THE METHE what's the happy news, my peart, that WELTHE FOUR THAT SCALET

EN COPY MINNS

AR, easy I crare the darking face I've loved for EMPRITY SHEETA' and don't I enue the April grace where amilies

front leasers the teraries 's store gasure your basked fills of taceso CONSECUENT

But more, extreme than deflective you're omoging Gotter today

& four waved snammer happy bour that pronue must cupe true. And furity flower that owns the power to bring ground form to you. others iread it not its bead, and crouched

MARK IN Tear and proceed its four leaves forth instead the moment you drew next

Gand what's the town the omen bringst for wealth you'd perfet seek.

And braits and though were mocking things to A restrict thesp three eyes would keep! - I know

Elucion nor lover's rapture deep will leave a -Frederica Languridge in Camedi's Magazine.

TOM MIDDLETON'S WIFE.

Kate Mitchell was one of those unfortunate Unguish them from others of their set. As sucked into the editing current, but she a cidid, she was known as a "tomboy," and caught at a stout projection and swung her queue mothers beld her up as an awful warn | self up again. ing to their little daughters, while in her own thouse the question of how to subdue her timbers up stream as they rocked lazily upon Congrant spirits was wrestled over with true maternal solicitude. When she grew up, sweety frowned upon her as a "hoyden," and ther way was beset with thorns.

and play tawn tennis like a boy. She was a hesitate, but commenced a perilous climb agreat walker, and upon one occasion had along the upper limb, slippery and naked in with per brother and a couple of friends, a shut her eyes to keep from falling. And so, best which alone would have sufficed to place lying prone upon it hand over hand, she ther under a ban in San Francisco's best crept the entire length, and the great stick modety That she sang like a bird, danced of times struck heavily against the failen dike a syiph, and was, altogether, a very speamore, and just as Kate swung berself anziable, pure minded girl, was a small offset for the sum of ber iniquities, and although and was exceedingly popular among a set of young and presponsible boys, conservative circles frowned upon ber, and it was generally sunderstood that she was a young person of week radical and dangerous tendencies.

It was therefore, a matter of pointe regret touptials with one of this same conservative zircle was received. Tom Middleton was a promising young lawyer, of excellent family sand trreproachable manners. It had been generally understood that Tom's ideal was of a very different type, and more after the pattern of the elegant society women with whom he had been accustomed to associate. It's intimate friend and been companion, Jack Spencer, who had always disapproved of Kate, undertook to pose as the mouthpasce of society, and echoed its sentiments in Your's unwilling ear Tom stood stanchly by his colors, but his friend's words sank deep into his soul, nevertheless. He secretly reengived that, for his sake and her own, Kate

years after her marriage, few would have brave woman had sent her message of warnthe gay and spirited girl of former days, question she could not have told. She scarcely Mate was fond of her husband, and the sichemy of love had wrought the change; but heart seemed ready to burst with grief for It is a dangerous thing to meddle with spiritand chemistry as well as the forces of the teaterial world, and if Tom had known what pentup longings and rebellious inclinations reced tenenth his wife's quiet exterior, he quight have repented his success. But he went pe callously and blindly, as men will when dealing with delicate forces which they canwot understand, and Kate kept her grievances to herself. Two children camethe elder a girl, a flery untamed little creature, who made the mother's heart ache, as who saw in the child a reflex of herself; the other a boy, sturdy deliberate, like his When the children grew larger, and

meeded room for exercise and out door air, which their city home would not afford, they book up their residence in a little country me, not so far away but that Tom could travel back and forth and attend to hes business, and it is here that our story Sads them.

One gray December day Kate stood at her window, gazing out upon the landscape. It had teen a dull tiresome week. Several days before Tom and started off on a long promised vacation, which was to be dediated to a hunt in the mountains, in company with a party of friends. She was thinking, with envy, of this merry bunting party, and wondering, half bitterly, why amusements that were conceded to be proper and healthaul for men should not be healthful and proper for women. How she would have enjoyed the long tramps over the hills, the exment of the funt, the joy of holding a good gun upon her shoulder, and knowing that she could sight and shoot with the best of them! She felt a wicked solace as she thought of the showers that had fallen in the valley and the clouds that had hung constantly over the mountains. She was Bonely, dull and cross, and chafed against her bedged in life, with its narrow boundaries, die semseless restraints.

There was a rush of feet through the house, the door of her room opened and the children burst in

"Mamma, the creek is up! Take us down

The childish longing for novelty and exdiement found an instant echo in her beart. They had run to from outdoor play, and were conneted and cloaked, with rubber overshoes to protect their feet from the damp earth As for her, it was refreshing to evade Bridget's vigilant eye, and to steal out of the front door in her loose house dress, bareaded, and with worsted slippers on her feet. They followed a garden path for a little distance, and then entered a parrow lane leading to a place where they were accustomed so ford in the summer time, but over which mow swept a seething, tempestuot ! flood.

As they looked and listened, Kate realized that this was no ordinary freshet, but the product of a heavy ramfall over the whole est watershed which had accumulated its forces in thousands of tiny rivulets, and, joining impe with the mountain stream, plunged down its narrow enames, a mighty and arremetible power

Even as they looked she saw a wall of suddenly rear up above and come down toward them like a miniature tidal

The dam, built by the new water company,

bad given way! They can back from the shore to higher ground, and not a moment too soon. ream rose several feet in a second. It out into the solid tanks on either side, and bushes and young tress, rected up and sucked in by the greedy current, went spinning by A giant sycamore wavered, flung out its bare and skeleton limis as if in ghostly protest, and fell far out into the stream, interlocking ets branches with a sturdy, evergreen only POICE, turnes helphony in maternam.

"Marring we the big teachs coming" eried out the little daughter. Kate sessed for up stream and as a great timier sailing tenerely along. Now it caught m's properting energent event built about. ove it struck a submerged pland, and edly dawngaged theif and sauntered on Benind it was another and yet another - the stream way tope a with covern

"In my that The railroad bridge?" The railroad tirrige, and the afternoon trum now nearly due, so som to rush down a teep grade to Seap into that sawning chasm! Her first impure was to wart up the canyon, but she ustantly operant nement What four when mile of overflow lay between ber and the doorsest trung. Worst must be sent down to the station, and from there a telegram to the next stopping place above the bridge. But now: The mired man; Jim had gone an moun territy to the village to get the mail and have no daily goesp with the loungers of the place. Even if he were here, neither horse nor man was fleet enough to cover the circuitous road that my between. Then she healed at the prostrate sycamore. Down the stream, lensurely but nearer and

nearer still, sailed the great timters. "Marian take little broklier and go straight to the house and stay there till mamma

comes bacs. Nie had already pulled herself up by one of the roots and was creeping stenithily along the swaying trunk. Here ber dress caught on a nember, there she had to climb down and crawl along with her feet under the water, to avoid an apright limb. Once women whose surplus physical energies dis she slipped and lost her hold, and was nearly

She could hear the swash of the bears the water, but she did not dure to look. Before ber the main trunk of the tree was lost, and she saw two diverging limbs, one low in the water, the other locked with the oak in At 15 she could row, and swim, and ride, mid air. Which to takes She dared not alked to Mt. Diable and tack in two days, places, wavering so that she grew dizzy, and into the branches of the oak she felt her support give way, and with a groan and crash and wild up toming of its skeleton arms the old tree tore loose from its moorings and was

swept down stream toward the bay Her hands torn and bleeding, Kate Middle ton reached wolld ground at length, and first her maternal instinct asserted itself, and she when the announcement of her approaching looked back and saw her children standing still and looking after her. She pointed homeward with a gesture that they dared not disobey, and saw them turn and run up the lane, then sped along her way

She was not light of foot as in her girl bood, whereas, she was once fleet as a deer, and swift motion was a very joy to her, she now realized that she was growing to be a stout and middle aged woman. She moved heavily and ciumsily, and labored for breath, and her feet were like clods tenenth her There was a mile of rough and rocky ground to be covered before she reached the station, and the train-oh, but to possess once more

the agility of her girlbood Which would be first! Would the train, flying across the upper levels of the Coast He succeeded even beyond his hopes. Nine Range, reach the next station before the recognized in the quiet, represed woman ing! How many times she asked herself the dared hope that she might be in time. Her the terrible misery threatening so many happy homes. Alas! for the orphaned children who might cry aloud to beaven that night! Alas! for fathers and mothers whom the morrow might behold bowed down with

sorrow! Alas! for bushands and wives-She was crossing the bed of one of the many abandoned channels of the impetnous mountain stream, a rocky pathway, strewn with the spoils of bygone freshets, where, even then, a shallow stream was rippling past, token of the torrent's surplus force. She faltered, smitten by a new and awful thought What if Tom-Tom, who was not to come home for two days more Tom, who had started out in an altogether different direction-should have cut short his excursion, or, with his party, driven home by the continued rains, somehow wandered to one of the upper stations and boarded the train there!

Where was her vaunted physical strength now! What was she, after all, but a weak, wretched woman, with trembling limbs, every muscle clogged by this great horror that had taken possession of her, a flerce pain gripping at her heart, something rising in her throat which suffocated her, her eyes blinded with babyish tears: Thank God! her brain kept clear and true to its purpose and urged on the dagging body over little hillocks, across level stretches of sand, down new ravines she ran. Once she cut her foot cruelly upon a sharp stone and remembered for the first time that she had on the light worsted slippers she had worn in the house and had carelessly neglected to exchange for waiting boots when she started down the creek with her children. She even bethought he self that her loose house dress was scarcely the style of apparel in which she should like to present berself at the station, same breath sent up a prayer of thankfulness for its light weight, which scarcely encum-

bered her movements. With all the rest of her senses dulled, her bearing appeared to have become preter naturally sharp. She seemed to hear the clatter of the approaching train twelve miles away The throb, throb of the engine kept pace with her beating heart. She beard the hollow echoes from the neighboring hills as the train crept over embankments, its deafening clamor as it rushed across trestle work, its dull rumble as it rolled over solid ground. She even weemed to see the engineer as be laid tas hand on the escape valve ready to give the iron monster voice as it neared the little mountain town, then the wild shrick of the escaping steam, the clanger of the bell, the pull, pull, as the train slackened speed, the clatter of brakes, the jangle

of couplings. Would she never reach the little red station bouse, now plainty in sight at the end of the smooth graveled road! She was passing the postoffice, where people idly gazed at her. What matter! If only there were a borse and buggy in sight, to help her on her way! if only one of the loungers would understand and take up the mission which her spent strength seemed madequate to fulfill! But she might not turn aside.

On the depot platform more joungers, Jim smong them, rolling a quid of tobacco in his cheek and talking earnestly about the wate of the weather and the prospects of the growing crops. They all looked upon ber as mad woman, as she run past them. Jim muttered an explotive under his breath. moved by the strong indignation that must always possess a self respecting servant, when master or mistress does something derogatory to the dignity of his "family

The station master was in his office, talk ing with a gentleman who had come down from the monutains, and was waiting to take the train to the city. He was clad in a

WITH MADE PERSONAL "It not failled all the week," he was us? "visu think it raise here in the valley but great guns was should be up in the the wind thowing like a nurrouse. We foot? terms camp vestering I took a new line. For Mrs. Middleton had unconsciously down ture. The rest crussed the hills to the probed the wounted foot into sight, and its station above. They'll be down on the a load of tendages pried up by Bridget's

woman who should in the doorway both terror to the templifer bands present to her panting breast. The east sense. Then her premoultions were true, and Tom-Tom was on that fated train. Again her body recion, but her steady brain we med quies and cold when you came in. saved ber

"Stop the train! The bridge is gone?" she it quale me shiver "

Both men looked up, startled at the words. With the prompt movement of a man trained to obey orders, the agent seared to his instrument, the other man, slower to comprehend, gence as he recognized the speaker. What an ecreptric, impetuous giri Kate Mitchell always was and what a life she must lead Tom Middleton

This is quite an unexpected pleasure. Mrs. Middleton," he said smiling

Sign waves from back with a single impeous gesture. There was a brief silence. The operator (interior) intently with air head resting or his hand. Kate Middleton remained standing in the disorway, her hands clasted low not fare blanched with dread and all her war elected in listening. Jack Spencer, slowly comprehending the meaning of the sene. waited, his interest growing with every moment's delay

At last it came the monotonous elick click, conveying its portentous message in a language unknown to two of the three listeners. The operator arose from his chair. Just in time. The train was pulling out

of the station, but they stopped ber " Kate Middleton clutched at the doorway For the first time in her life her head gave She was again on the swaying sycamore, and the limb was cracking, breaking, going down. She felt the water on her face, and opened ber eyes, to find nerself seated in a chair, Jack Spencer supporting her head. and the station agent pouring ice cold water

She'll be all right in a minute," said Jack, cheerfully "Now, Mrs Middleton, with your permission. I'll see you nome."

She torrowed a hat and closk from the station agent's wife. Jim brought up the bores. Juck Spencer handed her into the wagon, with grave courtesy, and they drove it she replies that it is a medial Tom once ing what she had done, looked on curiously ally understood that she refers to some row That was all. No fuse no formal tributes, ing match or horseback ride for there are no speech making even from the two who understood. There was no deputation of strong men to tender ber public tribute, in voices shaken by sobs. Contrary to all tradition, and unlike any hero and herome who ever saved a train from wreek, she was on bare beaded wild even with druggled dress the wrong side of the bridge, and the people and bleeding feet, racing desperately across a

She had little to say on her ride homeward although Jack Spencer was attentive and talkative, and tried as hard as a man could to show his appreciation of her brave dest Perhaps she was embarrassed in the conscious ness of her odd attire, and the curious looks east upon her as she rode through the village. Perhaps she was secretly ashamed of her mad race, and of the exceptional, unwomanly physical prowes that had made it possible, notwithstanding the fact that it had saved cult to calculate. The race is linked togethe

"I shall never underrate the value of phys ical training for woman again, Mrs. Middleton. Some day I shall beg to put my little daughter under your tutelage."

whose little daughter was the apple of his eye, and whom he had hitherto only looked forward to making an accomplished woman of elegant manners

Neither honor nor praise awaited Kate in her own home. Bridget scolded her and put gerous business to be a numan being at all. her to bed, and declared that she "wad surely catch her death a cold, an' she desarved it sour grapes his children's teeth will be set on well," and tried to save her from the consequences of her misdeeds at the same time. Of the children, Harry stubbornly resented her base desertion of them on the bank of the raging stream, and Marian, with ber mother's spirit of adventure strong upon her, terrified the household by avowing her intention of going across the water on a tree the first time she could escape parental authority

The mother had her reward, nevertheless. Late that night, when the children were asleep and Bridget had relaxed guard, Kate escaped from bed, and donning a wrapper and shawl, laid perself down upon the lounge before the open fire to enjoy scanning the daily paper The rain fell steadily without, so steadily that the sound of a horse's boofs coming up the sodden driveway was scarcely distinguishable from the patter of the rain drops. Kate started up as she heard a step outside the door, another moment, and Tom was before her, looking very solemn, like a newly materialized ghost.

"Tom?" she cried, sharply, and then seemed to cower before him, yet not before him, but could she have had her choice, and in the the horror of the afternoon, which again descended upon her and took possession of her Tom, her husband, might have been one of that grisly throng of mangled, crushed, dead, dving phantoms of the might have been, ever torturing her mental vision. She pressed her hands over her eyes, as if they might bar out

"Oh, you ought not, you should never do such a thing," she said.

After all, she had nerves, and they had been sorely tried that day "What do you mean?" gravely demanded

Tom. This was indeed a sorry greeting, after all be had been through. "You shouldn't come home in this unexpected way, you should let people know when

you are coming.' 'Kate," said Tom solemnly, seating himself on the sofa and drawing her down beside him, "you will speak differently when you know how near I came to not coming bome at all, I have traveled twelve mile on horseback over a rough mountain road to get here to-night. We were just starting out of Prescita when we were notified that the bridge three miles below there-six miles above

here, Kate-had been carried away." "How did you find out? Kate was berself again. There was a little twinkle in her eye,

but her lip trembled. "As to that," replied Tom, "reports are somewhat vagua. But all accounts agree it was a woman. And she did wonderful things -the bridge tender's wife, I believe. Floated down stream on a timber, somebody said. Started, all dripping, for the station, and got there in an unconscionable short time, Not a minute to spare. If it hadn't been for her! -oh, it was a wonderful feat, everybody

"But how-very-unladylike!" said Kata, in a shocked voice, stooping to pick up some

thing from the floor.
"Unladylike?" cried Tom, excitedly. "I tell you, Kate, that was something worth Very different from your lawn tenns

trunk loverly anchored by long, make like very nother hunting suit and was talking practice. When a woman puts her strength to each a gae - and spot a strain to it must have seen, by Jove Why Kate, I doubt if you could so much as walk to town and turk. But when a woman saves two or three hunmeantains in a rain storm. Storm and dred lives at one stroke-- My guardness. streets of it-bilizensis of siset and bail and have. What have you been doing to your

ciamsy fingers, and finished with a red flan Voice and speaker were familiar to the nerowatning was indeed calculated to strike

"I-I was a little walk today," replied words came only too distinctly to per quick. Kate guiltly trying to nide the foot again hereath the nem of her dress. "But don't let up talk streat that. Tom: I'm sorry I wasn't feeling well, and you-you looked so

Like many people who are dauntless in the presence of real danger. Kate that all her life been shy of praise. If she could have kept the knowledge of ner estapade, as she men tally termed it. from per bustanit, she would came forward, the look of amazement on his gladly have done it. But, stupid as he was face, as he viewed the singular apparition in in some ways obtuse as he was, he was not the doorway giving place to amused induit to be put off in this way. He was already on his kneep leside per cutting threads renewing pass and undoing cloths, in spite of per protests until be disclosed a little foot, purple with invines, and with an unit, gaping out in one side

No winder you are not yourself to-night. A little west I should say so Kate, what

have you feen up to sow?" "I had on my slippers," confessed the culprat, 'and-there wasn't time to change them Let it alone Tom. It'll be all right to-morrow.

"A little walk"" persisted Tora. "Great Capar Kate, you are not to be trusted alone any more than a 2-year-old tube. I'll never dare to go off and leave you again." "If I hadn't taken my little walk, you-

you-you mightn't have had the chance!" cried texis Kate, cornered at last.

"My woulf cried Tonn, a light dawning upon him at last "It was you. I think he kneed the little hame bruised feet I am afraid he did a great many foolish tungs and numbled named finest impertably to show his hive for his brave young wife, his

pride in her and his contrition.

There was a pure muste up by the passen gers on the overland train that fateful day to reward the plucky woman who had saved them from such a frightful disaster, but they were never able to find her out. The station master and Jack Spences kept their secret well. The only subscription that ever reached its destination was four Middleton's His wife sometimes wears a very ugly bracelet set with a couple of very large and ponderous gold coms. When people question her about Some of the loungers, dimly understand awarded her for a race she wou. It is generboats on the pond now saddle horses in Tom's stable and a tennix court on the lawn. But even as she answers Kate wes again the rail road train with its promous living freight. thundering on to destruction, and a woman most deeply converned were nine miles away rough country in a nind effort to avert the impending danger - Fiora Haines Loughead in The Argonaut.

Danger of Being a Human Being.

Heredity is a puzzle. It werns to be easier in this world to inherit bad qualities and traits than good, but both sorts make such leaps and numps, and are so inclined to go off on collateral lines that the succession is diffimany lives. She did not even invite Jack to in a curious tangle. so that it is aimost im come in when she reached her own door, but possible to fix the responsibility. Defects or descended from the wagor with great dignity. Vices or virtues, will not always go in a and only relaxed a little when Jack said, very straight line. The children of deaf mutes, for example, are not apt to be deaf mutes, but the cousins of those children may be deaf mutes, showing, it is said, that some remote ancestor of toth had some mental or physical defect which has teen transmitted to his Which was a great concession for Jack, posterity though not in the form in which he was afflicted

in most cases we cannot do anything about it the older our civilization becomes the more complicated and intricate are our relations, so that it has already become a dan It is not always certain that if a man ents edge, but the effect of the sour grape diet may skip a generation or two or appear in a collateral line. We try to study this problem in our asylums and prisons, and we get a great many interesting facts, but they are too conflicting to guide legislation. The difficulty is to relieve a person of responsibility for the sins of his ancestors without relieving him of responsibility for his own sins -- Chi-

Climate and Drinking Habita.

That climate affects the enting and drinking habits of men is well understood, but some Swedes who did not take it into account the other day had a unique verifica-tion of the rule. A well known artist who is from Sweden imported the materials for a grand supply of Swedish punch the other day. The principal component of this punch is arrack. Any abse bodied man in Sweden can drink a quart of it in an evening Theartist has often done so Having compounded the punch and invited four or tive Swedish friends to come to his house, all sat down to revive convivial Swedish memo ries. But this is not a Swedish climate, and they were only able to drink less than a pint aptere. Worse than that, not one member of the party felt any inclination to leave the house until the next day - New York Sun.

The Daisies Touched Her Beart.

Last year when daisies first opened their golden eyes, a simple little woman entered a Fifth avenue cough with a huge bunch of the flowers in her hands. In the corner sate haughty looking dame, shoulders square and head erect. You would not have thought it possible to touch a womanly spot in her beart. The daisies did it, though. She looked very sad and sober for a minute. Then the tears welled up to her eyes, and she burst out like a child, leaning forward and laying her hand on the little woman's arm: "Oh, tell me, are the daisies out at soon! Are there any butterruse vet? The intle woman answered with ever wide open. It seemed so strange a thing to ber that when she left the coach she left haif the bunch of flowers on ber sister woman's knee. - Frank Leslie's.

Machinery to the Barroom.

The inventors seem to have been spending a great dear of talent on labor saving ments for tarresus of late. The big city drinking scioons, constantly rushed with business, have necessitated the saving of time by machinery in every way possible. Corks are now patiest by machinery, ice is ground in machines that closely resemble coffee mills, homeons are squeezed in ingenious presses, quessures of a fixed size are provided for gauging the right amount of liquor for cocktail, automatic printing presses instantly turn out checks or the denominations in de-mand, special tools have been made to pull the bungs from beer kegs, and it is becoming difficult to see any room left for new inven tions - New York Sun.

When Washington Laughed.

It has been observed that Washington idomed smiled and never laughed. This, however, is not correct. One instance is mentioned by a gentleman, well known for his veracity, with a degree of sang froid. At the time the troops were encamped at Cambridge, information was received at headquarters that the English were about leaving Boston to give them battle. All was bustle and confusion. The soldiers were strolling over the town, and the officers were but ill prepared for the approaching renconter. Some of the generals were calling for their horses, and others for their arms; and among the rest was Gen. Greene, at the bottom of the stairs, bawling to the barber for his wig. "Bring my wig, you rascal; bring my Gen. Lee diverted himself and the rest of the company at the expense of Greene. "Your wig is behind the looking glass, sir " At which Greene, raising his es, perceived, by the mirror, that the r was where it should be-on his head. ashington, in a fit of laughter, threw miself on the sofa, and the whole group resented ruther a Judicrous spectacle. New York Mirror, Jan. 11, 1854

Wagien Make Good Swimmers.

The records of the humane societies on the sides of the Atlantic show that of Who was no Go its years a fair proportion of their medals all to the lot of girls. There were saveral notable instances of rescue from drowning last summer by girls under Many women are accomplished degrees. This is but matural. beir bones are generally lighter than ose of men, and their flesh more buoyand, they have less difficulty to overcome in acquiring the art. Some of them could tions at their first attempt, if they could quire the requisite faith in the power of the water to hold them up. Swimming is very much an art of faith, for it is generally the case that when a person believes sufficiently in the buoyancy of the water to trust to it his precious body, lo' he is a swimmer. There were young girls at Newport, last summer, who could float on the surface of the ocean with no more difficulty than they experienced in lying upon a sofa. They could have floated for ors, if necessary. Some of the most famous swimming feats have been accomplished by very young women. - The

Customs of English Sportsmen.

When a London man is asked down to join a shooting party, he would not take his "loader" with him, as his host would expect to find him a "loader," for no man loads his own gun in England: it is the duty of a servant. But if he were residing in the country he would expect to take his "loader" with him, and he could "shoot with two guns;" that is, he would bring two guns, as the delay of waiting for one to be loaded might lose him a fine It is considered a great offense in England if a man is "noisy" when out shooting, loudly talkative or boisterously merry or given to exchanations when a bird rises or when a bird is missed. A true sportsman observes a strict silence. -Cor. Philadelphia Times.

A Protection Against Burglars.

A Connecticut Yankee suggests the use of flash light photography as a means of protecting bank vaults from burglars. He says: "I would have a camera placed in a position where it would command in the field of the lens a space of ten feet square or more in front of the door of vault, and have the other apparatus so arranged that as soon as tampering with the vault door was attempted the would be placed in operation. My plan would of course include retaining burglar alarm connecting with police headquarters. As soon as the burglars had begun operations the police would be alarmed, and at the same instant a picture of the men would be made by camera and flash light combined, so that , even if the men escaped the police they would leave behind them evidence which would very probably eventually result in their detection."-New York Sun.



A heavy burden -all the ills and ailments that only female flesh is heir to. It rests with von whether you carry it or lay it Western Branch, Box 27, PORTLAND, OB down. You can cure the disorders and derangements that prey upon your sex, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization.

For all organic displacements and weaknesses, accompanied by weak back, bearing-down sensations, and for all uterine diseases, it's a positive specific. It's guaranteed to give satisfaction, in every case. If it doesn't, you've only to ask for your money and it's cheerfully refunded. If it does, you'll want to ask for nothing more. It's ST. HELEN'S HALL, the cheapest medicine you can use, because you only pay for the good you get. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, invigorates the system, and produces refreshing sleep.

A NOVEL SCHENE

A Portland Company That Will Care for World's Fair Visitors.

An organization, composed of Portland capitalists from among the best-known business men of that city, has filed articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State as the Pacific Coast World's Fair Saving stock, \$100,000. The object of the company is to provide first-class, safe and contoni cal transportation to the World's Fair neals on dining cars en route, going and eturning; hotel accommodations in Chi cago; admittance to Fair grounds and neals on the grounds; the whole to be paid for on the installment plan of \$1.40 each week, or \$0 per month. The officers of this week, or \$6 per month. The officers of this company are G. A. Meoney, President; Herbert Bradley, Vice-President; J. L. Hartman, Treasurer of the Northwest Loan and Trust Company, Treasurer; Charles H. Gleim, Secretary and General Manager, The Board of Directors includes Colonel named gentlemen. The Northwest Loan and Trust Company is custodian of the funds. Full particulars and the plan pro-posed can be obtained by addressing Mr. Charles H Gleim, Secretary and General Manager, 46 Stark street, Portland, Or.

Some one has written a back called "The Man

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

Many persons are afflicted with skin eruptions, boils or aloers. Brancarn's Pilia taken freely will in a short time effeet a complete cure of all such troubles. Ulcers of long standing have been cured by them. Carbuncles have been checked in their incipiency by them. The worst fever sores, bed sores and the like have been driven from the skin by them. Only begin in time and a few of BRANDRETH'S PILLS will prevent many a sickness.

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