THE SERENE GODDESS.

Che walks in scalike calm; imperious fides That stir life's shallows cannot stir the deeps Whose air she breathes; she neither laughs But, through God's world, where her white

She flings a song that on the stillness rides Like murmuring light, and he who vigil keeps, Watching the beauty that to cheer us glides Out of the silence whils the black earth sleeps, Doth love her as she sings, for in that strain
the makes the two diviner natures one
And lifts them both beneath one crown to

The proud radiance of woman, who hath

To see her bidding by her lover done,
the marries to the meekness of a child.

—New York Tribune,

## CHANGED SHOES.

Young Viscount Petersfield was relashfulness, his indecis on of character and his abnormally small hands and in a tone of evident dismay. "What fect. On the latter he particularly prided bimself.

He was the most eligible of bachelors. Equally, of course, he was being everstingly stalked by husband hungry maramas and daughters. But they could make nothing of him. Their most sirenic efforts simply frightened him. But exemption was impossible. He

was young, single, a viscount. He had One autumn, three or four years ago, Lord Petersfield went down into Sussex to stay with his friends the Wentwarps,

at Wentwarp hall, a very fine old coun-

another, the daughters of the house, Mabel and Maud-yery pretty girls, too, by the way-did not run after him or make eyes at him. They were simply friendly and cordial with him. New Viscount Petersfield had con-

tracted a deplorable habit of easing his thing to conceal we should, of course, pinched toes by kicking off his pumps during the progress of dinner and only even at that our explanation is lame resuming them just before he had to and improbable. Besides she will enjump up in deference to the rising of

He was rather sorry when he saw Lady Wentwarp preparing to make the signal, and he had to feel for his vacant pumps. He found them and got them stances, had flashed across his mind. He on in time-phew! Certainly they were abominably tight! They seemed to throw him forward on his toes in a way to which he was not accustomed. Only as the last fair diner swept past him, on her way out, did he realize that his toes were being tortured in a pair of think of her after all.

They were high heeled, of black satin, with large rosettes and silver buckles. He had no difficulty in recognizing them. They were Mabel Wentwarp's. Then he saw how it was. An unin-

tentional exchange. The young lady must have kicked off her shoes also, and, meaning to resume them, have unknowingly resumed his instead.

He decided that his best course was to slip away, on some pretext or other, eace-wouldn't it?" while the gentlemen were still smoking their eigarettes; then to hurry up not that, stairs to his bedroom and exchange the satins for a second pair of pumps, which he had fortunately brought with painfully mortified.

Having decided on this line of action, he murmured-with a very red face-a s-sacrifice yourself to-to-save my repfew excuses and apologies to his host, utation." and then performed a skillful and speedy exit with so much rapidity as to make said his lerdship. "Do you know, I am it impossible for the black satins to be

Now, as he passed with rapid and nervous stealth along the corridor which ize before. I-I-oh, Mabel, will you?" led to his room, he happened to notice way stood open. He recognized whose few hours later. "He—he—says he room it was. It was Mabel Wentwarp's, didn't realize that he loved me till this room it was. It was Mabel Wentwarp's. In an instant he had popped them safely inside the door of her room and was his own apartment at the end of the

On reaching his own room he turned up the gas and was about to hunt out his second pair of pumps from a cupboard when his eyes fell upon his best pair-the pair which Mabel Wentwarp had apprepriated-standing in a conspicuous position by his dressing table. He saw how it was. Miss Mabel, having discovered her mistake, had had the as it seems to have epened both your promptness and delicacy to replace them thus in his room. It was certainly most tactful and considerate of her.

When they joined the ladies, Lord Peter field still, however, felt rather by those who insist that the ideal stage nervous in case any of the fair guests might have shared Miss Mabel's discovery about the exchange of shoes. But was soon set free from anxiety on this point by Miss Wentwarp herself, who, taking the opportunity to approach him as he stood for a moment alone, murmured, with a blushing, downcast

"I found out our little mistake, Lord property to your room. Sh! No one knows anything about it. Ah!" (turu-

claimed your own!" his great annoyance forcibly annexed him for the rest of the evening.

Next morning after breakfast the unof the garden to enjoy his eigar alone.

Mabel Wentwarp startled him by suddenly appearing at his side. Her face was white and distressful. Her eyes, he noticed, where bright with unshed tears. "Ch, Lord Petersfield," she exclaimcd, "forgive my intrusion, but I sav

you come out, and I have followed you. because I-I-have something I-Imust tell you. "I-I-trust there is nothing the

atter!" remarked his lordship, lookg embarrassed and conscious of a

"I--I-cannot deceive you. A great drama.—Beed onl is the matter. And—it has all ican Review.

arisen out of our-our-foolish mistake last night. I—I—have just had a dr-dreadful interview with—that dr-dreadful that-odicas Lady Slanderson!"

'The de- Oh, I beg your pardon. But -but-do you mean to say that she discovered ou-our-mistake?" 'She-she-thinks that she has found

oat some-something dr-dreadful about us. And poor Mabel, unable to restrain

her feelings any longer, began to sob. "Oh, dear! Pr-ray don't distress yourself, Miss Wentwarp."
"Oh, Lord Petersfield, I—I—don't know how I shall tell you the-the

shameful things Lady Slanderson said to me. But-but-in justice to you, as well as to myself, I must. It-it seems that she was up stairs last night atat a most unfortunate moment, and that you?" -that-she saw me sl-slip out of your

"And also," Mabel went on hurriedly as if anxious to finish her painful disclosure, "she waited up there, spying in the dark, and saw you slip out of my room without your shoes on!" "But, surely," began Lord Peters-

"I-I-told her the truth," interposed the girl. "I explained everything. -scoffed at my version. She said she would-would-publish the scandal to the four winds of heaven. Oh, Lord Petersfield, what is to be

"Faith, now, and I thought the 'But, surely,' stammered Lord Pe-For one thing, they understood his tersfield, who was naturally in a great character and did not worry him with state of mind, "people will accept our excessive hospitality. And then, for version rather than that of this vile scandal monger!'

'Alas," sobbed Mabel, "I wish I thought so! You see, Lord Petersfield, I cannot help recognizing the very unfortunate state of appearances. She will that if-if-we had-any-anybe ready with an explanation, and that large and exargerate and-and tellfalsehoods, until-oh, I had rather have died than have had this happen!"

The viscount was silent for a minute. A sudden idea, born of the circumhad never thought of Mabel in this light before. He would not have done so now unless the situation had forced it on him, but as he looked at her pretty, woeful face he realized that it was not such an unwelcome light in which to

"My--my-dear Miss Mabel, I-Imight, for all that Lady Slanderson knows to the contrary, have-have-acquired the right to-to-take youryour-slippers to your room." "I-I-what do you mean, Lord Pe-

engaged to be married to you, Miss Star. Mabel, it w-would make a-a-differ-

"Oh, no, Lord Petersfield! Not that, " she cried, starting away.

"Couldn't you s-stand me at-atany price, then?" gasped the viscount,

"Oh, yes! It-it was not that. I should--I mean I could not let you "It wouldn't be much of a sacrifice,"

of the dead, Lady Rose Mar C was one of its prominent a traction number of well known women in the rather glad now that this-this-unfertunate situation has opened my eyes? It country have expressed themselves d -it-shows me something I didn't realcidealy in favor of cremation. A them are Olive Thorne Miller, M 'He is a noble man, mamma,' said geon, the late Kate Field, Rose Elli

that one of the tedroom doors on the the newly engaged girl to her mother a morning. And I did not realize thatthat-I loved him. If I had, I would proceeding with a lighter heart toward n-never have played that horrid practical joke upon him about his-his pamps. But when he-he-sp-poke to me knew in a moment that-that-I did love him. You will-will-never tell him that I meant it originally for a stupid hoax, will you, mamma dear?"

Don't be afraid of that, Mab. Your old mother will not give you away. It was a risky sort of joke, wasn't it, though it has had the happiest results, eyes?"-London Truth.

Cant Regarding Stage Setting.

We hear a great deal of cant talked setting should be a green baize, whose decoration should consist of placards in-scribed, "This is a street," "This is a house," "This is heaven." In all this there seems to me something of affectation. If Shakespeare's poetry could be better or more reverently illustrated by such means, I would say, "Take away those baubles of scenery, of costume and of archælogical accessories." It was all Petersfield, and I at once restored your very well for David Garrick to appear in a powdered tie wig, a Georgian coat and silk stockings when he was impering her eyes down upon his varnished senating the Thane of Cawdor, but he toes). "I see that you have already re- created the effect (which undoubtedly he did create) not by virtue of the in-At that moment Julia Slanderson correctness of his costume, but in spite swooped down upon her prey and to of it. The greater knowledge of historical periods possessed by our theater goers of foday, the increased sense of humor, the demand for luxury, require general fortunate viscount noticed that this per- and detailed illusion in the appointsistent young lady was still hovering on ments of the stage, and to deny it to the pounce. He evaded her at the ex- theater goers is to be affectedly superior pense of some skill, and slipped off into to one's age and belated in the movethe dampest and most secluded portion ments of the time. Every artist uses the material which his generation places at his disposal. If the painter lacked paint and canvas, he would content himself with the flagstone and a piece of chalk; if the musician lacked a Stradivarius, he would still be returning to the old tooth comb. But why complain of the canvas, and the paint, and the Stradivarius? The increase of picturesqueness in all the arts, the complete revolution in taste as regards house decoration, the greater cultivation of the eye-all these have tended to what has been contemp tuously called the millinery of the -Beecbohm Tree in North Amer-

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TALLYING PINEAPPLES.

A Bit of Irish Wit.

in a village store one of the clerks came to the junior partner, who was waiting

"Piease step to the desk. Pat Flynn

The merchant was evidently appoved.

Why, what does he want of a re-

ceipt?" he said. "We never give one.

That is receipt enough."
"So I told him," answered the clerk,
"but he is not satisfied. You had bet-

So the proprietor stepped to the desk,

"You want to settle your bill, do

Pat replied in the affirmative.
"Well," said the merchant, "there is

no need of my giving you a receipt.

See, I will cross your account off the

book," and, suiting the action to the

'And do you mane that that seture

"We'll never ask you for it again," said the merchant decidedly.

kapin me money in me pocket, for I

"Oh, well, I can rub that out."

"Faith, thin," said Pat, "I'll be after

It is needless to add that Pat got his

ever lived was Judge Arthur Shields,"

way interested until suddenly he called

to an attorney, 'Mr. Black, take the

It is noteworthy that though in each

of the American crematories more men

than women have been cremated the

movement abroad was practically begun

by women, Lady Dilke of England and

German woman having been cre-

mated at Dresden. When efforts we

made in the years 1878-4 on the con-

Lippincott, Mrs. J. C. Croly, Mrs. 1 Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Alice D Le P

beth Cleveland and Eaith Thomas.

a public meeting Mrs. Ballington Bo

referred to the time when her be

should be carried to the crematory. 1

total number of cremations in the Ua.

ed States from 1876, when the first cre-

matory was established, to the close of

1895, was reported to be 4,647. The

number of men cremated in New York

is more than double the number of wom-

"I Love You!"

Oh, what music there was in those

words as they flowed mellifluously-

which means something about honey-

from her parted lips. Her lips were parted in the middle.

The songs of the birds in the trees

Aye, for such a one as she kings, and

And he? Did his heart leap within

No. He gave a blithe bark and wagged

his tail, for he knew he was her favorite

When You See It In Print.

as when he is obliged to read his own

proofs. Type mocks the writer. The

entence that in manuscript moved

with the stride of an armed man or

danced as a swooning strain of Strauss

is now limp and lame. The phrase that

glowed with color is now pallid. Spar-

would be fool enough to pay for it?"-

The Good and Beautiful.

Moses on the mountain of Nebo,

-Olive Schreiner.

A sensitive man is never so humiliated

him? Did his panting breath denote the

arder of his longing to clasp her in his arms? Did he fall on bended knee and

even actors, would have given up their

all and fallen captive at her feet.

overhead seemed jangling and out of

tune in comparison with these words of

en.-New York Tribune.

"I love you!"

"I love you!"

"I love you!"

"I love you!"

Boston Journal.

'And I love thee!"

poodle. - New York Journal.

nent of Europe, in England and in the

United States in favor of the cremation

and, after greeting Pat with a "Good

wants to settle his account and wants a

on me, and said:

receipt."

ter see him."

morning," said:

it?" exclaimed Pat.

haven't paid it."

receipt. - Romance.

ne time ago while I was trading

Quick Work Done In Handling the Fruit

on the New York Wharf. The pineapple season lasts from about March 1 to about Aug. 1. New York gets pincapples from the Florida keys, from the West Indies and from the Bahamas. Some come in steamers, some Simply cross his account off the book. in sailing vessels. Pineapples from Havana by steamer are brought in barrels and crates. Pineapples brought in sailing vessels are brought mostly in bulk -not thrown in loosely, however, but snugly stowed, so that as many as pos-

sible may be got into a vessel.

On the wharfs here pineapples brought in bulk are handled with great celerity. Men in the hold of the vessel fill bushel baskets with them and hand the baskets up on deck, where they are passed along and set up on the stringpiece of the wharf. The trucks in which they are to be carted away are backed word, he drew his pencil diagonally down handy. A box of suitable height, across the account. "That is a good reand which is as long as the truck is wide, is placed at the end of the truck. A man standing near on the wharf lifts the baskets from the stringpiece and That settles it," said the merchant. sets them up on this box. Two men "And you're sure you'll never be stand at the box, each with a basket of pineapples in front of him, to count the pines and throw them into the truck, which has racks at the sides; lengths of board are placed across the end as the load rises. Two men stand in the truck to level the fruit as it comes to them.

The two counters are experts, and they work with great rapidity and steadiness, keeping pineapples going all the time. Each man picks up two pineapples at a time, one with each hand, and gives them a toss into the truck, both men "One of the most honest men who other, "one," "two," "three," "four," "five," and so on up, each count meansaid C. R. Markham of Cheyenne. "He ing two pineapples. When they strike was on the bench in the early days of "one hundred," the tallyman makes a Kansas, and I was one of the lawyers straight chalk mark on the end of the who practiced in his court. Upon one truck; that stands for 200 pineapples. occasion I was conducting a case in While he is making the chalk mark the which I had perfect confidence when other counter keeps right on, and he may the trial began, but before it had pro- have got up to "two" or "three" again, gressed far the evidence against my for it takes a second or two to make the client's side of the controversy was so chalk mark, but by that time the tallystrong and so unexpected that I saw the man is at it again chiming in with case was hopeless. I fully believed the "four," and away they go together witnesses lied, but could not shake them again, counting up rapidly toward anby cross examination, and it looked as other hundred. If a man on the load though my client would lose his prop- finds a specked pine, he drops it over erty. Judge Shields had decided every the side of the truck into a basket that question with perfect fairness, and it stands there, and says: "One out." The

could not be seen that he was in any tallyman tosses in one without counting, to keep the count good. As fast as the counters empty the bench for the rest of this case;' then, baskets they push them off the box, and turning to me, he said: 'Have me sworn the man at the stringpiece sets up a full as a witness. I will not see a man one in its place and the counters keep robbed in this court in matters of which the pineapples going without cessation. I am personally cognizant. He took the At the fifth hundred the tallyman makes stand, and his testimony saved the case a mark diagonally across the four he for me. The other side appealed, but has already made, in the commonly "Why," replied his lerdship, blush- the judge was sustained, the only case used method of tallying freight; but were of the kind in the books."-Washington these five marks here stand for 1,600 neapples. On a double truck there are usually carried from 4,500 to 5,500 pineapples; on a single truck, from 2,000 to 3,500. - New York Sun.

LAUGHTER.

Has It Evoluted From the Brutal Yell Over a Tortured Enemy?

Just as the hoof of the horse is the remnant of an original five toes, just as the pineal gland in man is now said to be the survival of a prehistoric eye on the top of the head, so, perhaps, this levity in regard to particular ailments (in others) may be the descendant of an aboriginal ferocity in man. It is a well known theory that what we call humor arose from the same source; that the first human laugh that ever woke the astonished echoes of gloomy primeval forests was not an expression of mirth, but exultation over the misery of a

tortured enemy.

There is to this day something terrible in laughter. The laugh of madness or of cruelty is a sound more awful than

that of the bitterest lamentations. By means of that strange phonograph that we call literature we can listen even now to the laughter of the dead, to the hearty guffaws or cynical titterings of generation after generation of bygone men and women, and if we are curious in such matters we can probe into the nature of the changes that have ssed over the fashion of men's humor. For it has been said, not without the support of weighty cumulative evidence, that, as we penetrate further into the past, we find the sense of humor deending always more obviously and colely upon the enjoyment of the pain, misfortune, mortification or embarrass-ment of others. The sense of superiority was the sense of humor in our ancestors; or, in other words, vanity lay at the oot of this, as of most other attributes

of our bumptions species! Putting ear to our phonograph, we catch the echoes of a strange and merry tumult; boisterous, cruel, often brutal, yet with here and there a tender cadence from some solitary voice; and presently this lonely note grows stronger and sweeter, as we travel slowly toward our time, until at length, through all the merriment, we can hear the soft underseize the imagination—the long laughter of the ages which begins in cruelty and eter Review. ends in le

After the guests bidden to a garden party given by the queen have withdrawn, the police, with a staff of men, go carefully through the grounds examining the interior of the marquees and scrutinizing nooks and retreats in search of lost jewels. Everything that is found kling wit is flat. Sage reflection is jejune. The thought, "Shall I ever get the money for this?" is jostled by, "Who in the way of trinkets, sticks, lace handkerchiefs and love letters is forwarded to the lord chamberlain's office. - Philadelphia Ledger.

It is believed by some naturalists that wasps, like bees, establish sentinels at the door of the nest to prevent the en-To see the good and the beautiful and to have po strength to live it is only to trance of intruders.

with the land at your feet and no power to enter. It would be better not to see to guess.

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Protecting an Atlantic Cable.

The "core" is now finished. But as it now stands it is in no wise fitted to meet the shocks that await it at the bottom of the sea. It must be protected against the chafing of sands and rocks and the possible wrenches of anchors. This protection lies in a sheath of steel wires, separated from the soft gutta percha of the core by a packing of jute. The jute is spun about the core exactly as the 11 copper wires of the conductor are spun about a central wire, and about all, finally, is spun the steel sheathing in the same fashion.

As one goes about among the spinning machines he notices that the sections of steel sheathing vary much in thickness. Here is one woven of 24 wires, one of 13 and one of 12. And the wires also vary, so that the section of fewest wires is the largest in diameter. Here is a section made not of single wires at all, but of stands of three wires. In fact, one sees seven different varieties. The occasion for such diversity is this: In the middle of the Atlantic a cable is dropped to a depth of two or three statute miles, and as it is payed out to such a depth it must have a great burden to sustain in its own weight. To make the weight as little as possible consistent with needful quality and strength becomes, therefore, important. The deeper a cable is laid the less its liability to disturbance, and the deep water sections, therefore, may be made much lighter than the shallow water sections. As the cable draws nearer the shore, where the dangers grow greater, a heavier and heavier sheathing is adopted, until, in what is known as the "shore end," comes the heaviest of all. -McClure's Magazine.

Modern Pilgrims.

"Yes, Dusty," declared Weary Waggles reflectively as he regretfully laid down the tomato can which he had drained of its contents to the last drop, "a genius must be dead many years to be appreciated."

"Huh," replied Dusty, who was wanting in the ability to express his thoughts with the elegant grace of his

fellow wanderer. "Now, there's them pilgrim fathers that you hear people making so much fuss about. Do you know what they

are? "Dunno as I does."

"No, of course not. You see, you haven't such a good education as this here gent. Well, then, you just look in the dictionary, and you will find that pilgrim means a wanderer who journeys oot. Now, ain't that just what you and me are?"

"Well, I guess it was just the same with them as with us. Nobody made any fuss over them until they were dead for hundreds of years. When we are dead hundreds of years, people will be making a fuss over us. We will be pilgrim fathers sure, if the dictionary is right and we get married. We strug gle now, but our posterity will be making a big fuss over us. I'd rather some fuss was made over us now. But, Dusty, 'such is life,' as the immortal poet re-

But Dusty had fallen asleep. - Chicago Times-Herald.

Occupation and Health.

"There are occupations which men do not shun as they do work in a gashouse," said a life insurance examiner, 'which we consider far more hazardous. You will be more likely to find old men in a gashouse-men who have worked in the business for many years-than in a brewery. In the brewery men look robust and strong. They have every external appearance of health and would be looked upon by the average man as 'good risks.' But the fact that one raresees an old man in the business shows that the calling, coupled with the habits which it creates, has a tendency to shorten life. The iron worker is another who is a less good risk than the gasman if all other things are equal. The fine particles of metal which find their way into his breathing apparatus have an effect on his lungs, and strong men in that calling frequently develop pulmonary consumption. In fact, all trades and occupations which require working in dust are detrimental to longevity and will kill much more quickly than working in a well regulated gashouse."-New York Tribune.

Pictures of Rousseau and Hume.

"The portraits of Rousseau and Hume are historic. Both were executed in 1766, the year of that absurd misunder standing between the self tormentor and his guide, philosopher and friend, over which so much eighteenth century ink was spilled. They must have been painted shortly after the arrival of the pair murmur of pity. Does the picture not in England in January, and that of Rousseau was apparently interrupted by the quarrel, since it is asserted that he refused to continue the sittings, and the portrait, in which he wears the American dress he had recently adopted, is supposed to have been finished from such furtive glimpses of him as could be obtained in public. That of Hume exhibits the historian in his charge d'affaires period, when, as the apostle of deism, he divided with whist the admiration of the Parisians.—Austin Dobson's "Eighteenth Century Vi-

Strategic Mr. Chaffe.

Mrs. Chaffie-I don't know how 1 can get Johnnie to take his medicine. If I tell him what it is, he won't take it, and if I don't tell him be won't

take it. Mr. Chaffle-I'll tell you what to do. The peach blossom indicates submis- Just put it on the table and forbid him sien, though why nobody has been able to touch it, and then he will take it sure. - London Tit-Bits.

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