunter's wrist, and he called loud and

long for mercy. The business man, seeing that some-thing must be done at the risk of his life, finally went to his friend's rescue. He got a good hold on the sunken claw, braced his feet against a rock, and was successful in pulling it out. As the claw came out, the hawk fell back and in a moment was still in death. They found that the bird's wings measured three feet and ten inches from tip to tip. -Maine Letter.



A Impure or vitlated blood is nin times out of ten caused by some form of constipation or indigestion that clogs up the system, when the blood naturally becomes impregnated with the elfete matter. The old Sarsaparillas attempt to reach this condition

by attacking the blood with the drastic mineral "potash." The potash theory is old and obsolete. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is modern. It roes to the seat of the trouble. It arouses the liver, kidneys and bowels to healthful action, and invigorates the circulation, and the impurities are quickly carried off through the natural channels

Try it and note its delightful action. Chas. Lee, at Beamish's Third and Market Streets, S. F., writes: "I took it for vitiated bloo and while on the first bot-

He became convinced of its mer-

位的新生 ing a change. It cleansed, purl-





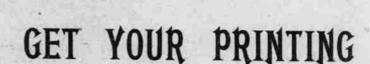


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Of the Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

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 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 right.

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.



Nothing particular happened during jungle near the river. I knew that if I attempted to steal the idol and take it to to the intended to make a collec- Colombo overland I should be detected.

may be sacrificed at sea without any suknown a pig to be stuck aboard a ship or something disastrous happened. This I will swear to.

.

We got to Colombo on the hundredth day out from Salem-a capital passage in those days. Every rupee I could scrape up was spent in gathering together curios for Mrs. Crowninshield. My father, a well to do Salem merchant, had thoughtfully placed in the captain's hands a couple of hundred dollars to be doled out to me during our stay on the Indian coast. I bought a big cedar wood trunk with quaint silver handles, and in this moth proof receptacle I stowed away all my precious bird skins and mounted flying fish. My love grew madder than ever.

I had a letter of introduction to a charming Euglish family living near Kaduwelln, a Singhalese village on the southern bank of the Kalany river, about a day's journey in bullock wagon from Colombo. I easily obtained leave of absence while the ship was discharging her cargo, and spent a week there thoroughly enjoying myself. My host made things very pleasant for me, and we took many excursions in the neighborhood that

One of the famous resorts thereabout was a Buddhist temple, irreverently called a joss house by heathens and barbarians. Cut out of the natural rock, it was shaded by banyan trees, whose big leaves, shaped like a heart, quivered continually in aspen fashion.

Inside the temple, which was guarded by a fat, good natured priest clad in a yellow robe, reclined the image of Buddha, leaning on his left arm. The priest showed us around the temple, and I explored every nook and corner. Carefully concealed behind a curtain was a little particular Lares and Penates. One was the quaintest and most picturesque thing of the kind you ever saw. It was carved out of a block of teak, and was four feet high. It had three heads, each of which was supplied with three eyes of greenish

The priest wouldn't sell me this idol. and in fact looked quite offended when 1 offered to purchase it. He was propitiated and appeased, however, by the welcome gift of a rupee.

I was bound to get that idol for Mrs. Crowninshield. Accordingly I laid my plans with what I thought was rare skill. I bought a little canoe from a native for a trifle and concealed it in the

bit of the bird-and as there were but pernatural results. But I have never two small portions of it in each bird the order could in no way be called extravagant. This tidbit is known as the "oyster" of the turkey, and probably not one carver in twenty can tell you exactly where it lies. It is not, as many suppose, a piece of the white meat of the breast. The breast is composed of only two distinct layers on each side, the upper and lower fillets. The "oyster," in fact, is a lower fillets. The "oyster," in fact, 18 a portion of exceedingly tender dark meat, B. Cough Cure as directed for colds. They were which lies in the hollow on each side of the backbone near and just above the

> 'oysters" lie will be easily perceived, and one will note that their shape is a long oval similar to that of a Rockaway oyster. Unhappily this tidbit is often ignored by the carver or is sliced with the second joint. It should be served intact to any one at table who can appreciate the best bit of the bird.—New York Tribune.

She Wanted Codfish.

She had come over to New York to do some shopping with friends from Brooklyn, whose guest she was. Her garb and bearing betokened an abundance of this world's goods, and her unreserved speech plainly indicated to other patrons of Delmonico's who were within sound of her voice that she had made some purchases of a costly character.

"Well, now for luncheon," she said, pausing in her talk about jewelry, silks and laces. "What do I want? Let me Girls, let us have as nice a luncheon as the house affords. Each of you give your orders."

The taste of the three Brooklyn ladies ran to patties, salads, partridge, cold turkey, potato chips, sliced oranges and cream puffs. The polite waiter made a note of those delicacies and turned inquiringly to the visiting lady. She carefully studied each page of the bill of fare, and, after ascertaining what her friends had ordered, she looked the waiter straight in the eye and said with the air of one born to command, "Young man, bring me a large plate of picked up codfish."-New York Times.

A Spanish Method of Luring Sleep. Cures for insomnia are very numerous, and before any man could try them all he would be asleep forever. A way for putting young children to sleep is of Spanish origin. It requires that the back from the neck to the waist be gently rubbed.-Chicago News.

Bismarck is what in Germany they call a "chain smoker," that is he smokes jungle near the river. I knew that if I from morning till night without a



SUCCESSFULLY the backbone near and just above the second joint. By examining the bare carcass of a carved turkey the two hollows where the



The English peo **FEA** ple look more closely to the genuineness of these staples than we do. In fact, they have a law under -- which they make scizures and de stroy adultenated 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 notoriously adulterated articles of commerce. Not alone are the bright, shiny green teas artifi-cially colored, but thou ands of pounds of substitutes for ten leaves are used to swell the bulk of chenp tea ; ash, sloe, and willow leaves being those most commonly used. Again, sweepings from tea warehouses are colored and sold as ten. Even exhausted (ca leaves guibered from the teachouses are kept. dried, and madeover and find their way into the chenp tens.

The English government atlempts to stamp this out by confirmation; but no tes is too poor for us, 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 guaranty that it is uncolored and unadulter in fact, the sun-curso tea leaf ours and simple. Its purity foaures 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:





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