FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, Feb. 3, 1899.

onsumption?

We are sure you do not. Nobody wants it. But it comes to many thousands every year.

It comes to those who have had

coughs and colds until the throat is raw, and the lining membranes of the lungs are inflamed. Stop your cough when it first appears, and you

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BLOOD WON.

Enjoyed the Race.

likes to tell a story on his wife, whose

ever drew the lines more closely than he

"Next to Anna my affections were

please my girl, grinding as it was,

'Let 'er go!' came between her red

That was enough. Fences and trees

lips and white set teeth just as a girl of

the period would say 'Let 'er go, Gal-

flew the other way. Blood told, and the

colt seemed on wings. When we were

nose and nose. Anna was so excited that

she wanted to take the reins for fear I

couldn't win the Sunday race. But the

gallant colt shot us through ahead. It

wasn't long till Anna wore a little jew-

elry and tolerated cards to the extent of

playing 'old maid.' "-St. Louis Re-

the flag of Japan, and in Georgia bay,

the north extension of Lake Huron,

map, there are in reality several thou-

sand islands, most of them, of course,

One-seventh of the population of Eng-

quite small.

silken hair as white as cotton.

Fair Auna Was a Deacon's Niece, but

Put one of

NO. 40.

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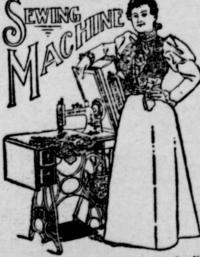
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THE DOCTOR'S STORY

TRAGIC HISTORY OF JOE, HIS MOTHER AND THE BABY.

An Early Professional Experience That Was Brought Back to a New York Physictan's Mind by the Story of a Murder In a Bowery Saloon.

"It's a queer world," said a New York physician as he laid the morning

"What prompted that original re-mark?" asked a visitor. "Well, I was just reading an account of a stabbing affair, and it suddenly occurred to me that I had known the man who did the killing." The doctor set-tled back in his chair, and the visitor waited for the story. After a few mo-

ments it came. "When I first began to practice, I did an immense amount of charity work. Every fellow does that at the start for experience, and later he keeps it up for humanity's sake. I had pretty good success with children and made quite a name down in the tenement districts—and invidentable specific productions. and incidentally spent most of my pocket money on my patients. That was before the day of free sterilized milk for sick babies and dozens of institutions for the relief of the poor.

"One summer a woman began bringing a sick baby to me. A small boy, about 3 years old, always came with them and seemed to be fairly strong and well, but the baby was a pitiful little thing, with a thin, white face and big blue eyes with a look of pain in them. The woman seemed an ignorant, honest soul and generally wore a thick, dark veil to hide a black eye or great blue bruise. It's easy enough to figure out a thing like that, you know, but she never spoke of her husband or complained, so I didn't ask any questions. She brought the baby often, and each time it looked more waxen and scrawny, but I couldn't find out that the child had any disease, and all the symptoms pointed to a lack of nourishment.

'At last one morning I said to the mother that I believed the baby was starving, and that I didn't intend to allow her to leave the office until she had told me the truth about the affair. She looked stubborn for a moment and wouldn't answer, but then the tears began to roll down her bruised, discolored cheeks, and she confessed that she didn't have enough food to give the baby. She worked hard, but her husband drank and took every cent she made and beat her every day into the bar-gain. She was fond of the brute in spite of all that and told me a long story about the heavenly nature the fellow had before he began to drink.

"Finally I told her I would give her covet the privilege of buying bad whisky for the husband, but I would pay the nearest milk depot to supply her with a quart a day. That would feed the baby and leave some for little Joe, who didn't look quite so well as this state to manage work and nearby counties. It is mainly office work and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home, Salary straight \$900 a year and expenses—definite, bounded, ne more no less salary. Monthly \$75. Reference. En lose self-addressed stamped envolope, Herbert E. Hess. Prest. Dept M. Chicago. he did when the two fir on me. After that I didn't hear any more about the case for a week or two. Then my friends turned up again. baby looked worse than ever, and the woman's face was a patchwork in blue and green, but little Joe was quite rosy. I didn't understand. The baby was in a bad condition, and I did what I could for it. After I left my office I went One of these men who came in from down to the milk depot. The man said the country and has climbed from my woman had had her quart of milk

'I puzzled over the thing that night. second beauty is crowned by a mass of The next morning the trio were at my office. The baby's blue cyclids were "We both lived on a farm then," he closed, and I thought at first that it says. "Anna was an orphan and brought was not breathing, but found a faint up by a strict old uncle, who was a deaflutter. I couldn't see any reason for con. She was pretty and bright, but so prim and straitlaced that she would such a state of things, so once more I led the woman into my private office and shut the door. Then I said: sanction nothing to which the deacon himself objected, and no old Covenanter

"'Now, look here. There's a mystery about this, and you've got to tell me what's the matter. That baby's starying to death, and I want to know what centered on a colt that was good to look you've done with the milk."

at and developed a wonderful speed and The woman looked scared and turngameness that spoke of aristocratic deed pale between bruises Then she gave scent. I told this to no one but Anna, and it was with great difficulty that I a sort of wail and jumped up, still induced her to rice one Souday with me holding the baby. "'No, the baby didn't have the to a camp meeting behind a real trotter.

milk!' she said in a frantic sort of way. "Going to the meeting I regulated 'I gave it to little Joe. There wasn't the colt's pace to suit the day and the enough to feed them both, and Joe beoccasion, and he was as sedate as the gan to get sick, and I loved bem better deacon himself. The only girl of the than I did the baby I ain't had a crust to eat myself, but I couldn det Joe die. neighborhood who pretended to rival Anna in beauty was there with a young fellow who prided himself on having The baby's only a girl, and if she does live she'll be unhappy like me, and I don't love her like I do Joe I thought the fastest horses in the county. Toward sondown she told Anna that we had betboth of them were going to die, and I ter start home early. They would require much less time and would probcouldn't live without Joe, so I gave ably pass us on the way. That made me mad and I thought I detected an unhim the milk and just let the baby have a little. Maybe you think I ain't suffered watching the baby, but I couldn't spare Joe. I couldn't. Some day he'll wonted fire in her eyes. We were jog-ging homeward as decorously as we had be a man, and I'll be proud of him. gone, talking solemnly as we should, man can do anything, but a girl would when there was a rush past us, a cloud just do what I've done. Joe shan't die.' of dust and a mooking laugh that bade us 'goodby.' My colt was prancing and She was screaming the words out pulling like a tugbeat. I was bound to

and seemed almost crazy. The thing was awful. It made me feel heartsick. "'Why, you idiot,' I said, 'why didn't you tell me? I'd have looked out "Just then the baby opened its eyes-

great, uncanny, weird eyes in the tiny

face. It stared at me in a miserable way that made my heart come into my throat. Then all the light died out of the eyes, but they still stared. There was no use saying anything more to the mother. She sat down and looked at the baby in a quiet, stunned Then she reached out and put an arm around little Joe and beld bim tight. I told her I would keep on pay-

ing for the milk as long as she wanted

There are over 1,000 islands under it, and she and Joe and the baby went "I never saw them again. When I where we find very few islands on the went to the house, they had moved, and no one seemed to know where they had gone. Joe's the fellow who has just murdered a man in a Bowery saloon. I wonder what the girl would have been?
It as queer world."—New York Sun. land are engaged in the building trade.

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When Charles Dickens was to make his first appearance in Boston before an American audience as a reader, an immense crowd awaited him. The enthusiasm of the people for the most popular novelist then living had risen fever heat. One of the most ardent of his admirers afterward told this little incident of the evening:

"With a few gentlemen who wished to welcome and show him attention I was in the little room at the back of the platform when Dickens entered it. He was a rather stout man with a somewhat red face, and I saw to my surprise, that he was drossed in an exaggerated servility to the extreme fashion.

"More than this, he wore a bouton-niere in each buttonhole, and two watches, the chains of which were strung aggressively across his chest.
There was a gaudy bad taste in his appearance which his friends regretted,
knowing how distasteful it would be to most of his admirers who appreciated his genius and enjoyed his writings.

"No one, of course, could broach the subject to him, and he appeared that a quart of milk every day. I wouldn't night and every other night of his engive her the money because I didn't gagement in the same attire. The universal comment was, 'Why, this is a petit maitre.' How can a man with such tastes be the creator of Tiny Tim and Sam Weller!"—Youth's Companion.

> current of life ran in the veins of Dr. Lyman Beecher when he had passed

the allotted threescore years and ten. When about 75 years of age, he spent a fortnight in the eastern part of Maine. A party of gentlemen at Calais went with him some 30 miles up a series of lakes to Indian territories.

When about to embark upon a chain of lakes in the birch canoes, the Indian guide, Etienne, rather objected to so old a man attempting the adventure, fearing that he would give out.

The doctor paddled with the best of the youngsters; caught more trout than all the party together and returned each day from the various tramps in the lead; ate his fish on a rock, with a sea biscuit for a trencher and fingers for knives and forks; slept on the ground upon hemlock branches under the tent, and at length the Indian guide went from the extreme of depreciation to the highest expression of admiration in his

power, saying: "Ab, old men, all Indian!"

A young lady of the east end had just received several proofs of different styles of photographs of herself and had kept them until the usual semiweekly visit of her best gentleman friend. He was punctual in arriving that night, but he never imagined that it was to be his last call for an indefinite period.

He had no sooner seated himself in the parlor than the young lady brought in the photographs for his inspection. He looked them over very carefully and finally selected the only one of the several pictures showing a hat on the subject. It was a pretty big hat and beautifully trimmed. The piece of millinery caught his eye at first glance, and he

most innocently remarked: "I think this is the best photograph. The bat is so pretty. It is a very fine picture of the bat."

The young man did not notice his fatal error until too late. His visit was short and uninteresting that evening, and now be wishes that the art of photography had never been discovered .-Pittsburg Dispatch.

Fin de Siecle.

Hosters (showing her album)-This is a picture of my first husband and his second wife; this is my husband's first wife and her second husband; that is my second husband and his first wife, and this myself as his second wife. This here is the mother of the second wife of my first husband-

Visitor—I beg your pardon. Have you not something a little less modern? -Fliegende Blatter.

Quickness of the Boston Intellec "You're tryin to string me," said the

been relating as a 'yarn.' Good, good! Ha, bal '-Chicago Tribune.

ENOUGH SAID.

There lives upon Warren avenue west a certain young man who is given rather too much to "charging." That if to say, he has formed the habit of thing into the shops down town and baying anything that may please his fancy and having the article "charged" to his father. The pater is wealthy and entirely responsible for any debts that his son might contract, but there was a time when he was poor, and he feels that it will do his boy no good for him to know that everything he sees he may have, even though the money is at hand the

first of the month to pay the bills.

Haberdashery in particular has an overwhelming fascination for the boy. and hardly a day passes that he does not make a purchase of a scarf or a new pair of golf hose or a negligee shirt. He goes into the shops where he is known—and they all know him—and, buying what he wants, simply says. "Charge it." And forthwith is the article "charged." The father, too, is given to purchasing neat neckwear in abundance, but he has asked the merchants to keep his and his son's bills separate that he may know exactly what he is paying for; hence when the boy buys an article and requests that it be "charged" it is entered on

story told by John Ross Dix in his the books, "To one necktie, per son. paterfamilias' mail a statement from a down town clothier in which articles in the sum of \$30 were charged "per son." The boy was in the office when the

governor opened the bill. The old man's eyes scanned the amount and his lips puckered into a whistle. He turned to the youth and said: "Charley, what do you think of this? Here some person has been buying \$30 worth of neckties and having them charged to me. Now I'll bet I shall not and having the state of the sta in every paper in town to the effect that I shall be responsible for no debts contracted by this person. But, I guess, come to think of it, I'll wait a month

and see if he keeps it up."
Charley said, "Isn't it strange?" But, just the same, when he left the office he muttered to himself: "That settles it. Have to cut out that doe of striped shirts now, until I've any up enough ont of my allowance to pay for 'em.''—Detroit Free Press.

The man who sings at his work makes other men swear. Men sometimes forgive, but women

and Indians like to avenge, au injury. Adam had his faults, but he me gave Eve \$5 and then borrowed \$3 of The engaged girl need not talk much. Her giggles are sufficiently expressive.

A self made man should not solicit outside criticism on the quality of the Thrift is denying yourself pleasures. Stinginess is withholding pleasures

Genius requires patience. The people who have to live with a genius need the

Some men admire activity so much that they sit still all their lives watching other men work.

Always look at the bright side of things. The back of a mirror never has anything interesting to say.—Onicago Record. Information From a Boatswain's Mate.

An American vessel lying at Naples was visited by the king and his suit. One of the latter, with cocked hat, mustache, sword, etc., was exploring the ship and mistook the main hatch wind sail for a mast and leaned agair st it. The officer of the deck was prempily advised of the accident by the bout

swain's mate, who said: Excuse me, sir, but I think one of them 'ere kings has fell down the main batch, sir."-"On a Man of War."

The longest plants in the world are eaweed. One tropical and subtropical variety is known which, who western boy incredulously.

"To string you?" exclaimed the boy from the Back Bay. "Oh, I see! You wish to allude to the incident I have been relating as a least seed when relating as a least seed with the bottom of borders of the ment at the bottom or borders of the sea, but only from air and mineral mat-ters held in solution in the sea water.