

When Like Cures Like

By TROY ALLISON.

Minna Reed almost ran down the steps from the house bearing the sign "Mme. Voirsi, Clairvoyant." The lady's communications had upset all her preconceived plans and ideas. Her mother had always opposed her trying anything of the kind, but when she saw the sign an overwhelming desire to inquire into things unknown had beset her. The rest of the party had gone down to the beach, and after staying in her room at the summer hotel for an hour with a headache she had slipped out to buy a fascinating kimono she had seen in a Japanese store the day before. The clairvoyant's sign had caught her eye, and for a whole hour she had sat in the darkened, stuffy little room with her nerves all at strained attention.

She went back to her room and, walking straight to the dresser, looked regretfully at the picture of a frank boyish face surrounded by a little plain gold frame.

"I never would have thought it," she whispered. "I thought you were the truest, noblest thing on earth. And she said the man with black eyes, now one of my circle of acquaintances, was deceitful to the core and that if I did not separate his path from mine he would prove the blighting sorrow of my life. Jimmy, dear, it seems impossible to believe you could bring sorrow into any one's life, but it must have

been you she meant, for you are the only man of my acquaintance who has black eyes." And, being only nineteen and believing she had come face to face with the big sorrow of her life, she threw herself across the bed and sobbed because she felt that she must immediately take steps to separate Jimmy Kent's path from hers—Jimmy, who had lent her his red ball to play with the very first day she went to kindergarten.

James Kent, unconscious of the heavy cloud of suspicion hovering over him, came from his ocean swim and lay idly on the sand, hoping Minna would get over her headache and walk down to the beach. Finally, sunburned and glowing, he went back to the hotel and found her on the veranda, gazing listlessly at the sea.

"Is it as bad as all that, little girl? You are the most forlorn looking specimen I ever saw," he said as he sat on the porch rail and eyed her commiseratingly.

Minna, seeing the sympathy in his eyes, wished fervently that they were any other color than black.

"What on earth made you have black eyes, Jimmy? I dislike them so!" she said petulantly.

Jimmy opened the offending orbs very wide in his surprise.

"By Jove, you are a queer one, Minna! You told me yesterday down on the beach that I had the most beautiful eyes you ever saw. Positively made me blush to know I was so beautiful. 'Fraid to sleep in them last night lest I should spoil 'em. And now—Minna, you haven't met any fellow with gray eyes, have you?" he asked suspiciously.

"No, I haven't," indignantly, "but black eyes are treacherous—and I never could trust them."

Whether they were treacherous or not was left an open question, but they certainly proved persuasive, and finally Jimmy was in possession of the whole story.

"Minna Reed, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Do I look like a blighting sorrow?" mimicking her forlorn tone. "I might be mistaken for a prizefighter," exhibiting his muscular arm with pride, "but I'm blamed if I'd know how to start out in the blighting sorrow business."

Minna, anxious to believe, still looked dubious.

"If your eyes only weren't black!" she sighed.

"Now, look here, my child. I'd get a special act of congress to change them to suit you if I could. You know I've done everything to please you all my life. Why will you believe that utter rot? Did she tell you anything tangible that you absolutely know was true?" Jimmy was in training for a lawyer and wanted to contest all evidence in the case.

"She told me my name and age," triumphantly.

"Didn't you have to write it on a piece of paper first?" suspiciously.

"Yes, but she didn't see it—honestly she didn't. I folded it tightly and put it on the table, and she sat and toyed with it while she talked."

"The mischief she didn't see it!" growled Jimmy. "Anything else?"

"She said I had an Aunt Mary in the spirit land that was trying to guide me," hesitatingly.

"See there! You never had an Aunt Mary in your life! It's all plain humbug," Jimmy spoke with the satisfaction of one willing to leave his case in the hands of an intelligent jury.

"No, I never had, but mamma had, and the clairvoyant said aunts and great-aunts were all the same in the spirit world."

Jimmy positively groaned with disgust.

"She might safely hit on an Aunt Mary. Nearly everybody living has an aunt or great-aunt or great-great-great-aunt Mary. But she had no business fooling with my eyes."

He sat sulkily silent, then grinned with a thought that made him wonder if he would not some day bear to the realms of the metaphysical the same relation that Edison bears to things physical.

"Young woman, I would not take a hopeless verdict upon my eyes from any one oculist. Neither will I have them condemned by any one clairvoyant. I demand a consultation. If I get the party together,

will you go to another clairvoyant this evening?" he demanded.

"I would be so glad to find that the first one was mistaken," she said fervently.

It was a very busy evening for Mr. Kent. Finally he found a secess sufficiently good natured and pliable to fill his requirements.

"Remember, you are to entirely free her mind from the idea. I'll send her in third. You couldn't fail to know her anyway. She's the prettiest one in the bunch. It's cheap at \$10, and if she gets over her fear of black eyes, by Jove, I'll send you another tenner tomorrow." And Mme. Ardetta, enthusiastic under the powerful stimulus, promised to do her best.

That night when the moon cast a long path of light over the waves a couple sat far down the beach in a spot removed from the crowd.

"She told me my name without my writing it!" Minna said in awed tones. "She is simply wonderful! Said for me never to have any confidence in fakes that made me write questions and fold them on a table; that they had blank papers folded just like them, and when they were toying with the ones I wrote that they would substitute the blank one and leave it on the table and take mine in their hand under the edge of the table and read it. That's exactly what that first woman must have done. I've lost faith in her entirely, and, Jimmy, boy, she said that the only person I need avoid and be suspicious of was a blond man with a Vandyke beard."

Young Mr. Kent stroked his beardless chin. "Thank heaven I haven't a blond Vandyke," he said piously. "Did she tell you anything about—er—me?" he asked cautiously.

"Not exactly, but she said that my real affinity was—a man I had known since childhood."

"Now, that," said Mr. Kent, with great gratification, "suits me exactly. I'd rather be called an affinity any day than a blighting sorrow." He joyfully possessed himself of the girl's hands, and she had evidently lost all fear of treachery.

Afterward, with her head resting comfortably against his tweed shoulder, she spoke musingly. "She said that the greatest trial of her life was that there were so many fakes that brought discredit upon her glorious profession."

"Never you mind, little girl; I'm not so easily imposed upon, and you'll have me with you all through life to help pick out the real article," and the treacherous Mr. Kent lifted her face until he could look adoringly into it.

The moon, as if by special contract, came from under a cloud at just the right moment, and she saw his expression.

"Jimmy, I don't believe any one else ever had such wonderfully honest eyes," she said happily.

Colors of Seas.

The blueness of sea water is in constant ratio to its saltiness. In the tropics the tremendous evaporation induced by the blazing sun causes the water to be much saltier than it is in higher latitudes. For about 30 degrees north and south of the equator the waters are of an exquisite azure. Beyond these latitudes the blue changes to green, and in the arctic and antarctic oceans the greens are almost as vivid as the tropical blues.

Animals Do Not Progress.

Sydney Smith once called attention to the fact that animals did not enlarge their views. "The bees now build exactly as they built in the time of Homer, the bear is as ignorant of good manners as he was 2,000 years past, and the baboon is still as unable to read and write as persons of honor and quality were in the time of Queen Elizabeth."

Destructive Music.

A member of the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York tells a story that he had from one of the musicians attached to the orchestra there. It appears that a friend of the wife of the musician had during a call on the latter inquired as to the husband's taste in musical matters. Among other things she wanted to know what operas the musician liked best to play.

"I don't know much about dot," said the better half, who was at the time busily engaged in darning an old shirt, "but I do know some things. Voteffer he likes I like not dos Wagner operas. Dey sounds vell enough, but dose clothes—ach! He neffer yet comes home from dot Wagner opera dot he haf not torn a place in his poor old shirts. I brefer the Italian operas."

MANGLED HIS MODEL.

Yaking This Face Cast Alarmed Both Sculptor and Sitter.

When the young Augustus St. Gaudens returned to New York after studying in Paris he found awaiting him the usual beginnings of the art career. He had very little money, but he took a studio on the corner of Fourteenth street and Fourth avenue, where he led a lonely existence enlivened by disagreements with the janitor. The following autobiographical sketch appears in the late artist's newly published "Reminiscences."

"Another incident which lent diversity to this dreary period of my life took place because of a cast made by a sculptor, a friend of mine, who occupied an adjoining room. He wished to model a bust and to do this proposed taking a mold from the living face of his sitter. That is no trifling matter even to an expert, and it showed the boldness of the notice, since, notwithstanding my protestations, my friend undertook it without ever having cast anything before. He wished me to help him, but I told him that I should wash my hands of the affair if he tried it. He disappeared.

"Presently he rushed into my room crying, 'For heaven's sake, come!' In his studio, which was already one of monumental disorder, confusion and dirt, stretched out on an old sofa lay his subject with a solid mass of hard plaster about two inches thick enveloping his head, while the whole room, wall, ceiling, boxes and floor, was covered with the great splatterings of the plaster thrown wildly about by the sculptor in the course of this extraordinary proceeding. There were the usual quills in the sitter's nose, but the weight of the cast was so great that we could hear him mumble under it, praying to get it off quickly or he would die.

"It was really a serious business, this taking it off, as we had to bang at the plaster with chisel and hammer. Fortunately there was no ill result other than a good bit of the subject's eyelashes being torn away and his clothes ruined. He was one of those happy men, however, who take everything with cheerfulness. The death of my tormentor would have been my only satisfaction had I undergone the sufferings he was put to."

Trait of a Glacier.

The millions of tons of sand, gravel and dirt filling a valley to a depth of several hundred feet give a conception of the enormous scouring force of a glacier. All this vast volume of material has been ground off the mountain side and brought down the valley by the comparatively small Kotsina glacier in Alaska. A glacier is not snow, but ice. It is snow which has been partially melted and then compacted under great pressure, so that as it moves slowly down the valley or mountain side it is a practically solid mass of ice from fifty to several hundred feet deep. It naturally tears loose and picks up anything which happens to be in its way.—Popular Mechanics.

A Bodyguard of Giants.

The Prussian guards were originated by Frederick I., whose ambition it was to form a royal bodyguard of giants. Every country was ransacked by his agents to supply recruits, and no head that towered above the crowd, even in the bazaars of Aleppo or Cairo, could escape the crimps of the Prussian king. The most extravagant sums were offered to men of exceptional inches, and an Irishman, more than seven feet high, who was picked up by the Prussian ambassador in London, received a bounty of £1,300.—London Mail.

Painful Etiquette.

The royal court of France used to be a great place for etiquette. Louis XIV. once caught a severe cold owing to the fact that on his arising from his bed one cold morning the lord of the chamber, whose duty it was to hand him his shirt, happened to be absent. Not one of the numerous courtiers present had the courage to transgress etiquette by handing the garment to the shivering monarch.

How Far Eye Can See.

The ability to discern the star Algor at the tail of the Great Bear has been held to be the test of the limit of human vision unaided by any glass. Very rarely is the eye of such power as to see the satellites of Jupiter, though there are on record two or three instances, the third satellite being the most distinct of those seen.

Merry Moments

As We Journey Through Life Let Us Laugh by the Way

Getting Even.

A couple of fellows met at the club the other night, and one of them seemed to be feeling a bit put out, don't you know.

"What's the matter, old top?" asked a fellow member.

"I decidedly hate to say it, but Gaudin's has insulted me vilely."

"Botton had form in him, I should say. Well, are you going to get even with him?"

"Yes, by Jove!"

"In a perfectly gentlemanly way, I presume?"

"Oh, yes. I have given my chauffeur orders to be rude to his chauffeur the next time they meet."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pa Just Looked On.



"Did your father ever spank you when you were a boy?"

"Certainly not."

"Was he opposed to corporal punishment on principle or were you so good that you didn't need spanking?"

"Neither. Mother was the man of the house."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Up in the Air.

"What time was it when this trouble happened?" asked the justice.

"Well," replied the witness, "of the sun had been shaming it would have been 'bout two hours and a half by sun, but as the sun didn't show his face at all that day I couldn't say for certain just what time it was."—Atlanta Constitution.

Out of His Element.

One of the men in a company of militia made a disparaging remark about the man in front of him. The victim turned with indignation and assumed a fighting attitude. Then the captain remarked sharply: "That will do there. We don't want any fighting men in this regiment."—New York Globe.

Good Start.

"I have joined the Society for the Prevention of Useless Noises," said the old fogey.

"Well, where are you going to begin?" asked the grouch.

"We are going to reduce the number of cheers from three to one," replied the old fogey.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Expensive.



Bill—It costs a lot to get justice!
Hank—Yes, and most folks are better off without it too!—New York Globe.

Suiting the Punishment to the Deed.

Small Sadie—Mamma, baby tried to swallow papa's cuff buttons while you were out.

Mamma—Indeed! And what did you do?

Small Sadie—Oh, I gave him a couple of cuffs.—Chicago News.

True to His Word.

"Did Jack give you the tip he promised when you went motoring with him?"

"Sure he did. He tumbled the machine into a ditch."—Baltimore American.

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