Oregon City Enterprise

ONLY FIVE DOLLARS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"Say, Delia, will you go in to Water-

bury with me, to morrow ?" "I'd like to, Mary; I wish I could; but I think it will not be possible. Luman finds it difficult to collect money from his patients this year, and I don't know how to spare a cent.' Well, I was going to say if you'd go

with me, I'd pay your fare for your com-I never traded much there, and don't know the stores, or where to go for my purchases; and I want to call at Aunt White's, too, but I hate to go

"It don't seem right, Mary, for you to pay my fare, but if I can really help you, why, I shall to go. I ought to get my Mary a Sunday hat, and Luman some stockings, and myself a calico, and I should have a greater variety to choose from there than here.

Mrs. Pock was a country doctor's wife, Does my dear reader know all that means? She had to economize, because the doctor's bills is the last bill anybody thinks of paying-in the country; and a good doctor, which means a good mansympathetic as well as skillful, and kindhearted as keen-forbears, even to his own detriment, to press the settlement of his accounts; seeing, as he only can see, how hard it is to be both poor and sick.

Blessings on a country doctor! Out of their ranks a whole calendar of saints might be canonized; but the good Lord only knows how good are these ministering disciples of His, who go about as He did, doing good.

And their wives have a harder time than if they were missionaries. Many a dark hour did Mrs. Peck watch and wait for her doctor, knowing well that in' storm or calm, through the wild bursts of thunder, or treacherous and blin ling snows, his solitary little sulky was abroad on the rough hill-tops or in lonely valleys, holding almost her life in its frail shelter; tugged by the sturdy horse that was only less hard-worked than its master.

All alone with her little girl she spent the greater part of every day and night; hard work prevented anxiety from doing its worst upon her, though you could see its traces in the gray lines among the soft waves of her hair, and in the sad dark eyes that when she was not smiling looked tired with past tears.

Mary Peck was the doctor's sister. Having a large school in a village some miles beyond Dennis, where her brother lived, she frequently spent her vacations at his house.

It was now the spring recess of two weeks, and she wanted much to go to Waterbury, twenty-five miles east by rail, to do her shopping for the summer.

tired little woman gladly consented to start.

The doctor literally had not a cent in his purse to give her; but she had a knack at raising poultry, and while her own table was well-furnished from the great "coop," as she called it, in the yard, the superfluous eggs had been rapidly bought at the village store, and she had laid up ten dollars, devoted to shoes, stockings and calico, absolutely needed; for she did hate to ask the doc-tor for money. Not that he grudged it -never-but he never had it. Most of his bills that were paid, were paid in produce, and neither potatoes, buckwheat, pork, straw, nor oats would serve

get them on. They had gone to the tinnan's cart with the other rubbish. Mrs. Peck thought every day she should hear from Mary, and would get the money so that she could buy May some shoes, but neither letter nor meney

The cobbler patched up the ragged shoes as well as he could; and now Mrs. Peek found to her dismay that her own boots had given out from the Waterbury trip, and she, too, had to stay at home from church on Sunday, because they were not fit to wear.

After ten days' delay, a letter came from Charlemont; a gay, bright letter, ending with: "There's a teachers convention in Ludlow, (the next town to Dennis) on the twenty-fourth and I will bring the five dollars I borrowed of you when I come through.

the twenty-second of April the money had been lent Mary. Eggs were now a drug at the store. The doctor never would let her run in debt, and she and May were all but shoeless.

In the meantime Mary had said to herself—seeing a pretty cambric she wanted in a Charlemont shop—"If I buy it I can't send Delia her money till next month, but it's only five dollars. She will not want it before I go to Ludlow.

She did not think that Delia had been oo poor to pay for her own car-ticket to Waterbury, or that she had refrained from buying her shoes there as she meant at first, saying that she would get them at home at the store, because Mr. Clark had been so civil and kind to her always.

"But evil is wrought for want of thought, As well as for want of heart."

May's old shoes soon gave out past patching. The slight cold she had taken from wearing moccasins hung about her, owing to the damp and cold spring winds. There came on a heavy shower one day while she was in school, and running out at recess her shoes were wet through, for the patched soles and cracked upper leathers soaked cas-ily. She sat all the rest of the morning with wet feet, and went home very hoarse.

Mrs. Peck undressed her, and looked for some chlorate of potash in the office. It was all gone. The doctor had filled his bottle that morning with the last. She did not like to leave May alone to go to the store where a small assortment of drugs was kept, and even if she would have left her, her own old shoes were unfit to wear, it still rained so hard.

She bound some salt pork on the child's throat, and steamed it with camphor, but the child grew worse and worse, and before the doctor came home, at midnight, she was in a high fever. Wet feet had exasperated the cold she had before, and by the next morning she was in the grip of pneumonia, and very ill indeed.

The doctor scolded about her shoes: She had a good salary and could well but Mrs. Peek could not complain to him afford to give Delia this outing, so the of his aister. She cried a little, and was of his sister. She cried a little, and was silent.

May grew worse. There were many little alleviations to be had, if her mother could have paid for them. The child pined for oranges. There were plenty at the store, but no money to buy them with. Her gruel was sweetened with maple sugar, and she hated it. She oried for coffee, and there was

Only five dollars! But how Mrs. Peck wanted it! After a long struggle little May began to get better; her fever subsided; she needed tonics. "I wish I could get a little wine for

her" said the doctor, looking wistfully impression. at his He knew she had money wife. from the sale of her eggs, but what could she have done with it? Mrs. Peck grew desperate. She could not see her darling so weak and white with any patien Suddenly she bethought herself of the calico dress she had bought. Perhaps Mr. Clark would take it, for it had never been unfolded. But how could she get it to the store? Luckily the doctor had an hour to spare after tea that day, so while he stayed with May, she put on his shoes and went down with the bundle. Mr. Clark was glad to buy the dress. "It'll just suit my wife, Mrs. Peek, I know. It's a dreadful chore, she says, to make her gowns, and this is sort of tasty ain't it, coming from the city? Well well, it is amazing how they can make 'em so cheap.' Mrs. Peck did not stay to hear any more. She went to the old maiden lady who "had the name" of making currant wine as good as any imported article, and bought a bottle of her at an exorbitant price, but as Miss Davis earnestly Baid: "It's seven years old, and think of them worms! I haint made a drop for two year back; and it's dreadful healin'. I don't want to part with none on't a miter but seeing it's von-" And Mrs. Peck again cut short a discourse, hurrying home with her precious bottle, thinking no more of her calico dress when she saw the doctor's tired face light up and a little color flicker in May's face after the first teaspoonful had been cautiously administered.

little woman than ever she had or would

have "O Delia," said Mary, here is your money. I am so ashamed!" She held out the five dollars, and May

gave a little cry of joy. "O movver, now I can have some shoes!

"What have I done?" said Mary, bursting into tears and hiding her face in her hands. ...

"You haven't meant to do anything, dear child," said Mrs. Peck, putting her arm around her. "O Delia, I didn't think! I thought

five dollars couldn't be a trouble to you. It was too, too bad!" "Five dollars don't grow on the trees

in Dennis, Molly, and a country doctor worse off than a country minister very ' said Doctor Peck, trying to stien. This was the second of May. It was haugh, but with ill success, for he re-the twenty-second of April the money membered how he had solded about those old shoes, and how Delia had not

said a word, only cried. Yes, indeed! That five dollars would have been more valuable here than fifty, or five hundred elsewhere; but Mary had learned a lesson she never forgot. May's pale, thin face, Delia's anxious eyes, the doctor's care-worn and weary countenance, rose up in her memory continually to remind her that small debts may be of great value to poor people; and any debts are sure to do some harm somewhere.

And to clinch this driven nail and make it sure, she underlined deeply this text in the Billier which was her daily course -for 3 y tried and meant to be be a Christian woman. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful in that which is much."-| Youth's Combanion.

DRIPS.

Short retirements always urges sweet clarms.

Heaven trims our lamps while we

What men calleth accident is God's own part. Manslaughter-Man's laughter. Cur-

ions language, ours. Smiles are smiles only when the heart

pulls the wire. Our sweetest songs are those which tell

saddest thought. Maud S is merely another illustration

of the fact that time is money. We are no longer happy so soon as

we wish to be happier. A prison is never narrow when the

unagination can range in it at will. Infidelities rupture love; little faults

year it out. The faculty of reasoning seldom or

never deceives those who trust to it. The qualities we posses never make us o ridiculous as those we pretend to have.

No principle is more noble, as there is ndue more holy, than that of a true obedience. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of

ife; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.

The praises of others may be of use to teaching us, not what we are, but what we ought to be.

Bashfulness may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom opens any avenue to sorrow or remorse.

"Never judge "by first impressions," says Emerson. When a road agent asks you to climb down and hold up, ask him to hold on until you can get a second

After Bret Harte.

There was evidently trouble brewing,

and trouble of abnormal interest, for never before in the history of Four Ace Flat had all hands knocked off work for a whole day. When Abe Tucker was hung a committee took charge of the solemnities, and the rest of the inhabitants attended to their business as asual. Even when Bud Davis held four queens over the king full of the 'Frisco man, with six hundred thousand in the pot, the honest denizens of the Flat industriously stuch to their legitimate vocation of gouging each other, and local

tradition says that the fight between Mullins and the Kid did not draw a halfplaying ring side. But to-day the whole Flat was at leisure, and it was rumored in the morning that Buck Galloway would wear a plug hat, and possibly yest when he ap-peared on the field. But Leffingwell and bought a new blue flannel shirt that morning, and it was said that he had greased his boots, all of which proved true, though denonneed as canards by

skeptics when first mentioned in their nresonce along with it.

At the Orientel saloon there was tripe on the free-lunch table, and at the Palace Garden blue chips had gone to Laffter proves nothing. Wizs men laff, deats grin all the time. Conning is a weak imitashun of wis-820.Iom, and is liable at enny time to merge

into fraud.

ockashuns.

thurso is in it.

can be charged with.

safe on her noze.

And yet it was not a gala day. There was an earnestness in the faces of men that destroyed any idea that a picnic or a lynching matinee was in prospect. Besides the constitution of the flat was rigorously in favor of postponing all pleasure until night, and so it was manifest there was trouble on hand, and trouble of a serious nature.

During the morning it was all gossip, but toward noon, when Buck Galloway

in the much envied plug hat, and Bill Leffingwell, resplendent in full blue shirt of dazzling brilliancy, with boots greased to a mirror-like resplendency, passed each other on the street without the customary salutation, all Four Ace

Flat knew that the hour had come, and braced itself for the excitement. Pools took a new impetus. Money was

placed rapidly, and in the market loans were effected at the heavy percentage of four for one, which made it easy to keep the reckoning.

"Think she'll stay game?" asked Pete Wilder, as he examined his piatol and loaded it with great solicitude.

"For whatever yer got she will," responded Mr. David Sampson, who by reason of his having added some salt codfish to his stock of liquors, had become a merchant and been elected mayor. "She'll stick like a tree,"

"And the Englishman?" demanded Pete, taking aim at a man who had re fused him a thousand dollars.

"Pretty good shot," criticised Mayor Sampson, as the unaccommodating capitalist dropped in his tracks, "took him just under the ear. Yes, sir, I think the Englishman will stay, too.

And they joined the crowd who were pressing toward the outskirts of the town.

"You say along the outside of the weepin, Bill?" remarked a tall, handsome girl to Mr. Leffingwell, as she fastened her hat with a steady hand. Life in the silver leads had left its impress on her face, which, in spite of her dissipation, had still lines of womanly loveliness in it. "Right along the outside and for the ip," replied Mr. Leffingwell, who was hip,

admiring his shirt with an animated worked up into pedigrees, and put onto ountenance. the market. Virtew is the only kind of 'Are we most ready, Buck?" inquired pedigreo that will transmit worth a cent. a large, fine-looking Englishman of Gal-

loway. I don't regret the act. But I this world that is nothing more than may hold to-day in remorse as long as I lazyness in disguise.

got out," remarked Bill to Buck as they met at the Oriential during the evening. "The boys would have grafted him if he'd staid.

"You bet!" replied Buck. "If I'd know'd what it was he'd have got it from

me right there." "What was the weepin', anyway?" asked the bar-keeper, who had not been able to attend because of some financial regulation imperatively demanded by the till in the absence of the proprietory 'What was it?" sneered Bill, "What

was it? It war a doggoned live mouse That's what it war?"-[Brooklyn Eagle.

Josh E.H ng's Philosphy.

REPRESENT, #3 If you will sit down and wait, young man, at least one haff ov the good things CONSULTATION PAR ov life will at sum time eddy around

Great 1

CHILY CREE

BR. WILLARD A near you, while the more you chase them the more they will break into a run. All ov natur's works ar a part of a per

fexshun ov a plan. She makes no mis DR. SPINNE) takes, kreates no vacancys, and guesses at nothing. Ideas are what wins, but if a man

No. 11 Mearny street, S. P., Treats all Chronic and Special Dr hain't got but one, he is apt to run that one into the ground, and take himself

YOUNG MEN

IO MAY BE SUFFERING FROM THE REof Forthering Indian or Ind 1 theminatives of title, the the altar of antifering will guarantees to forfat mai Wenk uses or private seter which he underta Happiness has no abiding place, but

MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

often is very near at hand, like the old any at the age of thirty with the frequents even woman's spektakles. After hunting for them hi and lo, she found them at last AND ATH A WORK Gravity is beknning to a phool at all ary dup times, but only to a wise man on state taing to a dark many mere wheed cause, which is it can Dr. S. will go een and healthy Very menny seek krowledge, not so

mutch for the truth, as for speculashun theory organia. Office House -10 to 4 and 6 to 5.

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Buty is a dangerous gift. The vanity it inspires, and the base flattery it at-DAS STARKEY tracts, the possessors are not be eavyed. Charity makes no miatakes that sho Good breeding is the only thing that POUND

kan make a phool endurable. Servitude is so unnatural that an hon-SOLD BY MALATION it servant in the rarest of all things. HE MATHEWS MONTE ST

There is great art in knowing how to give without creating an obligation. As selfish and ill-bred as the mass of

mankind are, I prefer to live with them, rather than go into solitude, and try to live with myself.

Gratitude is a word you will find in the dictionary, but you will not find much of it anywhere else. If a man haz got the right kind of

religion he kan pick up a kreed enny where that will fit it.

A true friend is one whom yu kan chida for his faults, without giving offense, and who, without giving offense,

kan chide yu. Abstinence should be the excepshun, and temperance the rule.

Foremost ov all, let mi child hav pride i don't mean vanity. I mean pridehonesty and energy are almost sure to follow.

The heart is allway right, when it is the diskreet ov the head. After two persons hav fallen in luv

with each other enuff to git married, the

quicker they do it, and begin to pull hair

Thare iz a grate deal ov cheap material

Thare is a grate deal of pashunce in

a little, the better.

her purpose. She must have money for her purchases. So she set out for Waterbury with Mary, leaving litlle Mary with the minister's wife, and was soon plunged into the attractive precincts of the Waterbury dry-goods shops. She bought her little girl a pretty

straw hat, and some ribbon to trim it, looking sharply about her to see how it should be trimmed.

This cost two dollars and a-half. Then came some socks for the doctor, and four pair of these, strong and serviceable, cost another dollar. .

In the meantime, Mary was looking at such pretty things that Mrs. Peck's eyes glistened. These soft snitings were not for her, nor that graceful wrap of cloth with its gray heavy fringe; but she was generous and gentle both, and it gave her almost as much pleasure to help Mary select her things as if they were to replace her own black alpaca and worn shawl.

When it came to her own turn to buy a calico, she was as pleased as if it had been a summer silk, to find a neat skirt and jacket of pretty pattern, all made up, for a dollar and a half. The rest of her money must be saved for shoes. These she could get at the store in Dennis; a pair for her and a pair for little Mary.

Shopping is attractive, but it absorba very fast. When Mary Peck had money bought her suit, her wrap, glaves, stock-ings and handkerchiefs, and ordered a white chip hat to be trimmed with pale blue ribbon and blush roses-just the thing to decorate her lovely complexion, dark curls and violet eyes she found to her amazement her purse had given out. "Delia," she said, "have you done

your shopping?"

'Yes, dear.'

"And have you any money?'

"Yes; five dollars and ten cents." "Oh, how lucky! Will you lend me the five dollars? I am really penniless, My hat came to more than I thought it would cost, and as soon as I get back to Charlemont, I will send the money to you.

"Certainly, dear," and Mrs. Peck drew out the precious bill, and handed it to Mary, not doubting what she said and very glad she was to be able to help her.

The ten cents she spent in oranges for little Mary, balf-blaming herself for the extravagance, but then Mary was her only child-a little delicate creature at that, holding her mother's heart in her hand, as such children do.

They got back at night to Dennis very tired. The day but one after, Mary returned to Charlemont, Two days after little May-whom for distinction her mother called May-came home from school with her shoes broken across the sole. They must be mended. The cobbler was a patient of the doctor's, so the shoes must be sent to him. Mary scuffled about in a pair of moccasins and took a slight cold.

Her Sunday shoes were worn out two weeks before, and so worn she could not | many more five-dollar bills to the loving

By the time Aunt Mary stopped Dennis, on her way to Ludlow, May was able to sit up against her pillows; and Aunt Mary was shocked to see how pale and weak she was.

"You precious little morsel," she said 'How did you ever get such a dreadful cold to begin with?' "My shoes was all torn to pieces,

Aunty. Movver couldn't get me any new ODes Still Mary did not think why it was

"movver" could not get them, that though the weak, pathetic voice brought tears to her eyes. She had on her new cambric dress, the dress that meant so much to Mary and her mother; and when Delia admired it, she said:

"I tried to cut it like that pretty jacket to your calico, Delia; but didn't quite remember about the neck. Let me see that, please.

The doctor's wife blushed. "I haven't got it, Mary.'

"Why, child, what on earth did you do with it? Didn't it suit you?"

"Don't ask me too many questions, dear, ' said Mrs. Peck, trying to laugh. "I can tell you," said the doctor, coming in from the next room where he was sitting. "I found her out yesterday, She sold it at the store to buy Lolly. her baby a bottle of wine," and the doctor gave a look to his wife worth a good

A pupil in history was asked the manner of death met by Latimer, who, it will be remembered was burned at the stake. She replied: "He died from overheatog himself."

This changeable weather: "Come on, wys," cried Ragbag's son yesterday morning, "let's go down to the pond with our skates. If it ain't frozen so we can skate, we can go in swimming."

A flirting bell of Akron, Ohio, has caused social excitement by having all the love letters she has received bound and somely in a morocco volume for her parlor table, in place of an ordinary autograph album.

"What are you going to give your giri New Year's, George? Don't you find it rather hard to select anything appro-priate?" "Oh, no. That don't trouble me. I shall give a few things my last girl sent back to me.'

"Papa," remarked the enfant terrible, who was mounted on the back of the old gentleman's chair, engaged in making crayon sketches on his bald head, "it wouldn't do for you to fall asleep in the desert, would it?" "Why not, darling?" "Oh, the ostriches might sit down on your head and hatch it out."

Practical .-. "Ma, hain't I been a real good boy since I've been going to Sunday-school?" "Yes, my lamb," answered the maternal parent fondly. "And you trust me now, don't you, ma?" darling." "Then," spoke up the little innocent, "what makes you keep the preserves locked up in the pantry the same as ever?"

An old lady who does not believe in the co-education of the sexes, was rejoiced the other day to find out that although the boys and girls in a large seminary seemed to be playing some sort of a game together, the school anthorities had wisely hung a long net between them

A Philadelphia surgeon cured burnt hand by skin-grafting, the skin being taken from a Chicago drummer's cheek. The experiment was not wholly a success, however, as the man's knuckles now have a color and hardness She had on her new so much resembling brass that he gets arrested every time he goes out .-- [Boston Post.

> Ohio editors are wildly indignant that their brother visiting New York should allow himself to be roped in and swindled by bunko men. They say he has disgraced the editorial fraternity of the State. He ought to have skinned the bunko men out of their last cent,-Boston Post.

> Eighty years ago everybody drank whisky, and whenever a minister called upon a parishoner, he was offered, and always accepted, "a little something to keep the cold out." There was a well filled jug in every house, and none but the children drank water. This is only another instance in proof of the fact that the "good old days have gone."-Rochester Express.

"Oh, blow that!" reforted Mr. Galloway. "Aim low and let remorse keep shop while you're gene."

Out on the monntain side were con regated the wealth and fashion of Four Ace Flat. Above them the trees waved musically in that summer air, and the broad strutches of sweet grass smiled or looked sad as the great billows of clouds cast shadows upon them.

The Englishman looked around him and saw that he was no favorite. The bold, beautiful face of the brave girl had won such prejudice as the Flat thought it good judgment to show on an occasion which demanded the bone and sinew of fair play. And as he looked at her, whom he had never seen before, the Englishman expressed a thrill of admiration Mr. Galloway raised his hat to Mr.

Leffingwell, and here a complication arose. Mr. Leffingwell's hat was old and misshapen, and Mr. Galloway peremptorily declined to accept the raising thereof as a return of his salutation. Mr. Leflingwell protested, but public opinion was against him, and it was at length decided that he could not, so to speak, put old cloth into a new garment, and, therefore, for as much as Mr. Galloway had taken off his new hat to Mr. Leffingwell, on the field of honor, Mr. Leffingwell must return the courtesy by taking off his new shirt to Mr. Galloway.

This delicate point having been satisfactorily settled, Mayor Sampson im-proved the opportunity for a little oratory, saying, in substance, that as how the English bloke had busted a hole in the girl's side pardner, for which she had demanded satisfaction, all he, Mayor Samoson, could add to the preliminaries was goin' in for keeps and may the best man win.

There was not a tremor as Bill Leffingwell placed her in position. Her face was as calm as the air around her, and as she gazed upon her foe, he who had sent her husband home with no recognition for her in his eyes, a smile played around her lips, for she knew he would soon go down among the roots and worms where she had planted the only thing she ever loved.

'What's your weepins? You have the choice," asked Bill of Galloway. "I'm dogged if I know," replied Buck.

"He has got them there, but he won't let on to me. The Englishman had heard the question, and now advanced with a large paper parcel. He was pale, but calm and obviously under control.

"I have one like this," he said quietly, "At the fire let her open the bundle, and I will mine. One of us will fall, if not both.

and at his "One, two, three-fire!" both papers fell to the ground.

The Englishman stood firm, but with a wild shrick that woke every hiding echo

If Adam and Eve had remained in th Garden ov Eden until to-day they would have been nothing more than two overgrown baby's, nurtured on spoon vittles. New York Weekly.

Ranchers and stock-raisers take but little personal interest in quariz, al-though they never refuse a favor to a prospector. Last fall, on Squaw creek, a prospector stopped a stock raiser to show him a flour sack full of croppings, and holding a piece of the best in his hand, he was telling in language carnest and eloquent of its richness in silver and copper. Meeting no response, he looked up and was considerably toru to see that the stock man was standing in his stir rups, and with shaded eyes was intently gazing off into the hills. The prosnector ceased his din about copper stain and bromide, and before he could ask an explanation, the other exclaimed: "Well, dang my buttons! if there ain't the little red three-year-old heifer that I've been looking for three months?" and putting spurs to his horse, he was off like a shot.

eaving the prospector to drawl out after "Yes, and dang my buttons if I him: believe the average Squaw-creeker would get off his horse to pick up a twenty-dollar piece .--- | Democrat. TRAMPS AND THEIR MARE .- On the

doors of many up-town houses, says the New York Hour, may be found certain hieroglyphic marks in chalk. They are made by tramps and beggars, who take this mode of conveying to their brethren intelligence which serves them as a guide to their chances of success. For instance a circle means "no good-won't give any thing;" a cross indicates that the inmates will give good food but no money; an upright cross conveys the information that the house is a good one to call at the figure 2 means that the people keep a dog; a cross within a circle, that the

occupant is out of town, and so on. The custom is an English one, and in London especially is much resorted to. But it has its advantages, for it saves unnecessary trouble, both to the inmates and beggars, because the inmates are not disposed to waste time in calling at houses where the chances of success are

alight. "What is the greatest charge on record?" asked the professor of history. And the absent-minded student an

"Seventeen dollars for hack hire for self and girl for two hours." Sullivan, the composer, has gone to Egypt for the winter for the benefit of

his health, and will there complete the music for a new comic opera which is to be produced simultaneously in England and America.

> The Commitle of the National Bar Association, charged with devising some

plan for the relief of the Supreme Court, reached no conclusion at its recent sesin the Sierras the girl dropped-dead!" |sion in Washington, but is to meet ag "It's a lucky thing your Englishman in New York on the 3d of February. sion in Washington, but is to meet again,

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