

THREE PRESIDENTS THE VICTIMS OF ASSASSINS' BULLETS.



Abraham Lincoln, the first of the martyr Presidents, was shot and fatally wounded on the night of April 14, 1865, by John Wilkes Booth, an aberrated actor. The crime was committed in Ford's Theater, Washington, while Lincoln was witnessing "The American Cousin." James A. Garfield the second President of the United States, was similarly stricken, was shot by Charles J. Guiteau, July 2, 1881, while about to depart from the Pennsylvania Railway station in Washington. He died Sept. 19 following.

THE HOME LIGHT.

The light of home's a wondrous light,  
So tender in its shining,  
So soft it follows through the night,  
Our weary road outlining.  
Though lonely and for years we roam,  
Far from the ones who love us,  
Yet ever shines the light of home,  
Like God's grace spread above us.

The light of home's a wondrous light,  
Through life it follows, seeming;  
Yet when with age the hair is white,  
Clear in the front 'tis gleaming.  
It shines from where our loved ones are,  
Oh, this is love divine!  
And through the gates of heaven ajar  
At last we see it shining!  
—St. Louis Republic.

The Blundering Idiot.

GEORGE MORTON had thrown a handful of rice into the carriage windows, filling the bride's hair with the cereal, and the bridegroom's mind with profanity. He watched the carriage bow away in the dust of the late June afternoon, his eyes upon the little gray-gloved hand, waving its adieu, until they had disappeared at a turn of the wide country road. When he turned to follow the other guests to the house he nearly stepped upon a small figure that was pulling a daisy to pieces at his feet. "He loves me, not he loves me," the figure said, tossing away the decapitated stem. "Why do you sigh, Mr. Morton?" "Oh, it's you, little one? People don't always know why they sigh, do they? It may be disappointment or it may be indignation. So he loves you?" "He does, Mr. Morton?" "And who is he, may I ask?" "I'll confide in you some other day. Let's go in and drink again to Ethel's happiness. Another sigh. Is it indignation?" She was the bride's youngest sister, home from school and in her first long frock, to bear her honors as flower girl to her sister. Probably Ethel had looked like her at her age, he reflected painfully. It had been painful to reflect upon Ethel ever since her engagement had been announced last winter. He had fully intended to propose to Ethel, but while he was sunning himself contentedly in her gracious presence, Phillip Henson, a man of youth and action, reached the house ten minutes before him one evening. When Morton entered he suspected that something had happened. Phillip promptly confirmed his suspicion. "We're engaged," he announced. "Congratulations." George had congratulated them, but he sighed when he went to his bachelor home that night. He was sighing now. "Again, Mr. Morton! Fie! Fie!" The teasing elf at his elbow laughed at his vacant look and empty glass. "You're a naughty child, I'll tell you mother to send you to bed," he said severely. Two years later there was another wedding in the Foster family. "The middle Miss Foster" was the bride this time, and the former bride was there in young matronly pride and splendor. Again George Morton threw a well-directed handful of rice after the bride. He stood at the window watching the wedded ones drive away. His face was overcast. "Tours is a grave face for a wedding," said a ringing voice. "A penny for your thoughts." "You may have them for nothing, little ones," he said. "A man shouldn't be expected to have a sunny face at any wedding except his own. I was thinking that Ethel had driven away from us through spring flowers, and Millie through autumn leaves. We are left behind. It's rather sad somehow, isn't it, little one?" "Not at all. I think it's very pleasant."



"ONLY WISH HE COULD UNDERSTAND."

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of her cheeks. She looked like Ethel, no, like Millie, no—well, in fact, the little one had a trick of looking like no one but herself. "I am afraid the wedding fuss has made you feverish," he said. "You'd better—er—don't you think you'd better go to—better retire?" She grew wonderfully tall for an instant. The fever spots burned appallingly. He heard an ominous rustle and saw for the first time that she was wearing a train. "You want me to be off so that you can reminisce with Ethel," she accused hotly. "Ethel," he said. "I had forgotten—yes, I mean I must hunt her up. I've hardly seen her this evening." "By all means, find her at once. Don't let me detain you. I'm sorry Millie isn't here to listen to the foolish things you might say." "I'll go at once," he stammered, leaving the pretty fury. His kind heart bade him turn back. "You don't seem just like yourself, little one," he said. "Now don't be vexed, but if it's anything about that fellow you were pulling the daisy to pieces for—you know—the day Ethel was married—and I can be of any assistance—well, I never said anything because children will have their secrets, but I thought about him often, and—then to one he's not worthy of you, little one." "He isn't?" flashed the little one. "He is a blind, blundering idiot." George Morton started in surprise and compassion. The girl ran from the room. He went into the smoking room and smoked and puzzled and grieved over the matter until the last guest had gone. George Morton was the first guest to arrive at the little one's coming out party. Stately and white as a snow maiden she looked curiously grown up and remote to the grave bachelor who bowed over her hand. "You are as beautiful as the most beautiful thing on earth," he said. "What is that, Sir Knight of the Courtly Tongue?" "A bride." "Oh!" The debutante caught her breath with an odd little gasp. "Is anything wrong? Are you vexed?" "No, only brides are painful subjects to me. I shall never be one unless—"

"The one you called a blind, blundering idiot?" "No, he's too stupid to understand anything at all. I only wish he could understand." Morton looked curiously pleased, for a man renowned for his sympathies, at this announcement. He moved as near the little one as he could of skirts without permit. "But he has redeeming traits," she continued in cool, even tones. "He is just as lovable as he is stupid. And just as sure," she lifted brown eyes in which he thought full looked, "as he is slow." "I hope you'll be happy," he said with an effort. "Thank you," she said simply. "I hope you will also." George Morton looked frowningly at the tinkling fountain. "There is no happiness for me, little one," he said. "Ethel or Millie might lose their husbands, you know, and I've always thought bachelors had such an affinity for widows." "Ethel and Millie be—"

"Take care, George Morton; they're my sisters." "I beg your pardon. I—I don't feel like myself to-night." "Why?" "How should I know?" "Certainly, you're sure to be the last one who knows." "Eh?" "Never mind. Now tell me really why didn't you propose to my older sister?" "I—really Ethel was a charming girl. I don't know." "And Millie?" "Same. Confound Millie and all the rest!" The little one rose and daintily shook out her draperies. "Jack Milton is waiting to sit out the next dance with me," she said carelessly. George Morton raised miserable eyes to her face. "Little one," he called desperately, "I know what?" "The reason I didn't ask your sisters to marry me. It's—why, it's you." The little one crossed the conservatory and threw two impulsive young arms about his neck. "You big, blundering idiot!" she said as she kissed him.—Buffalo Inquirer.

Tree Growing out of a Chimney. The curious sight may be seen in Dover, England, of a young tree growing out of a high mill chimney in a public thoroughfare. Notwithstanding its extraordinary position, the tree has grown 2 feet, or 3 feet high. It is believed to have its roots in an old nest. You can find almost any kind of a boy, except the one whose sympathies in a fight between a cat and dog are with the cat.

CUBA'S NEW QUEEN OF BEAUTY.



Senorita Silvia Alfonso y Aldama, Cuba's new queen of beauty, is spending a few months in the United States. She is 20 years old, as vivacious as a Parisienne and with the rare taste in dress of her French sister. This may be due to the fact that she was educated in France. She speaks French as fluently as she does Spanish and her English is marked with the prettiest kind of an accent. She is a clever and witty talker, and regards the distinction she bears of being the prettiest woman of Cuba as something of a good-natured joke. Every three or four years a new beauty is chosen in Havana by popular vote, the contest being managed by La Figaro, the Cuban newspaper. The contest which resulted in the election of Senorita Alfonso took place in March last. Her nearest competitor was Senorita Margue ite Mendosa, who received between 10,000 and 11,000 votes.

Life in the Shop Window. Wax-Girl—What are you groaning about, Mr. Fitz-Slippers? Wax-Man—Oh, I'm in love with that other wax-girl—the one in the hammock; and her pretty pink cheeks have melted off with the heat.

Worse Still. Nodd—I can't ask you to dinner, old man, because we have no cook. Todd—And I can't ask you, because we have one. Life's Stupendous Problems. Smith—What makes so many people crazy to get into society? Brown—Well, what makes so many other people crazy to keep them out?

Humorously Hantecapped. Bilbs—It is very amusing to watch Sellers play golf. Gibbs—Why? Bilbs—He has an impediment in his speech.—The Smart Set.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

She—Don't you think this beautiful sand, the azure ocean, the golden moon and all our surroundings have an effect upon your love? He—It might if I hadn't just paid my hotel bill.



When He Had Sense. He—Ethel, what can it mean? Last night I dreamed that I proposed to you. She—I should say it meant that you were more sensible asleep than awake. —Fun.

On the Safe Side. "Mrs. Pitt, how do you prepare your baby's breakfast?" "Oh, I give him one-third milk and two-thirds microbe-killer."

Not Much Skill. "What do you think of Dawbit's painting?" "H'm—well, I think it looks as if it had been done with—er—crude oil." Philadelphia Bulletin.

Happy Medium Needed. He was scratching his head with his penholder and seemed to be in considerable doubt about something. "My wife's at the seashore and I'm writing to her," he explained. "Well?" returned the caller inquiringly. "I don't know just what to say. If I tell her I am lonely and all that she may be sympathetic and come home on the first train."

Shockings. Aunt Geehaw (from Hay Corners, crossing ferry to New York)—Ain't this the "Ladies' Cabin," Josophway? Uncle Geehaw—Yep. Aunt Geehaw (scandalized)—Well, I allus knowed that the wimen folks of New York was sort of gay, but I never thought that the ferry companies would have put up notices weep keep them from smokin'—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Terrible Suspicion. Howson Lott—All the women around here this spring seem to be wearing their bloomers when they work in the garden. Mrs. Howson Lott—Oh, George, is that what you meant when you said you were just wandering around the neighborhood to look at the different kinds of garden hose?—Leslie's Weekly.

He Was Sorry. Housekeeper—This is the twentieth time to-day that I've had to come to the door to tell peddlers that I do not want anything. Peddler—Very sorry, mum! Housekeeper—It's some comfort to know that you are sorry, anyhow. Peddler—Yes, mum. I'm very sorry you don't want anything, mum.—New York Weekly.



Too Bad. "Do you know, Miss Frisbie," said the large-headed young author, "my most brilliant thoughts come to me in my sleep?" "It's a great pity that you are troubled with insomnia," added the young lady.—Detroit Free Press.

A Wise Precaution. Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind)—Papa, what is conscience? Prof. Broadhead—Conscience, my son, is the name usually given to the fear we feel that other people will find us out.—Harper's Bazar.

A Warning. May—Maude, dear, did you know that the last Legislature passed a law punishing kidnapping very severely? Maude—No. But what of it? May—Well, if you aren't careful Cholly Sottleigh's relatives may cause you trouble.—Puck.

Phrenologist—Boy, you have a remarkable memory. Boy—Please, sir, write it on a slip of paper not for me to forget it.—Fun.

COAST STATES ARE UP AND DOING

REPORTS OF INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAIN REGION FROM CANADA TO MEXICO.

Flax a Profitable Crop. The flax crop of Idaho this season will bring larger returns to the grower than they would receive for 1,250,000 bushels of wheat. The industry which is of such recent date as to almost come under the head of new business has proved so successful this season that in many cases it has paid the growers a greater net profit than the cost of the land on which it was grown. In Nez Perce County over 25,000 acres of flax was contracted for at about \$1 per bushel guaranteed, with the further proviso that the grower was to have the additional benefit of any advance in the Chicago market. On this basis some of the early arrivals were sold as high as \$1.53 per bushel, the growers realizing over \$122 per acre for his crop. In addition to the 25,000 acres contracted for there was about 15,000 acres produced by other growers.

Washington Leads in Wheat. The current issue of the Orange Judd Farmer gives some interesting statistics showing harvest condition of the United States winter and spring wheat by states and the average rate of yield per acre, as shown by such threshing results as have been received. From this table it is seen that the average of the entire United States winter wheat is 92.3 per cent, in which Washington is 100, while the spring crop with a total average of 83.4, gives the state of Washington an average of 95.5. The winter yield has a total average of 16.1, in which Washington is 25.0, and out of a spring yield of 15.0 Washington is rated at 29.0, the wheat condition of this state being not only ahead of any other state in the union, but far ahead of the general average as well.

A Rich Copper Discovery. An extensive copper mine, or rather mountain, has been discovered by McVey & Co. on the west side of Shastah mountains, California, about 8 miles from Garretson's medical springs, 22 miles from Oak Bar, 5 miles south of the Oregon line of Josephine County, and 24 miles from Jacksonville, Oregon. The ledge ranges from 300 to 350 feet in width, and is claimed to be more extensive than the famous Iron Mountain mine at Keswick, in Shasta County, with the likelihood of making Shastah the largest producer of copper in the annual mineral output when thoroughly developed. The discoverers have been offered \$150,000 for their property.

Big Timber Sale. A. B. Hammond, of Portland, consummated the purchase of the largest unbroken tract of timber land still remaining in first hands in the Quinaltine Indian reservation, within a year. Three surveying parties are at work north of the reservation and there is no doubt but that a right of way will be secured to the States by the time the track laying on the present line is finished.

Anthracite Coal is Found. A party of prospectors has located thirteen coal fields in the Cascades about 50 miles west of North Yakima, Wash. George Weikel has brought out a load of the coal and submitted it to a test in the furnace of the Quinaltine Indian reservation, within a year. Three surveying parties are at work north of the reservation and there is no doubt but that a right of way will be secured to the States by the time the track laying on the present line is finished.

Town Lots at \$4,000 Each. O. A. Kjos, a local merchant of Lewiston, Idaho, completed the purchase of 61 feet frontage on Main and Fifth streets from J. Eichemeyer, the consideration being \$13,500.—Mr. Kjos also paying a street grade assessment tax, making the total consideration \$14,000. A handsome three story brick store building will be erected on the corner next spring to cost \$65,000.

New Railroad in Eastern Oregon. Articles of incorporation have been granted to L. K. Moore, J. E. Hoesford and J. O. Elrod, to construct a line of railroad from Arlington on the Columbia River, due south, to Condon, county seat of Gilliam County. The capital stock is \$500,000 divided into shares of \$100 each. The right-of-way is being obtained as fast as surveyed. The line will be forty miles long.

World's Largest Fruit Drier. A prune drier that is expected to dry 30 car loads of eured prunes this season, that will afford employment to probably 100 persons, and is said to be the largest prune drier in the world, is to be put in operation next week at the orchard of the Corvallis and Benton County Prune Company, six miles north of Corvallis. About \$6,000 in cash and three months of time have been devoted to the building of the drier, and barring a few minor details, it is now ready for work. It has been warmed once or twice already, and has behaved satisfactorily on each occasion. Its construction and its operation are said to be matters of keen interest to prune-growers all over the state.

The new plant will receive 2300 bushels of green prunes at one time. It consists of 10 tunnels, or more properly speaking, five twin tunnels. Each of the ten tunnels is 80 feet long, 44 inches wide and 44 inches from floor to ceiling. The fruit is carried through the tunnels by a miniature railroad, the wheels of which are fastened in height and have flanges that run along a miniature track. Each car platform is 30x42 inches and is four inches above the floor. Each car accommodates ten trays of fruit, and each tunnel holds thirty-two cars at a time—a total of 320 cars in all—3200 trays of about three-fourths of a bushel of fruit each.

New Route to Gray's Harbor. There is now at work on the Hoquiam extension of the Gray's Harbor branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad a force of about 600 men and a large number of teams. It is the intention to have the work on the 30-mile extension finished before the wet weather sets in, at least so far as the grading is concerned. Track laying has already been begun and the contract calls for the completion of the line in the Quinaltine Indian reservation, within a year. Three surveying parties are at work north of the reservation and there is no doubt but that a right of way will be secured to the States by the time the track laying on the present line is finished.

To Build Salt Lake Line. Senator W. A. Clark of Montana will call for bids this week for the construction of the first thirty miles of his Santa Fe, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad. This new stretch of road will extend from Los Angeles to Pomona. The total length of the road from Los Angeles to Salt Lake will be 113 miles. The cost of constructing this mileage will be paid for by a bond issue of \$20,000,000 at 4 per cent and the sale of a considerable portion of the company's \$25,000,000 of stock.

A Rich Cargo. Of the 3300 tons of general cargo on board the Tosa Maru, recent in from China, the silk was the most precious. That was valued at \$385,000. The costliest cargo of silk ever brought over ran up to half a million. For the first time a shipment of concentrates was brought over from Legh, S. J. Hunt's mines in Corea. This ore was consigned to the smelter at Tacoma and was valued at \$25,000.

Indication of Prosperity. The report of the condition of the national banks of Washington recently published, tells its part of the story of the present unexampled prosperity. Their total resources rose from \$27,698,277 to \$31,289,168 in a little more than twelve months, and the individual deposits in these banks during the same period have increased by \$2,600,000.

To Irrigate a Garden Spot. Articles of incorporation of the Asotin Land and Irrigation Company have been filed with the county auditor at Asotin, Wash. The object of the corporation is to irrigate lands, generate power, buy and sell land and maintain and operate irrigation canals. The capital stock is \$40,000, shares having a par value of \$100 each. The company is at present constructing a canal in The Forks or Lake district and expects to have several thousand acres under water by next spring.

Requires Little Sleep. The distinction among animals of requiring least sleep belongs to the elephant. In spite of his capacity for hard work the elephant seldom, if ever, sleeps more than four, or occasionally five, hours.

A Suffolient Desolation. A humorist, wishing to test the ingenuity of the Indian postal authorities, sent a letter from Bombay to a friend in Calcutta, addressed as follows: "Sond-So, Esq., the City of Stinks and Statues." It was delivered without the slightest delay.

German Shipbuilding. In the year 1898 and 1899 Germany held second place in shipbuilding, but for various reasons, American shipbuilding in 1900 received such an impetus that it has placed Germany third.

People never seem to pay much attention when your enemy does wrong. But how they howl when you do wrong!

When ignorance wins intelligence drops away below par.

The carat used in estimating the weight of gems is a grain of Indian wheat.

Enough of a Good Thing. "Papa, just see my new dress," said a young society girl, as she presented herself attired for her first grand ball. "Isn't it too sweet for anything?" "Does it suit you, my dear?" "I just dote on it."