PERFECT WOMAN.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight, too her dusky hair,
But all else about her drawn
From Maytime and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view
A spirit, yet a woman, too;
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light.
—William Wordsworth.

UNCLE HOBART'S TEST

"You see, my boy," said Uncle Hobart, "matrimony is a dangerous thing. You buy a horse, and if it balks you send it off to auction to be sold. But with a wife it is altogether different. You can neither sell nor exchange her—it's a lifelong bargain."

"But, Uncle Hobart," said the nephew and heir-apparent of that gentleman, "let's take another view of the matter. Suppose that she is all that is lovely excellent and desirable."

Uncle Hobart Renshaw rubbed his nose. As an inveterate bachelor of five and fifty he was naturally inclined to take the less sanguine view of the case.

"Paul," said he, "it's of no use to argue the matter. A young man in love is a young man mad for the time being. If you've made up your mind to get married not all the arguments in creation will avail against it. Only be sure you make a right choice. Remember how much depends upon it."

Paul Fontaine laughed good-humoredly. Like all young men, he thought so much caution quite unnecessary.

"There are two sisters of these Lindleys, you say?" said Uncle Hobart, reflectively polishing his glittering spectacle glasses.

"Two sir—Emily and Esther."

"Both of 'em pretty?"

"As twin blush roses, sir."

"There you go," said Uncle Hobart testily. "Right into sentiment, just like a three volume novel."

"Well, sir, isn't it natural enough to compare a pretty girl to a beautiful flower. If I could think of any other comparison"—

"You needn't trouble yourself," interrupted Uncle Hobart, "what I want to find out is what they are like."

"Esther is bright and sparkling; Emily is all softness and refinement. Esther is a brunette with the blackest hair I ever saw. Emily has chestnut curls and blue eyes, and a lovely fair complexion."

"Exactly," Uncle Hobart hummed an old tune which had been popular in his youth:

Black eyes most dazzle at a ball;
Blue eyes most please when shadows fall.

"And which do you like best, Paul, eh?"

"They are both of them charming!" energetically answered the young man. "Upon my life, Uncle, I sometimes wish that the Turkish system prevailed here, and that I could marry both of them."

"Difficult to decide which is the most fascinating?" questioned Uncle Hobart. "But the thing is, my lad, which will wash and wear the best for everyday life?"

"That's a question which the future will decide, Uncle. Unfortunately, we have no chemical test to decide the matter."

"Think not," said Uncle Hobart dryly. "Look here, Paul, up to the present time you have only seen these girls through the chiaroscuro of visiting dress and company manners. What would you give to behold them as they really are—to get a peep behind the scenes?"

"Half that I am possessed of, uncle!" cried out Fontaine with admiration, "if only to be able to satisfactorily prove to you, sir, how pure and noble and high souled they are. But all this is nonsense. Of course it is an impossibility!"

"Nothing of the sort," said Uncle Hobart. "You say that up to the present these girls do not know me personally, or my connection with the board of health. Well, it is true that I am neither a wizard nor a magician, but I am what is quite as useful in this matter—a sanitary official. I go into people's back doors when I wish it. I stride remorselessly through their kitchens and cellars when I want to see for myself, rather than trust my inspectors. I am at liberty to take a downstairs view of the world. Eh, young man, what do you think of that?"

Paul Fontaine stared.

"I don't understand how—"

"But you will, doubtless, when I tell you that the Lindleys' house is in my district; that I have decided to go there tomorrow morning to see personally that all the drainage is perfect. If you choose to volunteer a little help, I'll disguise you as one of my men and—"

"With all my heart, uncle!" cried the young man, with glittering eyes and heightened color. "I fear no ordeal to which you can subject Esther and Emily. Believe me, the metal will ring true!"

"Well, we'll see," said Mr. Renshaw. "In the meantime suppose you ring for tea."

Hobart Renshaw was a man of property, but he was also a man of peculiarities. One of these was to earn his borough surveyor's salary as honestly as if he depended on it for his daily bread.

People call him a miser, but little cared he for that. The widow, the fatherless and he that was ready to perish could tell a different tale, and Hobart Renshaw, quaint and eccentric though he was, could read the book of human character with an alarming unerring eye.

* * * * * * *

"Run, Betty, run! It's that nuisance of a drainman again. It does seem to me as if he came about a great deal oftener than is at all necessary."

The Lindleys were people who kept up a grand appearance upon a comparatively disproportionate foundation. Their sitting room was elegantly furnished; their hall upholstered in Persian patterned Brussels, with rosewood rack and Gothic hall chair, but the kitchen was a gloomy, subterranean apartment, scantily furnished and uninviting in aspect.

Moreover, the Lindleys were struggling to keep up appearances on a moderate income, and Betty, the little workhouse girl, in her print frock and thick shoes, was the only servant they kept.

"Dear me! what is the young man sticking his nose in here for?" cried out Esther, indignantly. "Does he expect to find drains in the fireplace or under the wash tubs?"

"Please, sir, the sink's in the cellar, sir. This way, sir!" said Betty, clamping on ahead and turning open a cellar door, whence rushed a blast of sepulchrally damp air.

But the one glance into the kitchen had been enough. Esther, in a greasy pink dress, and her hair in a bristle of curl papers, sat before a tray, with a bowl on her lap, eating a 10 o'clock breakfast, while her pretty feet, thrust into a pair of badly worn slippers, displayed sundry unmended holes, and a soiled pocket handkerchief, tied around her neck, did duty in place of the neat collar or frill generally supposed to be necessary.

Mrs. Lindley was bending over a huge kettle of bubbling and boiling preserves upon the range, and at the washtub stood a slight trim figure with an apron tied around her waist and sleeves above the elbow, Emily herself, scrubbing away with the energy of a laundress, and her shining hair wound in lustrous braids around and about her small head.

Uncle Hobart, following closely at the heels of his nephew, was just in time to hear Esther's petulent voice from the other room sounding shrilly on their ears.

"It's too bad, mamma! The toast is scorched to a cinder, and the coffee isn't drinkable. I must have some fresh made."

"Oh, Ettie, don't!" coaxed Emily. "Mamma is so tired and she has so much to do! Won't a glass of milk do?"

"No, it won't! I must have coffee, and decent coffee, too!" asserted the brunette, tapping her pretty foot on the floor and knitting her jetty brows.

"Then I'll make it," said Emily, "if you'll wait until I get these collars rubbed out."

"I'd be ashamed to turn washerwoman," grumbled Miss Esther.

"I'm not ashamed of anything that is useful," said Emily, with spirit, "when papa works so hard and the washing bills are so heavy. It won't hurt either of us to do a little honest work and spare mamma all we can."

"Do leave off moralizing and get my coffee," snarled Esther, who had evidently risen in no amiable mood.

And the borough surveyor and his bogus assistant, having no excuse for remaining longer, heard nothing more.

Paul Fontaine was silent as he walked along the street, but Uncle Hobart chuckled softly to himself.

"Nothing like an inside view," said he. "The upstairs angel often turns into a downstairs demon, eh? Ha! ha! ha! There's mischief behind the arch of those black brows. If you're determined to have a wife take the one at the washtub, the little girl who wanted to help her mother."

"I believe you are right, Uncle Hobart," said Paul.

* * * * * * * * * *

"But tell me, Paul, how you came to choose me instead of Esther?" questioned the blue-eyed bride as they stood together by the sea at Brighton the week after their wedding. "Esther is so much prettier, so much lovelier than me. Every one likes Esther better than they do me. And do you know, darling, I half think that Esther was just a little disappointed that you didn't prefer her?"

"Do you think so?" said Paul, carelessly. "We can scarcely account for our preferences. Esther is very brilliant and beautiful, and when first we became acquainted, I was fairly bewitched by her. But now I value the steady shining star of your love above all the will-o'-the-wisps in creation!"

But he never told her of his amateur sanitary inspection and Uncle Hobart's test of character.—Maxwell Cummings.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S GENTLENESS.

When the queen was a young girl one of her chief characteristics was a certain imperiousness of disposition. Her word was law, and as a distinguished officer whom I must not name, once declared on leaving her after an official interview, "the queen did love to be mistress." It is a most lovable trait in her majesty's nature that with increasing years a mildness of manner and most considerate thoughtfulness for others have superseded the austerity of her younger days. She is, indeed, more inclined to err on the side of indulgence than of sternness. "Have it your own way, dear," she will say in a grandmotherly discussion with one of the Battenberg babies. With her personal attendants the queen is equally gentle. The queen never by any chance shows haughtiness to a dependent. Not long ago an Irish nurse, in charge of some little friends of the Duke of Connaught's children, went to tea (nursery tea, of course) at Osborne. The Irish nurse (a most naive creature, when the queen unexpectedly entered the nursery, went down on her knees, after making a profound courtesy, and when her majesty very nicely addressed various questions to her, replied grandiloquently: "Yes, O, Queen, No, O, Queen," and commenced giving her a long account of her home and relatives in Ireland. The queen was positively convulsed with laughter, which, turning away, she tried in vain to hide. Her sense of humor is at times keen. Once in a crowd, a poor man, gazing at her and Prince Albert as they passed by, began to laugh irresistably; but there was no sort of offense in the laughter. The queen joined in, declaring she could not help herself. The more her humble subject laughed the more she enjoyed the fun, and wonders to this day what was the secret of her merriment.—Lady Mary in the Woman at Home.

A WELL-MODULATED VOICE.

Every woman, says the Illustrated American, will acknowledge the charm of a well-modulated voice—yet how few are willing to take the time or trouble to cultivate one, cultivation being, unhappily, necessary for the American woman, whose voice, through heredity and climate, is aggressively sharp and distressingly monotonous. There are methods for training the voice to speak just as there are to train the voice to sing. In this era of physical culture I cannot understand why someone has not started the fad of "voice cultivation." It is true we have hardened our "a's," but most of us have stopped there and have expanded nothing else.

The trouble is few American women know how to breathe, which is not remarkable, when one considers for how many generations American women have been satisfied to be absolutely inert. The "new woman," whatever may be raid against her, should at least be given the credit of arousing the feminine part of this unwholesome legarthy and showing them the way to health and contentment though the mazes of various exercises. But defective breathing is not the only immediate cause for defective vocality. Whatever affects unfavorably the general tone of the system will surely sooner or later register itself in the voice—even if respiration is good—for the voice is not only an "index of soul," but a remarkably accurate index of the body as well.

NEW HAT FASTENER.

Among the minor and most necessary details for the seaside or traveling wardrobe there is one small article which certainly must not be forgotten. This is a novelty—Hinde's Slide Attache, the newest hat fastener. It does its work so efficiently that we ought no longer to see ladies on the pier, the cliff, and the beach clutching at their hats to keep them on their heads. There is nothin awkward nor heavy in the simple yet ingenious contrivance. It is a small comb of rounded wire, each prong pyr-pointed, so that it cannot possibly prick the scalp. The prongs slide through a delicate little socket, which is sown to the hat, to the edge of the crown where it joins the brim, and they pass through the hair, holding the hat firmly in its place, because the prongs spread as they emerge from the socket, and increase their hold by so doing, without in any way distressing the head. The price is four pence each.—The Housewife.

NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE.

Mrs. Sprightleigh—My husband belongs to six lodges and I'm a little lonesome this evening. That's why I came over.

Mrs. Jolleigh—I'm glad you came. My husband's training for a bicycle road race.

LIBERALISM—TRUE AND FALSE.

Rev. H. D. Atchison, in the Methodist Review, New York, July-August.

The Middle Ages have been called the "ages of faith," by way of contrast to the modern era, which began with the Reformation and which has been eminently scientific and rationalizing in its spirit. It is a gross mistake, however, to call these dark centuries the ages of faith, unless we degrade the word "faith" until it means nothing bigger than superstition. Ours is an age of greater faith—of faith more intelligent and fearless. Christianity has nothing to lose, but everything to gain, from the scientific, rationalizing spirit of modern times.

The liberalism that insults the orthodox church by flaunting in its face the graveclothes of buried dogmas, and raises a post-mortem clamor against theories which are now but little insisted on, if not entirely ignored, in the more earnest demands of the age, is narrow, insincere and unworthy of respect. Truth does not progress according to the programs and formulas of logicians. What orthodoxy has been in the days of Aquinas, in the time of the Inquisition, and in the time of Calvin, is matter of history. The word "orthodoxy" ("right teaching"), however, as used to designate evangelical Christianity, as received and taught by the Protestant churches, is a constantly progressive and always noble word, keeping pace with the general advance of Christian thought. It is to be hoped that the expression "right teaching" may be extended in simplicity and breadth, until all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and who by faith in his name are trying to lead men out of sin into holiness shall be called orthodox. Liberality of thought is a good spirit, which ought to pervade all Christian churches; nor can it be specialized and made into an "ism." Dr. Thomas very sensibly said at a recent meeting of the Sunset club, of Chicago, "It ought not to be that, whenever a man has a new thought on the subject of God, he must build a church to house it in."

Let us consider some of the inherent weaknesses of liberalism, considered as an "ism" or school of theological thought. As already hinted, its most conspicuous weakness is the negative, vague, elusive character of its teachings. The weakness of liberalism, resulting from its being negative and critical, is illustrated in two notable features of its doctrine. One of the most conspicuous causes of weakness of liberalism is its inadequate method of dealing with sin. A liberalism of theology which shuts its eyes to the most conspicuous and terribly significant phenomenon of human life on earth—the fact of sin—and makes no provision for the cure of the fatal disease of humanity, is like the false watchman who is so unkindly tenderhearted as to say, "Peace, peace," to the defenseless city when the enemy are already scaling the wall. Judged by the test of ethical utility, as a working hypothesis in making men better, orthodoxy, in its treatment of sin, is strong, and liberalism weak.

The weakness of liberalism because of its negative character, is again illustrated in its neglect of the devotional element of religion. The most essential thing about religion is that it be religious. This explains why so many highly intellectual people remain Catholics. They prefer an irrational or super-rational religion to mere intellectualism. To banish God as far as possible from the personal consciousness of men, to communicate with him only through the long-distance telephone of impersonal laws and evolutions, and finally to dispense with him altogether is the strong tendency of liberalism, the only logical stopping place being the soulless materialism of Huxley. Liberalism, in all its forms, lacks that sense of the presence of God in the church which alone can give enthusiasm and life. A prominent Unitarian says of his own church, "A Unitarian congregation usually consists of intelligent, virtuous, well-meaning people, but destitute of enthusiasm and with little confidence in the new birth or religious life."

Having noted some of the more conspicuous weaknesses of liberalism, we are not to forget that there is another side to the discussion. The whole movement is reactionary against opposite errors in orthodoxy. In all these liberal writings we find protests against the traditional and long-established interpretations of God and his dealings with mankind. If our Christianity is to stand or fall with some old theory of natural science or of biblical interpretation, such as mediaeval geology or the chronology of Usher, we have, indeed, built our house upon the sands. It is essentially cowardice in a Christian preacher today to indulge in pointless sarcasm against the much-abused higher criticism, as if the results of this earnest study were not as likely, and more so, to establish, as to undermine, the true power and authority of the sacred word. Orthodoxy has been too positive, also, in its insistence on creed statements. By reducing theology to an exact science it has invited attack. Nicean formulas and hair-splitting definitions of the Eternal One seem in our day almost irreverent. The whole Christian world is learning that absolutely identical belief is not essential to identity of Christian faith and life. The tendency of the age is toward a more simple, reverent and tolerant attitude in reference to the hidden things of God, together with a more stalwart and earnest attention to practical ethics.

Is there, then, no assurance of faith for the Christian teacher or believer? Is there no satisfying via media between a narrow, self-contented orthodoxy, on the one hand, and a thin, vapid liberalism on the other? The answer to these heart-searching questions must be found in an earnest study of the essential nature of Christianity, which is a life, not a carefully elaborated set of opinions. A good definition of essential Christianity was given at the Parliament of Religions by a Christian Japanese: "The essential nature of Christianity is not a dogma, but the ethico-religious life in each individual soul and in humanity at large. Live the life, and do the work of Jesus Christ. The orthodoxy of dogma shall give place to the orthodoxy of life and work." The facts of personal religious experience and observation are now, as in apostolic days, to be our strength as Christian teachers. Christianity is eminently an historical religion, resting on facts, today, as always—not on philosophy. Men will believe in the Christ whom they see in the churches and in Christians.

DRUG FADS.

The Camphor Habit More Prevalent Then Generally Known.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The discovery on the streets Thursday of a woman unconscious from the effects of an overindulgence in camphor has brought to light the fact that the habit, while a strange one, is by no means a rarity in St. Louis. A number of druggists and physicians who were seen yesterday testified to this effect. Camphor-eating is not as pronounced an evil as the excessive use of some other drugs, but it is nevertheless an existent evil.

"Only last week," said Dr. Fernow, of Fernow's pharmacy, "a woman called here and said: 'Please give me a dose of camphor.' She didn't say what she wanted it for. I offered to give it in solution or in any palatable form possible. However, she insisted on the ordinary gum camphor, and she got rid of a chunk of it that surprised me. 'Why,' she exclaimed, 'I take it that way all the time.'"

At Judge & Dolph's pharmacy a gentleman stated "many people carry a lump of camphor about in their pockets, and take a bite at it at frequent intervals."

Camphor is supposed to have a sedative effect, but that depends largely upon the quantity taken and the mode in which it is taken. Essence of camphor consists largely of alcohol, and its effects would naturally be similar to that of any other intoxicant. Camphor in itself is a stimulant and an irritant, and when consumed to excess would usually lead to disagreeable sensations in the throat and stomach. The after result will be a diminution in the rate and strength of the pulse, together with giddiness, dimness of vision and faintness. Another quality attributed to camphor and alluded to by several druggists is that of allaying the passions.

Probably the improper use of camphor has hardly reached an extent that would justify the use of the word fiend in speaking of its devotees, as in the case of morphine and cocaine. People may be addicted to the camphor habit without being slaves to it.

Quinine is another article that is said to be subject to unreasonable usage. How such an unpalatable and penetrating drug can fasten itself upon any one as a habit or a fad seems remarkable, until it is remember that theefficacy of quinine in malaria and certain kindred ailments induces many to regard it as a panacea for all troubles to which flesh is heir. The consumption of quinine in St. Louis is simply extraordinary. Drug stores which supply it at cut rates get rid of tremendous stocks of it each week. Quinine victims, with their nervous headaches and general shakiness are numerous, and the first indication of sickness is usually made the pretext for immediate doses of the bitter powder.

WHEN BABY COMES.

Now, in passing by the carved oak door of some handsome country villa, fitted over the brass knocker, an embroidered medallion of linen edged with lace, know by that dainty sign that the family therein are the prouder and happier for an addition to their circle. If the addition is a girl child, the odd lace and linen mat will be all white, and nearer inspection of the object is rewarded by the exquisite needlework it displays. In the center of the oval of finest white Dutch linen is embroidered the coat of arms of the house, all worked about with hearts and darts and a curious representation of a chubby bambino. Around this is frilled the finest old Dutch lace, and the whole is crisply starched, mounted on white silk and hooked over the knocker. In case this medallion is mounted on pink silk, know then that a boy has come to rejoice the hearts of his parents; for this is all done quite according to a pretty old Dutch custom lately brought back into use by the descendants of the founders of New Amsterdam on the Hudson river. The covering of the knocker was in those good old days meant to announce the safe arrival of a new prospective citizen or citizeness to interested friends and neighbors, and to warn visitors to rap softly with their knuckles instead of with the booming knocker. Some of the linen knocker-covers now displayed are prized heirlooms, handed down for many generations, and only lately brought to light; while some are quite new, the owners thereof having sent to Holland to have their ancestors' quarterings looked up, and the embroidery worked by a white-capped needlewoman in old Amsterdam or Haarlem.—From "Society Fads" in Demorest's Magazine for September.

PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS.

Not long ago I met the young Princess Henry of Pless and found her looking lovelier, if possible, than ever. She always reminds me of a fairy princess, with her hair, which really looks spun out of gold, and the crimson and white roses of her cheeks. I never saw a complexion guiltless of one speck of powder as brilliant as hers. Then she is so tall, and bears herself as she ought—like a young princess. Her husband, one of the most truly distinguished of minor German princes, is a very fine fellow indeed, a splendid whip and a thorough sportsman in the best sense of the word. He wooed and won his bride in the hunting fields of the New Forest. Her beauty, inherited from her mother, Mrs. Cornwallis West, and her sweet, simple manners, captivated him at the outset. It was only when they had been engaged some weeks that Prince Henry made a pleasant discovery. Miss Cornwallis West opened the piano one night after dinner, with an arch smile, struck a few chords, and then sang to him like a nightingale or an Albini! The prince was prouder than ever of his fiancee. Not long ago the distinguished couple were received by the German emperor and empress, who immensely admired the lovely face and manners of young English girl who had stolen the heart of a German prince. Last season another Miss Cornwallis West "came out," and is well-nigh as beautiful—nay, some say more beautiful than her elder sister.—Lady Mary in the Woman at Home.

A REMINISCENCE OF CHICKAMAUGA

"Just here," said the veteran, "I came upon a most sorrowful experience. I was appointed to take charge of one of the burying parties, consisting of six men besides myself. We were hunting about among the heaps for the wounded—for we left the dead to the last—when it seemed to me that I heard a low moan. 'D'ye hear that, Sergeant?' I said. 'Some chap groaning?' he asked. 'Just that,' said I. 'Hunt for him.' Dragging away the heaps of blue and gray, we came upon a young fellow shot through the shoulder. 'Don't mind me,' says he; 'take care of my brother.' We dug out a boy in gray with a bayonet wound in his internals. Hopeless case; no cure. Called myself a consarned fool for my pains, but sat down upon a dead horse and looked on while the blue brother, wounded in the shoulder, took the gray brother, wounded in the bowels, in his arms. I found them there in the morning in the same position, both cold and rigid; and I am not ashamed to say that I had to rub some wet out of my eyes."—From "The Chattanooga National Park and Cemetery," in Demorest's Magazine for September.

TO MAKE A TENNIS LUNCHEON.

For a tennis luncheon a very effective centerpiece can be made of a pile of sandwiches cut in the shape of a racquet. This can be done more easily than seems possible at first thought. Cut a pattern in cardboard the size desired. Make it as long as the slices of bread are wide, and then by turning it end for end two sandwiches can be cut with very little waste. Of course the two slices of bread should be cut, buttered and pressed firmly together before being cut into the shape of the racquet. Then press a baby olive firmly into the middle of the large end, and there you have a clever representation of racquet and ball, as good to look at as to eat.

Wafers can also be made in this shape very easily. Any tinsmith will bend a piece of tin into the desired shape and solder on a handle. With a knife lines can be cut very quickly to represent the network part of the racquet, and an almond or filbert can do duty for the ball; or the network may be made by lines of frosting after the wafer is baked, and a bit of candy represent the ball. The ices may be served as a pile of balls also, with a few candy raquets.

TWO REASONS FOR KNOWING.

Doctor—See here, I thought I told you yesterday not to go out for a week at least.

'Rastus—For the Lawd's sake, doctah, how you don know I was out?

Doctor—I missed two of my chickens this morning.

EFFECT OF INHERITED PREJUDICE

Teacher—How would you correct the sentence: "He sat there quiet and listened to the bagpipes' music?"

Pupil—I would scratch out the word music.

THE CROSS-ROADS STORE.

The Morristown, N. J. turnpike crosses the Dover road at——, a little hamlet of a dozen homes scattered along both sides of the intersecting roads, which are lined with sturdy sugar maples. The great trees intertwine their branches making a covered avenue and forming an arcade of simple beauty and far more shady than the far-famed Mall of Central Park or the Elm Walk at New Haven.

On three of the four corners are typical country homes, with broad verandas shaded by oaks, chestnuts, maples. The houses, painted white, with green blinds, are as clean as paint can make them. On the fourth corner is the cross-roads store, a low, long, rambling one and one-half-story building, with the traditional porch supported by pillars which mutely testify to the whittling proclivities of the store lounger. The small-paned windows are dusty, and the worn wooden shutters are buttoned against the siding and made to do service as advertising bulletins. The merits of the Never Fail Pain killer, Dr. Smirchem's liniment, Surepop garden seeds, N-ver-rip cotton braid are set forth in gaudily printed placards. The irrepressible boy, whose bare feet support well-tanned legs in denim trousers held up by one suspender which hangs loosely over a faded cotton shirt, is doing his daily task of supporting the door frame and watching the customers as they come and go. The ring of the blacksmith's anvil and the neighing of the horses waiting to be shod are the only sounds disturbing the silence.

Just inside the door is the postoffice with its three or four dozen dirt begrimmed letter boxes, most of which bear evidence of the perseverance of the advertisers of kidney cure, vermifuge, and blue lightning pills, which are warranted to cure two-thirds of the ills of mankind and prolong life to a green old age.

The storekeeper is a bright, active, well-posted, good-natured, neatly-dressed fellow, which indeed he must be, for it requires a man of decided abilities to successfully keep a country store and be as familiar with patent hay rakes and mowing machines as with the quality of tinware, the flavor of the various sorts of tea, the virtue of the different makes of muslin and prints, the worth of farm produce, and the market for an endless assortment of miscellaneous merchandise.

As we wait for the mail a company of fishermen drive up and we note the courtesy and patience with which the storekeeper overhauls the fish hooks and fishing tackle and meets the demand for crackers, sardines, smoking tobacco and an assorted dozen of summer drinks. There is time to ask the destination of the party and to tell that Sam Stickles got a three-pound big-mouthed black bass in the Rockaway river near the aqueduct, and that a party of six went over to Split Rock Pond to camp for a week and catch pickerel.

Next a girl of ten or twelve summers, in pink calico frock and sun bonnet, orders four pounds of gala pork, three and a half pounds of "graduated" sugar, quarter pound of green tea, a spool of No. 6 cotton, one pound of lemon crackers and a peppermint stick of candy, all of which is delivered and entered on a dirty pass book with crumpled corners, and which bears marks of a settlement about once in four months.

A summer resident of the neighborhood drives up in a phaeton drawn by a team and leaves a nice order for supplies and some few garden tools, gets the mail, exchanges a bit of village gossip, and then gives way to Farmer Green's wife, who has a crock of butter to barter for a varied lot of household goods.

Scarce has she made her departure when a team of big black horses appear, hitched to a handsomely painted wagon bearing the sign of "Smoke, Ashes & Co., tobacconists." The driver is a jolly, companionable chap, with whom there is an exchange of civilities, to be followed by a going over of the stock of fine cut, smoking and shorts tobacco, the cigar case, the selection and delivery of a fair invoice of goods.

The railway depot is six miles away, and this requires one or more trips daily for supplies. The store is opened at six in the morning and closes at nine or later in the evening. The intervening fifteen hours are well employed, so that there is little time for arranging the stock, which, to one accustomed to city stores, seems to have been hurled in by an earthquake. The keeping of the accounts is of greater importance than "fixin' up," and hence the disorder is excused.

As a rule the cross-roads storekeeper is a contented fellow. He has no aspiration to be rich. His trade is sufficient to keep him employed, to provide a living and permit of a steady addition to his capital. There is no fierce competition to meet, the "cutter" and the trade pirate give him no concern, nor is he called upon to advertise or to worry about patronage. His is the only store within some miles; it is conveniently located on the main road to three large towns, which makes a good demand for crackers, cheese, candy, cigars, tobacco, summer drinks, whips and a long list of knick-knacks.

Taken all in all, is not his lot an enviable one? His soul is not fired with a restless ambition to be at the top. He gets plenty to eat, wear and provide for a home, and that is all that anyone requires. He is a man of mark in his locality and does not swamp his identity among the millions of a big city. He is happy, and that is satisfaction enough. —American Grocer.

"FOR CALIFORNIA ONLY."

A number of merchants and producers in California have banded together with the avowed object of "building up the industries of the state." Mass meetings have been held in San Francisco, Stockton, Oakland, San Jose and Santa Cruz for the promotion of the movement. At a recent meeting of the association in San Francisco it was decided to incorporate, and one speaker claimed that the association numbered 1,100, representing 40 million dollars of capital and employing 45,000 men. He said that in the last few months they have "saved" for the state of California more than a million dollars in contracts which but for their action would have gone to parties in the East. He said Governor Budd has promised the association that hereafter California supplies will be used in all state institutions.

The proceedings at this and other reported meetings indicate that there is a movement on foot in California to practically boycott everything manufactured in the East, and that it is gaining ground. The extent to which it is approved may be open to question, but there can be no doubt as to the present advocacy of this latest embodiment of state rights, which has for its slogan "California for the Californians," or that its promoters, the manufacturers of California, propose to "work" the people under cover of this narrow conception of state loyalty. They want to sell all they can to the people of other states, but wish the people of their own state to buy nothing from the others in return.

It seems not to have occurred to those people that if they succeed in putting an embargo on everything from the East they may, unwittingly, overreach themselves by including in the embargo Eastern capital and Eastern immigration, both of which are much desired by dwellers on the Pacific slope. Evidently they have not stopped to think what would be the consequence to themselves of a retaliatory policy under which the people of all the other states should refuse to admit to their market the fruits, wines and other products of California. Yet this is what they might legitimately expect if their state persisted in its policy of exclusion, and is what they would deserve. In the absence of information to the contrary it is fair to presume that they do not contemplate the passing of laws formally discriminating against the products of other states, as that would make serious trouble for themselves with the general government. Hence no retaliatory laws would be called for in the different states. But the people of California may depend upon it that if it be once known they are practicing a policy of exclusion as a result of personal influence or otherwise they will find that more than "two can play at the game," and probably will discover that they have made a huge mistake in trying to isolate themselves in one direction but not in the other. It would be a bad thing for the fruit growers and wine-makers of California to discover that they had cut off all but the California market for their products.

PAT'S BURGLAR ALARM.

Friend—What's that big bell for over the bed?

Pat—Me burglar alarm.

Friend—How does it worruk?

Pat—Och, simple enough. Phen a burglar gets in all Oi've got ter do is to ask him to ring it.

A THEOSOPHICAL REFUSAL.

He—Believe me, I love you, Angelina. Accept my heart and hand.

She—No, Edward, no—I cannot, must not. My great grandfather had just such a wart on his nose as you have.

THE BEST PIPE TOBACCO.

Indio

THE OASIS OF THE COLORADO DESERT

A New Health Resort

BELOW THE LEVEL OF THE SEA

Absolutely Dry and Pure Tropical Climate

Pronounced by Physicians the most Favorable in America for Sufferers from . . .

Lung Diseases and Rheumatism

Many Remarkable Cures

The objections urged against Indio in the past by the large numbers who otherwise would have been glad to tak advantage of its beneficial climate, has been a lack of suitable accommodation. The Southern Pacific Company, takes pleasure in announcing that several

Commodious and Comfortable Cottages

have just been erected at Indio station, that will be rented to applicants at reasonable rates. They are furnished with modern conveniences, supplied with pure artesian water, and so situated as to gove occupants all the advantages to be derived from a more or less protracted residence in this delightful climate.

(From the San Francisco Argonaut.)

"In the heart of the great desert of the Colorado—which the Southern Pacific road traverses—there is an oasis called Indio, which, in our opinion, is the sanitarium of the earth. We believe, from personal investigation, that for certain invalids, there is no spot on this planet so favorable."

G. T. Stewart, M. D., writes: "The purity of the air, and the eternal sunshine, fill one with wonder and delight. * * * Nature has accomplished so much that there remains but little for man to do. As to its possibilities as a health resort, —here is the most perfect sunshine, with a temperature always pleasant, a perfectly dry soil for rain is an unknown factor; pure oxygen, dense atmosphere and pure water. What more can be desired? It is the place, above all others, for lung troubles, and a paradise for rheumatics. Considering the number of sufferers who have been cured, I have no hesitancy in recommending this genial oasis as the haven of the afflicted."

INDIO

Is 612 miles from SAN FRANCISCO and 130 miles from LOS ANGELES

Fare from Los Angeles - $3.00

For further information inquire of any Southern Pacific Company agent, or address

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Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. S. P. Co.
J. B. KIRKLAND,
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Empress of Japan	Aug. 26th.
Empress of China	Sept. 16th.
Empress of India	Oct. 14th.
Empress of Japan	Nov. 11th.
Empress of China	Dec. 9th.

Australian steamer leave Vancouver, B. C., 16th of every month.

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Astoria and Portlnd Steamers.

T. J. Potter leaves Astoria Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thurrday and Friday at 7 p. m., and Sunday upon her arrival from Ilwaco in the evening. Leaves Portland Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 7 a. m., and Saturday at 1 p. m.

R. R. Thompson leaves Astoria daily, except Sunday, at 6:45 a. m., Sunday at 7 p. m.; leaves Portland daily, except Sunday, at 8 p. m. On Saturday will leave at 10 p. m.

Harvest Queen leaves Astoria Monday at 6:45 a. m.; leaves Portland Saturday at 7 a. m.

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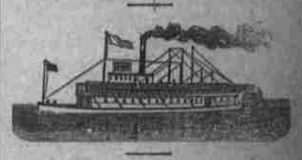

Two Daily Boats to Portland

"Telephone" leaves Astoria at 7 p. m. daily (except Sunday).

Leaves Portland daily at 7 a. m., except Sunday.

"Bailey Gatzert" leaves Astoria Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday morning at 6:45 a. m.; Sunday evening at 7 p. m.

Leaves Portland daily at 8 p. m., except Sunday. On Saturday night at 11 p. m.

Steamer Ocean Wave leaves Portland Tuesday and Thursday at 8 a. m., Saturday at 1 p. m., running straight through to Ilwaco, connecting with trains for all points on North Beach. Leaves Ilwaco Wednesday and Friday morning at 7:30 o'clock, Sunday night at 6 o'clock, for Portland. C. W. STONE, Agent, Astoria.

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