

THE OLD GATE MADE OF PICKETS

There was moonlight in the garden and the chirr and chirp of crickets; There was scent of pink and peony and deep syringa thickets, When a-down the pathway whitely, Where the firefly glimmered brightly, She came stepping, oh, so lightly! To the old gate made of pickets.

There were dew and musk and murmur, and a voice that hummed low snatches Of a song, while there she hurried, through the moonlight's silvery patches, To the rose-grown gate, above her And her softly singing lover, With its blossom-tangled cover, And its weight and wooden latches.

Whom she met there, whom she kissed there, 'mid the moonlight and the roses, With his arms who there enclosed her, as a tiger lily closes, Some white moth that frailly settles On its gold and crimson petals, Where the garden runs to nettles— No one knows now or supposes.

Years have passed since that last meeting; loves have come and loves departed, Still the garden blooms unchanging, there is nothing broken-hearted In its beauty, where the hours Lounge with sun and moon and showers, 'Mid the perfume and the flowers, As in days when these two parted.

Yet the garden and the flowers and the cheerily chirping crickets, And the moonlight and the fragrance, and the wind that waves the thickets— They remember what was spoken, And the rose that was a token, And the gentle heart there broken By the old gate made of pickets. —Smart Set.

FERRUBY.

Harry opened his eyes and looked around him like one awaking from a muddled dream. He was lying on a soft bed of long, serrated leaves that had been stripped from great tree ferns that grew near at hand.

An old, withered, bright-eyed Indian woman, who sat beside him, placed a leather bottle to his lips, from which he drank eagerly of pineapple chicha. The wine stimulated him and cleared his head, and he sat up and looked around him inquiringly. A short distance from him his burro was browsing among the shrubbery and under a feather palm lay his pack saddle and outfit.

As he looked westward he saw that the sun was halfway down the slope of the sky, and, lowering his eyes, he saw the burning, shimmering desert, and shuddered as he remembered all that remained in his consciousness of the terrible journey he had made across it. Addressing the old woman in Spanish, he asked: "Will the senora kindly tell me where I am?"

"She will," was the reply. "The senor is at the foot of the western slope of 'El Tres Diablos.'"

Then she proceeded to tell him that in a dream she had been apprised of his coming and was there at the edge of the desert to receive him, and that he, and also the burro, had fallen helpless at her feet when they arrived.

"You are seeking the lost mine near the little lake in the heart of El Tres Diablos," she said, "but I do not think you will find it. But this I will tell you: If you can draw the water from the small, deep basin that contains the lake, you will find on its rocky floor more wealth than was ever possessed by the Montezumas.

"Tons of blocks of gold belonging to the people who owned the mine were cast into the lake by them before they were slaughtered by the Spaniards, and there it has remained undisturbed until this day. I will conduct you to the lake when you are stronger. Nay, do not ask me how I know this, for I may not tell you, but here I declare to you that I speak the truth."

Thirty days after crossing that valley of death Harry had surveyed and mapped the little lake and so much of its environs as he cared to possess, and then took his departure for Mexico City.

When Harry arrived at El Tres Diablos on his return from the capital, he had with him a number of peons and a dozen mules well laden with equipment and supplies, and soon those mountains were echoing sounds not before heard there since the Spanish conquest.

In due time his friend Frank arrived, and after a hearty greeting Harry's first question was: "What news have you of Ferruby?"

"Have you not heard?" asked Frank, excitedly. "Tell me—tell me quickly. What has happened to Ferruby?"

Frank struggled vainly to control his emotion, replied: "Shortly after your departure from Eufaula the general, with Ferruby, left for an extended tour of Europe. Six months later, information was received that—that—"

"What—what information was received?" cried Harry. "Is Ferruby married?"

"No—she is—dead. Killed in an automobile accident near Florence, Italy," said Frank.

White as marble, Harry stood for a moment like one turned to stone. Then he reeled and would have fallen, but Frank put his strong arms about him and laid him down tenderly upon a puma's skin. The old woman hovered over him, weeping and uttering wild

incantations. Presently, when he began breathing, she gave him some chicha, and shortly afterward he opened his eyes, sighed slowly and deeply, and then, in a weak voice, tremulous with a never-to-be-spoken misery, he said: "I thank you, my dear friends." That was all.

There was a point on the rim of the little lake where its dark, deep waters were confined by a mighty wall of rock. It spanned a chasm a hundred feet wide, and from its top one looked down into a ravine that lost itself in darkness, and at the bottom of which two of the slopes of El Tres Diablos came together and found a common base.

For weeks a huge drill had been boring its way down through that wall of rock to the level of the bottom of the lake. Two days after the drill had been finally withdrawn the peons were directed to gather up the mules and drive them into the corral at the camp, and to remain there until further orders. When all had reached the camp, Harry, with pale face and set features, with Frank at his side, uncovered an electric battery and pressed a button. A terrific explosion followed. A column of fire and smoke shot toward the zenith. A sound like a crash of many thunders rent the shuddering air.

The mountains rocked and trembled as though smitten by a mighty cataclysm. Wild beasts forsook their caverns and ran aimlessly through the brakes and jungles. The peons and the mules in the corral staggered and trembled with fear. The old Indian woman turned her face to the sun and threw herself upon the earth with abject terror. Harry hastened to her side, and, raising her up tenderly, said: "It is all over. There is no danger; come with me and see the cat- aract that is rushing down the gorge."

The following morning disclosed an empty basin where the water had been, and now it is known among the Indians as "the place of the lake of gold."

In addition to clearing the lake of water, the explosion had opened a passage in the rock that led to a system of galleries that extended far back into "Frank," said Harry, as he saw the look of amazement in the face of his friend, "we are standing in the midst of the lost mine, with wealth enough in sight to enrich a nation."

When Frank and the old Indian woman were leaving El Tres Diablos

forever Frank received a sealed packet from his friend, to be opened later. In it he found the concession which his friend had secured from the Mexican government, duly transferred, which made him sole owner of the lost mine, that for three centuries had been hidden from the world.

"Keep steam up on the yacht to- night, Capt. Burton, for this is a genuine norther, and should the wind shift suddenly eastward, you may have to put to sea, for Manatee bay will hardly prove a safe harbor under such conditions," said Harry Delmar. "Before doing so, however, notify me at the bungalow, for if the Ferruby goes to sea in a storm, I go with her."

The wind held true from the north, however, and the yacht remained at anchor. At 2 o'clock the captain reported a steamer throwing up distress rockets about a mile off the western shore of the island.

Half an hour later the Ferruby was standing by, head to the gale, to leeward of the helpless steamer, that proved to be the old Brightwater, from Central American ports to New Orleans, with a cargo of fruit and three passengers. Two of these had come down from Southampton on the Royal Mail steamer Don, and had connected with the fruiter at Greytown. Before daybreak the rescued passengers were resting in elegant apartments in the bungalow, and the crew were cared for on board the Ferruby, which lay at anchor in Manatee bay.

The passengers consisted of a woman and two men, one of whom was a clergyman. The other, when safe on board the yacht, became anxious as he observed the marvelous richness of its appointments.

"Who is the owner of this elegant vessel?" he inquired of the steward. "Master Harry," was the answer. "Master Harry what?" he asked. "Just Master Harry—that's all," answered the steward.

"Well, about the yacht—has that a name?"

"It is the Ferruby," replied the steward.

"The what?" almost shouted the gentleman. "The Ferruby," repeated the steward. "Strange," muttered the gentleman, and lapsed into silence.

When he awoke, late in the morning, the sunlight was glinting in through the split bamboo screens that shaded the windows of his elegantly

furnished apartment. A valet entered and offered his services and stated that a coach would be sounded for breakfast in half an hour.

"Will you kindly inform me where I am?" inquired the gentleman. "You are at the bungalow," replied the valet.

"What bungalow?" "It is called the Eufaula," answered the valet.

After a short silence the gentleman asked: "To whom does it belong?" "To Master Harry," was the reply. "And where is it located?" was the next question.

"On the isle of Los Palmos," was the answer. "Pardon me," said the gentleman, "but could you tell me to whom the island belongs?"

"To Master Harry," the patient valet replied.

"One more question: Can you tell me in what part of the Caribbean the island is located?"

"Not many miles off the coast of Colombia, near the mouth of the Rio del Hache," replied the valet.

Just then the soft note of the conch was heard, and the guests assembled on a broad veranda, facing the sea.

They had barely time to observe that the most beautiful bungalow they had ever beheld was constructed mainly of bamboo and palm, when the butler appeared and conducted them into the breakfast room.

They were received by an aged Indian woman, who, if lightly, was elegantly gowned, and who carried herself with great dignity. While they were still standing, a tall, broad-shouldered young man in spotless white entered the room, and without a word bowed low to his guests. Gen. Ewing uttered no sound, but stood looking at his host like one hypnotized. Ferruby would have fallen, but the clergyman sustained her, until she rested in the strong arms of Harry Delmar.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WOMAN'S ATTRACTIVE AGE.

Is the Maid of Sixteen Outrivalled by the Young Woman?

"When we speak of the attractiveness of woman, we really mean the attractiveness of woman to man.

"With men the question of when a woman is most attractive is doubly complicated, because it depends not only on the woman, but on the taste of the man himself. Not many years ago, if this question had been asked, the answer would have been unhesitatingly made that a woman is most attractive between the ages of 16 and 20. Most of the heroines of classical fiction are mere children.

"It must be confessed that, with rare exceptions, the modern man prefers something more sophisticated than sweet 16, though it is undeniable that the intelligent woman is at her best when she is in her teens. This is easily understood.

"Almost all young creatures are beautiful, and heaven gives to even the homeliest women a day of grave between 16 and 18, when she is prety with the prettiness of fresh cheeks and dewy eyes and glossy hair.

"Twenty-three is an ideal time of the clock for the woman of average intelligence and pulchritude, unless she happens to be college bred. If she has had the misfortune of acquiring the higher education she is still top-heavy with learning and self-esteem over having discovered the ancient Greeks and Romans, and it requires ten years more for her to find out that, for a woman, to be thoroughly charming she should have had a good education and forgotten it.

"For the woman, however, who is meant to be human nature's daily food, no age is more attractive than 23. She is in the first flush of having just arrived. The slim promises of girlhood have been realized in the full beauty of womanhood. She still has illusions, but they are not delusions. She still is innocent, but no longer ignorant.

"Her intercourse with the opposite sex has a certain frankness and comradeship that is not the least of her charms. She seems so safe that she is deadly dangerous. Statistics show that more women marry at 23 than at any other age.

"The bachelor woman is at her best at 30, because she is consciously charming. She has all the advantages with which nature originally equipped her, and she has added to them the frills and furbelows of art. She has learned to enhance her good looks by better dressing and to put a red shade on the lamp and sit with her back to the light. She has also learned how to talk, and, better still, how to be a fascinating listener."—San Francisco Call.

Slightly Misunderstood.

"Mr. Whiffler can't break himself of the habit of tergiversation," said the village preacher.

"Well, well!" exclaimed old Mrs. Snicketree. "Ain't there some remedy his wife can put in his coffee to cure him? I knew a lady once who cured her husband of the drink habit that way."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Safe Side.

"What are you trying to do for your country?"

"My friend," answered Senator Sorgum, "I am keeping on the safe side. Some statesmen try to do so much for their country that people get the impression that they are getting presumptuous and domineering."—Washington Star.

A man is entitled to his share, but he has no right to try to separate another man from his.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1607—Hudson sailed on his first voyage of discovery.

1775—Eight thousand persons attended a meeting at Philadelphia and voted to resist Great Britain with force of arms.

1781—Gen. Greene surprised and defeated by the British near Camden, S. C.

1782—Holland acknowledged the independence of the United States.

1802—Georgia ceded her western territory to the United States.

1831—Imprisonment for debt abolished in the State of New York.

1838—Large section of Charleston, S. C., destroyed by fire.

1845—China issued an edict permitting foreigners to teach the Christian religion.

1855—Riots in Chicago over the license question.

1859—First issue of the Rocky Mountain News at Denver.

1861—Arkansas troops seized the arsenal at Napoleon and Fort Smith.

1865—Remains of Abraham Lincoln removed from the White House to the capitol.

1875—Major General Sir Edward Sibby-Smyth appointed to command the militia of Canada.

1876—Queen Victoria declared Empress of India.

1877—War began between Russia and Turkey.

1889—Oklahoma lands opened to settlement by President's proclamation.

1891—Czar proclaimed the expulsion of the Jews from Moscow.

1892—Behring Sea modus vivendi adopted in United States Senate.

1894—South Carolina Supreme Court decided the dispensary liquor law to be unconstitutional. . . . Strike of 130,000 miners inaugurated in the bituminous coal region.

1896—International Arbitration Congress met at Washington.

1901—The Boers evacuated their position near Dewetsdorp.

1903—United States Supreme Court sustained the clause in the Alabama constitution disfranchising negroes.

1903—Andred Carnegie donated \$900,000 to the Tuskegee Institute.

1904—Fire in Toronto destroyed \$10,000,000 worth of property.

1905—Cretan Assembly proclaimed a union of Crete and Greece.

1905—Andrew Carnegie gave \$10,000,000 as a pension fund for college professors in the United States and Canada.

1906—The remains of John Paul Jones were reinterred at Annapolis.

1908—Thirty persons killed by a landslide at Notre Dame de Salette, Quebec.

President Eliot of Harvard University, is to be decorated by the mikado of Japan with the Order of the Rising Sun, first class.

The Minnesota College of Agriculture granted diplomas to 108 students. James J. Hill delivered the commencement address.

Minneapolis is to have a university club, to be open to regular graduates of all recognized universities. The membership will be about 400.

The new board of trustees of the North Dakota Agricultural College held its first meeting at Fargo and re-elected George H. Hollister president.

Lieut. Burnett, of Fort Snelling, has proposed that military drill be established in the St. Paul public schools. The school board is considering the matter.

Miss Frances Renning, a junior at the Minnesota State University, has mysteriously disappeared and the Minneapolis police are co-operating with the young woman's parents in an effort to locate her.

University of Michigan students are circulating among themselves a subscription list for the purpose of raising \$1,000 with which to purchase a loving cup for retiring President James B. Angell.

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MAPLEINE

Conjugal Compliments.
Said he, "I might mention, My dearest Maria, That you're in the class of A Mrs. Sapphira."

She retorted, "I might say, Without any bias, That you're in the class of To one Ananias."

Which shows that in certain Emergencies dire, More ways than one are there To say, "You're a liar."

Getting Personal.
Raggy—You don't never see me stand in 'a bread line!
Mugsy—That's 'cause yer wife runs a clothesline.

Her Friends.
Nan—Lil' Garlinghorn says her steady is the tallest young man in the city.
Fan—She says so, does she? Well, Lil' always was good at drawing the long bean.—Chicago Tribune.

The Only Audience.
"Does anybody read real poetry nowadays?"
"I presume the publishers glance at it before sending it back."

CASTORIA

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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Webster Knocked Out.
Jinks—Why do you say eyether and nyether?
Winks—I heard John L. Sullivan use that pronunciation at the theater, and he's from Boston, you know.—New York Weekly.

So Different.
When Music, heavenly maid, was young, When simple songs were simply sung, There were no thrifty artisans To put the melodies in cans.

No Difficulty About That.
Teacher (at night school)—Give me some illustration of the "survival of the fittest."
Shaggy Haired Pupil—Any handsome widow.

ODD BITS OF FACT.
The United States consumes 80,000,000 pounds of tea annually.

A man can insure against loss in lotteries with a company at The Hague. There are more doctors per capita in New York city than anywhere else in this country.

Sealing wax contains no wax. The Dutch throne has forty-one possible claimants.

Potatoes steeped in sulphuric acid and subjected to pressure make an excellent substitute for ivory in the manufacture of billiard balls.

The Professor Demurs.
"Don't quote Slobson to me," protested the doctor. "I know Slobson, and he's a regular freak."
"My friend," gravely chid the professor, "you should be more careful in your use of the English language. Anything that is regular can't be a freak, and anything that is a freak can't be regular."

Worms

"Cascarets are certainly fine. I gave a friend one when the doctor was treating him for cancer of the stomach. The next morning he passed four pieces of a tape worm. He then got a box and in three days he passed a tape-worm 45 feet long. It was Mr. Matt Freck, of Millersburg, Dauphin Co., Pa. I am quite a worker for Cascarets. I use them myself and find them beneficial for most any disease caused by impure blood."
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Messant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grippe. 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet striped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or you money back. 521

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Aspiring Soubrette (pouting)—I know well enough you think my acting is a joke.
Manager—O, no, my dear young lady! Anything but that. It's a tragedy.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

At the Night School.
Teacher—Give me an example of what is meant by "masterly inactivity."
Boy with the prognathous face—A base ball pitcher delayin' a game so it'll have to be called on account o' darkness.

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"Mrs. Brown says that she'll never wear one of those 500-button gowns"
"Why not?"
"Her husband has only one arm." —Detroit Free Press.

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Noble Hen.
The hen will set and the hen will lay, And the hen will roost up high; But one good thing we can say of her— The hen will never lie. —Yonkers Statesman.

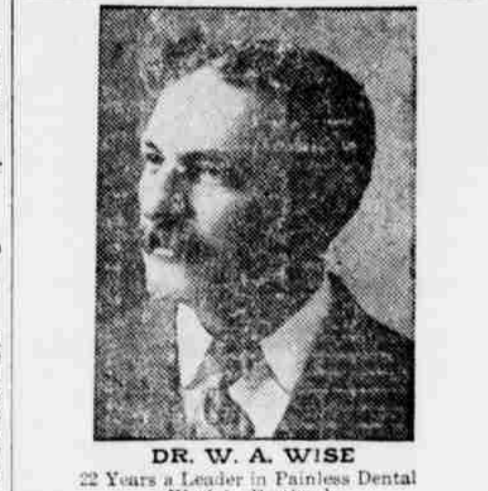
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The Rush to the City.
"Willis, how came you to leave the farm and move to town to make your living?"
"I got tired of the smell of dad's automobile."

All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to prevent the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

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