

When in thy glass thou dost behold thy face, Not long, nor yet not so long, half reflected...

RESCUED BY LUCK.

In the fall of 1899 I was employed as a clerk in a general store at a cross roads in southern Indiana.

The merchant seemed satisfied with the answers I gave him, and on a certain Monday morning I went to work.

It did not seem possible that any one could break into the store without arousing me. There was no door to my room, and after the people in the neighborhood had gone to bed I could hear the slightest noise in the store.

There were two strange faces in the crowd that evening. One belonged to a roughly dressed, evil eyed man, who announced himself as a drover, and the other to a professional tramp.

Everything on the street was as silent as the grave. My window curtain was up, and I could see that the sky had thickened up and was very black.

then the movement of feet, then a certain sound which located the intruders to a foot. I drew myself forward and looked down the opening.

"It's all d—d nonsense. We might work here a week and not hit it." "But I told you to bring the tools and you wouldn't."

"There," whispered the man at the combination, as he let go of it. "I won't fool here another minute. The kid knows the combination, and we can make him work it. Come on."

"I had them covered with the weapon, and for fifteen seconds there was dead silence. Then they got a plan. The man with the candle dashed it on the floor, and I suppose they meant to rush in on me in the dark but I checked them off by opening fire.

It was three months before he could be put on trial, and he then got four years in prison. The whole thing was a put up job. The "drover" was a Chicago burglar called "Clawhammer Dick," and he had hidden himself in the store that night, and then let his pals in by the back door.

The Princess of Piedmont's dress caught in the spur of an officer of lineers; result, a tremendous rent in the sweeping skirt, and a long whisp of gown trailing on the floor.

The flat system is more and more extending, and while it gives rest for the weary and freedom from annoyance on the one hand, it on the other hand, a la Paris, covers up some amount of immorality.

A HUNT ON THE PLAINS.

HOW SOLDIERS CHASED ELK IN THE NEBRASKAN HILLS.

Exciting Moments for Horses as Well as Men—Plan of Attack Upon a Herd—A Big Block of Sleepy Elk—A Shower of Snow Balls.

Not more than a hundred yards away was a fine grouping of game that would have delighted the heart of Landseer, and certainly delighted mine.

We had arranged our plans the night before, and now we hurried to carry them out. Down the hollow of the ravine the hunters, separated from one another by a space of from three to four yards and facing the ridge that hid us from the unsuspecting elk, were stretched like a skirmish line, while I rode out in front of the center of the line just far enough to be easily seen by all.

"Many of the older hunters dropped their carbines across their saddle bows, and drawing their revolvers, delivered a deadly fire at blinding range. Dashing through this little bewildered herd like a gust of wind, the hunting party swung to the left of the slope of the long ridge where, from 150 to 200 yards away, the main herd had "bunched."

Far down on my right the marshal's carbine had been knocked from his hand by the horns of a plunging buck, while near me, on the left, a burly Wurttemberg corporal, with empty, smoking pistol, brought the barrel down like a club on the head of an elk that was trying in the crush to push its way directly over his horse.

It was growing dark as the sergeant in charge of the wagon party rapped at my tent and reported: "The wagons are in with the carcasses of nineteen elk, and I am satisfied we have gotten them all, sir." The next day we started for home.—Frederick Schwatka in The Century.

It is twice as difficult to keep waiters under control here as in European cities. They have to be constantly watched or they become careless—they lose the manners of good waiters. The fact is, the average American diner is the best natured man on earth. The swells of the highest rank in this country will accept attendance in the dining room that would drive a Frenchman into hysterics.

His Retort.

Customer—What's the charge? Barber—Thirty cents. Customer—Why, I thought you charged only fifteen cents for a shave. Barber—Yes, sir, but you see you have a double chin.

A Financial Blow.

Mr. McLeod—San'thagge be nothin'! I'm down from business comin' 'r buy a hoss. That feller tried 'r grab my bank, 'r I jist give him one with 'the institution.—Puck.

Another Victim.—She has refused me. She shall suffer! I will darken her life at the cost of my own. Ah, ha, proud beauty! You shall drag through the coming years knowing that a suicide's blood is upon your head.

Romantic Lover to himself.—She has refused me. She shall suffer! I will darken her life at the cost of my own. Ah, ha, proud beauty! You shall drag through the coming years knowing that a suicide's blood is upon your head.

A Mean Fling at the Central City. First Manager—St. Louis is a pretty dead theatrical town, isn't it? Second Manager—Dead is no name for it. You have to send carriages to the deadhouse.

Retribution. The salesman in the music store had succeeded at last, after an hour's hard talking, in working off a cheap, wherry, screwing fiddle on a customer at four times its value.

The Duke Gets the Last Word. "You always say I guess," said the duke, "and really, I detest your Americanisms—they're so jolly vulgar."

An Alarming Discovery. Gus—Why, Algy, what is the matter? Are you sick? Algernon—No, my dear fellow, but I'm frightened about myself. A doctor told me yesterday that the air is poisoning on me with a pressure of fifteen pounds to the inch. That's a terrible thing, and I don't believe I can stand it much longer!—Munsey's Weekly.

They Were Good. "Go get me some matches," the baron ordered his valet, "and see you try them before you bring them. The last were no good." The valet goes and returns. "Well." "They are all good, sir. I tried them every one."—From the French.

She Lived to Learn. Mr. Caustique—And so old Mrs. Gadd is dead? Mr. Cary Nones—Yes, dead and buried.

Mr. Caustique—Dead and buried? Humph! I'll wager that by this time she knows all the family antecedents of the woman in the adjacent lot.—Life.

She Mistook the Number. "You ought to have seen that young fellow travel when he left the house last night," said Mabel's younger brother at the breakfast table. "He struck a 240 gait."

A Vast Difference. Spangle—How did you come out in that embezzlement case against you? Spangle—Oh, I was discharged. Spangle—By the jury? Spangle—No; by my employer.—Lawrence American.

The Difficulty. Manma—Oh, children! why can't you be good and stop quarreling all the time? Jimmie—Well, ma, I want to be a blacksmith and Jennie an anvil, but every time I hit her she hollers.—New York Morning Journal.

Looking for Number Two. Shoe Dealer (to young widow, who is hauling over a pile of ladies' slippers)—Are you looking for number two, ma'am? Young Widow (blushing)—Yes, sir. Are you an unmarried man?—Burlington Free Press.

An Exchange. One day in an excess of folly, The date I have reason to note, To take for a drive my dear Mollie I "spotted" my spring overcoat.

The sleigh bells they merrily jingled, The air was as sparkling as wine, My Mollie's cheeks healthily tingled, Her appetite too was divine.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash With smiles that will her pain disperse, While beneath the drooping lash One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles.

The mother who conceals her grief While to her bravest her son she presses, Then breathes a few brave words and brief, Kissing the patriot brow she blesses.

How Paper Car Wheels Are Made. Richard N. Allen, the inventor of the paper car wheel, is in town just now. He is here to meet George Pullman.

The material is calendered rye straw "board," or thick paper, made at Morris, Ill. This is sent to the works in circular sheets of 22 to 40 inches in diameter. Two men standing by piles of these rapidly brush over each sheet an even coat of flour paste, until there are a dozen of them, which make a layer. The layers are subjected to a hydraulic press, with a pressure of 500 tons.

A New Application for Electricity. Pathologically considered, the electric current has been and is doing a vast amount of good, and physicians of the highest repute do not to-day consider themselves fully provided with the quota of their requisites until they have a standard set of instruments.

Bangs for Colored Belles. All the world does not know that there are hair stores in New York where colored belles can fit themselves out in artificial bangs, switches and knots all ready to set on. These institutions are few, to be sure, and are located on unpretentious avenues and humble streets; but they undoubtedly fill a very noticeable "long felt want."

German Syrup. For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as children's troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time.

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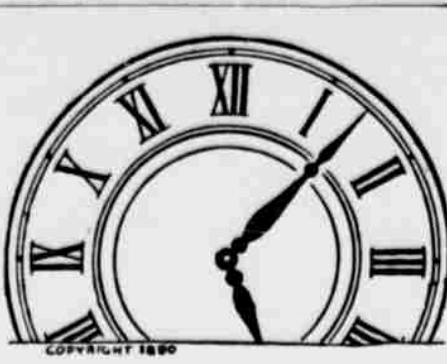
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