

How Williams Came To Go Back East

Williams of Rhode Island was down on his luck. He had been five years in the gold State, and had confidently looked forward to each succeeding year's enabling him to go back home and make things comfortable for the woman and little ones. But each succeeding year had found him precisely where the previous one had left him—a sanguine prospector, with a wealth of hope and a pitifully small outfit.

But this last find had been different. He had taken out sixty dollars a day for a week, and with this substantial evidence of coming prosperity had written a letter which filled the far-away home with sudden joy. Then the vein had disappeared, and he had picked and shoveled and hauled away dirt until his money was exhausted. But the gold was there, he was sure of it; and his confidence had induced the trader at Three Forks to advance him funds. However, there had been a shaft to sink, a solid rock to cut through; and it had all been expensive. When it was accomplished the money was gone—and there was no vein.

He was still confident; but the trader was angry, and had accused him of false pretenses. Only this morning he had received intimation that the Sheriff was about to levy on his mine—on his Molly, named after the dear one it was to do so much for.

He was aroused by approaching footsteps. When he looked up two men stood before him. One of them was the owner of the adjoining claim; the other was the Sheriff.

"I have come to—," began the officer.

"Yes, yes, I know," Williams of Rhode Island rose heavily to his feet. "It's all right. Just go ahead. I can do nothing."

The sheriff looked at him curiously.

"Oh, 'tain't quite so bad as that," he laughed. "I did 'low on makin' a levy; but Kansas here has been tellin' me something that has changed my plans. You needn't bother about the bill jest now."

"I s'pose you heerd 'bout my luck?" Kansas asked, blandly.

"I've got a pretty vein," Kansas went on frankly; "but hit dips to'ard yous' land. If thar's a pocket I 'low hit's acrost your line. I don't s'pose ye'd be willin' to sell out, clean; but if ye'll go pard's I'll give ye ten thousand for a half share." He waited a moment, but as there was no reply, added: "I'll make it twenty for a clean job; but of course ye won't quit?"

Williams of Rhode Island looked down into the valley, and up the mountain; and then across to the east, where the sun was just rising above the pines.

"Yes, I'll quit," he said, huskily; "you can buy me out clean. I'm going home."—Philadelphia Times.

FISHING IN THE YELLOWSTONE.

Trout Caught and Boiled in the Same Stream.

People returning from the west frequently have some wonderful stories to relate of how they caught trout in the Yellowstone Park and, without changing their seat, lifted the fish out of the stream of cold water, over into a boiling spring, and cooked it without removing it from the hook. These stories are all very well in their way, but when told in the manner above outlined one can safely put them down as yarns without the slightest foundation in fact. To catch a fish in a stream of cold water and lift it over into a spring of boiling water is one of the many curious things that are possible only in the Yellowstone Park, but should the person so doing attempt to draw the fish out of the boiling spring the head would pull off the thoroughly boiled and perfectly soft body and he would thus lose the fish.

The most wonderful phenomenon of this sort in the Yellowstone Park is one that has thus far escaped those who are fond of telling big fish yarns, mainly for the reason that the locality lies outside the beaten track of travel and visitors and can only be reached after considerable difficulty. At the point in question a stream of clear, cold water flows through the park, receiving in its course the scalding hot waters of one of the numerous boiling springs of that region. This boiling water, as it reaches the cold stream, flows for a considerable distance along one bank before the waters finally mingle and become one in temperature.

Into this spring of boiling water, insects, bugs, toads, grasshoppers and the like are continually dropping and thus losing their lives, and all such insects are, as a matter of course, swept into the cold-water stream. Now in the cold water of this stream a number of hungry trout are continually skirmishing along the edge of the hot water, taking good care not to venture too close, for the purpose of snapping up and devouring the insects brought down by the hot water and which happen to float over into the cold water, or near enough the border for the trout to pick them up, so that it is possible for a fisherman sitting on the bank, to catch a trout, with a hook and line, draw him two feet from where he took the hook, and boil him good and done, all in the same stream, and without even lifting the fish from the water.

The fisherman would, of course, have to have a scoop net to remove the boiled trout from the water, for otherwise the head would pull off, leaving the body in the water. But, barring this, says the Washington Post, it is within the bounds of truth for one to

say that the Yellowstone is the only place on earth where it is possible to catch and cook a fish in the same stream.

A FABLE FROM REAL LIFE.

How Author of "Fables in Slang" Lived Up to His Theory.

There is a class of people—and they are not all women, either—who cannot be convinced that whatever an author writes isn't autobiographical. If a man writes a love sonnet, he must be in love, a theory which, if carefully applied to some of our poets, would prove that they out-Solomon Solomon. Such persons are rather vexing, for one is sure they would never read Shakespeare's sonnets if they didn't believe there was a woman involved, and they simply glory in the fact that poor little David Copperfield is said to be the boy Dickens himself. To all such this story may have interest.

It is about a fable by George Ade, the past-master of slang. The fable tells of two men, the one who wouldn't learn bozany, but got out and dug for the Rocks, or something of that sort; the other who said, "Nay, nay, a cultured mind is the real thing; I'll go through college, and then be it," or something of that sort. Anyway, the first who had "bloodshot hands" (that quotation is exact), got out and rustled for the cash so effectively that by the time the second was earning \$50 a week as a professor, and was still only an A. M., he came to the same college with \$50,000 he had forgotten to take out of his pocket when he changed his "pants" (the professor doubtless wore trousers), saw a new gymnasium was needed, gave the \$50,000 and was made a Ph. D. The laugh seemed to be on number two.

Now, according to James O'Donnell Bennett, who is well known in theatrical circles, being now connected with the business end of Miss Marlowe's productions, George Ade himself might stand for number one in some way, and Bennett and several more for number two.

"You see," said Bennett, "before Ade was famous, when he was just a newspaper man with the rest, a lot of us used to have quarters in Chicago where we retired at night, when the day's grind was over, and studiously set about improving our minds. But Ade wouldn't join us. While we were reading the sixty-seventh volume of the 'Life of Johnson' he would be down in all sorts of joints, setting up cheap variety acts and the like to beer and ham sandwiches.

"George," we would tell him, "you are not doing right by yourself. You should study and improve your mind, not waste your spare time in cheap and riotous living. Come with us; win culture, not slang."

"But Ade kept on setting up the beer and learning slang. We cut the leaves in the sixty-eighth volume of Boswell. And now—and now, we have minds more or less improved, but Ade draws a salary of \$500 a week, and goes to the Waldorf! There's your fable, to the life."—New York Tribune.

Where Wax is Mined.

In several parts of the world a resinous substance called ozocerite and bearing considerable resemblance to beeswax is found, usually in connection with rock salt and coal. There are deposits in Austria, Russia, Roumania, Egypt, Algeria, Canada and Mexico, but ozocerite has, so far, not been discovered in sufficient quantities to pay for mining anywhere except in the district of Rorsalay, in Austrian Galicia, and on an island on the west coast of the Caspian Sea.

In mining this mineral wax shafts are sunk until a bed or "nest" of ozocerite is struck. Then connecting galleries are driven. There is considerable danger and many lives have been lost in consequence of the sudden forcing up of the soft wax into the shafts by the enormous pressure to which it is subjected. It is used largely for manufacturing ceresin, says the Brooklyn Citizen, which is employed, together with beeswax, for making wax candles, as well as in the manufacture of phonographic cylinders, and for many similar purposes.

Progress of Cremation.

That veteran advocate of cremation, Sir Henry Thompson, has published in the Lancet a statistical account of the progress of this movement which should interest those who regard cremation as the only satisfactory mode of disposing decently of the dead, having regard to the safety of the living. At Woking 2,097 cremations have taken place, beginning with 3 in the year 1885 and ending in 1901 with 273. In 1901 there were, besides 95 at Manchester, 40 at Liverpool, 18 at Glasgow, 17 at Hull and 2 at Darlington. Leicester will have a crematorium in a few months, and the institution in course of erection in the north of London will be ready before the close of 1902. The United States has 26 crematoriums, of which 24 are in use. At Fresh Pond, N. Y., 654 bodies were cremated in 1901, 696 at San Francisco (Odd Fellows), and 182 at Chicago. In Paris, from 1880 to 1901, 2,299 private cremations took place.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Taking Her Down.

May—Yes, I have accepted him. He says I'm a prize.

Fay—Consolation prize, I presume. Nobody else would have him.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Worst Patients of All.

Young Doctor—Which kind of patients do you find it the hardest to cure?

Old Doctor—Those who have nothing the matter with them.—Judge.

The girl who learns to play the piano well must be mighty tired.

SUFFERED SEVEN YEARS.

WITH CATARRHAL DERANGEMENTS OF THE PELVIC ORGANS.



Miss Kate Brown.

HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS SPENT IN VAIN—PERUNA CURED.

A neglected cold is frequently the cause of death.

It is more often, however, the cause of some chronic disease.

There is not an organ in the body but what is liable to become seriously deranged by a neglected cold. Diseases of the kidneys, bladder and digestive organs are all frequently the result of a neglected cold.

Hundreds of dollars are spent on doctors and medicines trying to cure these diseases, but until the true cause of them is discovered there will be no use in using medicine.

Dyspepsia medicine, diarrhoea medicine and constipation medicine is of no good whatever when catarrh is the cause. The catarrh must be treated. The cause being removed, the derangements will disappear.

Peruna cures catarrh of the digestive organs, the urinary organs or any of the internal organs.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to send you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Miss Kate Brown, recording secretary of the L. C. B. Association of Kansas, in a letter from 805 N. Seventh St., Kansas City, Kan., says:

"For seven years I have not known what it was to spend a well day." I caught a severe cold, which I neglected. It was at the time of menstruation and inflammation set in and prostrated me. Catarrh of the Kidneys and bladder followed, my digestive organs gave way, in fact the cold disarranged my whole system.

"I spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and medicine, but derived but little benefit until I began treatment with Peruna. I kept taking it for nearly nine months before I was completely cured, but I kept growing better, gradually, so that I felt encouraged to continue taking Peruna until my health was restored. I send my thanks and blessings to you for Peruna."—Miss Kate Brown.

An Opening.

Stage Director—What shall I do with the wealthy young amateur you engaged this morning?

Manager—What can he do?

Stage Director—He says he is willing to play the smallest parts.

Manager—Cast him for the armor in the baronial castle scene.—Judge.

Mother's Will Find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the Best Remedy to Use for Their Children during the Teething Period.

He was Fair.

The Captain—Yo' fool niggab! yo' done all that safe?

The umpire—Wa-al, it am putty clus; an' when I see in doubt I allow gives it to de side what has de least runs.—Judge.

Pain—Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Use the last on the first, and you will neither have one or the other.

Kitchener Still Fancy Free.

General Kitchener, it is announced, will be superintending the military maneuvers at Delhi, India, in December. This disposes of the rumor of an engagement matrimonial which gossip had set for the Christmas season.

ITS Permanently Cures Ho Sore or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE BOTTLE and TRIAL BOTTLE.

Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 521 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

He Took Advice.

"Why have you failed in life?"

"My employers always told me that a man with my brains could make more money doing something else."—Judge.

Undisputed Points.

Attorney for the Defense—You are a blackguard and a bluff, sir!

Attorney for the Prosecution—And you, sir, are a chyster and a rogue!

The Court—Come, come, gentlemen, let us get down to the disputed points of this case.

Should Keep Out of the Draft.

First South American—Ah, good afternoon, senior. Looks like a revolution.

Second South American—Yes, I've been predicting one for several days. My rheumatism always bothers me just before such changes.

Too Extravagant.

"No, sir!" roared the stern father, "you may own horses and lands, and automobiles, but you can't marry my daughter."

"Why not?"

"Young man, you've got the Panama hat habit; that's why."—Newark News.

His Favorite Remedy.

"Mamma" said Tommy, "does sugar ever cure anybody of anything?"

"Why do you ask, my boy?"

"I thought I'd like to catch it," said Tommy.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

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A Home School for Boys

Military and Manual Training

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Has a Normal Kindergarten Training Department, which has a separate residence for Kindergarten classes. The Boarding Department provides a cheerful and well arranged home for young ladies. For Catalogue or other information apply to

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Fancy Chinook Salmon.

There's as much difference in Canned salmon as there is in Coffees or Spices. If you want the blood-red kind, the fanciest to be had, ask for

MONOPOLE.

WADHAMS & KERR BROS., Packers, Portland, Ore.

ALL SIGNS FAIL IN A DRY TIME; THE SIGN OF THE FISH NEVER FAILS IN A WET TIME.

THE FISH as a sign has a history. This is told in an interesting booklet which is yours for the asking.

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

Makers of WET WEATHER CLOTHING.

OUR GOODS ARE ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

GNOMES AND DWARFS.

Tales of Folk-Lore May Have Been Founded on Pygmies of Africa.

It is just possible that this type of pygmy negro which survives to-day in the recesses of inner Africa may even have overspread Europe in remote times. If it did, then the conclusion is irresistible that it gave rise to most of the myths and beliefs connected with gnomes, kobolds and fairies.

The demeanor and actions of the little Kongo dwarfs at the present day remind one over and over again of the traits attributed to the brownies and goblins of our fairy stories. Their remarkable power of becoming invisible by adroit hiding in herbage and behind rocks, their probable habits in sterile or open countries of making their homes in holes and caverns, their mischievousness and prankish good nature, all seem to suggest that it was some race like this which inspired most of the stories of Teuton and Celt regarding a dwarfish people of quasi-supernatural attributes.

The dwarfs of the Kongo forest can be good or bad neighbors to the big black people, according to the treatment they receive. If their selfish depredations on the banana groves or their occasional thefts of tobacco or maize are condoned, or even if they are conciliated by small gifts of such food left exposed where it can be easily taken, they will in return leave behind them in their nightly visitations gifts of meat and products of the chase, such as skins or ivory.

I have been informed by some of the forest negroes, says Sir Harry H. Johnston in McClure's, that the dwarfs will occasionally steal their children and put in their places pygmy babies of ape-like appearance—change-lings, in fact—bringing up the children they have stolen in the dwarf tribe. These collections of pygmies, which one can scarcely call tribes, certainly exhibit from time to time individuals of ordinary stature and with features not strongly resembling those of the pygmy type.

What was the Reading?

Too much reading is given as the cause of the downfall of a New England young man who became a burglar. Until a list of the culprit's favorite authors is published Sir Conan Doyle and Mr. Hornung will be under suspicion.

As He Called It.

"But why," asked the man who always wants to know—"why do you call that little jump you made from a tower into the water a 'leap for life?' They tell me it is not at all dangerous."

"Well," replied the artist, "don't I make a livin' by it?"

Unpleasant for Both.

An Irishman whose face was so plain that his friends used to tell him it was an offense to the landscape happened also to be as poor as he was homely. One day a neighbor met him and asked: "How are you, Pat?"

"Mighty bad! Sure, 'tis starvation that's starin' me in the face."

"Begorra," exclaimed his neighbor, sympathetically, "it can't be pleasant for either of ye?"

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My Lungs

"An attack of la grippe left me with a bad cough. My friends said I had consumption. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it cured me promptly."

A. K. Randles, Nokomis, Ill.

You forgot to buy a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral when your cold first came on, so you let it run along. Even now, with all your hard coughing, it will not disappoint you. There's a record of sixty years to fall back on.

Three sizes: 25c, enough for an ordinary cold; 50c, just right for bronchitis, hoarseness, hard cough, etc.; \$1, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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