

### A TASTE OF BLOOD

(Original)  
Jonathan Greenwill was a china merchant of Philadelphia. He had several ships afloat, and his son Robert, having a taste for the sea, was given command of one of them, the Pelican. The old man decided to make a voyage with his son on the Pelican and had a stateroom fitted up for him.

The voyage to China was uneventful. Jonathan Greenwill, who was a Quaker of the mildest type, sat much on deck, looking over old ocean's bosom, which throbbled gently; the clouds above, which rolled peacefully, and the sea birds, which sailed gracefully. Nothing could have been more conducive to a deepening of the old man's noncombustant principles.

The voyage out finished and a goodly cargo of silks, tea and other valuables having been taken aboard, the Pelican started for home. She was sailing southward one afternoon on the China sea midway between the Malay peninsula and the island of Borneo when a low, rakish looking vessel appeared on the eastern horizon that especially attracted Captain Robert Greenwill's attention. The old man sat on deck in his chair, absorbed, as usual, in the peacefulness of the scene. The captain went below, and when he returned strange noises were heard underneath.

"What are those sounds, Robert?" asked the father.

"Guns being hauled into position behind masked openings. Do you see that vessel? She's a pirate."

"But, Robert, exclaimed the old man, rising in great indignation, 'what is this going to do?'

"Fight!"

The father said nothing for some time, then spoke earnestly:

"Robert, I know my principles. If this fight, I cannot help thee."

"You can go below, father, and await the issue there."

"What arms have thee?"

"I've always carried three guns of each calibre, and I have a plentiful supply of bullets and cartridges."

"I never knew that, or I would not have allowed it."

"That I know very well, father."

An hour later the situation was as follows: The Pelican and the pirate were within a mile of each other, both heading for the strait. The owner of the Pelican was in his stateroom. To enable him to keep his pistol ready he had locked himself in and thrown the key out through a porthole. In doing so he caught sight of the pirate just as she "broke" the skull and bones from her peak, and a few moments later she fired a shot across the Pelican's bows.

Mr. Greenwill was expecting to hear some response from the Pelican's guns, but he did not. Since this was in accordance with his professed views he should have been pleased, but he was not. He started to go and see what occasioned the delay, but found the door locked. A profane word was on his lips, but he repressed it. Mounting a stool he called through an opening above the door:

"Why doesn't she fire, Robert?"

But Robert was too far away to hear, besides being otherwise engaged. Jonathan got down from the stool and had locked the porthole. He was about to see the pirate fire a gun that struck the Pelican within twenty feet of the opening through which he was looking. The pirate was now near enough for him to see the deck swarming with the ugliest lot of yellow cutthroats he had ever looked at.

Again forgetting that the door was locked, he tried to open it. At that moment there were three simultaneous boomings in his own ship, and he ran back to the porthole to get a view. He saw activity on the pirate and new guns run out.

The fight was now well on, and between the booms were heard sounds of the old man's boot against the door of the stateroom, which finally yielded, and Jonathan Greenwill rushed on deck with a cutlass that he had picked up as he ran.

"Give 'em—more balls, Robert! Why don't they fire faster?"

"All hands ready to repel boarders!" was the captain's only reply, seeing that the pirate was hauling in toward the Pelican.

Ten minutes later the pirate had grappled with the Pelican and a lot of hands were climbing aboard. The Pelican's crew were fewer in number, but of a superior race. The Pelican's deck was higher than the pirate's, and as the pirates put their hands on the gunwales they were chopped off by the cutlasses of the Pelican's men. Nevertheless a number of them got aboard, and both sides fought desperately. Finally, when half of those who had boarded were killed, the pirate sheered off and left the rest at the mercy of the Pelican's crew.

Then for the first time Robert Greenwill got a view of his father. The old man, covered with pirates' blood, his eyes staring, was lacking away at the remnant of the yellow fiends who had sought to take his ship.

"Hold on, father! We'll take them ashore and let the authorities hang them."

Either the old man did not hear or his blood was too hot to heed. He went on lacking and stabbing, and the men, considering his example an order, went on killing the pirates till none was left alive. Then, when there was no more blood to feed Jonathan Greenwill's thirst, he suddenly came to himself. Dropping his cutlass, he went down the companionway, and soon his voice was heard wrestling in prayer for forgiveness for having sinned in having not only used the sword, but having killed more pirates than any man aboard the ship.

FRANK P. CHENEY.

How She Meant It.

"How did Maybell enjoy the evening?"

"Not very well. They didn't have her on the program."

"But I heard them asking her to sing."

"Yes."

"And they insisted, but she refused."

"Yes."

"What more did she want?"

"She is sore because they did not drag her to the piano by main force."

### HOW I CAME TO EAT HUMBLE PIE

(Original)  
While making a journey recently I fell in with a married couple who for urbanity, cheerfulness, kindness, indeed every trait calculated to make their own and other lives pleasant, beat anything I had ever met.

"I have been trying," I said to the gentleman, "to fix in my mind what your calling may be. I can't quite make you out. You are neither a lawyer, a doctor nor a clergyman. Nor do you appear to be a man of business."

The gentleman pulled a card from his pocket and handed it to me. I read:

MR. AND MRS. WORTHINGTON BLISS.  
Holders of domestic wounds.

I looked from the card to the face of the man with surprise and inquiry. "It is surprising," he said, "that you should be surprised. There is no profession in the world calculated to do so much good as ours. It is the only profession except medicine, of which it is in part a branch, that brings comfort out of suffering. There are matrimonial brokers and divorce lawyers. Why not peacemakers?"

"What is your clientele?"

"A wife is wretched from some disagreement with her husband. A husband is wretched from some disagreement with his wife. A daughter or a son is making his or her parents miserable either from extravagance, and in dueces or an unsuitable match. We get at the cause or causes of these disagreements, then set about removing them. In this way we restore amicable relations. A better name for our profession perhaps would be 'repairers of fractured affections.' When the mechanism in which the gem love is set becomes weak or broken we make the necessary repairs."

"But how do you accomplish results?" I asked, with growing wonder, yet struck by the plausibility of the man's words.

"That will best be explained by giving you a few instances. A wife recently came to us whose husband was apparently losing his love for her, his home and his children. Mrs. Bliss, under pretense of being a former schoolmate of the wife, made the family a visit. She soon discovered that the wife was turning the house into a prayer meeting. It required the greatest tact for her to convince the deluded woman of her error. A brief season of gayety was prescribed.

"I wouldn't take him as a gift. You might throw in his clothes, and the oil can with which he oils his imagination, and the monkey wrench with which he tightens up the wheels in his head, and then I wouldn't take him. No, sir. If I wanted a witness the worst way and he would be the only witness on earth, I wouldn't sell my hands by taking that low down specimen. Take him yourself or let the bailiff get a pair of tongs and take him away."

As Usual.

When the front on the pumpkin and the pumpkin's in the pie.  
What a lot of satisfaction  
Can be compassed in a sigh.

It's a sign of sweet contentment;  
It's a tribute to the skill  
Of the daughter, wife or mother  
Who has stuffed us till we're full.

She can give us cakes and pudding;  
We will eat them till we die.  
But we give the flaunting banner  
To the golden pumpkin pie.

Easy to Finance.

"What is so disquieting as to see a young girl chewing gum?"

"Looks good to me," replied Charley Tightwad. "There is no other way I know of to keep the dear creatures happy for a cent."

Not Superstitious.

"I don't believe in luck."  
"Why?"  
"It isn't lucky."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

The devil likes human nature because there is something so akin to himself in it.

No doubt children regard parents as a great responsibility.

Nothing equals the zeal with which a foreigner strives to be like an American except the zeal with which some Americans strive to be foreign.

When people are about to prosper they should see to it that they get a brand that they can stand.

We regret to inform you that in your case we have met with a first absolute defeat. It would be impossible to convince a man so utterly unworthy of a wife, so insensible to his own defects, that in him lies the cause of his domestic wound. Your wife has confessed that her supposed cavalier is really her nephew, whom you have never till recently seen. She has been pretending to flirt with him, hoping to please you and bring you back to your true allegiance. Indeed you will find your shortcomings listed. We would advise you to read them over every day for a month.

I took Mr. Bliss' advice and at the end of a week ate humble pie and paid a large fee for the privilege of being convinced that it was my duty to do so. But the healers earned their money.

F. A. MITCHELL.

More Interesting Subject.

"How is your promotion scheme coming on?"

"Rather slow."

"But I thought you were to meet two capitalists last night."

"I did, but they had hardly got together before they discovered that each had a baby just learning to talk, and you can imagine how much of a chance I had to get a word in."

### Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

#### BUYING EXPERIENCE.

The gentleman who goes to law  
To fight a fancied wrong  
Discovers that the remedy  
Is pretty middling strong  
And that he cannot get it free  
Or buy it for a song.

He calls to mind a lawyer friend  
And drops into his place  
And lays before the legal light  
The merits of his case.  
Who tells him that it surely looks  
A winner on its face.

He says it seems as plain as day,  
As far as he can see.  
And that the jury and the judge,  
Oath bound, must so agree,  
And then he slips hints about  
A small retainer fee.

That only gives the thing a start,  
For as the case gets hot  
It gobbles up his bank account  
And all that he has got.  
And then he finds, alas, that he  
Must mortgage house and lot.

The gentleman who goes to law  
For satisfaction looks.  
He soon discovers that there are kinks  
Not written in the books  
And that in place of sweet revenge  
He only gets the books.

Liberal.



"There goes a self made man."  
"What is the secret of his success?"  
"No secret about it at all. Just let him get at you and he will tell you all about it until you holler for help."

Wouldn't Have Him.

"Now," said the lawyer to the counsel on the opposing side after he had exhaustively examined his star witness, bringing out the alleged facts that his side had a clear case and that every witness on the other side was a perjurer and a horse thief, "you may take the witness."

"Not I," drawled the other lawyer. "I wouldn't take him as a gift. You might throw in his clothes, and the oil can with which he oils his imagination, and the monkey wrench with which he tightens up the wheels in his head, and then I wouldn't take him. No, sir. If I wanted a witness the worst way and he would be the only witness on earth, I wouldn't sell my hands by taking that low down specimen. Take him yourself or let the bailiff get a pair of tongs and take him away."

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### PIANO LESSONS ARE FREE

#### Eiler's New Year's Gift to Buyers Who Take Advantage of Sale Now in Progress.

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The head of every home which does not now possess a choice piano will surely be intensely interested in this announcement. Sixty-one of the finest pianos, made by one of the oldest and most reliable piano manufacturers, are being offered far below regular price.

The recent financial uncertainty caught many manufacturers, in practically every line, unprepared. In this particular instance Eiler's Piano House secured most unusual concessions by taking eight carloads, 142 instruments of 200 pianos, which had been finished. This advantage in turn is presented to our patrons; \$1 have been sold.

The pianos in this sale are know-far and wide. They are of the highest standing. We are not at liberty to mention them by name in the papers in connection with these cut prices. It would hurt their sale at regular prices elsewhere. Suffice it to say the pianos have never been sold for less than \$375 and \$400 for the fancy kind. Now they go for \$248 and \$264 respectively.

AND MUSIC LESSONS FREE.

Nor is the concession in price mentioned below the only attraction in connection with these pianos. The buyers of these pianos will secure free a term of four months music lessons from any school or teacher desired.

PAY \$2 A WEEK.

These prizes mean for all cash, but any reliable person may secure the same on payments of \$16 or \$18 or \$19 a month with the simple additional interest.

Remember, please, that the four month's course of music lessons will be given free of charge. The purchaser may select any school or teacher preferred. We pay the bill.

No such proposition has ever been made in this or any other city. We are sure it will never be made again, simply because such a financial condition never can again arise.

Please remember, too, that the regular Eiler's guarantee—money back if instrument is not in every way satisfactory—accompanies every one of these pianos; also the maker's five years' warranty which is countersigned by us.

If you live out of town, you need not hesitate in securing one of these instruments. We will ship any style desired, fancy mahogany, splendid mottled burl walnut or quarter sawed oak, subject to inspection and approval, we taking all chances. Write or telephone for full description of these pianos at once, before all are sold.

The free music lessons offer applied only to pianos sold before Christmas, but has been extended to a few days longer. It is a double holiday remembrance on the part of Eiler's piano house—a remembrance to the buyer and a remembrance to whichever teacher or school the buyer selects.

Sale rooms are open every evening. Eiler's Piano House, 353 Washington, corner of Park, Portland, Or.—The House of Highest Quality.

#### Of Interest to Women.

Every woman naturally should be healthy and strong, but a great many women, unfortunately are not, owing to the unnatural condition of the lives we lead. Headache, backache, and a general tired condition are prevalent amongst the women of today, and to relieve these conditions women rush to the druggists for a bottle of some preparation supposed to be particularly for them, and containing, nobody knows what. If they would just get a box of Brandt's Pills and take them regularly every night for a time, all their troubles would disappear, as these pills regulate the organs of the feminine system. The same dose always has the same effect, no matter how long they are used.

Brandt's Pills have been in use for over a century and are sold in every drug and medicine store either plain or sugar-coated.

The spirit of winter is with us making its presence known in many different ways—sometimes by cherry sunshine and glistening snows, and sometimes by driving winds and blinding storms. To many people it seems to take a delight in making bad things worse, for rheumatism twists harder, twinges sharper, catarrh becomes more annoying, and the many symptoms of scrofula are developed and aggravated. There is not much poetry in this but there is truth and it is a wonder that more people don't get rid of these ailments sooner. The medicine that cures them—Hood's Sarsaparilla—is easily obtained and there is abundant proof that its cures are radical and permanent.

#### ELECTRICITY FOR LIGHTING IS ONLY EXPENSIVE TO PEOPLE WHO ARE WASTFUL AND CARELESS. TO YOU, WHO ARE NATURALLY CAREFUL, IT DOES NOT COME HIGH.

It is economical because it can be quickly turned off when not needed. With gas or kerosene there is the temptation to let light burn when not needed to save bother of lighting and adjusting. In some homes the electric light bill amounts to only about \$2 per month. You can probably get some kind of artificial light for less money than electric light, but does it save you anything when it limits opportunities for work and recreation, ruins your eyesight, smokes your walls, mars decorations and increases household work. You can profitably save a dollar to-morrow by going without your meals, but it wouldn't be economy. It is not so much what you save, but how you save, that counts. We are always ready to explain the "ins and outs" of the lighting proposition to you. Call on us or phone to us. We are never too busy to talk business.

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Dallas, Oregon.

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