Hold fact, believed thy seemen of delight:
Make merry while the morning gilds the sky.
And dews undered upon the rest sile;
Thy golden morn of May time, brief as tright.

Corief for thy gladiness, and for lau, iter, tears. h, love if only love might spare thee this-Right hold a diffe farther of the years!—

A little longer bind Coy winged feet,

youth—most swift in passing, and most sweet)

—Ina D. Coelbrith in Overland Monthly.

ARMSTRONG'S LESSON.

In the early days of Colifornia-the olden days of gold, or the golden days of old, as You please—in a certain miner's camp on Yuba river there lived a queer genius named Asmstrong. He was an honest miner, not differing materially from his fellows, excepting that he had a curious habit of talking to himself. From the simple reason that he departed from the common custom in this one sparticular he was of course voted crazy by vall the other miners. To call all persons

'crazy' who do not follow the customs of But day after day Armstrong worked away with his pick and shovel, caring nothing for The remarks of his neighbors, and seeming to wish for no partner in his toils or rest, save the invisible personage whom he always addressed in the second person singular, and with whom he was almost always in close and carnest conversation. The drift of his talk while at work would be as follows:

"Rather tough work, Armstrong-rich dirt, though-grub \$1 a pound-no time to waste-pitch in, sir-hanged if I don't wish I was in the states. This mining's mighty hard work. Nonsense, Armstrong; what a fool you are to be talking this way, with three ounces a day right under your feet, and crething to do but just to dig it out."

His conversation would be duly punctuated with strokes of the pick and lifts of the Conded shovel. And so the days would pass ealong, and Armstrong worked and slept and stalked with his invisible partner. Well, it happened in due course of time that the class of human vampire commonly called gamblers made their appearance at the camp where Armstrong had been working. As he was not above following the example of his Tellows, he paid the newcomers a visit. It is the same old story. After watching the game awhile he concluded it was the simplest thing in the world. So he tried his luck and won-\$100! Now, any new experience would set Armstrong to thinking and talking to himself worse than ever It vas so this time. "Now, Armstrong," he said, as he hesitated about going to work the next morning, "that is the easiest \$100 you ever made in your life. What's the use of your going into a hole in the ground to dig for three ounces a day? The fact is, Armstrong, you are sharp. You are not made for this kind of work. Suppose you just throw away your pick and shevel. Leave the mines, buy a suit of store ciothes, dress up like a born gentleman, and go at come business that suits your talent,"

Armstrong was not long in putting these thoughts and sayings into action. He left the diggings and invested in fine clothes. He looked like another man, but he was still the same Armstrong, nevertheless. He was not long in finding an opportunity to try a new profession. Walking forth in his fresh outfit, be had just concluded a long talk with himself about his bright prospects when he balted in front of a large tent with a sign "Miners' Rest." Armstrong went in. It did not seem to him that he remained very long, but it was long enough to work a wonderful revolution in his feelings. When he came out he was a changed man-that is thunderstruck, amazed, bewildered. He had Lost his money, lost his new prospect, lost his self-conceit-lost everything but his new clothes and low habit of talking to himself. It is useless to say that he was mad. Armstrong was very mad. But there was no one to be mad at but Armstrong himself, so self anmber two was in for a rough lecture.

"Now, Armstrong, you are a nice specimen-you fool-you b. ..-you dead beat-you Well, I need not repeat all the bard things he said. Like King Richard, he "found within himself no pity for himself."

But mere words were not sufficient. It was a time for action. But Armstrong never once thought of drowning, shooting, hanging or any other form of suicide. He was altogether too original, as well as too sensible, for that. Yet he was resolved on something real and practical in the way of reformatory punishment. He felt the need of a self-imposed decree of bankruptcy that should render the failure as complete as possible, and prevent a similar course in the future.

So the broken firm of "Armstrong & Self"

went forth in meditation long and deep, Some of his thoughts were almost too deep for utterance. But finally he stood by the dusty road along which the great freighting wagons were hauling supplies to the mining camp up the Sacramento. One of these wagons, drawn by six yoke of oxen, was just passing. Snap, snap, snap, in slow, irregular succession, came the keen, stinging reports of the long Missouri ox whip. "G'lang! g'lang? wo haw!" shouted the tall, dust be grimed driver, as he swung his whip and cast a sidelong glance at the broken firm, wondering "What in thunder all them store clothes was a doin' thar." Now, when Armstrong saw the long column of white dust rising behind that wagon he was taken with an idea. So he shouted to the driver to know if he might be allowed to walk in the

woad behind the wagon.
"Get in and ride," said the driver,

"No, said Armstrong, "I wish to walk." "Then walk, you crazy fool," was the accommodating response, as the driver swung

Then came the tug of war. Greek never met Greek more flercely than did the two contending spirits composing the firm of Armstrong & Self at that particular moment. 'Now, Armstrong," said the imperious head of the firm, "you git right in the middle of that road, sir, and walk in that dust

behind that wagon." "What, with these clothes on? Why, it is difteen miles, and dusty all the way," "No matter, sir; take the road. You mander your money on three card monte;

T'll teach you a lesson.' "G'lang! g'lang!" drawled the driver, as be looked over his shoulder with a curious mingling of pity, contempt or wonder on his dusty face. More and more spitefully snapped the swinging whip, as the slow paced exen toiled mile after mile under the heat of a September sun. And there in the road trudged Armstrong behind the wagon; slowly, wearily, thoughtfully, but not silently.

man who always spoke his thoughts. "This serves you right, Armstrong. Any man who will fool his money away at three card monte deserves to walk in the dust."

"It will spoil these clothes." "Well, don't you deserve it?"

The dust fills my eyes." You; any man who gambles all his dust away at three card monte deserves to have dust in his eyes—and alkali dust at that." "The dust chokes me."
"All right; any man who will buck at smarte deserves to be choked. Keep the road,

sir-the middle of the road -close up to the warren. Do you think you will ever buck at

moste a sin, Armstron, P. And so the poor culprit, self arrested, self condemned, coursed and succeed and choked and waised and talked, mile after mile, hour after hour, while the great wagon grouned and creaked, the driver bawled and swung his whip, the patient onen gave their shoulders to the yoke, and the golden sun of September sank wearily toward the west. The similows of evening were beginning to fall when the wagon bulted at the place

called Packer's Roost, on the Yuba, "Here we rest," sighed Armstrong, just above his breath, as he looked at the stream. "No you don't," answered the head of the "You buck your money away at monte and talk about rest. Now, Armstrong, go right down the bank, sir, into the As the command was peremptory and a spirit of obedience seemed the safest, Armstrong obeyed without pariey and down he went, over his head and cars, store clothes and all, into the cold mountain stream. It was a long time that he remained in the water and under the water. He would come to the surface every little while to talk, you understand. It was impossible for Armstrong to forbear talking. "Oh, yes," he would say as he came up and snuffed the water from his nose, "you'll buck your money away at three eard monte, will you? How do you like the water curef" His words were, of course, duly punctuated by irregular plunges and catchings of the breath.

It so happened that the man who kept the shanty hotel at the Packer's Roost had a woman for a wife. She, being a kind hearted creature, besought her lord to go down and "help the poor crazy man out of

the water." "Pshaw," said the ox driver, "he ain't a crazy man; he's a fool. He walked behind my wagon and talked to himself all the way

from Scrabbletown." Thereupon arose a lenghty discussion about the difference between a crazy man and a fool. But after a while the landlord and the ox driver went down to the bank and agreed to go to Armstrong's security against bucking at monte in the future if he would come out of the water. So he came out and went up to the house.

"Will you have a cup of tea or coffeef" said the woman, kindly. "Yes, madam," said Armstrong, "I will

take both."

"He is crazy, sure as can be," said the woman. But she brought the two cups as ordered. "Milk and sugar?" she inquired, kindly as before.

"No, madam, mustard and red pepper," answered Armstrong. "I do believe he is a fool," said the woman,

as she went for the pepper and mustard. Armstrong, with deliberate coolness, put a spoonful of red pepper into the tea and a spoonful of mustard into the coffee. Then he poured the two together into a tin cup. Then the old conflict raged again, and high above the din of rattling tin cups and pewter spoons, sounded the stern command: strong, drink it, sir-drink it down," A momentary hesitation and a few desperate gulps and it was down. "Ob, yes," said our hero, as his throat burned and the tears ran down his eyes, "you buck your money away at three card monte, do you?"

Now, the Thompsonian dose above described, very nearly ended the battle with poor Armstrong. He was silent for quite a time, and everybody else was silent. After a while the landlord ventured to suggest that a bed could be provided if one was desired, "No," said Armstrong, "Fil sleep on the floor. You see, stranger," said he eyeing the landlord with a peculiar expression, "this fool has been squandering gold dust at monte-three card monte-and does not de-

serve to sleep in a bed." So Armstrong ended the day's battle by to say, he was a "changeless" man. He was going to bed on the floor. Then came the dreams. He first dreamed that he was sleep ing on the North Pole and his head in the tropics, while all the miners in Yuba were ground sluicing in his stomach. Next, he dreamed that he had swallowed Mount Shasta for supper, and that the old mountain had suddenly become an active volcano and was vomiting acres and acres of hot lava.

Then the scenes shifted, and he seemed to have found his final abode in a place of vile smells and fierce flames, politely called the antipodes of heaven. And while he writhed and grouned in sleepless agony a fork tail flend, with his thumb at his nose, was saying to him in a mocking voice: "You buck your money away at three card monte, do you-But even this troubled sleep had an end at last, and Armstrong arose. When he looked at himself in the broken looking glass that hung on the wall he thought his face bore traces of wisdom that he never saw there before. So he said, "I think you have learned a lesson, Armstrong. You can go back to your mining now, sir, and leave

Time showed that he was right. His lesson was well learned. The miners looked a little curious when he reappeared at the camp, and still called him crazy. But he had learned a lesson many of them had never learned, poor fellows. They continued their old ways, making money fast and spending it foolishly -even giving it to monte dealers. But the Armstrong firm was never broken in that way but once. After that, whenever he saw one of the peculiar signs, "Robbers' Roost," "Fleecers' Den," or "Fools' Last Chance," Armstrong would shake his head with a knowing air and say to himself as he passed "Oh, yes, Armstrong, you've been along. there; you know all about that; you don't buck your money away at three card monte -not much!"-Overland Monthly,

Bought but One Volume.

I happened in a Dakota settler's house one day while we were waiting for something and noticed the first volume of "Johnson's Cyclopedia" on the shelf, each volume of which work being about the size of one of the unabridged dictionaries and very closely printed. I casually suggested that it was a good thing to have in the house, or words to that effect.

"Yes," he replied, "it's handy. I only got the first book. "How does it happen you haven't the

others! "W'y, you see, I got it of an agent when I was livin' down in Iowa, an' bout six months after round he comes agin an' knocked at the door, an' I opened it an' says he: 'Mister, here's the secon' book of your cyclopedy. 'Git out!' says I; 'I ain't got the first one read yet!' and I made him go, too. W'y, jes' think of it, that was nigh onto ten year ago, an' I ain't more'n two-thirds through this now, an' my wife is only jes' nicely started on the 'B's!' It took a pile o' brains to make it, but for all that I don't mind savin' that I think it's got its dry streaks jes' like other books."
-Chicago Tribune.

Many speculations have been made as to why "Julia" should have been selected for one of the names of the queen's newest granddaughter. The happiest suggestion is that it is the nearest approach to jubilee that could be got. The name Eugenie is, of course, a coliment to the ex-empress of the French, between whom and Princess Beatrice there has long been great affection. The princess is the one favorite of the ex-coupress, whose will is made entirely in her favor.—New York Sun.

NATURE'S FRIENDSHIPS.

THE STATE OF WAR NOT SO BAD AS WE IMAGINE.

Animals' Dread of Human Beings-Our Slang ter of Birds and Beasts-Grief of Pets at Losing a Friend-Natural Antipathies.

There is a deal of love killed out or prevented from manifesting itself. This is true not only among human beings, but between men and animals and birds, and even insects. The state of war that is in existence in nature is not by half as bad as we imagine, The worst half is caused by our own selfish interference. On wild islands, when first visited by men, it is always reported that fowis and birds are so tame that they permit the approach of any one without the idea of But this they soon lose. The same is true of seals and animals that have not been hunted. But there grows up rapidly a dread of man, so that the scent of a human being to an antelope, elk or buffalo is most abborrent. This becomes an inherited trait. Man. after all, is the great destroyer that is dreaded in all the realms of nature. The feline tribes rank next to him, together with wolves, hawks and serpents. This is not a pleasant fact to consider, but it is saddest of all that it is a fact.

Nor does this begin to tell the full truth. It is not wild animals alone that dread us, but as a rule there is little love for us among tame animals, the dog excepted. The cat has an occasional friend, but is compelled for the most part to live on the defensive. Some races, like the Bedouins, live on terms of familiarity with their horses and camels. These exceptions show the possible friendship. In a Quaker barnyard I have seen such a rule of love that every animal was a conscious friend. It is only because of our brutality, or indifference, that our animals are not our lovers. Cows are by no means 'board faced creatures" when gently handled. Trained up as pets, they become affectionate to a degree surpassed only by dogs. I have owned a horse that never allowed me to approach without placing her head affectionately across my shoulder or her nose in my ain't been doing it lately."

bosom.

I cannot think without anger of the slaughter of birds and animals for no possible reason but sport. The birds would "take to us" freely, if they dared; and, as it is, a few have managed to break down prejudice. The friendship between mankind and robins I can hardly comprehend, for this bird is far ess valuable than some others, and is also less beautiful. A writer in Vick's Magazine relates how size formed a friendship with a humming bird. "I have had one brief little fleeting glimpse into an unknown land, a peep into fairyland.' She had come upon a tiny young humming bird that had been chilled by a cool night, and, picking him up, had warmed and fed him. He grew so tame that "when he was hungry he would fly down to me from top of a picture, and, alighting on a twig in my fingers, would sit and sip his sugar and water from a teaspoon or the end of my finger. These drops would satisfy him." and then off he flew. lighted to be held over a large spoonful of soft water, and dip in his beak and splash water over his little body,"

There is no reason why this gentle accord may not be established on all hands. Pristachments for crickets and spiders, and thus solitary confinement. Nor, even in such cases, is the friendship altogether on one side. to die for grief over the death of a special known one to be inconsolable for many weeks after the departure of a boy to whom he specially devoted himself.

Natural antipathies form the other side of this question and the illustrations are all I approached, only moving his eyes with the most intent watchfulness. I drew nearer, not a motion, but he drew still flatter to the soil. He was offering his services. Would I accept him? He was a beautiful cross of shepherd and hunter. I said, "Yes, you may stay." He knew in a moment the purport of my words. Leaping up, he came with eyes full of gladness and took my scent, and at once was a member of my household. But the friendship was ever first of all for myself.

Now came the question of cat and dog, for I had a splendid cat that had had no dogs about to annoy him. Here was the natural antagonism of the feline and canine races. But "Shep" understood perfectly that he was an adopted resident, and must not crowd his acquaintance. They could not become quite friends, but learned to tolerate each other. What is this natural antipathy? Traced far enough back, the ancestry of the felines and canines come out of a common stock. But these terrible clawing creatures have been outlaws from time immemorial. To bite is allowable in the animal code; but to scratch, that is an innovation and indecent. We have codes that allow bullies to pound and kick, but they must not scratch. It is easy to imagine how the first that took to using their nails were driven out of the tribe. I believe the genuine ancestry to be canine; the feline

is a spurious offshoot. There are intense hatreds, as we well know, between birds. Not one of them will form an alliance with the English sparrow. So far as I have observed the blackbird has no friends and does not care for any. He works in troops, steals in companies, and has his bill against all other sorts of birds, and is detested in turn. An owl is a lonely creature, only that it is said occasionally to make a pet of a snake instead of eating it, which I doubt, The friendship is probably like that of prairie dogs and rattlesnakes-an invasion of snakes that can not be prevented. The owl may not be able to digest some of his saurian acquaintances. As a rule there is some one, or two, members of a bousehold, that had better let the domestic cat alone -sometimes also the dog or dogs. Why there are not also the dog or dogs. Why there are not liked by the animals I do not know, unless it be something in the scent. Horses have strong antipathies to certain grooms, based, I should judge, at least in part, on smell.—
"E. P. P." in Globe Democrat.

A New Experience. Mistress (pumping)-Hold the pitcher

ander the spout, Bridget! Biddy O'Galway (under training)-Oh, mother uv Moses! Lookit! Sich a t'ing! All yez have to do is to be shakin' that stick, an' yez get hould o' one ind o' the wather, an' jist pull out a rope of it. Sich a t'ing. Sure, ma'am, the only kind of pump we have in Ireland is a bucket .- Woman.

As Long as Possible.

"See here, my friend," said a farmer to a tramp, "you've been lyin' in the shade of that fence fer over thirteen hours. Ain't it bout time to move on?" "If you say so," replied the tramp, struggle to his feet, "I s'pose it is. I'm only tryin' to make my shoes last as long as possible."—Time.

IN A BOWERY MUSEUM.

Retween Performances on a Midsummer Day-A Serious "Curiosity." The Bowery museums feel a summer dull ness.

"Going to give a stage performance soon?" was asked, before dropping a ten cent piece at "Performance begins in the auditorium in

ten minutes," was the sententious reply. Inside the museum there was nothing lively except a glass case of tropical snakes which were roused from their dormant condition by the heat of the weather. A seal lay on a chunk of ice, poss bly comfortable as to his lower side, but away out of his latitude as to the rest of him. Some Brazilian monkeys in a cage were lazy in the high temper ature, and the Circassian girl and the tattooed man were fanning their about equally exposed surfaces. The third human curiosity was a chap with enormous legs. Those members were not less than treble the size of usual legs. There is no deception in his case, however, for the immense limbs were unclad. He was a fellow of solemn visage, and he was perusing a large book with the air of a student. He looked up listlessly, and began his rigmarole. "I am 24 years old," he said, and was born in Boston. My legs began to outgrow the rest of my stature when I was a

"What are you reading?" the visitor in-

quired. He stopped in his set speech, and turned the open page toward the inquirer. The book

was a medical work. 'I am studying up my case," the curiosity said in a confidential tone, and with a glance around to see that there were no other listeners. "I want to know what is the matter with me, and all about it."

From what he said further, and a perusal of the matter in the book, it was learned that he had the disease called elephantiasism. There were as yet no outward signs of unhealthiness in his disproportionate legs, and he was getting \$20 a week as an exhibit.

"According to the best light I can get," be said, "I have got just about another year to live. Probably I won't be able to stay in this business more than half that time. Then I'll go to a hospital and die. I'll go sooner if they don't pay my wages regular, and they

No wonder the poor fellow was the most serious looking person on the premises, excepting the manager, whose depression arose from the poverty of the summer business. I was about to depart.

"Hold on," he interposed, "we'll give a show as soon as there is fifty cents in the

He kept his word. When five visitors were gathered together he reappeared in our midst and ordered the curtain rung up. The entertainment consisted of a few feats in friendship with a bird during the present legerdemain by a consumptive, seedy and summer which seems like a tender dream, a clever expert. When he came to the point where he desired to introduce the trick of taking numerous articles from a hat he made the usual appeal for the loan of that article. The writer handed one to him.
"Thank you, sir, thank you," he said, in a

singularly heartfelt voice. "You're the first gentleman today that has trusted me with his hat. You'll get it back, upon my honor." When a sleight of hand show is so meagerly patronized that the performer can't borrow a hat, surely the show business may be said to suffer from a lack of public confidence. - New York Sun.

Our Satisfaction with Ourselves.

But did you honestly ever find anybody oners, as we know, have formed curious at- you would like better than yourself! There are many more beautiful women, but we are saved themselves from loss of reason during not women, thank God. There are many much more manly, more handsome, more virilistic men than we, but are they in their Foxes, dogs, cats, horses, have been known entirety more satisfactory to us than we are to ourselves? I trow not. Why? Do we friend. I have seen manifestations of in-tense grief in several cases. The cat is capament, do I think I am any brighter than ble of peculiarly strong attachments. I have anybody else? Do I think I am any handsomer! Do I think my muscles are any harder or my nerves any more sensitive? Do I esteem myself, as a personality, more attractive than anybody else!

To others! No. To myself! You may about. A stray dog came to my place last bet you life. I wouldn't exchange my persummer. He laid himself flat on his belly as sonality, from the bald top of my shining head to the uncalloused heel upon which I step, mind, body and estate, for that of any man who walks God's footstool.

Why? I give it up. We are built that way. If it wasn't for that self sufficiency how could we live! If I envied Fred May his strength would I be satisfied with my own? If I admired the hairy head, the buiging eyes, the red checks, the youthful neck, the superb physique of any other man, how could I meet the exactions of vesterday, today and to-morrow! The doctrine of compensation is with us, like the poor, always, I don't mean to say that my bald head presents the luxurious crop of his imperial nibs, the hairy boy from Hairville. I don't mean to say that my 180 pounds of more or less virility is the equal of the 200 pounds of his lazyship, who has nothing to do but to spend papa's money and float the yacht of givedom. Far be it from me to argue that the fifty years' experience on which I trade is the equal of the thirty years of observation of

Mr. Clovercheek from Redtown. But what does the Creator mean by implanting in my breast, and therefore in the breast, not to say breasts, of every reader, an absolute contentment, satisfaction with the personality with which we are endowed! It must mean something. -Joe Howard in Boston Globe.

Salting Mines with Poor Ore.

It is a singular fact that not only have poor mines been salted with rich ore, but rich mines have been very frequently salted with poor. The circumstances under which such an apparent paradox would take place are these: Explorations are being made in some part of a mine and a vein of very rich mineral is suddenly uncovered. If the superintendent has salt and darkness in his soul he is very apt to take a pick, dig out a little of the ore and fill the cavity with low grade stuff from some other part of the mine. Then he makes a discouraging report, apparently verified by facts, and in due course of time proposes to lease the property for a song. If he is successful the vein is not long in being rediscovered. This trick has been played time and again all over the state, and in instances the salter has gone so far as to "accidentally" blow up a tunnel in which a rich find was made. Perhaps some poor wretch of a miner would be caught in the awful subterranean crash that shook the bowels of the earth and buried forever beneath tons of rocky debris, but such an episode as that never disturbs the even tenor of a true seller's way.-Denver Cor. New York Sun.

Blessings in Disguise.

Anxious Mother-You think he is out of danger now, doctor? He will get well? Doctor-No doubt about it at all, madam. The amputation has been completely success-

"And I warned him, oh, so carefully, to let toy cannons alone. Doesn't it look like . judgment on my poor boy?"

"It does look like a judgment, certainly, and yet such things sometimes prove to be blessings in diguise. It is not for us to re-pine. One hundred dollars, madam—thanks." -Chicago Tribuna.

THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND.

There Are Twenty-four Reasons Why the Nine of Diamonds Is Called Unlucky. Every reader has at some period of his or her life heard of the nine of diamonds

referred to as "the curse of Scotland;"

but why, perhaps, you have never taken

the time or trouble to ascertain. 'In my "Repository of the Rare and the Wonderful" I find no less than seventeen explanations of the origin of the expression, while Southwick's "Quizzism and Its Key" gives eleven, seven of which are wholly different from the answers given in the work above referred to, making in all twenty-four different accounts of the origin of the expression in the two works. Southwick traces it back to 1745, mentioning a caricature of that date which represents "the young chevalier" attempting to lead a herd of bulls laden with papal curses across the Tweed river with the nine of diamonds lying before

Perhaps the most satisfactory explanation of the enigma is that which refers it to the massacre of Glencoe. The order for that cruel deed was signed by the Earl of Stair, John Dalrymple, secretary of state for Scotland. The coat of arms of the Dalrymple family bears nine lozenges, resembling diamonds, on its shield. Thus it appears to have been with reference to them that the nine spot of diamonds was called "the curse of Scotland." The best and most likely of the other reasons for the origin of the expression are given below.

During the reign of Mary a thief attempted to steal the crown from Elizabeth castle, and succeeded in abstracting nine valuable diamonds from it. To replace these a heavy tax was laid on the people of Scotland, which impoverished them to such an extent that nine diamonds, whether on cloth, cards or real jewels, were spoken of as "Albion's curse."

In the game of Pope Joan the nine of diamonds is the pope, whom the Scotch Presbyterians consider a curse.

It is also said that the Duke of Cumberland wrote his inhuman orders at Culloden on the back of a card, the front of which was marked with nine dia-The "Oracle, or Resolver of Questions,"

printed in 1770, says that the crown of Scotland had but nine diamonds, and that the Scotch people were too poor to add to the collection.-St. Louis Re-

An Elevator Incident.

In one of the elevators in a down town building the other day an absent minded man came near departing this life with unbecoming haste. He had stood close by the door when the car stopped at his floor and had allowed two or three other passengers to brush by him. He had made no signs of a desire to step out, but when the elevator resumed its upward course and the door was nearly closed he gave a start and jumped forward until his body projected out of the car and prevented the door from closing. Luckily the conductor understood his business. With an instinctive movement he stopped the car in a few inches. Then he drew back the door and released the venturesome passenger, who walked away without even looking back or say- is only lung-scrofula-just let ing a word. The other passengers looked its makers know and get your on in silence.

Even the elevator man had nothing to say for a minute, but when the next floor was reached the whole affair seemed to strike him in a new light. He didn't think of the horror of a life suddenly one, by selling it on trial, as taken away, of the sickening sight of a "Golden Medical Discovery" crushed and mangled body. "That's what I call a mean man," quoth he with severity. "Want to have me sent to the Tombs, eh? Gad! A man like that ought to get hurt, he had."-

'August Flower"

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered pepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a who will send 25 cents in stamps, or other good money, will receive by return mail, postpaid, a nice silk handkerchief, not large, but a perfect number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used Relieved in your August Flower and it was just two outfitters in the world, at 416-418 Front street, San Francisco, Cal. got so that I could sleep and eat, and

class. I am never without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system. Constipation While I was sick I

felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of Western Branch, Box 27, FORTLAND, OR indigestion, if taken Life of Misery with judgment. A. M. Weed, 229 Bellefontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind." .

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CHANGES OF CLIMATE

Kill more people than is generally known. Particularly & this the case in histonices where the constitution is delicate, and among our immigrant population seeking new homes in those portions of the West, and where malarial and typhoid fevers prevail at certain sensons of the year. The best preparative for a change of climate, or of diet and water which that change necessitates, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only pertines the system against malaria, a variable temperature damp, and the debilitating measure prevails heat, but is also the leading remedy for constigation, dyspersia, liver composint, bosilly troubles specially api to attack emigrants and visitors to regions near the equator, mariners and lourists. Whether used as a satognard by sea voyagers, travelers by land, emigrants and visitors to regions hear the equa-tor, mariners and tourists. Whether used as a sategnard by sea voyagers, travelers by land, miners, or of agriculturists in newly populated districts, this fine specific has elicited the most favorable testimony.

Tom—Have you asked Bessle yet? Jack—Yes.
"What did she say?" "That she would take

EXPERIENCE OF AN EX-CHAMPION.

Athletes and men who take ordinary outloor exercise, such as walking, running, bicycle riding, jumping, swimming, tennis, etc., are often the subjects of acute troubles. The experience of an ex-champion walker will be of interest to all who are afflicted. Read the following letter: "No. 324 East NINETEENTH ST., [

NEW YORK, April 2, 1886. Numerous statements relative to the nerits of different plasters having been brought to my attention, I take this oppor-tunity to state that I have used Allocok's Porous Plasters for over twenty years and prefer them to any other kind. I would urthermore state that I was very sick with catarrh of the kidneys, and attribute my PLASTERS. HARRY BROOKS."

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For relieving throat troubles and coughs "Brown's Broachial Troches" have a world-wide reputation. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.

Think of the devil and a demagogue bobs up and begins to pet your children.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell. The man who goes to church much hears a great deal of preaching that hits other people.

Talk's cheap, but when it's backed up by a pledge of the hard cash of a financially responsible firm, or company, of world-wide reputation for fair and honorable dealing, it means business!

Now, there are scores of sarsaparillas and other bloodpurifiers, all cracked up to be the best, purest, most peculiar and wonderful, but bear in mind (for your own sake), there's only one guaranteed blood-purifier and remedy for torpid liver and all diseases that come from bad blood.

That one-standing solitary and alone-sold on trial, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Med-

ical Discovery. If it don't do good in skin, scalp and scrofulous diseases and pulmonary consumption

money back. Talk's cheap, but to back a poor medicine, or a common is sold, would bankrupt the

largest fortune. Talk's cheap, but only "Discovery" is guaranteed.

THE SMITHS.

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DAISY. Write to SMITH'S CASH STORE, the greatest

I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first- faber's Golden Female Pills.



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