

BREVITIES

THE HALL OF FAME.

A Vienna newspaper says that Kubelik, the violinist, will soon become the owner of a string of race horses.

The Grand Duke Paul of Russia is so tall that no hotel bed will fit him, so he carries on his travels a sectional affair to secure personal comfort.

Dr. Thomas S. Satterwhite of Louisville, Ky., one of the most noted physicians in the south, has been elected president of the Southern Railway Surgeons' association.

Bradley Pratt, a prominent citizen of Rutland, Vt., has just died in that city at the age of ninety-four. His father lived to be 102 years of age, and four surviving brothers and sisters' ages aggregate 333 years.

Colonel Stephen N. Winslow has been connected with the Philadelphia Inquirer for sixty-three years and is still active in the harness, beginning as night reporter in 1842. The colonel is nearly eighty years old.

General Nogi, who is giving the Russians so astonishing an exhibition of his knowledge of the art of modern war, commenced his military education fighting in mediaeval armor with the bow and arrow and the sword of the samurai.

H. B. Blackwell, the venerable reformer and publicist, has just celebrated his eightieth birthday in Boston. He was a potent factor in the Free Soil movement and married Lucy Stone, a leader in the woman suffrage movement, in 1855. He has been a persistent advocate of suffrage for women.

Lieutenant Arthur T. Sadler of the United States volunteer life saving crew, at Charlesbank, Mass., has built himself a pair of shoes, or boots, with which he has successfully walked on the waters of the Charles river, and he is in hopes that they will prove of value in the saving of lives on inland waters.

Mr. and Mrs. Delorme of Worcester, Mass., celebrated their golden wedding anniversary a few days ago. In the morning they attended mass, the choir being composed of forty-one of their grandchildren. Two great-granddaughters and one great-grandson were in immediate attendance upon the old couple. Their nine children were also present.

HORSES AND HORSEMEN.

Terrace Queen, 2:06, by Velpeau, is now owned by Charles Donnelly of Pittsburg.

D. Wolf of Chicora, Pa., has purchased the pacing stallion The Shah, 2:10 1/4, from George W. Dougherty of Kittanning, Pa.

The trotter Glen H., 2:17 1/4, which Jimmie Burns of Detroit recently leased, will be raced on the grand circuit the coming season.

A three-year-old stallion by Arion, 2:07 3/4, in Ras Ecker's stable at Memphis has already stepped quarters around 34 seconds.

Thomas Bass of Mexico, Mo., recently sold B. S. Elkhorn of St. Louis the last season's prize winner at the horse shows, Hall Boy, for \$725.

Hall Frey, 2:09 1/4, is in Howard Perry's stable at Kansas City. The bay trotter is going steady now and acts like a much improved gelding.

Don Riley of St. Joseph, Mo., will exhibit the unbeaten show mare Emma H. in the roadster class at all of the prominent horse shows this season.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

Vivid colorings are conspicuous in the millinery of the year.

The only new styles of parasols this season are the flat Japanese shape and the deep tub.

Parasols of plain silk, with detachable handles of logwood, are popular for travelers.

Shirt waist suits of natural pongee are trimmed with medallions of venise lace in self color.

Coat sets, consisting of collar and cuffs, are to be had not alone in linen and pique, but in lawn and lace as well.

Although the reign of the polo turban and companion small hats continues, larger hats will also be on view during the coming months.

The white linen fad covers the white linen parasol, the white sailor which can be hand painted or embroidered, or both; the white shoes, the white dresses, the belts, the stocks and all of the other articles of wardrobe.—Brooklyn Eagle.

EDITORIAL FLINGS.

The president never kills a stork in his hunting trips.—Louisville Herald.

A fashion writer says that up to date woman has taken to half hose. Smart husbands will "get up first" hereafter.—New York Herald.

Women are not the only Americans who pay fabulous sums for titles. John W. Gates spent \$1,000,000 trying to become known as a wheat king and then did not succeed.—Kansas City

Star.

Arkansas officials are in a bad state of mind because they have discovered that they hanged the wrong man. But how is it possible for the wrong man to be hanged in Arkansas?—Chicago Journal.

There is an official of the New York municipal government who has solved the problem of keeping a good cook. He married her. It was a heroic remedy, but good cooks are not picked up every day.—Baltimore American.

IF I COULD HAVE MY WAY.

I wish 'at I could have my way,
Time would always be in May

Er June;
The leaf would never leave the tree,
The birds could always sing for me,
An' everything would always be
In tune.

Time would always be in May,
Ef I could only have my way.
In May

Er June, when men an' boys awake
With new emotions, could forsake
The dulser ways for stream an' lake
An' play.

Ef I could only have my way,
Men an' boys could always play;
The swish

An' swirl o' the restless stream,
The quiet lake, its liquid gleam;
Cosy nooks where flowers beam,
Are places where we'd loaf an' dream
An' fish—

Ef I could only have my way!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Romance and Science.



"How lovely the moon is tonight."
"That is nothing unusual. The moon is always the same. It merely happens that the atmospheric conditions are such as to cause our satellite to appear to the best advantage."
—Pittsburg Post.

Thrifty Woman.

"I've met the meanest woman ever," said the young woman who acts as waitress in an ice cream parlor. "She ordered a dish of ice cream, and when she had eaten of it either she was taken ill or she happened to remember an engagement, for she stopped eating very suddenly and asked me to give her one of the little paper boxes to carry the rest of the ice cream home. And the hardest part of it was that the boss told me to give her one."—New York Press.

Hamlet's Sanity.

"A great many students of the drama seem to think that Hamlet was actually insane," said Miss Tampa. "Do you think so, doctor?"

"Why, I suppose so in a sort of a way. At least nowadays any one who so frankly discusses his own shortcomings is considered a fool. But eccentricity is more of a fad now than it was then."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Carried Away.

Jack—Yes, I had a little balance in the bank, but I became engaged two months ago, and now—

Tom—Ah, love makes the world go round.

Jack—Yes, but I didn't think it would go round so fast as to cause me to lose my balance.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Servant Girls, Perhaps.

Oldun—Well, how do you and your wife like housekeeping?

Newman—Well—er—we don't think we like it as a whole.

Oldun—Not as a whole, eh?

Newman—No, we think we'd enjoy it better broken up.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Stubborn Variety.

"Have you heard the latest?"

"No. What is it?"

"Why, an employment office in New York is going to auction off its best cooks."

"I am glad to hear it. Some cooks deserve to be knocked down."—Chicago News.

Too Good to Waste.

"But," asked the charitable woman, "do you never cast your bread upon the waters?"

"Not now," replied the young housekeeper proudly. "I might have done that with my first baking, but I'm quite expert now."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Proved Nothing.

"Do you believe in betting on race horses?"

"Sure."

"But you lost?"

"That's nothin'. That skate I bet on's no race horse."—Houston Post.

An Impossible Suggestion.

"What a pity real detectives are not as brilliant as story book detectives!"

"It wouldn't work," answered the police officer. "They'd all resign from the force and write novels."—Washington Star.

Communicated.

Oh God, our Heavenly Father, as June the 14th is drawing nigh,

Canst thou recall that awful slaughter with-out tear to dim thy eye?

We know that thou art our father, who knows our every thought and deed,

But as we recall that destruction of life it makes our young hearts bleed.

We know our bodies are but clay, our spirits are all that's grand,

But why then should thou destroy this tabernacle, we cannot understand.

We care not for the mighty dollar, for that no tear bedlms our eye,

But for our fathers, mothers, and loved ones true, 'tis them for whom we sigh.

We look upon our mother's picture, perhaps the only likeness of her on earth,

Who can forget the loving face of a mother, that mother who gave us birth,

That mother who nursed us from infancy and all our sorrow shared,

Couldst thou not have sent a guardian angel, and such a noble life have spared.

That mother who raised and reared us and nursed us day by day,

Behold her in helplessness as her babe, her all is borne away;

Borne away upon the dark, muddy waters, borne away upon the deep.

Oh, God, our father, how can thou such horrid, horrid secrets keep?

Or perhaps it was the babe, whose dimpled chin lay on its mother's breast

That was saved, and the mother the one that's gone to rest.

Oh, Father, we are but human, we know we do many wrong things in thy sight,

But those visions they haunt us, they haunt us from morn till night,

I can see it now on yonder wall, June the 14th,

Oh, that ill fated day,

When the city of Heppner, by a mighty cloud burst was swept away,

Swept away without a moment's warning, without a moment's thought,

Two hundred precious, precious souls departed, gone, but not forgot.

Our city was clothed in beauty, as only the month of June can do,

With flowers and vines on every hand and roses in full bloom too.

Our trees are then most perfect, the leaves are grown and green,

And from each drooping bough the warbling robin, in nest, could be seen.

The bees are gathering honey from fragrant flowers, rich and rare,

And nature, as God designed, clothed with beauty everywhere.

I saw the sun rise o'er the mountains and o'er the valleys shed its light,

But long ere the close of the day the dark

clouds hid it from our sight.
Many were the clouds that darted upwards, while others seemed dormant and low,
And many were lost in confusion, as if they knew not where to go.
Suddenly they gathered, and all was dark, the heavens seemed hid
As under an immense canopy, or perchance the shutting of a lid.
'Twas then the thunder roared and crashed above us, the lightning it was near.
But we stayed at home contented, we had ne're been taught such to fear.
The rain falls now in mighty torrents from that funnel cloud on high,
Yonder flows a mighty river where a moment before all was dry.
Onward, still onward, heaving and splashing, nearer and nearer yet it drew,
But no eye beheld it, as yonder rugged mountain hid it from our view.
Each wave rolled higher and higher, as tho' our fair city it spread,
And where once grew roses and lilies now lie the bodies of the dead.
Our homes, dear old homes of our childhood, perhapse the homes of our birth,
All are gone nothing left, not even a corner stone to mark its place on earth.
Did I say all? No, the love we have for friend and brother no flood can sever,
And the memory of the loved and lost ones lives on forever and forever.
But weep not for our homes, they are but a temporary shelter for this body of clay,
But for our fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, Oh, God, where are they?
They who have faced many a winter's blast, many a summer's heat,
Hast thou reared and raised them in order that they such a horrid death must meet.
Oh, Father, it fills my heart with pity, it chills the marrow in the bone
To see the old and aged fathers without a place to call home.
I saw a mother with outstretched hands, I heard her cry in accents wild,
"Oh, God, our Heavenly Father" can't thou not take me, but spare my child."
I saw (standing on a porch) three small children, all decked in Sunday array,
I saw (Oh, could I forget) I saw them as they were swept away.
God's own precious darlings, see, they beckon to those on the shore,
When one mighty wave engulfed them, and then, all was o'er.
Dejection and despondency (in many cases) succeeded fright
And the wails of the living could be heard throughout all that dark night.
Oh, such a night, such a night of horror, unparalleled in history to this day.
Could we but forget and from our minds those horrid scenes cast away,
But, alas, it cannot be, for June rolls around as time in its flight,
And at each dark cloud we shudder and think of that awful night.
The people were kind and generous; they spared neither work nor gold
To find those missing bodies and clear our city as it was of old.
Their brave deeds shall never be forgotten, they

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Many people who are neglecting symptoms of kidney trouble, hoping "it will wear away," are drifting towards Bright's Disease, which is kidney trouble in one of its worst forms.

stops irregularities, strengthens the urinary organs and builds up the worn-out tissues of the kidneys so they will perform their functions properly. Healthy kidneys strain out the impurities from the blood as it passes through them. Diseased kidneys do not, and the poisonous waste matter is carried by the circulation to every part of the body, causing dizziness, backache, stomach trouble, sluggish liver, irregular heart action, etc.

If you have any signs of Kidney or Bladder trouble commence taking FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE at once, as it will cure a slight disorder in a few days and prevent a fatal malady. It is pleasant to take and benefits the whole system.

How to Find Out.

You can easily determine if your kidneys are out of order by setting aside for 24 hours a bottle of the urine passed upon arising. If upon examination it is cloudy or milky or has a brick-dust sediment or small particles float about in it, your kidneys are diseased, and FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE should be taken at once.

G. B. Burhans Testifies After Four Years.

G. B. Burhans of Carlisle Center, N. Y., writes: "About four years ago I wrote you stating that I had been entirely cured of a severe kidney trouble by taking less than two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure. It entirely stopped the brick-dust sediment and pain and symptoms of kidney disease disappeared. I am glad to say that I have never had a return of any of those symptoms during the four years that have elapsed, and I am evidently cured to stay cured, and heartily recommend Foley's Kidney Cure to any one suffering from kidney or bladder trouble."

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